

Published Weekly by The Bee Publishing Company, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

Price, 5c per copy—per year, \$2.00.

Entered at the Omaha Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter.

For advertising rates address publisher.

Communications relating to photographs or articles for publication should be addressed "Editor The Illustrated Bee," Omaha.

Pen and Picture Pointers

Among other peculiarities of President Roosevelt is his unwillingness to be photographed. No man has been more persistently sought by the pushers of buttons and squeezers of bulbs than he and no man has



H. H. HIATT OF BROKEN BOW, WHO HAS BEEN MADE SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS IN GUAM.

more persistently declined to have anything to do with them. He has during the last ten years been more grossly and malignantly caricatured than any other man in public life. From the time he came to the very front as one of New York's police commissioners—one of the men who gave the great metropolis a really honest and efficient government—until today the men who draw for the opposition press have delighted in exaggerating the facial characteristics of the president as the writers have delighted in exaggerating his mental and personal qualifications. Many people have thus been misled concerning Mr. Roosevelt. Those who know him understand how cruel have been the misrepresentations of a partisan press in dealing with this man. We of the west know him fairly well. He has been among us, has eaten our bread and salt, has lived our life and knows of his own knowledge what so many of his fellow citizens of New York can never comprehend. This is why The Bee this week reproduces the picture which was taken by Mr. Bostwick down in Kansas one morning in the early summer of 1899. Mr. Roosevelt was on his way to Oklahoma then to attend a reunion of the cavalry regiment of which he was colonel at the close of the Spanish war—the famous Rough Riders. He had not yet been nominated for vice president. In the picture he shows with the simple dignity of American manhood, standing at the rear of the train, without attempt at pose, merely waiting for the artist to snap the shutter. No better picture of Theodore Roosevelt has ever been taken.

Nebraska's soldier boys got a rather damp, cold welcome to Omaha, but it came altogether from the weather. The people took every opportunity to show their interest in the National Guard, and the few hours of sunshine that were allowed during the time of the camp found great crowds at Fort Omaha to watch the drills and the routine of camp life. The veterans of the guard and there were many out—did not mind the bad weather, but it was rather rough on the youngsters who were out for the first time. These were given a most vividly practical lesson in the hardships and inconveniences of a soldier's life. In

HON. R. A. SPENCE OF MOUNT AYR, NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE IOWA REPUBLICAN STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

point of attendance, general interest shown and results accomplished the encampment is said to be away the best ever held in Nebraska.

All the Nebraska schoolmasks did not go to the Philippines, a fact attested by the handsome group recently photographed at Geneva. It was the occasion of the meeting of the county institute, conducted by Superintendent C. Szmha, Jr. Nebraska's place at the head of the states in the matter of education, the census showing that this state has the lowest percentage of illiterates in the union, is one of which all its citizens are proud, and none were more so than the school teachers. This place has been won by the willing co-operation of parents and teachers, the zeal of the one being aided by the willingness of the other to foot the bills. When Dr. George E. MacLean was installed as chancellor of the University of Nebraska he called attention in his inaugural address to

the fact that it is possible in Nebraska for a pupil to go through school from the kindergarten to the nineteenth grade—the degree of doctor—with no expense save that of board and clothes. In this lies the strength of the state's school system. Education is not only thorough, but is absolutely free. Nowhere are the children afforded better opportunity to receive competent instruction than right here in Nebraska.

A new minister of the gospel will be formally welcomed to Omaha today, when Rev. Philip G. Davidson will be installed as pastor of St. Matthias' parish with the ritualistic procedure of the Protestant Episcopal church. Rev. Davidson was born in 1864 in Carthage, Ill., and before entering the ministry was engaged in various parts of the country in newspaper work. He is a graduate of the Western Theological seminary in Chicago and has been engaged in church work in Chicago, Havana, Ill., Canyon City, Colo., and Macon, Mo. While in Macon Rev. Mr. Davidson was instrumental in causing the purchase of a rectory for the parish and beginning the erection of a new church. St. Matthias' parish possesses one of the most beautiful church edifices in the west and a devout and energetic congregation.

Prof. H. H. Hiatt, who will superintend the educational work in the island of Guam, is a product of Iowa and Nebraska. When appointed to his present position he was principal of the schools at Sargent, Custer county. Previous to that he had been connected with the schools of Broken Bow and held the position of county superintendent of Custer county. He is a graduate of the Iowa State university and before removing to Nebraska was identified with the preparatory school for the Iowa university.

Fifteen-year-old Elvina Howe of Omaha is probably the youngest actively employed stenographer in the United States. There may be younger ones professing the title of stenographer, but few if any of Miss Howe's age are competent to enter into the busy, everyday whirl of business activity. She is a typical child of the west, being a native of Cheyenne, Wyo. Her education

was obtained in this city. She is a daughter of John D. Howe of army headquarters.

Hon. R. H. Spence of Mount Ayr, Ia., the newly elected chairman of the republican state central committee, is a lawyer of wide experience and more than ordinary ability. He was born in Henry county, Illinois, in 1852. His parents removed to Iowa when he was three months of age. He has been a resident of the state ever since. In 1872 he located in Ringgold county, and in 1873 commenced the practice of law in Mount Ayr, having graduated the same year from the law department of the Iowa State university. He has been county attorney two terms, and as a member of the firm of Henry & Spence won many notable and important cases. He was a delegate to the St. Louis national republican convention in 1896 and has long been prominent in politics. He has represented the Eighth congressional district on the state central committee during the past four years, his election as chairman of that body occurring two weeks ago.



ELVINA HOWE, A YOUTHFUL STENOGRAPHER.

Selections from the Story Tellers' Pack

IN THE mountains of Berks county, Pennsylvania, where Dutch shrewdness matches Dutch thrift, the proprietor of a hotel was bargaining for a supply of chickens, relates Youth's Companion.

"Now, look here, Fred," said the hotel man familiarly to the farmer, "don't you feed them chickens before you bring 'em here, and don't you let 'em get wet."

"All right, Charlie," said the farmer, "but I don't want to see 'em go hungry."

"That's all right, Fred, but I ain't a-payin' 12 cents a pound for corn and I ain't a-buyin' water at the same rate."

"All right, Charlie, and I'll bring my scales along."

"No need of that, Fred; I've got good scales here."

They parted and I asked the hotel man just what he meant.

"Oh, Fred's all right," he said. "He's one of the squarrest men alive, but all the same I ain't a-paying live weight for chickens stuffed full of wet corn and with wet feathers. But don't misunderstand me, Fred's a square man."

I walked down to Fred's farm. He was jolly and smiling. "Charlie's a fine fellow," he said, "one of the squarrest men in the county, but I'm going to take them scales all the same."

"The late Eugene Field was notoriously improvident, his chronic hard-upness being a sort of byword among his intimates," said an old friend of the poet recently to a New York Times man. "But he managed to get a good deal of fun himself out of the paucity of his own resources."

"Once at one of those semi-public functions held in a saloon, where every man is a host who has the price and every man a guest who has the thirst, Field as usual went broke. There happened to be a hanger-on in the crowd, one of those whose considerable ambition is to say they have shaken hands and touched glasses with a celebrity. Calling the poet to one side he said: 'Now I hope you'll take no offense, but I understood you to say you had run short of money. If that is true I would be glad to oblige you with a ten.'"

"How dare you," snapped Field, affecting great indignation. "I don't even know your name."

"Beg your pardon a thousand thanks," responded the other, "I meant no offense. I assure you. I thought maybe you might be able to use the money. Please forget it."

"Field was silent for a moment as if in deep thought and then slowly drawled: 'Forget it.' All right; I will on one condition."

"On what condition?"

"On condition that you make it fifteen."

Wu Tingfang, his excellency, the Chinese minister, on one occasion listened with intense approval and much industry of thought to William Gillette's performance of his own play, "Secret Service," and asked in reverential courtesy to be presented to the actor-author.

Into Mr. Gillette's four-by-six milk-white dressing room crowded his excellency and his suite, all bowing gracefully and unrolling their little tan hands from silk sleeves to be clasped in Gillette's firm American grasp.

"Do you work this way every night for many weeks?" asked the diplomat, driving a piercing glance at Mr. Gillette.

"Yes, many months, and years if people will stand it," quoth Sir William of Manhattan.

"How do you make this sort of a play—so beautiful a story—not interfered with in any way by the characters?"

To this question Mr. Gillette could not unfold an impromptu drama recipe, so he took refuge in the ambush of the special Gillette wit in its solemn vein of b yishness, and answered:

"The best way is to write your play first, and then chuck in the characters where they do the least harm."

An actor in the vaudeville tells the following story in the Clipper on a certain actor of prominence who happened to be dining in a restaurant where those of his position and pretensions were seldom seen—one of those places where people of small means and no style take their modest meals.

The vaudevillian sat at the next table and overheard the order given by his professional brother, whom he knew by sight only.

The colored waiter listened attentively and was observed to blink his eyes somewhat doubtfully when the guest ordered "fish with tartar sauce," but without questioning went on absorbing the rest of the order.

In due course of time he served the fish but brought no sauce.

"Where's that tartar sauce?" demanded the actor.

"I don't know nothin' 'bout dat sauce, suh—I speets I'll haf to ask de boss, suh," and the mystified dandy swung off toward the desk, where, after a few words with the proprietor, he came back with a bottle of Worcestershire sauce and put it on the table, saying:

"De boss sez as how we ain't puttin' on no Delmonico dog in dis yer part o' town—an' dat's de tartest sauce we's got, suh."

A very well-known lawyer and his wife were in London this summer, and the wife had to be operated on for appendicitis as soon as she arrived. They were great friends of Mr. Choate, and the ambassador sent at once to inquire of her condition and kept her room supplied with flowers.

The first day she was able to walk out, husband and wife met the ambassador on the street. Mr. Choate quickly jumped from his hansom and joined them with eager protestations of delight at meeting his friend again.

He warmly shook both the hands of his comrade and asked a dozen questions about his health, his address and his probable stay in London. The wife who had been standing by waiting for her turn, finally said with a pout, "Why, Mr. Choate, you don't take any notice of me. You haven't spoken a word to me yet. I really believe you have forgotten me."

"My dear madam," said Mr. Choate, "I must confess that I did not recognize you without your appendix."

A poor Scotch woman lay dying, and her husband sat by her bedside, relates London

Spare Moments. After a time the wife took her husband's hand and said:

"John, we're gowin' to part. I have been a gude wife to you, haven't I?"

John thought a moment.

"Well, just middling like Jenny, you know," anxious not to say too much.

Again the wife spoke.

"John," she said faintly, "ye maun promise to bury me in the auld kirkyard at Str'ayon beside my mither. I could na rest in peace among unco' folk in the dirt and smoke o' Glasgow."

"Weel, weel, Jenny, my woman," said John, scotchingly, "we'll just try ye in Glasgow first, an' gin ye dinna be quiet we'll try ye in Str'ayon."

Stories of yankee shrewdness have always been widely circulated, but when one gets ahead of a yankee there is very little said about it, especially on the part of the man from the north. Several days ago, relates the Memphis Scimitar, a hotel keeper at a small station on one of the roads running out of Memphis put the laugh on a drummer from the north in a very good way and the traveling man was compelled to beat a hasty retreat. The drummer arrived at the hotel about 8 o'clock in the evening and fearing that he would not be able to get any supper he asked the landlord what he could get to eat.

"My friend," said the hotel keeper, "I can give you anything from a pickled elephant to a broiled canary bird's tongue for supper tonight."

The drummer looked at the man and thinking that he was jesting, decided to call his bluff.

"All right, my friend," said the drummer, "I'll take some pickled elephant."

"Very well," said the host, "I'll go and get it."

He was gone about five minutes and when he returned said:

"All right, sir; supper will be ready in a moment. You'll have to take a whole one, as we don't carve them after dark."

The drummer decided that he was not very hungry and took some cheese sandwiches.

Vice-President Roosevelt was not always the mighty hunter, relates Harper's Weekly. He has had his day of being afraid of big game. But that was many years ago, when he was a wee little boy in short trousers and used to play tag in Madison square in New York.

Opposite the square, on the east side, stood a Presbyterian church and the sexton, while airing the building one Saturday, noticed a small boy peering curiously in at the half open door, but making no move to enter.

"Come in, my little man, if you wish to," said the sexton.

"No thank you," said the boy. "I know what you've got in there."

"I haven't anything that little boys mayn't see. Come in."

"I'd rather not." And the juvenile Theodore cast a sweeping and somewhat apprehensive glance around the pews and galleries and bounded off to play again.

Still the lad kept returning once in a

while and peeping in. When he went home that day he told his mother of the sexton's invitation and his unwillingness to accept it.

"But why didn't you go in, my dear?" she asked. "It is the house of God, but there is no harm in entering it quietly and looking about."

With some shyness the little fellow confessed that he was afraid to go in because the zeal might jump out at him from under a pew or somewhere.

"The zeal? What is the zeal?" the mother inquired.

"Why," explained Theodore, "I suppose it is some big animal like a dragon or an alligator. I went there to church last Sunday with Uncle R—and I heard the minister read from the bible about the zeal and it frightened me."

Down came the Concordance from the library shelf and one after another of the texts containing the word "zeal" was read to the child, whose eyes suddenly grew big and his voice excited, as he exclaimed:

"That's it—the last you read."

It was Psalm lxxix, 9: "For the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up."

John Joe Jackson, judge of the United States court for the northern district of West Virginia, who has completed the fortieth year of his service on the federal bench, lives at Parkersburg, W. Va. He was appointed by President Lincoln on August 3, 1861, and with one exception, when the confederate forces held the West Virginia Charleston so that he could not reach the place, he has never missed a term of court. One of Judge Jackson's brothers has been governor of his state and the other has been for nearly thirty years judge of a state court.

The late United States Senator and Attorney General Augustus H. Garland, General Thomas C. Hindman, General Patrick Cleburne and Robert H. English, late chief justice of the Arkansas supreme court, are named by prominent Arkansians as fit men from whom the state may select its two representatives in the proposed Hall of Fame at the Louisiana Purchase exposition in St. Louis.

Prof. John A. Fleming of the United States coast and geodetic survey has arrived in Honolulu for the purpose of erecting and maintaining, near Pearl harbor, a magnificent station for observing and recording the variations of the compass. This is one of four such observatories decided on by the Treasury department, of which the one at Cheltenham, Md., has already been built. Another will be built at some other Atlantic coast point and a third at Sitka, Alaska.

At the country home of Clara Morris, on the Hudson, there has been trouble lately in the orchard. The orchard is just below Clara Morris' bedroom and from her window she can hear plots by marplots every time she listens.

These disturbances usually take place in the night and the next morning the orchard is found to have been robbed. A few nights ago she heard whisperings from below, then limbs of trees were gently shaken. Then came whippers again. She got up and stole

to the window and in her manifest and deepest voice said:

"Get out of there!" Silence. A pause. Whispering again.

"Get out of there—or I'll shoot!"

"Aw, Jimmie, pick up de bag. It's a woman kiddin' us."

And "Jimmie" took the bag.

Ex-Governor Ramsey of Minnesota reached another birthday on Sunday, September 8, and, when congratulated by his friends, said: "I'm probably 87 years old, as you say, for almanacs don't lie except about the weather and the patent medicines. But I hardly feel the 80, though I'm free to confess to the 7." He became first governor of the territory of Minnesota June 1, 1849, and his friends say he "holds the blue ribbon as first governor" now surviving.

Pointed Paragraphs

Deceased individuals pay no bills. It is usually the better half that gets the worst of it.

Is isn't the stage that needs elevating—it's the public.

No wonder the up-to-date girl limps after being vaccinated.

Elevators lift many a discouraged mortal up in the world.

Modern shipwrecks are a success—as dime museum attractions.

Paradoxically speaking, fast colors are those that refuse to run when washed.

It serves the boat-rocking idiot right if in after years he has to rock the cradle.

The Texas steer is a pretty tough customer, especially when you meet him in a cheap restaurant.

A fool man keeps quiet when he ought to talk and a fool woman talks when she ought to keep quiet.

Every time a man is too sick to go down town his wife begins to wonder how she will look in mourning.

If a girl omits pickles from the lunch she puts up when a young man escorts her to a picnic his case is hopeless.

After reading an account of a man who had fasted forty days an Irishman said he would rather starve than fast for a living.

Just a Little Fable

Baltimore American: Once Upon a Time a Coarse, Sarcastic Man married a Timid Girl who Insisted Upon doing her own Cooking.

One Day she handed Him a Slice of Something that Looked like the Cross-Section of a Tombstone.

"What'nth'dickens is This?" asked the Cruel Husband, Gazing Moodily at His Front Tooth, which had Broken off in the Edge of the Material.

"That is Angel Food," replied the Fond and Trusting Wife.

"Angel Food?" he Yelled in Unseemly tones. "Then I Declare Myself right Here and Now, I'm going to Backside. No Eternity for me in a Place where the Food is Like that."

Moral: Don't get too Enthusiastic with Your Press Notices.