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ALL HALLOWS' EEN! What a host of memories that name calls up in the mind of man or woman. What a procession of pranks comes back from the misty past on the wings of recollection and how fondly do we dwell on the memory of some particular deed of dare-devil mischief done in those harum-scarum days before the sober side of life had intruded itself on our youth; or some night when the nuts popped right and the apple paring fell in the proper shape, or the seeds counted right, or any one of that long list of tests of true love bore its fortuitous augury and supported a sentiment already well conceived. And the boys and girls who are now growing to be men and women will in their time look back on Halloween just as men and women have for centuries. It is quite impossible to fix the date of origin of any of the customs of the night. All Saints' Day was set up some time in the seventh century and the observation of



MISS MACDONALD, SUPERINTENDENT WOMAN'S HOSPITAL, MANILA, P. I.

of a convocation of witches on this night. The Germans have its counterpart in Walpurgis night, the night before the 1st of May, when the witches and evil spirits gather in the Brocken, in the Hartz mountain, to hold their unholy festivities. However, in these days of enlightenment, the work of destruction carried on between the hours of sundown on October 31 and sunrise on November 1 is rarely ascribed to supernatural power. To the exact agencies concerned the peace officers of the several communities can give ample testimony as a rule.

Not entirely to mischief is the night given over, though. For, if the superstitions of earlier days have not survived, many of the more pleasant customs have been handed down to us intact and are practiced by the young folks now just as they have been for centuries past. While waiting for the hour of midnight, for that is the proper time for making certain infallible tests of fate, such as walking backward down the cellar stairs with a candle and a mirror, peering into a well while repeating a formula, and the like, plenty of games may be tried. Bobbing for apples has lost none of its flavor as a source of laughter, although its birth as a game is lost in antiquity. Naming the nuts is equally old and many other ways of passing the evening in innocent and mirth-provoking occupation exist. And so it is today, as in Burns' time, that—

The old guld wife's weel hoordit nits
Are round and round divided,
And many lads' and lassies' fates
Are there that night decided.

Hon. J. F. Boyd of Neligh, who was recently elected grand chancellor of the grand lodge of Nebraska, Knights of Pythias, is an excellent example of what a young man can do by his own efforts. He was born in Pennsylvania, but spent his boyhood years at Galva, Ill., getting his college training at Abingdon. He studied law after leaving college and came to Nebraska, unacquainted and almost without means. His life here has been one of patient effort and the upright pursuit of his profession. Last fall he was elected judge of the Tenth judicial district on the republican ticket by a handsome majority. His connection with the order which has so signally honored him has been one of great credit. He was initiated ten years ago and four years ago was elected chancellor commander of his home lodge. His election to the grand

has been computed to have killed 250,000 men since 1862.

On Saturday of last week there was unveiled at the Armour Institute of Technology in Chicago a memorial to the late Philip D. Armour, jr., consisting of a colored glass window set in an elaborate marble frame, filling one end of the wall of the main hall of the building. This is a gift to the institute from the employes of Armour & Co., as a token of their love and respect for Philip D. Armour, jr. It has been more than a year in preparation. The memorial was designed by Edward P. Sperry and executed in the studios and workshops of the Church Glass and Decorating company. The subject illustrated is "Success" or "Achievement."

John Barrett, formerly minister to Siam, is responsible for this story about Li Hung Chang: A salutation of respect in China, says Mr. Barrett, is to comment on the mature and even venerable appearance of one's guest. When the minister of Siam called officially on Li Hung Chang he was accompanied by a prominent missionary, a man 80 years of age, with white hair and beard, who was to serve as interpreter. Unknown to Mr. Barrett, the missionary and the Chinaman had had a falling out some years before. Li came into the reception room, saluted Mr. Barrett cordially and bowed stiffly to the patriarchal interpreter. To the youthful minister the premier said: "I congratulate you, sir, on your venerable mien;" and then, nodding toward the octogenarian, he asked: "And is this your son?"

Edward R. Ridgely, who retired from the office of representative in congress from the Third Kansas district on March 4, 1901,



MRS. CARRIE HAPEMAN OF MINDEN, Neb., SUPREME PRESIDENT OF THE P. E. O.

lodge and his being chosen to preside over that body and to control the destinies of the order in the state followed soon.

Hon. William Wallace Young of Stanton, whom the Nebraska grand lodge of Knights of Pythias chose as representative from its jurisdiction to the supreme lodge of Knights of Pythias of the World, is also a man who has been honored by his fellow citizens as well as the members of the order he will represent in its highest body. He is a native of Illinois, having been born near Monmouth, in Warren county. He attended Monmouth college and was admitted to the bar in Ringgold county, Iowa. He practiced there a short time and was married there. In 1882 he came to Stanton, where he has since made his home. He was grand chancellor of the Nebraska Knights of Pythias two years ago and last year was elected by the republicans to represent the Eleventh district in the state senate, where he acquitted himself with much credit.

Mrs. Carrie Russell Hapeman of Minden, Neb., who was elected president of the supreme grand chapter P. E. O. at the Des Moines convention, was born in Wyoming, N. Y. Her father, a Baptist minister, presided over many important charges, among them Minneapolis, Waterloo, Ia., and Morrison, Ill. Mrs. Hapeman's early life was spent principally in Illinois, where she was married to Dr. H. Hapeman in October, 1883. She has lived in the west nearly eighteen years and before her marriage was a teacher in the public schools. She is a charter member of Chapter "N," organized at Minden by Mrs. Lulu Patrick, May 23, 1895, and since her first introduction to the order has been an earnest P. E. O. worker. The principles of P. E. O. being entirely in accordance with her life and work, it was easy for her to advance, and in rapid succession she held the offices of local president, state organizer, first vice president and served her state two terms as grand chapter president. Being thoroughly informed in P. E. O. work and having served faithfully in subordinate offices, she steps naturally by the way of diligence, experience and unusual ability into the highest office in the gift of P. E. O. Chapter "N," which has benefited in the past by her enthusiasm and unselfish labors, now rejoices in the honors which have come to her in true sisterly spirit.

Mrs. Hapeman early showed artistic in-



W. D. WRAY, MAYOR OF OSKALOOSA, PRESIDENT IOWA LEAGUE OF MUNICIPALITIES.

stincts. These express themselves in everything with which she has to do. She believes that the beautiful is its own excuse for being and brings the elevating influence of the beautiful into all of life which touches hers. She has been an exhibitor of ceramics at the Omaha exhibitions on several occasions and had exhibits in both the Woman's building and the Nebraska building during the World's fair. In the China Painters' Blue Book, issued in 1897, she is listed and her portrait given among the prominent members of the Nebraska Ceramic club. Mrs. Hapeman has always been very public-spirited, giving freely of her time and talent to public enterprises of whatever nature tending toward the betterment of the little city in which she lives and the lives of those about her. For church, school and civic improvement she delights to labor and Minden, which has long known her as a power for good, joins with her home chapter to do her honor.

Mrs. Ella Moore Spencer, the newly elected secretary-treasurer of the grand chapter P. E. O., is a resident of Oskaloosa, Ia. She has lived nearly all her life in Iowa, but spent seven years in California. She has been identified with the P. E. O. work since 1895, and has served as president of the local chapter in Oskaloosa, which is one of the most progressive in the country. She was twice vice president and filled several subordinate offices. She is an enthusiast in her work and amply prepared to perform the duties of the office to which she was elected at the recent grand chapter meeting in Des Moines.

Miss Mary MacDonald of New York has undertaken a work that will doubtless bring her much credit in connection with the making of the Filipinos into American citizens. She is the superintendent of the woman's hospital, which has just been opened at Manila, marking an epoch in the Americanizing of the islands. Heretofore there has been no place in Manila where those not entitled to admission to the military hospitals could receive proper care and treatment. This condition was especially hard on the women of the city. When it became known in this country steps were at once taken to secure relief. Mrs. White-law Reid of New York gave the institution life with a donation of \$5,000 cash for its support. Others have assisted, and a board of trustees of prominent officials and business men of Manila has the institution in



MRS. ELLA MOORE SPENCER OF OSKALOOSA, Ia., CORRESPONDING SECRETARY GRAND CHAPTER, P. E. O.

charge. It has as yet but fifteen beds, but is modern throughout. Miss MacDonald, who is a trained nurse of wide experience, has a thoroughly competent corps of assistants.

Mr. and Mrs. Spethmann of Grand Island are among those happy individuals who have proved that marriage is not a failure. They look back on sixty well spent years of constant companionship. When they ob-



SENATOR W. W. YOUNG OF STANTON, Neb., WHO HAS BEEN ELECTED SUPREME REPRESENTATIVE OF THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS OF THIS JURISDICTION.

served their anniversary, last Wednesday night, they were surrounded by children and their children's children to the third generation, all prosperous and contented, and by friends who have watched and borne with them the work of building up the great west, where so many years of their married life have been spent.

W. D. Wray of Oskaloosa, Ia., who has been elected president of the Iowa League of Municipalities, is known as one of the progressive men of his state. He is mayor of his home town, which in itself is an endorsement, as Oskaloosa has long been one of the best governed cities in a state noted for its intelligent administration of public affairs.

Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

JAY COOKE'S father was named Eleutherus at the suggestion of someone who happened to know that this Greek word meant "free." He went to congress two terms, but was eventually defeated because voters and election officers failed to spell his outlandish name correctly. Then he swore that his infant son should have a name that everybody could manage. Accordingly he had his future financier christened Jay, after the famous chief justice.

Miss Margaret Horton Potter of Chicago, whose father is a millionaire, will soon be married to John Black, son of General John C. Black. Miss Potter created a sensation in Chicago three years ago, when she was 17 years old, by publishing a novel entitled "A Social Lion," in which she described the society of her native city and shocked people by the discussion of things of which 17-year-old girls are supposed to be ignorant. The novel was not destroyed by spontaneous combustion, but the whole edition was suppressed. She was not discouraged, however, and wrote a novel entitled "Unconquered," turning from the sinner to the saint. Still a third novel bears her name on the title page and she is at work on a fourth.

It is a curious fact that two of what may be called the greatest gun inventors of England of the time are American-born men. As is well known, the country of Uncle Sam claims Sir Henry Maxim as its own, while the other celebrity who was born under the Stars and Stripes is Dr. Richard J. Gatling, who completed his eighty-third year recently. It is hardly necessary to say that the veteran is the inventor of the famous Gatling gun, which

is today cooking and working for his board and a place to sleep in Lawton, Okl. When Mr. Ridgely was elected to congress, in 1896, he owned a half interest in a mercantile business in Pittsburg, Kan., but he sold his share to his brother. When he left the office he had only a little money and no profession to fall back upon. He lived in Pittsburg for a time without doing anything, and finally drifted to the Kiowa country in search of a place and opportunity to begin life again.

When the shah returned to Persia after his visit to Paris he once more buried himself within the walls of his palace, like his ancestors. His subjects, however, have had a chance to see him occasionally on his automobile, which he brought along from Paris. During his absence his affairs were attended to by his second son, who is an educated man and speaks French fluently. This prince—Shoah-Saltane—is about 25 years old; he is interested in agriculture and has imported machinery of the latest patterns from Germany.

They are talking of sending General Wade Hampton back to the senate from South Carolina. Practically all the candidates for the place, save Senator McLaurin, have withdrawn from the race and the general, now 82 years old, has consented to run against McLaurin. His friends are telling stories about him, now that attention is once more attached to him. One of them is about his iron nerve. It seems that when he was hunting some years ago he and his companions penetrated to the interior of a large forest, where they separated to remain at certain "stands," while the dogs chased the deer by them. He dis-

mounted from his mule, tied the animal and walked several hundred yards away in order better to see a deer if perchance one came by. He stumbled over a root and fell. One barrel of his gun was accidentally discharged, the ball going into his leg at the ankle. The bone was shattered and he could not walk and his foot had to be amputated later. He knew that if his companions did not find him he would die of starvation if he did not bleed to death. So for hours he lay on the ground, loading and discharging his gun to attract attention. After several hours his friends found him. And they found, too, that when he had fired his gun he had aimed at a scar on a distant tree, and, in spite of the pain from his wound, had hit his target with nearly every shot.

Park Benjamin, who is a graduate of the Annapolis academy and familiar with naval affairs, has told the story of Schley and the Greely relief expedition in the Review of Reviews, concluding it with a description of the way the commander of the expedition behaved himself when he was rewarded. Here is what Mr. Benjamin says: "The entire planning of the expedition and its equipment was left wholly to Schley, although he had never before been in the Arctic regions. By way of further impetus, congress saw fit to offer a reward of \$25,000 to any person not in the naval or military service of the United States who should rescue the Greely party or discover its fate. That inaugurated a race between the navy ships and the arctic whalers. The former won by a hundred miles—and on June 22 found the Greely camp near Cape Sabine, in Ellesmere Land, with Greely and

six of his men barely alive. This date was a month earlier than the waters in the vicinity had ever been navigated or have been navigated since. After the ice pack was reached, Schley, in the words of one of the Greely survivors, 'spent his time at the masthead in the crow's nest, a barrel-like affair, with just room to stand up in, and he did not go down into the cabin for warm meals, but had his cold victuals hauled up to him. Schley got back to the United States in July, to receive a magnificent reception from the North Atlantic squadron, assembled at Portsmouth. Honors poured in on him. The Navy department officially thanked and congratulated him, the Maryland legislature thanked him and voted him a gold medal chronometer, the Massachusetts Humane society sent him its medal and the geographers gave the name of "Schley Land" to a wide territory west of Cape Sabine. Meanwhile, the president ordered him to New York and, after personally receiving him, ended a graceful speech of compliment with the words: 'And, Captain Schley, in further recognition of your achievement, I shall nominate you to be the chief of the Bureau of Equipment of the navy.'

"But, Mr. President," blurted out the astonished Schley, whose highest expectation of anything tangible from the government was perhaps a command in the Mediterranean. 'I didn't suppose—that is—well, I don't think I've merited such a reward as that.'

"That is a matter, captain," replied the president, 'of which you will permit me to judge.'

"In a few days the senate confirmed the nomination."