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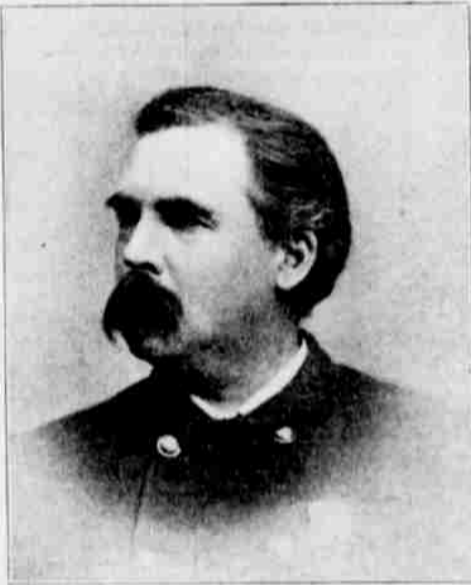
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Pen and Picture Pointers

The great national nominating conventions are naturally attracting universal attention in every part of the United States. In its issue just previous to the Philadelphia convention The Bee presented its readers with a handsome portrait of President McKinley, who was predestined to be renominated by the representatives of a devoted party. This week The Bee gives a frontpiece page with the photograph of William Jennings Bryan, taken by its staff photographer for this purpose. Mr. Bryan has already been nominated for president by the populist national convention, which met at Sioux Falls, and is as certain of a renomination at Kansas City at the hands of the democrats as was President McKinley at Philadelphia. Attention is also called to the notable series of Bryan pictures included in this number, which show him as he appears in the various characteristic phases of his life at home and on his farm at Lincoln.

General Mandison B. Davis of Sioux City, who was unanimously elected department commander for the Department of Iowa of the Grand Army of the Republic at the recent encampment at Davenport June 13, has been a resident of Iowa since August, 1865. He first resided at Fort Madison and removed to Sioux City June 13, 1875, just twenty-five years to a day prior to his election as department commander. He has been a prominent lawyer in Iowa since his residence and is still engaged in active practice. He enlisted as a private in the early summer of 1861 from the state of New Hampshire in Company I, First New England cavalry, the name of which organization was afterward changed to First Rhode Island cavalry. Later the New Hampshire battalion of that regiment was recruited to be a full regiment and he was promoted to be orderly sergeant of his company. He served during the entire war in the Army of the Potomac except when a prisoner of war. He was taken and held a



GENERAL M. B. DAVIS, SIOUX CITY, Ia.—ELECTED COMMANDER OF IOWA GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC AT DAVENPORT, JUNE 13, 1900.

prisoner for one month in 1863 and was again captured in November, 1864, and held until released in March, 1865. He endured the miseries of prison life at Belle Isle and at Salisbury. His military service was highly honorable and his comrades of the war speak of it in very complimentary terms. He has belonged to the Grand Army of the Republic since its organization, has been three times commander of General Hancock post, Sioux City, and was two years commander of the Northwestern Soldiers' association. His enthusiasm for the order and his faithfulness to his comrades, and especially to the poor and unfortunate, have caused him to be loved and revered throughout the membership of the state and his whole record has been such as to fully justify his complimentary selection as department commander. In this position it is believed he will give universal satisfaction.

Will N. Hensley, Jr., was born in Columbus, Neb., October 18, 1882, and always lived in the city of his birth, graduating from the High school in the class of 1899. He took the competitive examination for the cadetship at the West Point Military academy last year and out of a class of twenty-one passed first in physical and second in mental. He was appointed last week by Senator William V. Allen from among thirty-four applicants from the state at large to a cadetship in the United States naval academy at Annapolis, Md. He will enter upon his duties early in September.

Frank G. Carpenter in his letter this week writes all about the raising of hemp, the greatest and most profitable crop of the



MISS JULIA COBURN AND HER PET DOG "POPS"—A seven-foot jump for a piece of paper.—Photo made with a fine double anastigmat lens, 16 stop, 1-100 of a second exposure, time 4 d. m., sunshine, distance from machine six feet.—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

Philippines. He tells how the farms are managed, who owns them and their immense profits. He also deals with the question of labor and gives an interesting description of the big hemp warehouses of Manila and the human pressing machines that seem so far behind the times to a man that has become accustomed to the use of nineteenth century improved machinery.

About Noted People

Though Senator Morgan of Alabama and both the Connecticut senators are older in years than Senator William B. Allison of Iowa, the latter holds the record for service in that house—thirty-six years—and is therefore the father of the senate, where there are men who were mature when he was a boy at school.

Vice Admiral Sir Edward H. Seymour, K. C. B., who, it is said, has taken charge personally of the British naval brigade, reported to be forcing its way from Tien Tsin to Peking, is the commander-in-chief of the British squadron on the China station. He was appointed to the post December 12, 1897, when reports were rife that Russia intended to gradually absorb the Chinese empire.

Senator Depew has the reputation among his fellow-legislators of being the bookish member of congress, as he is the only member of either house who is a regular visitor to the apartment set aside in the congressional library for members of congress. Two rooms have been fitted up luxuriously for them, but have failed to tempt others than Senator Depew, who keeps the attendants busy in supplying the wants of his omnivorous researchers.

A portrait of the late Walter Q. Gresham, secretary of state under President Cleveland, is to be displayed with honor in the galleries of the emperor of Japan. This tribute comes indirectly through Japanese authorities as a recognition of Mr. Gresham's services in successfully carrying through the treaty between Japan and this country which was negotiated during the second term of President Cleveland.

Dr. Henri Dunant, who did so much to humanize war, is living almost penniless in the hospice of Heiden, in Appenzell, Switzerland. He was instrumental in founding the Red Cross society by a literary work called "Un Souvenir de Solferino," in which he described vividly the sufferings of the wounded and aroused the conscience of Europe. The Geneva convention of 1864 resulted and the neutrality of hospital and ambulance service was established.

Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian statesman, who will soon retire from public life on account of advanced age, is the last survivor of the organizers of the dominion. He is by profession a physician, having taken his degree in Edinburgh fifty-seven years ago, but entered upon a political career at an early age and rapidly went to the top. His knighthood and baronetcy were in reward for his public services.

Alfred Beit is as rich as the Rothschilds. In politics he has allied himself with Mr. Rhodes and has been one of the greatest

workers for the British empire in South Africa. Yet by birth he is a German. The son of a great Hamburg merchant he went to South Africa as a lad to study the developments there. He studied to such good effect that he made millions, acquired a predominant interest in the diamond trade and secured a lion's share in the gold fields.

General Cronje was unique among the Transvaal generals. He alone ruled by fear. A silent man, with stooped shoulders and hard, hunter's eyes, men were never attracted to him as they were to Lucas Meyer and Louis Botha. Whip always in hand, he stood over them as a harsh schoolmaster stands over his boys in school. No weak-kneed burgher ever came to Cronje for leave to go home. At Paardeberg he had no ambulance and refused Lord Roberts' offer to relieve him of his wounded.

Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: The noblest thing in shoes is a bunion.

The poor shoemaker manages to hang on to the last.

A lean woman and a fat one nearly always envy each other.

Rocking the cradle of the deep will not hush the ocean's squalls.

An Irish grocer advertises "quart pails of all sizes for sale cheap."

As a healer of domestic wounds the jeweler is superior to the physician.

Honey bees are winged merchants; they keep stores and sell their honey.

Noble thoughts are jewels that you should wear in the crown of your head.

No matter how hard times are employees of the mint manage to make money.

A wise old lawyer says a cross-examination should be a good-natured one.

It's easier for the average man to run into debt than it is for him to crawl out of it.

Many a man who believes that the earth revolves on its axis also believes that he is the axis.

It's human nature to sympathize with the under dog—unless you have a bet on the top one.

In order to succeed as a political orator a man must be able to conceal facts behind deceptive words.

No matter how insignificant a man may be, he firmly believes that his superiority will some day be recognized.

If a man hoards riches and enjoys them not he is a fit companion for the donkey that dines on thistles when grass is plenty.

Fortune

Detroit Journal: The occasion being opportune, we venture to voice a thought which had long been near our heart.

"Why is it," we asked, "that as between a drunken man and a sober man, the former is the less likely to be hurt in an accident?"

The inebriate smiled engagingly.

"Because," he said, "fortune favors the bowled!"

And this positively, as if the dictum admitted of no doubt whatever.

W. J. Bryan at Home

William Jennings Bryan will spend the week of the Kansas City convention at his home in Lincoln. This is in contrast with his experience four years ago when he was a delegate to the Chicago convention and himself made the speech that in reality nominated him.

At home Mr. Bryan is decidedly domestic in his habits. He spends most of his time with his family, with the exception of a few hours a day, which he puts in at his so-called farm in the suburbs of this city.

Mr. Bryan's house is located in the residence district. It is unpretentious in size and appearance, but has been changed considerably by improvements added during the past spring. The pictures of the house published when he was nominated four years ago show a plain frame dwelling surmounted by a square cupola, approached by a few stairs at the front door and another stairway at the side door. The yard was then in a dilapidated condition. A plank walk led up to the carriage step with the name of Bryan inscribed on the front, while young trees were growing on both sides of the main entrance.

The present appearance of the house shows a new porch across the entire front; the yard has been put in trim condition; plank walks have been replaced with stone, while the trees spreading out with four years' growth almost obscure the view from the street. The interior is furnished in a comfortable, but not luxurious, form; the main room, so far as Mr. Bryan is concerned, is that devoted to his library, in the center of which is a large square desk on which he does his literary work. Mr. Bryan receives from 200 to 400 letters daily, which are supposed to be looked after by his brother, Charles Bryan, as his private secretary, but as a matter of fact are answered in great part by Mrs. Bryan, who relieves him of much of the routine of his correspondence. One of the conspicuous pieces of furniture in his library is the typewriter, which Mrs. Bryan manipulates with almost professional dexterity, writing out replies to important letters and submitting them to her husband for his approval and signature.

House Filled with Souvenirs.

The house is naturally overstocked with souvenirs of all kinds from campaign admirers. The collection of canes, badges and photographs would furnish a small museum, while his daughter has gathered together in one bunch some 300 odd photographs of babies of American nativity who boast of her father's name. This namesake collection is still growing by constant additions.

The farm of which the newspapers have been making a great deal during the last few months is hardly pretentious enough to be called a farm. It is really a garden patch in the suburbs of Lincoln, which has grown out of a five-acre plot purchased by Mr. Bryan at the time of the town boom

the vineyard, which is located on the side of a gently sloping ravine. In this chicken coop is a rising flock of fowls of various descriptions, the principal specimens belonging to the Leghorn and Cochon varieties. One big rooster in particular attracts attention.

"I am taking especial pains in the education of that rooster," remarked Colonel Bryan. "I want him to be able to crow by next November."

Among other barnyard fowl are a number of prosperous looking turkey gobblers and some pigeons reserved as special pets for William Jennings, jr.

The pictures which are presented in accompaniment of this article were made by special appointment with Mr. Bryan and his accommodating nature was never better displayed than when submitting to the trying experiment of being focused with the lens. While preparing for one picture he was seized with a fit of violent sneezing.

"Perhaps you had better put on your coat or you will catch cold," interjected the photographer.

"O, I think not," replied Mr. Bryan; "what is hurting me is the exposures I am getting at the muzzle of your camera."

William Jennings Bryan, jr., on the other hand, thinks it great sport to have his photograph taken, while Mrs. Bryan shares her husband's accommodating disposition. They all seem to recognize that they are public characters and that the public has a right to know how they look and to what they devote their time.

At the time these pictures were taken Mr. Bryan's daughters were away from home, although the family group will be complete when he receives the news from Kansas City.

Love's Young Dream

Atlanta Constitution: "Will you love this here woman to be yer lawful wedded wife?"

"That's what I loved I would."

"Will you love, honor and obey her?"

"Ain't you got that switched 'roun', parson," said the groom.

"John," said the bride-elect, "don't you reckon the parson knows his business? Answer the question!"

"Yes," said the groom; "reckon I'll have to."

Detroit Journal: Here the hero's good fairy came and stood before him.

"I will cause you to disappear completely from the sight of men," said she.

"Oh, thank you!" said the hero. "By waving your wand, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, by causing you to marry an authoress!" said the good fairy.

Then she explained that she seldom resorted to magic these days, finding it better upon the whole to take advantage of exoteric principles.

Chicago Post: "See here," he said to the groom, "are you the man who put the saddle on Miss Jennie's horse?"

"Yes, sir. Anything wrong, sir?"

"It was loose, very loose. She had no sooner mounted than the saddle slipped and if I hadn't caught her she would have been thrown to the ground."

"I'm very sorry, sir."

"But I did catch her," went on the young man, meditatively. "I caught her right in my arms, and—Here's a dollar for you, John. Do you suppose you could leave the girl loose when we go riding again tomorrow?"

Harper's Bazar: "I have been reading about the falls of Niagara," remarked Mr. Linger to Miss Flocks.

"That is where a great many bridal couples go on their wedding journey, isn't it?" she cooed.

"Why, yes, I believe so," replied Mr. Linger.

"I should so like to see Niagara Falls," the girl said, in a low, thoughtful voice.

"Yes, they are a wonderful spectacle. But what I was about to say was that the annual report of the United States geological survey says that in 3,500 years the falls will be no more, the bed of the river will be dry and the great lakes will be emptying into the Mississippi river."

"In how many years?"

"Thirty-five hundred."

"So soon as that?" exclaimed Miss Flocks. "Let us go and see them at once."

"We will," said Mr. Linger, "and we will go on our bridal tour."

And they were very happy ever after.

Baltimore American: A fair young girl, perplexity written on her countenance, confronted the pale young man. He returned her gaze with the impressive stare of one who had never seen her before. Had he? Listen! What is she saying to him?

In a low, well-modulated voice, without the slightest trace of emotion or excitement, she says:

"I want you, dear heart. I love you, my honey. Come back, my baby. Why did you throw me down? The latch strings always hanging out for you. I've shook that other man. You're the only one I love. I don't like no cheap man. I ain't seen no messenger boy. O, promise me, and I'll be true to you."

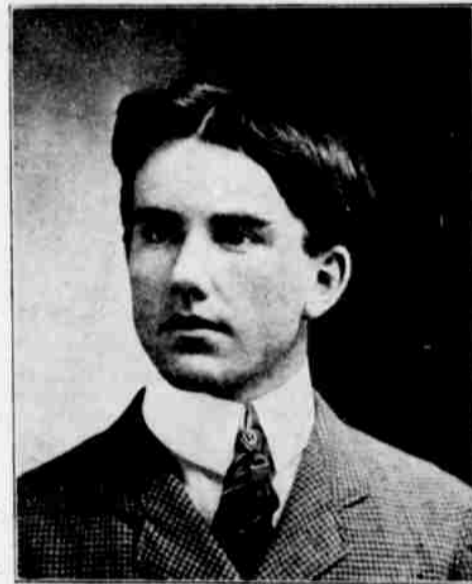
Was he moved? No, his face took on a bored expression and in a careless tone he asked:

"Is that all?"

"Yes," she half whispered.

"Two dollars and twenty-five cents, please. We are having a special sale on sheet music and they are reduced in price. Thank you."

Then they drifted apart.



WILL N. HENSLEY, JR., COLUMBUS, NEB.—APPOINTED TO THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS, MD.

with the idea that it was going to develop into valuable residence property. Since then he has added to this nucleus two neighboring ten-acre tracts and another five-acre tract, making thirty acres in all. The farm is equipped with a few improvements, consisting of a barn and a farmhouse and a windmill.

Mr. Bryan rides out to this place when at home almost every afternoon on the horse which was presented to him some three years ago as a gift of ex-Governor William J. Stone of Missouri. The horse goes by the name of "Governor" and is a fine animal, highly prized by its owner. In these rides Mr. Bryan is usually accompanied by his son, William Jennings Bryan, jr., who is carried by a pony and who takes as much delight in farming as he would in a new jackknife. They might easily ride out on the street car, which goes to within a short distance of the Bryan farm, but that would not afford the exercise which Mr. Bryan is looking for.

Bryan as a Farmer.

While this tract of land is in the hands of a superintendent, who, with the assistance of a farm hand, does the work necessary to raise the garden truck which it produces, Mr. Bryan insists on taking a hand himself when he is out there. For this purpose he dons a farm garb, consisting of a coarse cotton shirt and a pair of well-worn trousers stuffed into the knee boots. The chicken coop is pointed to with special pride as a piece of his handiwork and more recently he has erected a lattice trellis on which the grapes are to be trained in