

THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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Pen and Picture Pointers

"Oh, were you never a schoolboy, And did you never train, And feel those swellings of the heart You never can feel again?" Is it not true that even today if you happen to hear a strain of martial music as you are walking down the street, your pace is unconsciously accommodated to the rhythm of the air and you all of a sudden find yourself with chest thrown out and shoulders braced, marching briskly to the time

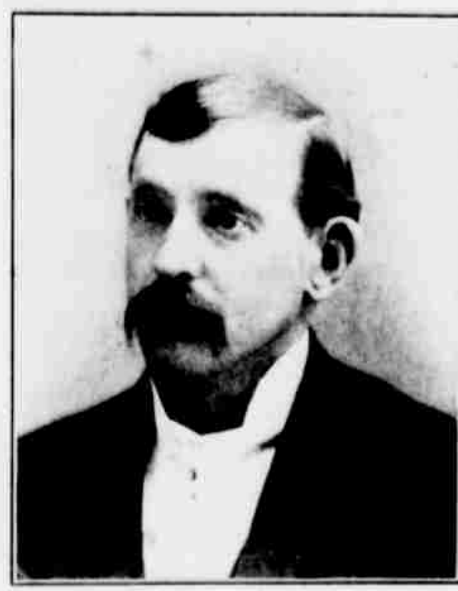
Who sought to show us fight." But the warriors would not be denied, and "we routed him and scouted him, nor lost a single man." In these modern times, the schoolboys are given more real-ism if not more practical instruction in the gentle art of how to kill people. When they have attained the hobbledchoy stage they are formed into companies and make up the high school cadet battalion of which each city boasting one is proud. Armed with real rifles, and offered by boys of their own age who can flourish swords with blades of the best Solingen or Toledo, these young disciples of Mars learn what there is of the art of war in the written book of tactics. So far as "the school of the individual," "the school of the company" and "the school of the battalion" is concerned they are well trained. Now and then they are allowed to take an excursion and camp out a few days. While all these fall far short of the conditions of actual service, they serve to give the lads a taste at least of real army life, and enable them to work off a surplus of animal spirits. During the recent trip of the Omaha battalion to Ashland Mr. Bostwick secured a splendid lot of pictures, some of which are reproduced, showing the life of the cadets in camp. It is apparent that the rigor of the discipline was not sufficient to dampen the boy nature of the band.

The South Dakota Code commission, recently appointed by Governor Herried, in conformity with an act of the state legislature, has a task of no mean proportions before it. No codification of the laws of the state exists. In 1887, immediately before the division of the territory and the admission of the halves as separate states, a code commission made a report, but it was rejected by the legislature. Since then no attempt has been made to unify the laws of the state. Two members of the new commission have held high honors under the federal and state governments. Judge Moody was on the bench for several years prior to the admission of the state, was a member of two constitutional conventions and was one of the first United States senators from South Dakota. At his home in Deadwood he is general attorney for the Homestead Mining company. Judge Tripp is also a former member of the territorial bench and was, for four years United States minister to Austria. He was the United States representative in the recent Samoan controversy. His home is at Yankton. James W. Brown is not so widely known as the other members of the commission. He has filled a number of important local offices and has been quite a factor in the affairs of the state. He lives at Eureka.

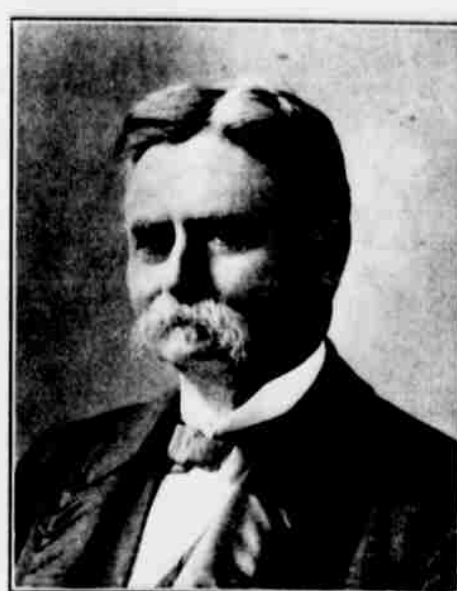
College athletes take up much of the public attention during the whole year, but solely because the public is interested in the welfare of the young men who go in for sport solely for sport's sake. Professional athletes may give more notable perform-



Gideon C. Moody, Deadwood.



James W. Brown, Eureka.



Bartlett Tripp, Yankton.

MEMBERS OF THE SOUTH DAKOTA CODE COMMISSION.

ances, but they are never able to enlist the support of the people to the extent aroused by the amateurs. It is to the colleges that amateur sport must turn for maintenance, for the reason that there only can be found young men in a sufficient body and imbued with the right spirit to make the games a success. This week The Bee presents a picture of the track team of Boone college, at Crete, a most notable aggregation of clean-limbed, nimble and muscular young men, whose achievements in the outdoor games were indeed creditable. This team won the state championship at York recently.

The dedication at Sioux City on Memorial day of a monument to Sergeant Charles Floyd of the Lewis and Clark expedition was even a more notable affair than had been anticipated. One of the pictures in this number of The Bee shows the members of the monument association, with the military escort, clustered at the base of the shaft.

Another Nebraska "boy orator" who has achieved local fame is Edward G. Williams of Grand Island, who recently won first place in the state oratorical contest at Kearney. His fellow pupils at the Grand Island High school are quite proud of the honors he secured.

During the winter an eastern magazine of some prominence, devoted to the jeweler's trade, offered a prize for the best dressed window displaying a jeweler's stock. Mrs. G. S. Catchadal of Superior, Neb., was awarded the prize. Writing to The Bee, in response to a request that she describe her methods and the window that won for her, Mrs. Catchadal says:

"I think I have natural talent in this line. I try to make my design original and something out of the ordinary line of



EDWARD G. WILLIAMS OF GRAND ISLAND—WINNER OF THE STATE ORATORICAL CONTEST AT KEARNEY.

displaying jewelry that a well dressed person should wear in using it. The prize window decoration was composed of a large, deep arch covered with scarlet hunting, laid in pleats and puffs. This arch carried 150 gold watches of various sizes arranged in two rows and gold chains were interwoven to form portiers. At one side of the arch a rough pyramid was set, covered with scarlet hunting. On this pyramid a number of elegant pieces of silverware, haviland china, cut glass and lowelsa ware were tastefully arranged. The apex contained a beautiful ported palm. Near the center of the arch was a small round table daintily set with small china plates, pearl-handled forks, small silver tasset and fancy linens, completed with silver vase containing tea roses and smilax."

Once not so very long ago a New York critic listened to an actress and was inclined to admire her. "Who is she?" he asked his friend, and the friend elevated his brows and answered, "Oh, someone from out west." And "someone from out west" has been doing a great deal of recent years to give pleasure to the jaded ears of the east. The list of western actors and singers who have "made good" is too large for reproduction here, but the reader who is at all familiar with music or drama will have little trouble in recalling many names. Another "from out west" who is about to launch on the operatic sea is Mrs. F. E. Martin of Hot Springs, S. D. She is well known to a wide circle of friends as possessing a beautiful mezzo-soprano voice, and has had training that fits her admirably for her stage work.



MRS. G. S. CATCHADAL OF SUPERIOR, Neb.

of the hand you may not see? That is but the latent element of war spirit in your nature. You have inherited it from a line of ancestors reaching back to the beginning, and will hand it down through your progeny to the end. The heroes of our schoolboy poet were armed with wooden muskets, and their captain, "As vallant lad as ever buckled sword," flourished a bright tin blade as he led his gallant force against an array of mullein stalks. Later he directed a sortie against a flock of geese, and

"Put them all to flight Save one sturdy gander."

Wit and Humor in Public Life Illustrated by Some Examples

ONE very hot day in August I was making a speech in Rolla county at a Modern Woodmen's picnic, writes Champ Clark in the Saturday Evening Post. My friend Enoch G. Matson, popularly known as "Nuck," was standing directly in front of me, about five feet distant, listening intently to what I had to say. I was mauling the republicans with all the power I possessed about their policy and conduct in the Philippines, declaring that they were ignoring the Declaration of Independence, overthrowing the constitution and otherwise deporting themselves in an unseemly and unamerican fashion. After I had been going for about forty-five minutes Matson remarked, sotto voce: "Well, I guess we can stand it as long as beef cattle are 5 cents a pound on foot." That was the gist of the whole argument which carried the middle and western states for the republicans.

By far the most memorable performance in that line was the series of debates between Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln in 1858. The United States senatorship was the prize directly in sight, but both looked beyond that to the presidency as their goal. In winning the senatorship Douglas lost the presidency to Lincoln. Unlike in everything except ambition, they were most equally matched, each being wondrously strong. They had known each other from early manhood and were on the friendliest footing, but they laid on and spared not, being not over-particular about hitting below the belt. On one occasion Douglas sneeringly referred to the fact that he once saw Lincoln retelling whisky: "Yes," replied Lincoln, "it is true that the first time I saw Judge Douglas I was selling whisky by the drink. I was on the inside of the bar and the judge was on the outside. I busy selling, he busy buying." Which is about as near a retort as the annals of the stump afford—rich but not malicious. It perhaps had a greater effect on the audience than if Lincoln had spent an hour talking about intemperance in general and his own temperance in particular.

It is not probable that a better storyteller than ex-Lieutenant Governor David A. Ball of Missouri ever stood before an American audience. In 1896 he was trying to persuade the gold democrats that, notwithstanding the fact that they differed from the regulars on the financial issue, they agreed with them on so many points that they ought to vote for Bryan

anyway. He wound up that part of his speech as follows: "How would a moss-back Missouri democrat look voting with the republicans? I will tell you. Up in Pike county an old chap undertook to commit suicide by hanging himself with a blind bridle. Just as he was about dead his son cut him down. The old man rubbed his eyes and said: 'John, if you had let me alone a minute longer I would have been in heaven.' 'Yes,' replied the boy, 'you would have cut a deuce of a figure in heaven looking through a blind bridle, wouldn't you?' And that," concluded Mr. Ball, "is the way a Missouri democrat would look voting for a republican under any circumstances whatever!"

I have heard that told all the way from the Atlantic to the Rockies, and it invariably brought down the house.

I once heard Vice President Garret A. Hobart, in an after-dinner speech in Washington to an audience made up largely of newspaper men, utter this mot: "Since I have been in office I have given the newspaper men everything they asked of me—except my confidence!" which was enjoyed immensely by all his hearers, especially by the newspaper men themselves.

Hon. Joseph H. Choate is as celebrated as a post-prandial orator as he is as a lawyer.

Nothing verbal could be more delicious than his definition of the dinners of the New England society of New York as "Those gatherings of an unhappy company of Pilgrims who meet annually at Delmonico's to drown the sorrows and sufferings of their ancestors in the flowing bowl and to contemplate their own virtues in the mirror of history."

At one of those dinners he proposed the following toast, which contains more wit than do most witty speeches:

"Woman, the better half of the Yankee world, at whose tender summons even the stern Pilgrims were ever ready to spring to arms, and without whose aid they never could have achieved the historic title of Pilgrim Fathers. The Pilgrim Mothers were more devoted martyrs than were the Pilgrim Fathers, because they not only had to bear the same hardships that the Pilgrim Fathers stood, but they had to bear with the Pilgrim Fathers besides."

Private John Allen's "maiden speech" in congress proved to be a lucky one and took an instant and secure hold of the auricular appendage of the house, which he held to the end. The river and harbor bill was

up. John wanted to offer an amendment making an appropriation for the Tombigbee river. The chairman of the committee, Mr. Willis of Kentucky, had promised him time and had then forgotten it. John asked

unanimous consent to address the house and Willis tried to help him get it, but someone objected, whereupon John, with tears in his voice and looking doleful as a hired mourner at a funeral, said, with melancholy

accent: "Well, I should at least like to have permission to print some remarks in the Record and insert 'Laughter and applause' in appropriate places." That was his astonishing exordium. The palpable hit at one of the most common abuses of the house, "the leave to print," tickled the members greatly and he secured the unanimous consent which he desired. He closed that speech with an amazing exhibition of gall, which added to his fame more than the speech itself. He wound up by saying: "Now, Mr. Speaker, having fully answered all the arguments of my opponents, I will retire to the cloakroom a few moments to receive the congratulations of admiring friends," which set the house and galleries wild with delight. He did retire to the cloakroom and did receive the congratulations of admiring friends, a performance which has been going on at frequent intervals ever since.

Governor Charles T. O'Ferrall of Virginia told one of the finest and most effective anecdotes ever heard in congress. It was at the expense of William Bourke Cockran, whose fame as an orator extends all over the English-speaking world.

Among his many qualifications for successful public speaking Mr. Cockran has a voice which would have aroused the envy of the bull of Bashan. It so happened that O'Ferrall and Cockran locked horns on a contested election case, and Cockran's voice was in prime condition.

O'Ferrall, though chairman of the democratic committee on elections, advocated the seating of the republican, for which Cockran assailed him bitterly and bombarded him with his heaviest artillery until everybody within half a mile was deaf from the noise.

O'Ferrall began his reply as follows: "The remarks of the gentleman from New York remind me of the story of an old colored man down in Virginia who was riding a mule and who was caught in a violent thunder storm while passing through a dense forest. Being unable to make any headway except through the agencies of fitful flashes of lightning which occasionally revealed his surroundings, and becoming greatly alarmed at the loud and terrible peals of thunder which shook the earth and reverberated over his head, he at last appealed to the Throne of Grace in this fashion: 'O Lawd, if it's jest the same to you, I'd rather hev a little less noise an' a little mo' light!' Now," concluded O'Ferrall, "we have had a hoghead of noise and would be thankful for a thimbleful of light on this important subject!"



MRS. F. E. MARTIN OF HOT SPRINGS, S. D., WHO WILL SING IN OPERA—Photo by Heyn.