

Published Weekly by The Bee Publishing Company, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

Price, 5c 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."

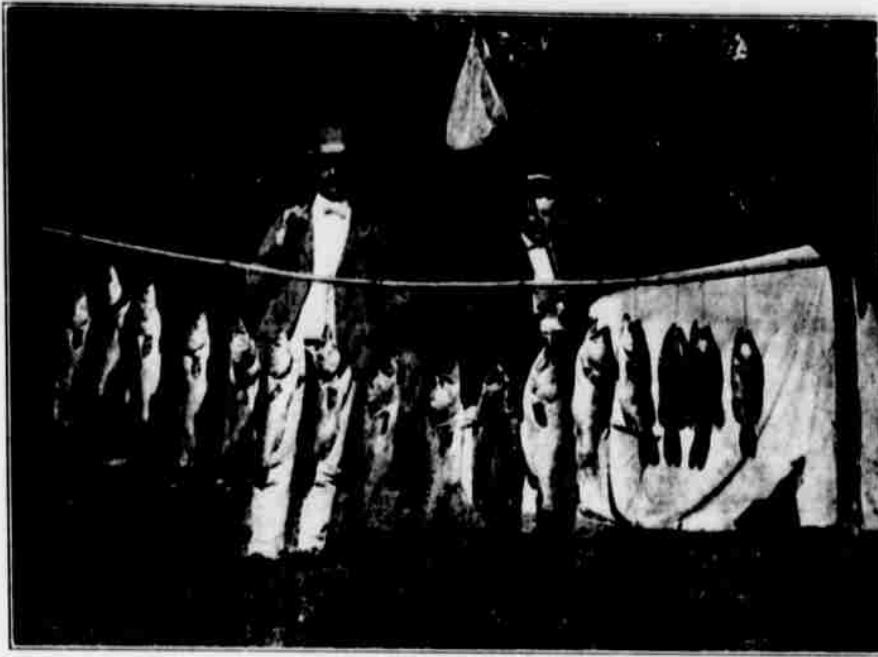
Pen and Picture Pointers

Yachting has again taken precedence over base ball and in fact even golf and foot ball as a form of conventional sport. People who have never so much as sniffed salt water and who couldn't tell a backstay from a deadeye to save their souls lard their talk with maritime allusions until the stranger from Mars would think us a race of sailors. It is all on account of the America's cup, a bit of antiquated ornamental silverware which was worth less than \$250 fifty years ago, but for the possession of which it is estimated that nearly



AMERICA'S CUP, THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL YACHTING TROPHY, HELD FOR FIFTY YEARS BY AMERICANS.

\$1,000,000 has been spent. This cup simply represents a sentiment, but that sentiment animates two of the greatest nations of the world. For fifty years, since the day the American sloop outsailed the entire British fleet around the Isle of Cowes in 1841, it has been the desire of the true British



TWO HOURS' CATCH BLACK BASS—CAUGHT BY W. A. WEBSTER.

sportsman to see that cup brought home. It was then the Queen's cup, but has since been rechristened and is held now as a perpetual international challenge trophy. Year after year have the best boat builders of England and America turned out the highest types of their skill as designers and craftsmen, to be manned by picked crews in the races for this trophy, and the American has never failed to triumph. Two years ago Sir Thomas Lipton came across with his first Shamrock and was beaten by Columbia. He is here again with Shamrock II and again is Columbia successfully defending the cup. On the front page today The Bee gives a reproduction of an excellent picture of this beautiful yacht, taken just before the start of one of the races two years ago. In the far upper right side of the background Shamrock I is shown, the two skippers being then engaged in one of their pleasant little duels of seamanship, each trying to get the better of the other at the start. A picture of the America's cup is also given.

One hundred and forty-five feet above the sidewalk, supported only by a handhold on the top of a slender flagpole is not a berth to invite. W. M. Starkey, an Omaha painter, doesn't consider it bad, though, and modestly disclaims to consider his daring climb a feat worth speaking of. One day recently it was found necessary to run a new rope through the pulley at the top of the flagstaff on The Bee building. This flagstaff rises forty-five feet above the roof, or 145 feet higher than the sidewalk. Starkey climbed the pole, fixed the rope and finished by giving the flagstaff a coat of paint. While he was at work one of the staff photographers made a photograph of him.

Two of the pictures published this week are of catches of black bass—one a string taken in a couple of hours from a Minnesota lake by W. A. Webster, and the other a black sea bass, taken in the Pacific by V. H. Laederich. The difference is easily noted. Mr. Webster's largest fish weighing four and one-half pounds, while Mr. Laederich's weighed 331 pounds. In order to get credit for catching a sea bass the fisherman must

use ordinary tackle. Mr. Laederich used a sixteen-ounce pole and a twenty-four thread linen line. It was two and three-quarters hours from the time the fish was hooked until it was brought to gaff, a struggle well calculated to test the nerve and strength of the fisherman.

Iowa editors have always had a high place in the newspaper world. The Hawk-



GEORGE W. POST OF YORK, PRESIDENT OF NEBRASKA BANKERS' ASSOCIATION—Photo by Rinehart.

eye state has turned out a few journalists and even a "literary feller" or so, but it has always managed to retain a firm hold on a lot of the brightest and most energetic hustlers who ever made a paper shine. According to late figures Iowa stands at the head of the list as a newspaper reading state, there being more papers published in proportion to the population there than anywhere else in the union. As a rule the papers are clean in tone, neat in appearance and have not only the moral, but the financial support of the people. Much of the



BLACK SEA BASS, WEIGHT 331 POUNDS—CAUGHT BY V. H. LAEDERICH.

success of the Iowa editor is due to the editorial associations, of which there are several in the state. One of these, the Upper Des Moines Editorial association recently held its twenty-second annual convention at Denison. This association was originally designed to include only the fifteen counties in the upper Des Moines valley, but has since broadened to admit an editor from any part of the state. It had a most successful session and also had its picture taken. The Bee reproduces the handsome group today.

One of the pictures in The Bee this week will dispel a popular impression of the new president of the United States. So accustomed have people become to seeing Mr. Roosevelt depicted with a soft hat that very few can think of him in connection with the conventional silk tie. Yet in the group which welcomed Admiral Dewey on board the Olympia in New York harbor, The Bee photographer caught a snap shot of President Roosevelt, then governor of New York, with a high hat on. The governor was making a short talk. The poise of his head and the tilt of his hat show that he has as little regard for the glossy "plug" as he does for the soft felt he crushes in his hand when talking politics to a crowd of his western fellow citizens.

Hon. G. W. Post just elected president of the Nebraska Bankers' association, was born at Cumberland, Guernsey county, Ohio, January 20, 1851, and is a son of William E. and Sarah S. Post. From Cumberland his parents moved to Missouri and shortly after the war was begun, moved to Bloomfield, Ia. Mr. Post was educated in a district school in Iowa and at the Troy High school, and although only 14 years of age, he enlisted at Bloomfield, Ia., for 100 days' service in the Fifty-fifth infantry. He studied law in the office of Hon. H. C. Traverse of Bloomfield, Ia., and was admitted to the bar in 1871, and shortly afterwards moved to York. At that time he was the only attorney located in the county. In 1875 he was elected judge of the Fourth judicial district and was re-elected in 1879. He was also internal revenue collector for the state of Nebraska.



MRS. HELEN A. HOBBS OF YANKTON, PRESIDENT W. R. C. OF SOUTH DAKOTA.

Mr. Post has the reputation of being one of the shrewdest and most successful bankers in Nebraska. In addition to being president of the First National bank of York he is also president of the bank at Benedict, the bank at Bradshaw, the bank at Waco, the bank at Houston and the Blue River bank of McCool Junction, York county. On January 1, 1877, Judge Post was married to Miss Laura McCaughy of Mount Pleasant, Pa. His family consists of one son and four daughters.

One of the most interesting meetings recently held in Nebraska was the North Nebraska Methodist conference, which convened at Neligh. It was presided over by Bishop McCabe, and spent four very busy days in attending to the business of the great district. The people of Neligh took much pains to entertain the visitors and well sustained their reputation for hospitality.

Mirthful Incidents Which Ripple the Current of Law

ON A question as to the admissibility of a deposition for want of notice the court said: "It is stated by one of the earliest writers—to enforce the rule on this subject—that even the Almighty would not proceed to pronounce sentence against our great ancestor without giving him notice, and, therefore, first called to him: 'Where art thou, Adam?'"

The ingenious method by which twelve divergent and obstinate minds agree by taking the quotient of their aggregated notions divided by twelve was recently adopted by an experienced jurymen while acting as one of three commissioners of appraisal. One party claimed that there was due him over \$350. The other contended that the amount was only \$250. The commission awarded \$75 only. The astute and veteran jurymen afterward explained that the three commissioners reached this result by adding together their three estimates and dividing the sum by twelve.

Within less than a dozen miles of the New York city hall in the borough of Manhattan, a quiet suburban community, has a justice of the peace who continues to practice his calling as a barber and holds court in a room adjoining his shop. From chair to chair he flits, in one moment plying his razor or scissors and chattering like a true Figaro, in another announcing his judicial decision with the solemnity of a lord high chancellor. The barber magistrate, shaving soap in one hand and the scales of justice in the other, is a truly imposing figure.

Pat, having been unduly familiar with a corkless bottle, found himself enjoying a night's lodging at the expense of the city. "How long have you been in this country?" asked the judge the next morning. "Faith, an' it's neigh on to eleven months, yer honor," replied Pat.

"Have you a trade?" asked the judge. "Sure an' it's a sailor Oi am," answered the Irishman. "Be careful what you say," cautioned the judge. "I doubt very much if you have ever been to sea in your life." "Begorry!" exclaimed the son of Erin. "an' is it in a wagon yer honor's afther thinkin' Oi came over from the ouid country?"

A brief filed in the supreme court of the United States declares that in the court of first instance the judge was an ex-minister of the gospel and that in the appellate court another ecclesiastic fresh from the circuits got hold of the case and wrote the opinion. It adds: "The honorable gentleman who wrote had served and grown old in the circuits, expounding ecclesiastical law. Having failed at that, upon the election of Hon. _____, and through the influence of the Hon. _____, he was appointed judge on the supreme bench of _____ and is now jurist and expounds the laws of men. * * * On examination of his opinion on the points here under discussion it will at once be seen that he never understood the subject at all."

A young woman employed as a stenographer had a beau named Will, to whom she talked some twenty-five times a day, relates the Boston Post. The lawyer who labored under the impression that he was paying for the stenographer's time was not pleased that Maggie should drop her work and rush frantically to the telephone every time the bell rang, and stand there for fifteen minutes debating whether or not Will ought to have told Clara that secret which he knew well enough was none of Clara's business. One day the lawyer left his office, and going to another telephone in the building, called up his own office. Of course, Maggie rushed frantically to the phone and answered. "Hello!" said the lawyer, in a muffled

voice. "This is a lineman testing the wire. Kindly stand one foot in front of the receiver and say 'hello.'"

Maggie obeyed. "Thank you. Now stand two feet to one side and say 'hello.'" Maggie complied. "Thank you. Now stand two feet on the other side and say 'hello.'" It was done. "Thank you. Now stand on your head and say 'hello.'" Maggie seems to be somewhat backward in answering the telephone now.

"A number of years ago," said the well known attorney to the Detroit Free Press man, "I was called up in the northern part of the state on an important lumber suit. I was anxious to win it for a number of



J. B. CONINGHAM OF LINCOLN, PRESIDENT OF NEBRASKA RETAIL GROCERS' ASSOCIATION.

reasons, and I strained every nerve to get a verdict in my client's favor. I had every hope that I would succeed till the opposing counsel put an old backwoodsman on the stand whose testimony was particularly damaging to my client's case. I believed then, and I believe now, that the old man was lying, but to prove it was another matter, as he told a straight story and stuck to it; so I was rather discouraged when he was handed over to me to be cross-examined.

"You understand, of course," said I, "the solemn obligations of the oath you gave when you took the stand?"

"He merely grunted in reply.

"I suppose," said I, blandly, "that you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I guess I do," he growled.

"Well, give me an illustration of your idea of an oath," said I. "I was totally unprepared for what followed. The old man shifted his quid of tobacco, took a firm grip on his chair and ripped out a string of oaths that threatened to raise the roof. It was simply awful. I have heard hard swearers in my life, but nothing to compare to that. The profanity he used would have kept a six-mule team on the jump for a week. His expletives were highly picturesque, abounding in fertility of invention and unlimited lung power.

"When the judge caught his breath he fined the fellow for contempt of court, and when I addressed the jury I made the point that he couldn't be believed under oath, and won my case. I could afford to be charitable, so I prevailed upon the judge to remit the fine against the old man."

Judge William Yost of Greenville, Ky., who is a candidate for the Kentucky court of appeals, is one of the biggest men in the state physically, at least, for he stands 6 feet 5 inches in his stockings and has a pair of shoulders like those of a profes-

sional prize-fighter. The judge is a great joker and when in this city recently a bootblack called out "Shine, sir!" the judge looked at him vacantly, pretending to be deaf and dumb. After several minutes of sign language he understood. He leaned against a building and the boy went to work. Another bootblack appeared and the one at work said:

"Youse needn't stop; dis is all mine."

"Sh-h! He'll hear yer," whispered the other.

"I'm gettin' 5 a shoe for dese scows," was the other's reply in a loud voice. The second boy looked so astonished at his friend's boldness that the latter laughed and said:

"Say, yer chump, he's deaf and dumb. See?"

The other boy, who had been looking with all his eyes at the giant, blurted out in a loud tone of admiration: "Say, he's a big, ugly lookin' divil, ain't he?"

This was too much for the judge and he broke into a laugh. The boys looked for an instant at him and then fled down the street, leaving the judge with but one shoe polished to look for another bootblack to make equally presentable the other "scow."

Did His Best

Chicago Tribune: In the temporary absence of the answers-to-correspondents editor, who was on his vacation, the sporting editor had been detailed to keep the department going.

Somebody sent in the query, "Give the derivation of the word Alkoran, the sacred book of the Mohammedans."

And this is what he wrote in reply: "Alkoran is probably a corruption of 'aloran,' and has reference to its third-rate character. As a sacred book it is merely a selling plater."