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Pen and Picture Pointers

One of the most interesting contests for congress in Nebraska this year will take place in the Third congressional district, in which the opposing candidates are John R. Hays of Norfolk, the republican nominee, and the present congressman, John S. Robinson of Madison, on the fusion ticket. Mr. Hays has long been identified with the growth of that section of Nebraska; he has been prominent in his own profession, the law, and also in political circles, in which he has been honored in various capacities. The commanding presence and good address of the republican candidate are sure to make him friends wherever he goes. From his portrait, which forms the frontispiece of this number of The Bee, the lines of character and firmness may be readily distinguished, and if elected Nebraska can count on having in him an able and active representative at Washington.

The monument shown in the accompanying picture is an unique exemplification of the teaching of the christian religion that in this life we should prepare for death and the hereafter. The work of erecting this monument in the little cemetery at Sterling, Neb., was completed last week. It is twenty-three feet high, weighs 60,000 pounds and cost \$2,000. Two flat cars were required to transport it from Indiana, where it was purchased. There is nothing remarkable about this occurrence were it not for the fact that this monument is to mark the last resting place of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Landwiler, both of



MONUMENT ERECTED BY MR. AND MRS. HENRY LANDWILER AT STERLING, NEB.—TO MARK THEIR FINAL RESTING PLACE—Photo by Benson.

whom are now living and enjoying good health at their home in Sterling. Mr. Landwiler is 70 years old, while his wife is three years his junior. They are natives of Germany, but have lived in the United States since early childhood. During the last thirty years they have made their home in Johnson county, Nebraska. They are childless and live a rather secluded life. It is the intention of Mr. Landwiler to have a vault built when he and his life companion will be prepared to cross the mystic river. "We had the monument erected while we were still living," said Mr. Landwiler, "so that our final resting place might not be forgotten. Had we left the matter to others it might have been neglected. I think it is the finest monument in Nebraska." Mr. and Mrs. Landwiler are living examples of what good management and industry will do on a Nebraska farm. When they located in Johnson county thirty years ago they owned a horse and cow and had a few household goods and farm implements. Today they own \$35,000 worth of real estate in Johnson and Otoe counties.

The portraits found on another page of the royal family of Italy are reproduced from photographs sent to The Bee by Hon. Church Howe, American consul at Palermo. They have a peculiar interest at the present time because of the changes forced by the assassination of King Humbert, which have brought forward his son, Victor Emanuel

III, as the new king of Italy. The official announcement of the death of King Humbert, also furnished by courtesy of Consul Howe, is reproduced as a souvenir of the memorable event, this proclamation having been posted throughout the country to notify the Italian people of the country's loss.

Five generations are represented in the photograph of Mrs. Anna McCarty of



IRWEN LEVISTON OF OMAHA—NEW SUPERINTENDENT OF ST. PAUL (Minn.) SCHOOLS.

Grand Island, Neb., 83 years of age; Mrs. Margaret Ryan of Schuyler, Neb., 62 years old; Mrs. Kate Ferris, 45 years old; Mr. William Ferris, 23 years old, and Master George Ferris, 2 years old, living at Sterling, Ill.

The most interesting eighty miles in the world today separate the seaport of Tien Tsin from Peking, the capital of the Chinese empire. Prof. Isaac T. Headland of the Pekin university furnishes The Bee with an article on the lines of communication between these two points. There are three routes—by water, by dirt road and by railroad. The railroad has been destroyed and the allied armies advancing to the relief of the foreign legations can only get to Peking by the dirt road method, the most dangerous to life.

While the Chinese may not be able to successfully cope with the foreigners in modern warfare, they have shown that in the business and industrial world they have few, if any, superiors. Nowhere is this more clearly demonstrated than in the Philippines, where the celestials are practically in control of all lines of business. Frank G. Carpenter writes to The Bee this week of his visit to the gorgeous home of Don Carlos Palanca, in Manila, who talks of exclusion and says the Chinese will have to come back to the islands again. Palanca is practically the ruler of our Asiatic celestials. He has a thousand dollars for every hair of his head.

About Noted People

Thirty-five years ago all England was ringing with the name of Governor Eyre; now he has completely passed out of public memory. The former governor of Jamaica, whose suppression of revolt in that island created such a ferment in the England of the '60s, is not only alive, but hale and hearty in his Devonshire retreat. He is 85 and has been enjoying the pension of a retired colonial governor for twenty-six years.

Charles M. Schwab, the president of the Carnegie Steel company, is about to found a trade school for boys in the neighborhood of Pittsburg. He will pay the salaries of all the teachers and provide a library. There will be courses on general mechanical lines, besides thorough training in shop work. Like Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Schwab proposes to make his gifts during his lifetime, so that he may direct more satisfactorily the expenditure of his money.

The Wichita Eagle says: "General Adna R. Chaffee, the commander of Uncle Sam's troops in the Chinese empire, has a brother living in this city. Everybody knows him who knows the Salvation army, for Nelson Chaffee has been one of its most zealous members for several years. He is the quiet little old man with flowing whiskers who has hammered the big drum of the Salvation army so long that the memory

of the oldest citizen runneth not to the contrary. He always wears a red jacket and a cap with a wide red band about it. There never was much music in his drum beats, but for all that everybody has watched him with interest, for every time he gave the sheepskin a lick there were zeal and sincerity in it."

When the present King Victor Emanuel was a small boy he frequently told outsiders about the domestic life of his parents. Humbert had a particularly dull ear for music. He disliked to realize that the queen was getting on in years and he protested against her use of eye-glasses. Victor described one of the scenes thus: "When papa saw the glasses going up to mamma's eyes he cried, 'Margherita, put down those glasses! Mamma did not obey. 'Margherita, if you don't take those glasses off I shall sing! And mamma had such a dread of papa's false notes that she obeyed at once, to save herself from torment.'" The larking of Italy certainly had humor, which is one of the essential characteristics of a truly great statesman.

Carl Schurz has sustained a sad loss in the death of his second son, Herbert, who died in London recently and whose body is now on the way to this country. The young man was of unusual promise. He expired suddenly of heart disease while on his way from an extended tour abroad, which began with a trip to Barbadoes early last spring. Ill health, brought on by overwork while a student at the Columbia Law school, forced him to drop his studies



Mrs. Anna McCarty, age 83, Grand Island, Neb.; Mrs. Margaret Ryan, age 62, Schuyler, Neb.; Mrs. Kate Ferris, age 45, Sterling, Ill.; Mr. William Ferris, age 23, Sterling, Ill.; Master George Ferris, 2 years old. FIVE GENERATIONS REPRESENTED.

by his physician's orders and seek a more equable climate for a time. He sought health in travel and was believed to have been wholly cured of his ailment. Herbert Schurz was 24 years old. He entered Harvard in 1893 and was graduated with honor in 1897. Though a keen student and a young man of intense zest for something more than the pleasures of college life, young Schurz was among the most popular men in his class. His election to the Hasty Pudding club, Harvard's most exclusive social institution, attested that. Coming to New York upon his graduation, he took up the study of law and, had his health permitted, he would have received his degree this year.

He Got His Receipt

There was a lawyer in the Indian country who had none to good a reputation for honesty. One of the aborigines employed him to do a little legal business. It was done to the client's satisfaction, the fee duly paid and a receipt for it duly demanded. "A receipt isn't necessary," the lawyer said. "But I want it," replied the red man. There was some argument, and the attorney finally demanded his reason. "Since becoming a christian I have been very careful in all my dealings, that I may be ready for the judgment," answered the brave sententiously, "and when that day comes I don't want to take time to go to the bad place to get my receipt from you." The receipt was made out and delivered promptly.

John R. Hays' Career-- Candidate for Congress

The nomination of John R. Hays of Norfolk for congress by the republicans of the Third congressional district of Nebraska was brought about by a combination of circumstances and in a manner which might justly cause him to feel highly flattered. Until three days before the convention he would not consent to be a candidate and then positively refused to see a person or write a letter touching his candidacy. In the face of the fact that most of the delegates went to the nominating convention expecting to vote for some one else he was nominated on the fifth ballot.

Mr. Hays has all the requirements of a statesman. He has a well trained brain, is a bright, original speaker, prepossessing in appearance and was favored with the right kind of a start in life by being born in Ohio on a farm. This event took place in Clinton county on April 30, 1845, less than a year prior to the death of his father. All that John R. Hays is today he can attribute to his own perseverance and hard work. He was not only early deprived of a father's protecting care and counsel, but he was also hampered by the hard obstacle of poverty, which sometimes seems to have its compensation in impelling men to do those things which finally develop and perfect a character

work at Nevada, Ia., he was appointed county superintendent of schools without his request or knowledge. This office he retained for three years and was then elected county auditor. He held this position for ten years, positively refusing to be a candidate again. During his college days he began the study of law and while in office he devoted his spare time to the pursuit of his legal studies and was admitted to the practice of law in the Iowa courts in 1882. He followed his chosen profession in the town where he had lived so long with more than ordinary success for a new attorney until 1886.

Fourteen years ago Mr. Hays moved to Norfolk, Neb., to accept the position of cashier of the Norfolk National bank, which he held for a year and a half, when he resigned it to enter the practice of law, in which he has been actively and successfully engaged ever since. He is one of the leading attorneys of northern Nebraska and a man in whom the people have the utmost confidence wherever he is known.

Stories About Preachers

A Scottish prison chaplain, recently appointed, entered one of the cells on his first round of inspection and, with much pomposity, thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it: "Well, my man, do you know who I am?" "No, nor I dinna care!" was the nonchalant reply. "Well, I'm your new chaplain." "Oh, ye are? Then I hae heard o' ye before!" "And what did ye hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity. "Well, I heard that the last twa kirks ye were in ye preached them baith empty; but ye willna find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this one."

"An Irishman of the full blood cannot resist an opportunity for repartee, no matter how solemn the occasion or what his surroundings," said an English clergyman the other day, when the conversation turned on the funny experiences of clergymen and the humor that creeps into matters connected with the church.

"I was assisting an old friend of mine, the rector of a church in Ireland, one Sunday, and before the service we were in the vestry room putting on our robes, with the old sexton, a shriveled-up Irishman of the perfect type, assisting. My friend, who was somewhat old, was a little testy that morning and somehow the sleeve of his surplice got mixed up. Notwithstanding the assiduous efforts of the old sexton to direct his arm to the right hole, the two would not connect. Finally, losing patience, my friend said sharply: 'Ach, the devil's in the thing.'"

"The old sexton brightened up and, looking over at me with a twinkle in his eye, said as quick as lightning, 'Not yit, your riverince.' "It restored the good humor of the situation and the vestment was properly adjusted."

In a country charge in Scotland a young minister was settled where his house was a long way from the church. He was fond of horses, and not only drove about the district tandem fashion during the week, but shocked some of his conservative people by driving tandem also to and from church on Sunday. One of his elders went into the vestry at the close of the service on Sunday to remonstrate with him. "Why," said the minister, "what is there wrong in driving them tandem more than in driving them abreast?" "It disna' look weel on the Sabbath," remarked the elder. "Look! What about the 'look'?" said the minister. "It's a mere matter of taste." "But," persisted the elder, "there's something even in the look o' a thing. Now, when ye're g'in' the benediction ye haud up your hands so"—and the elder imitated the minister's gesture with outspread and uplifted hands. "But suppose ye put yer thumb to yer nose and spread out yer hands tandem fashion in front—this way—wad there no be a guid deal in the 'look' o' that?"

Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: The optician is a toller of the see.

Dead crows are silent mementos of the lost caws.

Some men never do anything without overdoing it.

The less a man boasts the more true worth he possesses.

A lover's quarrel is the sauce that seasons the courtship.

Reform is an airship that is always on the verge of starting.

A woman's mirror will tell her what none of her friends will.

Good nature is a glowworm that sheds light in the darkest places.

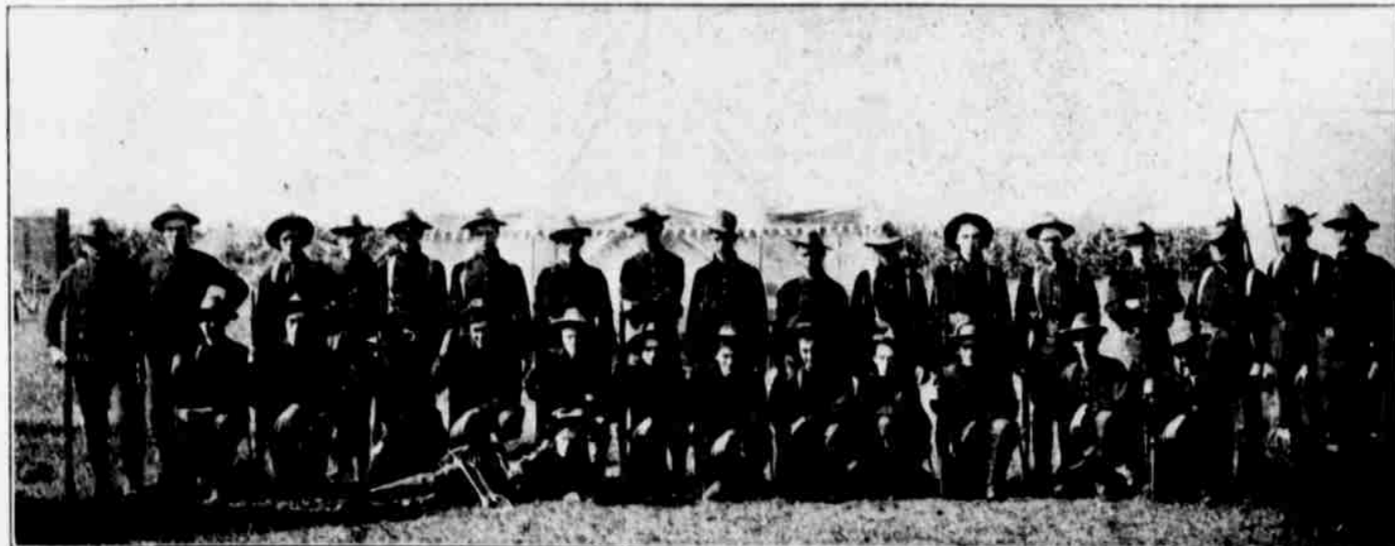
The man who is driven to desperation usually assists in the driving.

An envious person is apt to disparage everything, be it good or bad.

The oftener a man fails the greater the applause when he finally succeeds.

It matters but little what your ancestors were—it's what you are that counts.

Society is a fashionable game in which diamonds are wagered against hearts.



COMPANY B, FIFTY-SECOND REGIMENT, OF PERRY, Ia.