

STRUGGLES OF AN ARTIST

How William M. Chase Painted His First Successful Picture.

POVERTY AS A SPUR TO ENERGY

From a Shoe Store in Indiana to a Studio in New York—Success Achieved Over Many Obstacles.

From Fifteenth street, facing Livingston Place, there is one of the prettiest views in all New York. To the north are the red brick buildings of the Religious Society of Friends and beyond the old stone Church of St. George. In an imposing old style house commanding this view lives the famous artist, William M. Chase, and in his drawing room I talked with him the other day regarding his early struggles and his first successful picture.

The walls of the parlors are hung with many of the paintings which made Mr. Chase's working rooms in the old Studio building, in Tenth street, the show place of New York for nearly twenty years. There is the portrait of Carroll Beckwith, the Lady in White, and beautiful Mrs. Chase watching her children at play in the broad hall of the summer house in the Shinnecock hills.

"Whatever success I may have attained," said Mr. Chase, "comes from my love of art for art's sake only. I always wanted to be an artist, and I came to be one this

to do it over again I would not do it for ten times the price. "After entering the academy I had a pretty hard time of it. I foresaw that my money would be spent long before I had acquired the requisite training, and try as hard as I might, I could not sell my work to the local dealers. I had been more or less of a revolutionist in the school. I had objected to painting pictures to order, and it was not the way of the master.

Down to Bread and Cheese. "At last I got down to bread and cheese. Even my canvases and my paints were supplied by my fellow students. I had been in Munich two years and a half. I had worked hard and conscientiously. I had received, it is true, the highest medal given by the academy in each class, but I had been severely criticized by the teachers for my independence and the dealers would have nothing to do with me. I know what despair means."

The artist rose to his feet, walked across the room and looked out of the window where the maid was bringing home his child from their morning walk.

"It was the turning point in my life. I don't know how much longer I could have kept up the struggle. I was fortunate in having secured quarters with some people who had confidence in me—sufficient confidence to let me owe them two years' rent—but I could not have held out very much longer, and I knew it. It was then that I painted my first successful picture. It came about this way: I painted a study of a woman in black dressed in a riding habit. It now hangs in the reception room of the Union League club in this city. I sold it for \$200. It was bought by S. P. Avery, and now belongs to the club. It was not the money that I got from this picture,

"I thanked him, but I went back to my studio and resumed my single canvases and tried to reach the heart of Munich art dealers. This will show you how the master regarded me even before I had submitted the picture that gave me my first successful order. While I was painting the portraits of the children, Piloti asked me how I was getting along with my Columbus picture. I had not begun it. I never had any intention of beginning it, and I didn't know exactly what to say to him. Suddenly an inspiration came to me.

"Do you think, Herr Director," said I, "that Munich is the place to paint this picture in. Isn't Salamanca a better place?" "Quite right," returned the master. "Of course. Come, let us see it. Your models here are all Bavarians. You want Spaniards for models. Wait until you go to Salamanca. Do it there."

"That is the last I ever heard of my Columbus composition. But I have the original among my paintings in my studio now."

Rule for Success in Art. "What is your rule for success in art?" I asked. "Years ago," said Mr. Chase, as he led me to the front window and pointed to the trees in the park and the half withered grass. "I thought the Nature was dead. Now I know different. Art transcends Nature. One must paint what is behind the eye of the artist. As I paint, and I love to paint, there is somebody standing by my shoulder who says to me, 'Don't paint that,' or 'paint that,' and I follow these directions. I almost hate this somebody. It is conscience personified. It speaks to me. It directs me. Every day I paint whenever it is possible, whether it be well done or badly done. I paint if I have to scratch it out the next morning. I work because I can't help working, I love work because I

"And your best picture, Mr. Chase?" I suggested.

"My best picture? In my studio there is an empty canvas. My best picture is painted there. It's in my mind. I am always painting my best picture. I am always at work on it. If I only could paint the picture I have in here—" and the artist touched his forehead. "I don't suppose, though, that I ever shall. My best picture is still un-painted, and I hope the time will never come when I shall look at that canvas and say, 'There is my best picture.'"

GOSSIP ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE. For forty years Vermont was represented in the United States senate by four men—Solomon Foot, Jacob S. Morrill, George F. Edmunds and Justin S. Morrill. The Green Mountain state, by the way, has given numerous distinguished sons to the nation, among others, Stephen A. Douglas to Illinois, Matthew H. Carpenter to Wisconsin and Thaddeus Stevens to Pennsylvania.

No public man ever kept his documents in more scrupulous order than Gladstone and his biographer, John Morley, is reaping the advantage, for he finds everything so ready to his hand that he is able to begin the actual writing at once. He has set himself a limit of three years for the task, but may complete it in two. No reserve of any kind has been imposed upon him by the family.

Speaker Reed, when told last summer that Congressman Dingley was very fond of Mark Twain and the American humorists generally, made answer: "Why, when Dingley was a young fellow, he preferred sitting up nights reading the funny reports to holding a pretty girl on his knee. Isn't that so, Dingley?" "Well," replied the author of the tariff bill, "I leave that to Mrs. Dingley."

Colonel George Parmelee Webster, who died a few days ago in New York, cast the deciding vote in the Kentucky legislature at the beginning of the civil war, which kept that state in the union. He was the last to vote on the motion to secede and the vote when it came to him stood a tie. He was a native of Kentucky, but went to Kentucky when a young man and settled in New York after the war. He was a lawyer.

Paymaster General Stanton will soon be placed upon the retired list of the army, having reached the age limit. Hard as a hickory nut and at the same time gentle as a woman, there is nothing of the tin soldier about this veteran, whose department treasury he has held for more than twenty years. He is a native of New York, and he is a native of New York.

How did Piloti happen to ask you to paint his children's portraits? I thought you said he was a severe critic of yours," I suggested.

Made Columbus Turn His Back. "It was not wholly my study of the 'Woman in Black' as I afterward learned, because, although the great painter was a very harsh critic, he had a rather high idea of my ability, which I possibly did not deserve. I'll give you an illustration. I told you how I resented the method of manufacturing pictures, employed in the academy, of my desire for independence, and all that. This happened a month or so before I received my commission. I had all the sensitive independence that goes with unrecognized ability and grinding poverty. I resented almost everything. That was my mood. One day the master said to me that he wanted competitive compositions from the pupils, and he had selected the subject of Columbus before the council because there were a number of Americans in the academy. Now, I knew how Piloti wanted those compositions to be made. I knew where he would place Columbus and where he would put the members of the council. I determined that if I were compelled to paint I would follow my own ideas. Two days before the time for submitting the compositions arrived some of my fellow pupils asked me what I was doing with Columbus. I told them nothing. 'You'd better do something,' said one of them. 'The chief expects something very important

from you," I laughed. They insisted, and more as a joke than anything else I laid out my composition. I said to one of the young men, 'There is no great use of so many Columbus, is there?' No one knew of any. 'So,' I continued, 'I'll paint the back of the discoverer, and I won't put him in one corner of the picture, but in the center.' And so I did. I made him face the council in a position that I knew would not entirely please the chief. The more I worked at the thing the more interested I became, and before I had been painting an hour I was engrossed in it. After I had finished it I laid it to one side and thought no more about it. But I finally entered it with the other compositions. To my intense surprise it received the medal. As soon as the award was announced Piloti came to me, indignation written in every line of his face.

A Loud Roar. "It's an outrage," he said. 'I don't understand how the committee came to give you that medal. You don't deserve it. The idea of making me the center of the subject! Now, this is what you want to do. Put Columbus over on one side, paint a side view of him. Do it this way,' and he illustrated with his expressive gestures how the figure was to be drawn. 'Now, don't paint your little canvas. I'll give you a studio for three months. I'll turn them all out. You can have it by yourself. Then we'll put a canvas thirty feet wide and I want you to paint this picture this way. In one, in two years, you will have produced a painting. If I have any influence with your government it will be in Washington. It will be in the capitol. It will make you famous.'

"Of course I was pleased. I was more. I was touched. But I didn't have money enough to work one or two years, or even one or two months longer, and I told him so frankly.

"You don't need money," said Piloti. 'The academy, the government will pay your expenses, will hire your studio, give you your paints, buy you your canvases, engage you your model.'

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CLEVER TRICK FOR PARLORS

Mysteries and Sleight-of-Hand Based on Scientific Principles.

BLOWING EGGS FROM GLASS TO GLASS

Cunning and Interesting Tricks with Plants, Dancing Water Babies and Air Pressure—Mystery with Smoke.

A very interesting experiment to work out during the performance is one based upon the action of chemicals. About an hour is required for this; so it could be commenced just before the entertainment, and the things left to stand as part of the outfit on the table. Take three medium sized leaves from a red cabbage and strip them to pieces, and put them in a clean earthen dish and pour a pint of boiling water over them. As soon as the water is cool, transfer it all to a pretty glass bowl and set that on the magic table. The water will be of a rich blue in an hour. At the same time take four clean wine glasses and put six drops of common vinegar in one, six drops of baking soda dissolved in water in the second, and six drops of alum solution in the third. The fourth is to be left empty. No one would notice the small quantity of liquid in these glasses.

When you are ready to use them you say something like this: "You see these empty glasses. I shall pour this blue liquid into them. They will, at my command, change their color. This (taking the empty one) shall remain blue. This one shall turn red (taking the one with the vinegar), this shall become green (taking the one with the soda) and this one shall turn on royal purple. (The alum makes purple.) This is very effective, as well as pretty.

Air Pressure. A boiled egg—boiled for fear of accident—

is put, large end downward, in a wine glass. Another glass like it is stood an inch distant. The performer must blow forcibly down in the side nearest him of the glass with the egg, and it will jump out and into the other one. Better try this two or three times privately to make sure of distance and force required.

Air pressure may be used as the basis for the "dancing waterbaby." This is easily made, and is very comical. A clear glass milk jar should be filled with water up to an inch from the top. A small walnut has the nut taken out and the shell fastened together with sealing wax, so that it is watertight. At the lower end a small hole is to be made. Two threads are fastened to the shell by wax, and these are tied to the head of a small wooden doll. A bullet is fastened to a string around the waist and hangs down a trifle below the feet. The hole in the nutshell is right over the doll's head. When this is done put the doll down into the water, and the water must reach to about an inch from the top, when all is in. A piece of bladder is to be firmly fastened over the mouth. This should be wet first as the water makes it more pliable, and no air must enter. When this is dry the baby is ready to dance for you. You press the cover with one finger, and that causes a corresponding pressure of air upon the nut, which is then filled with water, and that makes it heavier, so that it rises and falls with each pressure of the finger.

Mysterious Smoke. A puzzling trick in chemistry is to take a very narrow glass goblet with four drops of hydrochloric acid in the bottom and a saucer where the bottom has just been dipped in ammonia. Cover the glass tightly with the saucer and stop away, declaring that you will cause the smoke from a cigarette to pass inside the glass. The glass will slowly fill with fumes of smoke. It is the union of these two volatile liquids which forms the white fumes.

If one wants to do a really remarkable thing let him get a handful of lettuce seed and soak them overnight in alcohol. Then have a flower pot or box not over six inches deep. In the bottom strew two inches of well worn or port's soil. At the beginning of the evening's performance the lad should show this box of soil and tell them that before the audience leaves he is going to show them some of his farming. He then takes his seeds, and after putting in the box two inches more of soil, composed of a quart of manure and one part of quicklime, he scatters them in the soil, and then sows a little more loam, very fine and thinly over the seeds. Then he waters the whole and stands it directly in the light. In ten minutes the seeds burst, in twenty there are two leaves and at the end of an hour, if kept sprinkled a couple of times, the lettuce leaves will have attained the size of a quarter of a dollar and ought to be numerous enough to make the whole top green.

TOLD OUT OF COURT. "I was recently making out a deed for a man," said a Detroit lawyer to the Free Press man, "and all went swimming till I turned to him and asked his wife's name. 'Oh, yes, of course. Wife's name. Very necessary, when I began calling her "Mamma." I couldn't tell you her name if it were a capital offense not to know it. S'pose it wouldn't do to just call her "Pet" in the deed?' It wouldn't, so he hurried away in an hour was back with his wife's full name on a slip of paper."

The witness in an assault and battery case, relates the Washington Star, was being dragged around the stand by the at-

torney for the defense on a point of identification, the witness having testified that he had never seen the prisoner except on the day of the assault and one day a year before.

"You say," said the attorney, "that you had only seen the prisoner once before the alleged assault?" "Yes, sir." "How long before?" "A leetle uppers of a year." "You never had seen the man before that time?" "No, sir." "Where did you see him the first time?" "He come to my house one day and stopped for a drink of water. I passed the time of day with him and we talked for a matter of five minutes. I should say."

"How did he look then?" "Bout like he did the day of the scrap." "Describe his appearance at the time you claim to have first seen him." "He had on a grey jeans suit of cloth, cow leather boots, with his pants stuck in 'em, black hat and had a black and white dog."

"How does it happen you remember so distinctly?" "I don't have much else on my mind, I reckon."

"Isn't it a fact that if this is the man you say it is, he has changed considerably between the time you saw him and the day you say you saw him assault the plaintiff?" "Some," hesitated the witness, trying to think.

"Ah," exclaimed the attorney, "you admit there was some change in him?" "Yes, sir; I reckon there was."

"Will you state to the court exactly what change you observed? Remember, you are on your oath."

"Well, your honor," said the witness with great deliberation, "the last time I seen him he had a yaller dog."

The constitution adopted by the state of North Carolina in 1868 abolished courts of equity, giving the superior courts jurisdiction of all matters, legal and equitable, and the power to determine them in the same suit. Shortly afterwards ex-Judge B. was employed by a countryman to bring suit

against his own brother for a trivial sum. The judge advised his client to attempt to compromise the matter, on the ground that it was too trivial to bring into court, especially considering the relationship of the parties. "Tell your brother," said the judge, "that he ought to consider the circumstances and settle, according to equity and right." His advice was followed cheerfully, but the countryman returned the next day and reported that his efforts to compromise had been without avail. "What did your brother say?" asked Judge B. "Why, judge," said his client, scratching his head, "he said '—n equity! ther werat no stich thing as equity no mo, which the new consecution done killed equity dead as Hector.'"

"You go back and tell your foolish brother," said Judge B., slowly and softly, "that when he gets into the court house he will find that 'equity' lacks a good deal of being dead. Furthermore (here, his voice dropped to a whisper), he has gone and cursed 'equity,' and if the judge finds it out your brother will have to go to jail for contempt of court." Tell him that the best thing for him to do is to compromise and keep away from the court house for five or six years." The compromise went through.

In the case of State against Johnson, 30 La. Ann. 994, the indictment charged the defendant with stealing "a pair of pants" and the supreme court of Louisiana held that "the word 'pants' sufficiently describes a thing which may be the subject of larceny." Perhaps the court based its reasoning on the ground that the person from whom the garment was purloined was a "gent" and took judicial notice of the fact that "gents wear pants."

In an interesting and witty paper read by the Hon. Russell Smith Taft of the Vermont supreme court, at the last annual meeting of the Bar association of that state, the learned judge cited a most admirable sentence imposed upon a man convicted of illegal fishing. It reads thus: "Your counsel think you are innocent, and the court think you are innocent, but a jury of your peers, in possession of what common sense they possess, and it seems to us to have been very little, think you are guilty, and we must impose sentence upon you, which is that you be placed in solitary confinement on the south bank of the South Pond for one day, and as that day wears yesterday, if you have any legitimate business, go about it."

In a Kentucky police court some years ago the judge was a mild tempered old physician, while the constable was a Boanerges, full of the importance of his function, who had an artificial leg like a hitching post or saw-log. During the trial of a suit for tuition by a school teacher against a red-headed, one-eyed patron of his school the parties got into a fight, but that was of short duration. The constable bore down upon them with his stick of timber smiting the floor like a lightning pile driver, while he yelled to the defendant, "Sit down, you red-headed, one-eyed son of a gun. The court said, 'That's right, Mr. Constable, keep order in the court.'"

No such constable seems to have been present in the Illinois court in which the justice made the following entry on his docket: "The case was brought on by Rachel, who was willing to let it go in view of the justice."

In the case of Bover vs. Danville, 53 Vt. 183, says Law Notes, the plaintiff sued to recover for injuries sustained by reason of a defective highway. As a consequence of the injury she was prematurely delivered of a child, which shortly afterwards died. Grieving ceaselessly over her loss the plaintiff sought surcease of sorrow in a heavy claim for damages, strongly urging her continuing anguish of mind as a ground therefor. The court, however, failed to see any mode whereby such damages could be estimated, and said: "If like Rachel she wept for her children and would not be comforted, a question of continuing damage is presented, too delicate to be weighed by any scales which the law has yet invented."

If the pangs of despaired love can be alleviated in a law court why should Rachel's eyes not be dried with the all-sufficient greenback?



AUTOGRAPH PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM M. CHASE.

way. My father owned a general store in Williamsburg, Ind. You know what a general store is. He kept everything and sold to farmers and village people.

"When I was about 16 he went up to Indianapolis and started the largest shoe store in that city. One part of it was separated from the rest and devoted to women. It was carpeted. It was the first woman's shoe store in the west. One day my father came to me and said: 'William, you have spoiled wrapping paper enough here, but on your hat and come with me. I'm going to take you up to Hays.'

"On our way to the artist's rooms he explained to me regretfully how sorry he felt that his endeavors to make a business man of me had failed; that he hadn't much hope or faith in my art inclinations, but was willing to give me a chance, and he thought that a studio was a better place for that chance than a shoe store, and thus I began my studies with B. F. Hays, the artist, in his studio next to the old postoffice.

Set to Copy Engravings. "Mr. Hays set me to work copying things which were of no earthly advantage to me as an art student. For instance, he had me copy in oil a steel engraving of one of Rosa Bonheur's pictures. After I had done with him a year or so, however, he did do me a genuine service. He advised my father to send me to New York.

"I came to this city with several letters of introduction to wholesale shoe dealers, who were requested to keep a kindly watch over me, and another letter to the late J. O. Eaton, a western artist, who had attained considerable reputation in the metropolis. I went into Mr. Eaton's studio, and upon his advice I entered the National Academy of Design. When I was 20 years old my father failed in business. He might have taken advantage of the bankruptcy law and saved a respectable fortune. But it was an honest failure. He regretted very much that he could not continue supporting me, and he wondered what use I could make of my art training. I didn't know exactly what to do.

"I gave the matter considerable thought. I had one year's experience in the shoe business, and I had learned to sell a woman a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her. I was very successful in that, and I had made up my mind that if it came to the worst I would go into a shoe store as a clerk. But fortunately I didn't have to. I laid the matter before Mr. Eaton, and he advised me to paint flowers and fruits, in which line of work I had been moderately successful. Through his influence I was able to sell some of these. There are a number of them now up around Yonkers, which I would like to recall. I was so successful that by Christmas I had saved up enough money to go to St. Louis, where my father had re-established himself in business, and I decided, after looking over the field to open a studio in that city.

"Now in every large city that I have ever been in there are one or more men who feel a personal interest in art. They are natural art patrons. I met two such men in St. Louis. One of them was named Hodges and the other was Samuel Dodd. They were both very wealthy. One day I overheard them talking in my studio about me.

"Send him abroad," answered Mr. Dodd. "We'll get commissions for him to be executed on the other side, and we will have the money advanced to him for his studies."

"When this plan was laid before me I very willingly gave my studio and went to Munich, where I entered the academy of which the great Piloti was the director. I took with me several hundred dollars and I filled every commission according to promise. The most expensive commission was for D. A. Cole, one of the best known collectors in the west. He had advanced \$100. The picture I painted for him is now in the Widener collection in Philadelphia. If I had

CASTORIA for Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought BEARS THE SIGNATURE OF Charles H. Fletcher. In Use For Over 30 Years.

WINE OF CARDUI A Good Husband. St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 28. My wife used two bottles of Wine of Cardui while we lived at Toledo, Ohio, and it cured her diseases entirely. She has a friend here who needs it. Please send a book for her. GUST. LENING. It is a husband's duty to do all he can to preserve his wife's health. His happiness as well as hers depends so much upon it. Many women suffer month in and month out because their natural modesty keeps them from telling their troubles to a doctor, and they dislike to visit drug stores and ask for the proper medicines. A good husband can help his wife in such emergencies. He can go to the drug store and buy Wine of Cardui for her, and she can take it at home. When a woman is weak and sick, the trouble is almost always with the organs that make her a woman. They are so closely allied to the fibres of her life that trouble there means trouble all over her body. Wine of Cardui corrects and cures all female troubles. No matter what name the doctors give to woman's sickness this vegetable Wine will be found a marvelous restorer of strength. Drug Stores Sell Large Bottles at \$1.00.

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