

OMAHA ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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Pen and Picture Pointers

Every reader of The Bee will recognize in the frontispiece this week the portrait of Hon. J. Sterling Morton, the president of the Nebraska Historical society, who, however, is better known as the former secretary of agriculture under President Cleveland and the founder of Arbor day and its tree planting practices. The Nebraska State Historical society is an institution designed to promote the study of the state's history and the collection of materials bearing upon the early days and the pioneers who have been prominent in building up the commonwealth. In this work Mr. Morton is justly recognized as the leader and by his position at the head of the organization is accomplishing much to do full credit to the sturdy makers of this state. The character sketch of Mr. Morton, printed in this connection, has been contributed by one of his closest and life-long friends, who writes of him dispassionately, although naturally, showing his admiration for the character he has depicted.

That the pioneers of Nebraska are gradually passing away is evidenced again by two of our portraits of well known figures who have just been called in.

One is Charles J. Korbach, who, at the time of his death, was serving as a member of the Board of Fire and Police Commissioners for Omaha, who started out at the very founding of the city in the capacity of the village blacksmith. Enterprising, public-spirited and absolutely honest, he served the community in various capacities and contributed much to its growth.

The other is N. S. Harwood of Lincoln, whose work for that city is told in many



A NEBRASKA PIONEER—THE LATE N. S. HARWOOD OF LINCOLN.

ways and who was identified with banking and business circles in the state capital, as well as prominent in several political campaigns.

The new president of the Nebraska State Library association is J. I. Wyer, who occupies the position of librarian of the State university at Lincoln. Mr. Wyer is interested in the promotion of a number of library reforms, such as the traveling library, improved library organization, etc., and will direct the work of the society in its efforts to procure enabling legislation for these different objects. The meetings of the society are annually attracting more attention from the library interests of the state, which are steadily growing and rapidly attaining an importance which they can only have in well settled communities of book lovers and students.

The interest taken in the series of articles The Bee is printing on the public schools of Nebraska, illustrated by striking pictures of school work, in the various progressive towns of the state, is most gratifying. The people of Nebraska are particularly proud of their schools and were not aware until now what progress they have been making and what changes have taken place since in the old days of three R's. This series will continue for several weeks more with reproductions of still further photographs of a similar nature, but representing different cities and towns.

It is remarkable what a hold the game of foot ball seems to have taken upon the young people of this section during the last year. Although the foot ball season has been closed now for over six weeks the number of teams anxious to have their group portraits appear in The Bee seems to be as large as ever, and will force us to give space to them for one or two more numbers. But as all good things must have an end this must also.

An illustrated article about new appliances for fire fighting, on another page of this issue, will attract certainly the attention of every one. Who is there who does not stop in breathless anticipation every time the fire bell rings and turn to watch the run of

the fire fighters? The photograph of the Grand Island hose team, also printed in this number, shows the contrast between the modern fire-fighting machinery and the methods formerly employed when the hose cart was pulled by fleet-footed runners who competed with one another in arriving at the scene of the conflagration first. The running hose team now is simply a phase of field athletics in all except the smallest towns and villages, but it is an exercise which is healthy and wholesome and will probably be encouraged for years and years to come.

The Grand Island running team was organized in the summer of 1897 under the management and leadership of Frank J. Sullivan. The team attended the tournament held in Omaha the same year and took a minor part in the races. On July 4, 1898, it had a match race with Kearney and was victorious both in the hose race and in the coupling contest. In September it attended the street fair held in Hastings and made a new state record in running 300 yards, laying 150 feet of hose and making coupling in forty and one-fifth seconds.

The Bee takes pleasure in introducing to its readers one of the number of bright little namesakes with which it has been honored during its career. This one is Miss Queenie Bee Whittemore, who lives with her parents at Fairfield, Neb., and who has kindly sent the photograph as a new year souvenir. Her father, who is a photographer, writes that the baby is now 7 years of age, christened



THE LATE POLICE COMMISSIONER CHARLES J. KORBACH.

after the Omaha Bee, but named Queenie instead of Omaha. She is certainly a queen bee and deserves every success in life.

About Noted People

A gentleman who formerly lived at Pretoria tells a good story of "Oom Paul." A man of some prominence in the republic went to President "Paul" and applied for employment under the government. The blunt old Boer turned upon him and replied: "All the big places are filled and you are too stupid to be trusted in one of the little ones."

When Joseph Jefferson practiced medicine his first patient was the child of a well known New Yorker of considerable wealth. It was a scarlet fever case and Jefferson, being successful, sent in a bill of \$19 for nineteen visits. He was told he would be given \$17 down, to which the young doctor replied he would wait for the whole amount. "I did," says Mr. Jefferson, "and I never got a cent."

M. Numa Droz, ex-president of Switzerland, whose death is announced, was born in the canton of Neuchâtel, January 7, 1844, and was less than 37 years old when he became president of the Swiss confederation. In 1864 he founded "Le National Suisse," which he conducted in the interest of Swiss radicalism. Five years later he was chosen a member of the Grand Council, and in 1871 was appointed director of the De-



CHRISTMAS CRIB, 1899, AT THE ST. JOSEPH CHURCH, OMAHA, REV. MAURITIUS, O. F. M., PASTOR.



QUEEN BEE WHITTEMORE OF FAIRFIELD, NEB.—ONE OF THE BEE'S BRIGHT YOUNG NAMESAKES.

partment of Public Instruction. Later he directed successively the departments of the Interior, of Agriculture and Commerce, and of Foreign Affairs, ultimately being chosen president of the Federal Council. He secured the enactment of the Swiss law regulating the protection of literary property, and was one of the negotiators of the Franco-Swiss commercial treaty concluded in 1882.

Representative Crain of Texas says he once came upon Senator Blackburn of Kentucky and his constituent, Colonel Pepper, discussing horses. "Why don't you improve your minds and talk of the poets?" he asked. "Well, I am a great admirer of Longfellow," said Senator Blackburn. "Longfellow!" exclaimed Colonel Pepper. "I remember him! He was one of the swiftest horses ever bred in Kentucky, sir."

Brigadier General Hector MacDonald, who is going to Modder river to succeed the late General Wauchope in command of the Highland brigade, is the hero of so many successful military operations that defeat for him on any occasion seems impossible. He is the commanding officer who saved the day for England at Omdurman when a third of the Khalifa's army suddenly flung itself upon his brigade of Egyptian troops which had somehow become isolated from the remainder of the sirdar's forces. MacDonald was beset on every side. The fellaheen under him stood their ground, their commander showing himself at every point on the line, and literally carved their way through the dervishes and made a victory out of what threatened to be overwhelming defeat. General MacDonald entered the army as a private when he was 19 years of age.

Major General Zenas R. Bliss, whose death in Washington is announced, was a fighting soldier in the regular army forty years. He graduated from West Point in 1854. His first assignment was on the frontier of Texas, where he saw six years of active duty with the Indians before the rebellion broke out. In 1861 his command was surrendered by a superior officer to the rebels, and the first year of the war was spent by the then Captain Bliss as a prisoner. When he was released he was made colonel of a Rhode Island regiment, and as such took part in the defense of Washington and the Rappahannock campaign. He was twice

promoted for gallant conduct on the field of battle, and came out of the war as a major in the regular army. The next twenty years were spent on the frontier in Texas, Kansas and other western states, so that the honors and promotions which came to him at last were all well earned. He was made a major general in 1897 and was retired a few days later at his own request.

Bunch of Short Stories

Some time ago, relates the Baltimore American, a party of congressmen were on their way to Baltimore to attend a banquet. Congressman Allen, "the wit of the house," and Mr. Brosius were in the delegation. Mr. Allen, who was well acquainted with the propensity of the Pennsylvania member to rant during a speech, made a bet that Mr. Brosius would fracture his suspenders during the response to the toast to which he was assigned. And, sure enough, the catastrophe occurred. During his talk Mr. Brosius had just "warmed up," and was appealing to "heaven above" in some connection, when there was a significant snap.

"There they go!" yelled Allen, and he was right.

The laugh went around the board when the joke became known, and Mr. Brosius curtailed his remarks to an unusual degree.

"I knew he would do it," said Mr. Allen afterward. "He never makes a speech in the house that he doesn't have to buy a new pair of suspenders. He's too strong for a congressman, anyhow."

Rear Admiral Stephen B. Luce, United States navy, retired, has always been noted for his ready wit, and a great many stories are told among naval men of his bright sayings. But, of all or them, perhaps the following, told by the Philadelphia Post, best illustrates his quick repartee:

When Admiral Luce was a young man, an ensign or a lieutenant—it matters not here—it so happened one summer that his ship for some days lay at anchor off a well known seashore resort. Of course the officers, old and young, were much fêted, and were often ashore. One night, after some function or other, a party of the young officers, among whom was Mr. Luce, set out for the ship. They had had an excellent time and were feeling very jolly, laughing and talking, perhaps, rather hilariously; they drew up to the ship and, leaving the boat, clambered up the gangway, Mr. Luce in the lead. The officer of the deck, hearing so much noise of mirth, met them with a severe glance as they stepped on deck. He looked them over, one by one, and then turning to Mr. Luce, who was the life of the party, said:

"Mr. Luce, I am surprised; you are tight, sir!"

Quick as a flash came the answer: "Why, sir, I do not know what you mean, sir. If Stephen B. Luce, how can he be tight, sir?"

A ready answer turneth away wrath. The officer of the deck walked away, laughing.

Mr. Depew says the funniest incident that ever occurred in his political campaigns was up in Jefferson county when the late Ros-



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE NEBRASKA STATE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION—J. I. WYER, LIBRARIAN OF THE NEBRASKA STATE UNIVERSITY AT LINCOLN.

well P. Flower was running for governor on the democratic ticket. Mr. Depew, in his speech, made the point that Mr. Flower was always holding office, and notwithstanding the fact that he called himself a business man had occupied some official position almost continuously ever since he was old enough to vote.

"Why," exclaimed Mr. Depew, "everybody knows that he came over with the pilgrims in the Mayflower, and that before he landed he sent ashore his application for appointment as a policeman in the city of New York, and announced himself a candidate for alderman before he got his naturalization papers."

"That's a d— he!" cried a farmer-looking man who arose in the center of the audience. "I have known Roswell Flower all my life, and I say he did no such thing."

Mr. Depew for once was nonplussed. He was unable to judge in his own mind whether the farmer was trying to "horse" him or whether he lacked the sense of humor and was in earnest. While the audience was enjoying a laugh at the interruption he decided to act upon the latter theory, and, when order was restored, remarked seriously:

"I am surprised at this interruption, and

at the statement my honest friend made, for I've been stumpin' this state for six weeks and have told that story in every speech I have made, and this is the first time anybody had the nerve to contradict it. The next time I see Mr. Flower I shall ask him to tell me the truth."

"I bought a copy of 'David Harum' just before I came to Washington," said Representative Lacey of Oskaloosa, Ia., to a Washington Post reporter, "and sent it to one of our consular officers abroad, whose home is in my district. We used to have a man in Oskaloosa, much respected by our citizens, who had many points of resem-



JOHN D. ROBBINS OF PLATTSMOUTH, JUST APPOINTED SHIPWRIGHT IN UNITED STATES NAVY.

blance with the chief character in that excellent book. He is dead now, but was a partner in a local bank.

"In those days the local banks used to keep large deposits in Chicago. The gentleman whom I have in mind went over to Chicago. He was shown around by the proprietor of the Chicago bank where his funds were deposited. The Chicagoan called attention to his new bank, with its onyx counter, brass railings, and other accessories. Then he took him up to his residence, recently completed, and equipped with every modern convenience. After that he conducted our Oskaloosa citizen to his new stable, with its hardwood floors and splendid equipment for the care of horses and carriages and pointed out the equine in gilt that swung as a weather vane at the top of the building.

"The Iowa returned to Oskaloosa in deep thought. He immediately consulted his partner.

"How much money have we in the Chicago bank?" he asked.

"About \$34,000."

"Draw out every cent of it. Our banker there's going to bust up. Why, he's got a gold horse on top of his stable."

"And sure enough in a few months he did fail.

"Now, if that wasn't David Harum sense," added Lacey, "I should like to know it."

Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: Some people's eyes are a pair of stares.

Many a tenderfoot has been fleeced in the woolly west.

In a happy household there should be no room for doubt.

The amateur poet is very apt to find the market overstocked.

The automobile driver should be a person of horseless sense.

Some dogs are so worthless that it is impossible to give them away.

It takes an authority on ways and means to compile a book of etiquette.

Every dog has his day, but a man who fights a duel has only a second.

Some men use a lot of warm words in thawing out a frozen hydrant.

A few of man's troubles are due to love and the rest are due to friendship.

Jersey lightning is about the only kind that ever strikes in the same place.

It looks like a waste of money to buy wood carpet when one can have the bare floor for nothing.

When his wife asks him for money the average man does it out to her as if he were paying his taxes.

Anyone can be a weather prophet. All he has to do is predict a certain kind of weather and stick to it.

A Hustling Preacher

Occasionally Kansas preachers are required to hustle as lively as insurance agents. On a recent Sunday Rev. T. W. Jeffrey of Winfield preached two sermons and married three couples, the wedding ceremonies involving a drive of thirty miles over muddy roads.