and gave it a cold shoulder. It was a friend in need. When the fountains of thought trickled wearly the paste pet was stirred to activity and filled out a coloum with neatness and some dispatches. It fell to my lot to acquaint Mr. Annin on the uses and abuses of the paste pet, but for some unknown reason a coldness sprung up between them which years of association failed to discel.

Mr. Annin proved an apt pupil in the editorial harness. His earlier efforts did not meet with much encouragement from Mr. Rosewater. He did not expect it, Mr. Resewater. He did not expect it, knowing Mr. Resewater's disposition to win success. An easy, graceful writer, active and studious possessing a good ear, a retentive memory and a vivid imagina tion, his contributions to the waste basket gradually diminished in quantity and flowed

MORE RECENT STAFF ASSISTANTS. D. W. Haynes, the genial manager of Boyd's theater, flourished for a brief period as managing editor of The Morning Bee Doc was a modest, retiring type in those dars. He held a case on the day force in 1880. The morning edition had outgrown its awadding clothes and demanded more care and attention than could be bestowed upon it between 6 and 7:30 a m. A night shift was decided upon. It consisted of two was decided upon. It consisted of two men. Doe was unanimously chosen manag-ing editor, foreman and general factorum. ing editor, foreman and general factorum. It can be said to his credit that his administration was a success. Harmony reigned night after night. If his force of one man showed a disposition to rebel because Doe "hogged the hook" or devoured the bulk of the lunch, he would quell the rising storm by apt quotations quell the rising storm by any questions from Prentiss or instructing his subordi-nate in imperious tones to "paste white." In this way he succeeded in endearing himself to the "gang," and on retiring from the case left a long string of pleasant

James B. Haynes, formerly managing editor of The Bee, served his apprentice-ship at the case in '75-77. He did not stick to the types very long, but turned his at-tention to stenography, mastered the dots and dashes, and was installed as Mr. Rosewater's private secretary. After spending a winter in Lincoln reporting the proceedings of the legislature, he drifted into the Union Pacific headquarters, next as court reporter in this district, and finally returned to his first love, retiring of his own accord in June, 1895.

These men contributed much to the suc-cess of The Bee. True, Mr. Rosewater was cess of The Bee. True, Mr. Rosewater was the guiding head, the will force which shaped the destiny of the paper. His bat-tles were theirs. In and out of office they fought and defended him against venomous personal and political enemies. They cham-pioned his interests, drummed up subscribpioned his interests, drummed up subscrib-ers, tickled advertisers with timely puffs, and by their enthusiasm induced their friends to become advocates of the paper in workshops and homes. In those days it was impossible to work under Mr. Rose-water without imbibling some of his zeal. his intensity of purpose and the pluck and determination with which he faced the public sentiment in defense of the weak attacked the arrogant and corrupt in bile station. In victory and defeat they stood by him, sharing his joys or regrets today and looking out for a scoop for the morrow.

T. J. FITZMORRIS. Omaha, June, 1889.

> PERRY S. HEATH, Former Washington Correspondent.

It was in the autumn of 1882, I believe. that I sent my first special from Washington to The Ree. My instructions from the man aging editor cautioned me against "extravacance" reminding me that the telegraph tolls were high, and the Interest in Washington matter with Bee readers was limited. There were troubles among the Indians

then, and the legislation relating to the reservations and public lands embraced about all there was of interest for Nebraska and tion of the upper Missouri was at that time of some moment, and I gave close attention to appropriations and commissions for that The stream. People about the national capitol looked upon the Missouri as one of the great waterways of our country, and the work of snag boats and dredgers was important.

At first The Bee limited me in space as well as scope of matter. Gradually it grew. however, until, a few years before I laid down the work, in the spring of 1894, there was limit to neither space nor subjects. The Bee had taken rank with the most enterprising journals of the country. The great public domain had almost disappeared in fact as well as in theory; Indian reservations were becoming farms; the red man had left the war path, and navigation of the upper Missouri had become an iridescent dream. The great west was a garden spot. Herds of cattle had taken the place of the buffalo: the plow had supplanted the rifle, and civilization and development were abreast of the

gations it congress. They made the life and the work of the Washington correspond ent of The Bee comparatively easy. The paper was never their organ; it was the faithful and impartial chronicler of the events of the national capital. It was so truthful and so enterprising, so sterling in its effort to impart the earliest and best information that it was respected by its enemies, while its friends could never do too much for it. Among the best news men in congress

from the state were Dorsey, Connell, Mc-Shane, Melkeljohn and Mercer. Senators Paddock and Manderson were rays of sun-shine to me-always brimful with news and ever accessible. But there were other good news men and gentlemen from the state in congress, and I would delight to name then if to do and miss one would not be par-tiality. The Nebraska delegations at Washwere proverbially good fellows for the craft of which I was a member.

BEE'S INFLUENCE AT WASHINGTON. Nebraska developed so rapidly from 1882 to 1894 that the Washington end of The Bee was considered very important, and my work was always intelligently aided by the

able editorial support it received.

The Bee took a part in the making of states out of the territories of Dakota, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana and Washington that made it a factor in national affairs The Dakotas and Wyoming, where it has long been a strong factor, should feel a sense of lasting gratitude to The Bee. 1 recall the work I did for the Dakotas during their statehood contests, going to their con-stitutional conventions after years of educaional work in that direction, from Wash ington, and making the ground ready for the harvest, and while at the work in the territories, the editorial columns of The Bee teemed with the ablest presentations of their merits for statehood it was possible to prepare. I believe Mr. E. Rosewater of The Bee wrote most of the series of edi-torial arguments for statehood, and he earned the gratitude of the people of those

The Bee was always as much of an Iowa The Bee was always as much of an lowa newspaper as any publication in that state, and was so recognized by her representatives at Washington. Senator Allison—it is a pity he, too, cannot be made president—often gave The Bee great credit for the work it did in behalf of the development of his state and the support it ever tendered

When The Bee opened its magnificent new building the event was one of rejoicing for acores of public men in Washington. From

actions speak louder than words. PERRY S. HEATH. Cincinnati, O., June 1, 1896,

JAMES B. HAYNES,

Former Managing Editor.

test every writer in the furnace of severe us barely 20,000 people, and there were no criticism. But Mr. Annin determined to pavements, electric lights, motor lines or

the columns of the paper. He accumulation of the paper of the sengine furnished power to run a two-requainted himself thoroughly with Mr. Rose-volution Has been which record off The water's views of men and measures, absorbed his caustic style of expression, and Evening Bee, then a seven column folio. volution Hoe press, which reeled off The in a few years became as much Rosewater On the ground floor were the business offices as Rosewater himself. circular counter, the large iron safe covered

ng was the editorial sanctum, a veritable glass house. Its dimensions were possibly 15x20 and its outer walls were made of a double tier of window sash, admitting what little sunlight could penetrate the dust upon the panes, and in a measure shutting out the noise of Tom Fitzmorris' nonpareil shooting stick. It also deadened the awful roar of a truck upon which the forms were carried to the rear of the building and there lowered to the press room. The elevator upon which these forms were lifted and let down ought to be described. There was never anything just like it. The principle upon which it worked infringed upon that of the chain-pump, and the dumb-waiter. When the forms were late the elevator invariably rebelled, while if the forms were on time the elevator behaved well. In its n time the elevator behaved well. In its haste one day it dropped a form with the velocity of a pile-driver and the atmosphere was immediately impregnated with sulphuric

AN EGYPTIAN PYRAMID.

But that truck. In shape it was fashioned somewhat after an Egyptain pyramid. At the base it was about eighteen inches deep and the sides signed to a peak. Against either side a form or page of type was placed. I was retained as sole operator of this truck. Every trip made by it incurred the displeasure of the proprietor; the noise was insufferable. Finally rubber wheels were put on the truck and from that day

the editorial page of The Bee began to attract wide-spread attention.

Well I remember the day I stepped into the sanctum, and addressing myself to Mr. Rosewater said that after long and careful consideration of the subject the conclusion had been reached by me that there was nothing more for me to learn in the mechanical and truck departments and respectfully filed an application for a place in the brain department. Much to my surprise, Mr. Resewater looked with favor upon the proposition. Soon after, he put me to work. He said:

"There are the exchanges; on that table are the paste and scissors." Long, weary months were passed in quest f "Occidental Jottings," "Peppermint Drops," "Connubial Sips," and an occasional short story. It was, however, a difficult mat-ter in those days, to please Mr. Rosewater in the selection of short stories. He inimated to me one day in tones that were full of commiseration that he would select he short stories.

Very soon thereafter, as was his custom. Fitzmorris called for a batch of time copy, Mr. Rosewater handed him a short story. When it appeared in the paper, Abe Saue the business manager, rusned up stairs and fell upon me for clipping advertisements and palming them off for miscellany. denied it. An investigation followed. short story which Mr. Rosewater cl proved to be a masked reader for Warner's safe cure. The matter was dropped.

THE BEE'S MARVELLOUS GROWTH. In those days the city and state suffered the effects of the panic of 1873 and grassadjoining country. I remember that naviga hopper scourge of 1875, and no western newspaper was prosperous. But 1880 to 1887 brought unexampled growth to Omaha and Nebraska. The newspapers were in clover The Bee outstripped all competitors. Ther was made its longest strides toward the goal of metropolitan journalism. Since that ime it has held high rank among the chief papers of the nation. Its volume of news is as heavy as that of newspapers in cities of 300,000 population. It has done more for Omaha than any other agency.

The Bee is now twenty-five years old. lose students of its career, its reverses and later successes, must concede that a consistent, vigorous policy in defense of the rights and interests of the common people and avowed bostility to unscrupulous poli-ical agencies has placed The Bee upon a oundation and won for its founder and litor a place in the hearts of the of this state. In my opinion it is indeed fortunate for the city of Omaha and for the whole state that there is a newspaper of such wide influence and of such un-questioned integrity of purpose willing a all times to defend the public interest oppose all schemes of political crooks and xpose the duplicity of officials who betray

heir constituents. The Bee bas always done this. It has I cannot pay too high a tribute to the news sense and the courtesy of the Nebraska dele-Herein lies the whole secret of its success.

Omaha, June, 1896.

HENRY D. ESTABROOK. Once Temporary City Editor.

I presume every American boy, normally onstituted, with perhaps an extra literary kink in his mental make-up, has had an ambition to become an editor, and has indulged this ambition whenever and whereever opportunity offered. From the eruptive, semi-occasional periodical published at the age of 10-appropriately printed on foolscap with the aid of a lead pencil and a protuding tongue; for which publication, may add, his immediate relatives were the only subscribers, and of which his darling mother was the only reader-from this earliest manifestation of the symptom I say, up to the age of 16, and his first anonymous communication to the city press (over the quaint and curious nom de plame of "Vox Populi") he has simply been plu ming his wings and preening himself for the glorious career of a full fledged editor.
At the age of 16, I sent to the editor of our daily paper, The Omaha Bee, an item of news over the nom de piume of "Vox Populi"—of course. I was proud and happy when it appeared in print the fol lowing morning. It was considerably altered as to language, to be sure; still, the central idea—the great and luminous thought expressed—that is to say, the item of news—was there in all its glory; my manuscript had been accepted. Later on, when I fell in love, I tackled the editor on poetry. But that manuscript, for some occult reason, was not accepted.

LONG LOOKED FOR OPPORTUNITY. Finally, there was presented an oppor-tunity of a lifetime. Mr. Rosewater's city editor, who was also his only reporter-for a newspaper man in that time played many parts—had been given a vacation, and pre-vious to his departure had visited the High school to engage one of the larger boys to assume his duties. I was the lucky chap to be invited, and I accepted with alacrity. For two whole weeks I was not only to write just what I pleased but what I wrote was bound to be published. Moreover, I was to have \$20 per week into the

scores of public men in Washington. From the Illinois line on the east to the Williamette in Oregon on the west, and from Manitoba, north, to southern Kansas, south there was a feeling that the success of The Bee was due to popularity obtained by services rendered their especial sections of country. What a magnificent field The Bee half in the night before, and some aptress in saying was at the Bee office to will be success of the southern Kansas, south there was a feeling that the success of the general sections of country. What a magnificent field The Bee half is the success of the southern Kansas and to indicate my route. Incidentally services rendered their especial sections of country. What a magnificent field The Bee half is the served to the say an appreciative word in the night before, and for the more recent voyages of Lews and Lake on the one side. This ghost of Coronado's great expedition the William and democratic brand, such as in which such the republican and democratic brand, such as in which and democratic brand, such as in which as the republican and democratic brand, such as in which as the republican and democratic brand, such as in which as the republican and democratic brand, such as in which as the string. In far less time than it takes to write republican and democratic brand, such as in which as the republican and democratic brand, such as in which as the republican and democratic brand, such as in which as the republican and democratic brand, such as in which as the republican and democratic brand, such as in which as the republican and democratic brand, such as in which as the republican and democratic brand, such as in which as the republican and democratic brand, such as the republican and democratic brand, such as in which as the republican and democratic brand, such as in which as the republican and democratic brand, such as in which as the republican and democratic brand, such as in which as the republican and democratic brand, such as in which as the republican and democratic bra

voices as theirs ought not to be permitted to run at large, etc., etc. The fact is I was a songster myself, and belonged to a rival quartet. When I arrived at the office next morning I met Mr. Rosewater going out to post a letter. He gave me a stony glare and hastened his footsteps. I afterwards learned that this letter was ad-dressed to the absent reporter commanding his immediate return. Mr. Rosewater had scarcely made his exit when the second hasso called and stopped his paper—stopped bases called and storped his paper—stopped it off short never to go again. He also said in his most raucous voice, that he wanted to see the responsible editor of that dirty sheet. I told him that the responsible editor had just stepped out, but that he might consider me the irresponsible editor, if he were so disposed. He laughed—a hollow, mecking, blood-curdling sort of laugh—and vanished.

During the day the remaining members

During the day the remaining members of the quartet dropped in one after the other and cancelled their subscriptions. The cheerful idlot who edited a column in our "loathsome contemporary" called the "Public Fountain," took up the cudgel on behalf of the quartet, and through the medium of his column intimated that the ad interim reporter of The Bee was not yet dry behind the ears. I retorted that that was because I was in the habit of washing my ears, and thought it would e sanitary if he would occasionally follow he example. "Wasn 'em in the Public the example. "Wash 'em in the rubble Fountain." I said, "along with your dirty linen. What an appropriate freak of the such a fountain chance it is, any way, that such a fountain should be run by a squirt!"

RELIEVED EARLY IN THE DAY. On receipt of his chief's letter Mr. Al Sorenson, the reporter for whom I was substituting and who is now on the staff of the Oregonian, shortened his leave of absence and hastened home, but not until I had time to be thoroughly licked by a saloon keeper named Taylor; not until Mr. Rosewater's life had been several times threatened on my account, and not not it had been been several times threatened on my account, and not not it had involved. until I had involved The Omaha Bee in a \$20,000 libel suit. Then the editor came out in one of his famous editorials, over his own signature, and explained to a bewildered public just what had happened. He commented severely upon my inaptitude for a journalistic career, and attributed his recent sorrows to what he called my "trick-mule performance." And yet I swear when I hurled my reportorial thunderbolts indiscriminately at the public, it was more for the fun of manufacturing thunderbolts than for the purpose of in-juring those who happened to be in the way of them. But that phrase, "trick-mule performances," stuck in my craw. If the much vaunted liberty of the press would not permit gentlemen to indulge in a little personal badinage without getting mad about if, egad! I'd join a profession which would! So I quit journalism and entered the law.

fain believed at the time to be retributive justice, my first case on emerging from law school was a suit for libel against The Bee. Mr. Rosewater had called a United drink. States consul to Shanghai a cross between a drunkard and a monomaniac. Now, ob-viously, this language was libelous per se, and tended to bring my client into public scandal, infamy, and disgrace, and to yex. harass, oppress, impoverish and wholly ruin him, the said client, to his damage, \$20,000. Another \$20,000 libel suit, you observe, intended to show Mr. Rosewater a "trick mule performance" worth two of my earlier achievements. But as I pondered over the accumulating depositions which Mr. Rosewater commenced to take in different parts of the country. I was forced to believe that my client had been what might be called an inebriate. It might be also that he was something of a monomaniac but I pinned my faith to the difficulty o proving that he was a cross between the vituperation what I lacked in the way of ONE OF THE FIRST LIBEL SUITS.

So I told the jury that when Rosewater aunched his paper he had rausacked ngology to find some insect which would pify his aspirations in life and had hit pon the bee. That the bee's only object in living was honey, which rhymed with money. That its weapone of offense and defense was not a sword, nor yet a bludgeon, but only a sliver, which it carried concealed in the most conspicuous, and, at the same time, the most intellectual portion of its anatomy. That my client would possibly have swallowed the venom of the bee in of course, that he drank for God's sake! was a thoroughbred, and neither a cross, a mongrel, a sambo nor any other kind of an infusion, and I hoped that their verdict would enable him to live on a liquid diet for the remainder of his days. The jury was out some time and returned a verdict was out some time and returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for just 5 cents— the retail price of a glass of beer. I do not know how my client managed to get drunk on it, but he did. He flaunted that verdict in every saloon in Omaha as a vindication of his character, and a solemn adjudication that he was not the kind of a ross he had been cracked up to be. The Bee flaunted that verdict as adding con siderable insult to very little injury. flaunted that verdict as the only verdict in any amount which had ever been obtained against The Bee for libel, and as the daz-zling result of my individual prowess. All this occurred some twenty years ago. wonderful how our opinions are modiled by the experience of twenty years, and how more and more tentative they become as the years go on. I am not so cocksure of anything as I used to be. As for news-papers, I frankly confess that I, personally, would not know how to improve on the poorest of them, and I submit that such odesty on the part of one of your regular subscribers is as rare as it is beautiful.

Talk about a censorship of the press! Of arraigning the sword against the pen! Never again. For weal or woe the pen henceforth is to be the maker of our laws and the arbiter of our destines. Never again. The dogma that human lives can control human thought or determine what a man shall believe or what a man shall say, so long as he believes in what he says, mediaeval hallucination, like the divinity of kings. As well fulminate against Never again. You can blindfold justice as of old, but not the stars, thank God, but not the stars! H. D. ESTABROOK. ot the stars! Chicago, May, 1896.

JAMES CLEMENT AMBROSE. First Legislative Correspondent.

I am asked to relate briefly my connection with The Bee in its infancy. Well, after twenty-five years of practicing "the expulsive power of a new affection," my memory seems not to run in The Bee line. At least, at this remove I do not see myself large about the cradle of what is now, of course, Nebraska's chief source of sweet-Perhaps the Missouri river bridge is in the way. At that time surely it was so much in the way that Omaha and Council Bluffs couldn't see each other. Indeed, as I recall the young journal of '71, and measure it beside itself today, it was so small a child, and its father so large in energy and ability that it did not need much outside aid to make a forward move. I had made Omaha my first independent home in the spring of '66, fresh from college and law school, more knowledge of books than of the world, more theory than practice in law. And though with intervening years and the early push of the city from mud hole toward metropolis, fair returns came my way, a few years on the edge of the law and the fascinations of journalism had led me to think myself borne rather for letters than briefs. So I had retired from the than briefs. So I had retired from the bar early, and not so much "on a combar early, and not so much "on a com-petence" as incompetence, though I had some "cheek," and some aptness in saying mean things—the only "virtues" essential

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> Three pounds of Gas Roasted Coffee GUARANTEED equal in strength and flavor to four pounds of same coffee roasted by any other process on earth. If you want to save money and get the best, ask your grocer for Paxton & Gallagher Co.'s Gas Roasted Coffee and take no other.

OMANA.

Paxton & Gallagher Co.

and piquancy of the Herald of that day had though somewhat erratic. Ex-Governor pleased me. and its editor. Dr. George Boyd, too, was there, wearing good clothes. L. Miller, had been kind to me, and even those who disliked the paper seemed to spondent—and a candid judgment, though read it. first read it first.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF "BOBSTER." So my earliest contributions to press columns were offered to the Herald and not "declined with thanks." Like my later (CAVE PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTIONS the shape of a bolus, but objected to taking it hypodermically by way of a sting. That it was true my client drank occasionally. but only for his stomach's sake, according be they covered the press name "Bobster," Indeed, the convention was somewhat in Bee they covered the press name "Bobster," Indeed, the convention was somewhat in evidence on the theory that some forgeto the admonition of St. Paul, which meant, an appellation neither dignified nor signifihusband and this was one of his minor adorn him with "George Washington," ing through the splendid state was suffering through the fact that many of the men best qualified to serve her in public places were excluded by party lines. I mean simply that at times it has been her respectively. that nickname fell to my first offering for print, and lingered with those that followed It became a daily signature to letters from Lincoln during that memorable session of the legislature when the integrity of disthe legislature that the first state officials came in question, thus recording a great deal of unpleasantness, much of the matter and the view taken not calculated to bring into play the most amiable side of an amateur corre-

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION. The Nebraska constitutional convention, gathering in June, 1871, followed close upon that protracted meeting of the legislature, which meddled with trouble from January to June, I think. And shortly after the opening of the convention, that body found upon its desk a new Omaha daily paper. It was very modest in size, but it bore the name of Edward Rosewater as editor and proprietor. As an active member of the "long parliament." his name had become well known to the people, and known to stand for something positive—for things as he honestly thought of them. So it was at he honestly thought of them. So it was at once rightly surmised that The Bee, though small, would have something to say—all it had room to say—and would say it without first asking consent of the political grandmothers. Thus, the paper, from its initial issue, commanded respect and compelled attention.

And perhaps the early appearance of "Bobster," as the name of its correspondent from the convention at Lincoln, drewsome additional attention to the new applicant for favor. The name swale had be cant for favor. The name surely had begreat impeachment trial, and won respect, or dislike, within almost every home of the state at that time. And perhaps current readers of The Bee will find most "reminiscent" interest in my connection "reminiscent" interest in my connection with it through a present recall of some "conventional" characters and incidents. Since the spring following, I have resided outside the state, and today cannot place a half dozen of the eminent Nebraskans who half dozen of the eminent Nebraskans who sat together to revise the constitution of their state. Some I suppose, have gone where the constitution if orthodoxy, be orthodox, is fixed beyond revision. Hence I know not whethers the survivors all have outlived their pro tem littleness, or lived up to their promise of future enlargement.

ABOUT CONSTITUTION MAKERS.

As a body that convention certainly de-

As a body, that convention certainly desired to do the best thing for Nebraska. Its members were not adventurers, but permanent home buffders west of the Missouri, many of them even then known as "old settlers." Some old soldiers, who were not yet old men, had soats there. One of "old settlers." Some old soldlers, who were not yet old men, had seats there. One of them, General Silas A. Strickland, was president of the convention, a gentleman as ever genial to others as his habits were hostile to himself. I thought he had been a better general on the field than in command of the convention; his amiability sometimes surrendered against judgment. General Manderson was another of martial bearing, one who always knew whether he was "afoot or on horseback," and who has ridden the political horse well. ridden the political horse well.

Conspicuously there was a generous ab-

rogation of party lines, both in the list of members and on the floor. The people had sent in able legal lights of both the

pairings it is the minority that can afford to ber and John C. Myers, house leader in be a little reckless; it leads the attack and the Butler case— was he not a member? gets most "fun" out of the fray. The dash I think so—a man able above his inches, not many words. Colonel Cropsey was also a member of weight and kindly spirit. I felt a sad moment when a few months ago,

evidence on the theory that some forget cant, and, like many another name of its fulness of party lines brings to the service class, a thoughtless pickup. Through the year preceding, I had been reading all And if I may say it without reflection upon Dicken's aloud at home, like a model young husband and this was one of his minor characters. Meantime the first boy had come to my fireside and not wishing to democrats, or, perhaps, that so few of them were. Take it either way.

I should like also to recall the contest

for suffrage, regardless of sex, which was championed by General Estabrook, the effort to kill the grand jury system, which effort was itself killed by Judge Mason and others. the move to remove judical elections from general elections, minority representation, etc. etc; but anniversary space, I presume is limited, and I close. For a short time following the convention, I assisted The Bee editorially, and my connection was ended, with no dream that The Bee was to become the foremost journal west of the

Missouri.

If any old friend care for my later activity it has been ten years with Chicago daily journals, with varied contributions elsewhere, and the past fourteen seasons on the lecture platform, my home, since leaving Omaha in the spring of '72, having been here at Evanston, Ill., the charming lake shore and university suburb of Chicago. Nebraska has done well without me; and to-day I think all she needs is plenty of rain-water, and that her politicians get what

they deserve.

JAMES CLEMENT AMBROSE. Evanston, Ill., June 4, 1896.

JOHN H. PIERCE, Ranger of The Bec.

"I want some one who can row like Hanlon and swinm like a duck," said Mr. Rosewater, editor of The Omaha Bee, as he announced that the wires were all down between Omaha and the east, and it was fer depot. owing to the flood in the Missouri which was that morning making the famous cutoff exactly opposite the Union Pacific shops, and the roar of which sounded loud, as he opened the outer door of The Bee office and looked toward Council Bluffs.

"The river threatens to run through Spoon Lake and leave both ends of the Union Pacific bridge on the Nebraska side. Every telegraph pole near there is down, and all the embankment is rapidly melting away. I want some one to go over the river and get the whole thing, and it must be done with a boat."

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vet it seemed but a minute from the time I was in the rush before Omaha had passed me and the railroad bridge was overhead me and the railroad bridge.

There was no wagon bridge.

At the transfer there was a veritable Niagara roaring through Spoon Lake. I approached the depot and a zealous policeman, Captain Payne, warned me away. I was the better boatman and casily rowed around him and through the depot, the floors being deeply submerged. The Council Bluffs gas works were under water, and the town was in darkness that night. The water surrounded the Northwestern depo-The and reached to about the spot where the postoffice now stands. The following day large steamboat took on coal at the Trans-

Having collected dispatches and items to my heart's content, I skirted the bluffs for several miles up stream, and then made for the main channel. Soon I heard the roar of cut off, then forming, and I was seized the cut off, then forming, and I was seized with an irresistible desire to shoot through the wild spot, where I would be the first to dare its dangers. It was now dark, The lights of Omaha rose above a forest of cottonwoods and willows. I was alone, No human hand could help or save should the unknown forces of that gorge prove greater than I. Louder, louder roared the waters ahead. Crash went the cottonwood trees on the right, as they tumbled into the foam; crash went the acres on the left, as their willows were buried beneath the dark who was welcomed as a visitor. Printers' their mand spectral forms seemed to glide over the floating ice. But they were the floating for the half submerged trees that smelting works were so deep in the water that it was difficult to pass under the doorway of the largest building. The Union Pacific shops were in a like condition. Keeping close to the shore, I crept on up stream until the sand hills were reached (they disappeared long ago). From one of these, and covered by several feet of earth, part of a boat, probably thirty feet in part of a boat, probably thirty feet in their willows were buried beneath the dark who was welcomed as a visitor. Printers' ink was a powerful element in the upbuilding of embryo cities.

Mr. Andrew Rosewater was the business manager of The Bee, and Al Van Camp was clity editor, and the city editor corralled, compiled and wrote all the local news. Not only so, but he bow across the waves. It was a despetate struggle. To the right, to the left, just shead and scraping under the boat, the glants of the forest would rise on the whirlpool and the ice blocks seemed madly contending for the privilege of wrecking my little boat.

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Ranger of The Bee. Grand Island, June 1, 1896.

THOMAS W. BLACKBURN, Former Traveling Correspondents

Twenty years ago I was traveling correspondent of The Bee. My nom de plume was "Lino." Perhaps the inventor of the new type-setting machines got a suggestion from this sobriquet. Every writer was in those days concealed behind a fanciful designation of his own selection. George Alfred Townsend was "Gath;" Samuel Clemens was "Mark Twain;" B. D. Slaughter

was "Gad;" A. C. Troupe was "Gusto;" J. J. Points was "Ixion;" John H. Pierce was 'Ranger;" Willis Sweet was "Gabe;" John A. MacMurphy, "Tiptop," and J. W. Crawford was "Captain Jack."

The "traveling correspondent" of The Bee was engaged in soliciting subscriptions and "writing up" the villages and towns of the west. Each subscriber was given a personal puff, and when the village contributed handsomely to the subscription list it was accorded a column article under a display their willows were buried beneath the dark head, and the correspondent was a hero

The force was paid off in due bills, orders on advertisers, etc., and my remittance was reserved for the cashier and the editorial

Edward Rosewater would often start to lew York with a single dollar in his pocket and travel to the metropolis and back with-out drawing upon the business office. Other people drew enough, however, to keep his brother in hot water nine-tenths of the time during the editor's absence.

AS LEGISLATIVE CORRESPONDENT. When the legislature convened the follow-