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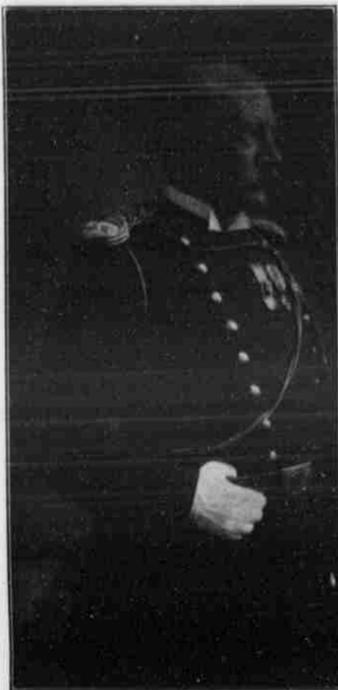
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## Pen and Picture Pointers

**K**UBELIK has laid hold on the people of America as much through his personal character as through his wonderful genius as a musician. It falls to the lot of very few boys to be raised as he has been in so few years from the obscurity of a country home in a part of the world where bitter toil for scant livelihood is the part of the people to a position of such eminence that it may almost be said the eyes of the world are upon him. It is good to know that the adulation of his throng of ad-



CHARLES A. WIKOFF, U. S. A., LATE COLONEL TWENTY-SECOND INFANTRY—KILLED IN ACTION AT FORT SAN JUAN, CUBA, JULY 1, 1898.

mirers has in no way affected his bearing, his modesty being even more pronounced than that of the average youth of his age. Not that Kubelik does not understand and fully appreciate his great gift. Even were he dull of comprehension, the immense sums of money he is paid would bring to him a realizing impression of the commercial value of his ability. He does not require that stimulus, though, for he knows his art and revels in it. He is level-headed enough, too, to know the value of money, but for its utility rather than its mere possession. Of him it has been told since his coming to America that were he left free to follow his own impulses he would go back to Bohemia little if any richer in pocket than when he left there. For his own material good, his finances are looked after by those whose pity does not give before charity begins. As a commercial proposition, Kubelik is a good thing, requiring careful watching. In his own life the commercial side of his art figures but little. He is scarcely more than a boy, with all a boy's impetuosity of motive and desire, and capacity for enjoyment. Therefore his American tour is more a grand holiday outing than a triumphal tour for him. He takes intense

delight in all he sees and hears of the life of the great nation which is so new and strange to him. Many anecdotes have already been recounted of his bent for investigation of things about him in American cities and of the pleasure he has had in them. This marks him as still a human, healthy individual, and, like the burglar when he isn't burgling.

"His capacity for innocent enjoyment is quite as great as any other man's."

Four years ago, April 19, 1898, the Twenty-second infantry marched away from Fort Crook to join the army being assembled on the southern coast whose mission was to bring freedom to the struggling Cubans. Omaha people felt a more than friendly concern in that regiment, and have followed with interest its fortunes during the hard service it has seen. No other regiment has given more freely of its blood in the warfare since that day. Two colonels have fallen in battle, leading the regiment, and one has succumbed to disease contracted in the service, so the Twenty-second will come back under the command of the fourth colonel it has had in four years. Colonel Wikoff, who commanded the regiment when it went from Fort Crook to Cuba, was shot and killed while carrying out orders for the movement of the Third brigade, of which he was commander, at San Juan, Cuba, on July 1, 1898. In the list of killed sent by General Shafter in his message bearing date of "July 1, 4 p. m.," is given the names of Colonel Wikoff of the Twenty-second and Captain "Bucky" O'Neill of the Rough Riders. Lieutenant Colonel Patterson of the Twenty-second is mentioned among those severely wounded in that day's fighting. Fuller details added many names to that list, but none brought more real sorrow to Omaha than that of Charles A. Wikoff. Mrs. Wikoff was staying at Fort Crook, with other ladies of the regiment. The sad news was telephoned from The Bee office to the officer in charge of the post, Captain Henry C. Hodgins, and by him was imparted to the anxious women. The insufficient data of the early dispatches left the company of distressed wives and daughters in an agony of suspense, which was but lightly relieved by fuller information of the engagement and its results.

Exact details as to the manner in which Colonel Wikoff met his death have been given in a letter written many weeks after the battle. First Lieutenant Wendell L. Simpson, who was Colonel Wikoff's adjutant, wrote, under date of Piqua, O., September 26, 1898, to Mrs. Wikoff, giving her a full account of the affair. He says: "Ever since the battle of Fort San Juan of July 1 I have intended and desired to write to you. There was, of course, no opportunity for this while we lay in the trenches prior to the surrender, and, though I was in the city of Santiago for many days after the surrender, I was so prostrated with fever as to render even the lightest tasks beyond my strength. Upon my return to the United States I was granted sick leave, and, though my recovery has been rapid, it is not until now I have really felt equal to attending to correspondence. \* \* \* Soon after the fleet of transports arrived in the vicinity of Santiago harbor Colonel Wikoff came on board the transport Santiago with orders to take command of the Third brigade of the First division, consisting of the Ninth, Thirteenth and Twenty-fourth regiments of the regular infantry. \* \* \* While we were at our rather meager breakfast on the morning of July 1 the colonel took a card from his pocket, wrote your western address on the back and passed it to me by one of the aides without remark, although at this time we had received no orders to move and knew nothing concerning any plans for a battle that day. Such incidents were destined to be brought to my mind in a most startling manner before were ended the tragic and heroic events of the day. At 7:30 a. m. July 1 we received orders to break camp and move forward on the Santiago road, overtaking and following the First brigade. \* \* \* Colonel Wikoff had received orders from General Kent, the division commander, and at the head of the brigade had turned on a trail to the left and proceeded to the lower ford of the river. \* \* \* When I reached Colonel Wikoff with the orders he had crossed the creek and was giving directions to three companies of the leading regiment,

the Thirteenth, which were already across. Upon hearing the orders brought by me he at once took personal supervision of their execution and in a remarkably short time had the entire Thirteenth infantry in line, through the wire fence and in good position about 100 yards from the bank of the creek, and delivering a deadly fire upon the enemy in the trenches of Fort San Juan.

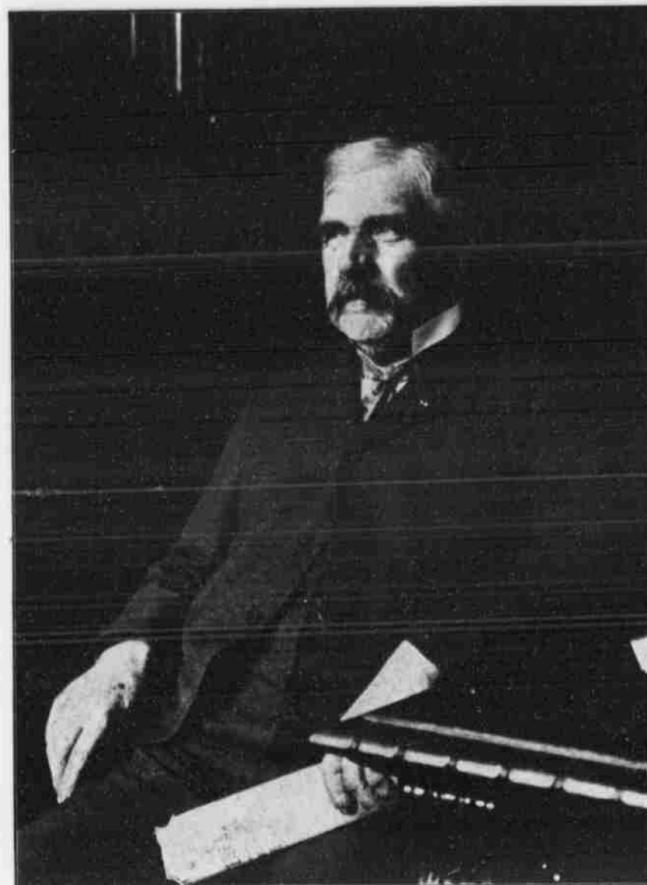
"During this time Colonel Wikoff advanced into the open field, personally superintending this first line and fearlessly exposing himself without the slightest cover or protection. I was with him several times during these trying moments, receiving orders from him or bearing information or messages to him, and found him through all calm and apparently indifferent to all danger.

"After the formation of the Thirteenth was completed Colonel Wikoff walked back toward the ford, evidently to direct other troops of the brigade to position as they crossed the stream. When a few yards from the creek bank, still in the open field, and facing directly from the enemy's position, he suddenly dropped backward with a slight exclamation. I was but a few feet from him and was at his side instantly. With the assistance of two enlisted men, one of whom was of the Ninth Infantry band, doing duty giving first aid to the wounded, I removed the colonel at once to the protection of the creek bank and while the soldier opened his garments and bandaged him with a 'first aid' package, I gave him liquor from a small flask I carried in my pocket. The colonel was conscious and perfectly rational. He spoke to me several times, principally regarding arrangements for sending him to the hospital, but was evidently sinking rapidly. After doing all that could be done to ease and assist him I arranged for prompt removal to the division hospital. The soldiers who proceeded to bear him to the rear reported to me afterward that he spoke little or not at all after I left him and expired when they had passed over about a half mile on their trip to the rear.

"Although Colonel Wikoff was standing facing exactly away from the enemy's position at the time he fell he was pierced by a ball from side to side. The bullet must have passed over and very near the heart. It seems to be the general opinion that the colonel was shot by a sharpshooter posted in a treetop to pick off officers. \* \* \*



BASIL MCCOY AND EDNA MORRISON, PLATTSMOUTH CHILDREN WHO REPRESENTED GEORGE AND MARTHA WASHINGTON IN PRIMARY SCHOOL EXERCISES—Photo by Soper.



S. B. PACKARD OF MARSHALL COUNTY, IOWA, SOLDIER FROM MAINE, STATESMAN FROM LOUISIANA AND STOCK GROWER FROM IOWA.

Within twenty minutes after the colonel fell the enemy's position was ours."

Colonel Egbert, who succeeded Colonel Wikoff, was killed while leading the regiment during an engagement in the Philippines. Colonel French, who followed Colonel Egbert, died in the hospital at Manila and was succeeded by Colonel Miller, who brings the regiment back to Fort Crook, and old friends.

Lessons in patriotism and love of country are early instilled in the minds of American youth. At home and at school they are constantly being made familiar with the deeds of warriors and the works of statesmen who have made this country great. George Washington naturally heads the roll of heroes, for the passage of time finds no diminution of the love of the people for this foremost of Americans. Paradoxical as it may be, it seems that as distance grows the perspective widens rather than narrows, and the great figure of the Father of His Country stands out still grander with each recurrence of his birthday. The custom of giving it special observance in the public schools serves not only to pay a grateful tribute to his memory, but to inculcate the lesson of his intense love of country and a desire to emulate his career. Beginning in the primary grades and continuing throughout the school life, this notable example of true manhood is before the eyes of the child always, and the result is most naturally not alone an added veneration for the first president of this republic, but a better conception of the privileges of American citizenship. The children who are called upon to represent George Washington and his wife during the holiday observance have even more reason than their companions at school to recall the precepts and practice of the eminent gentleman whose natal day they celebrate.

There is living quietly on a splendid stock farm in Marshall county, Iowa, Hon. Stephen B. Packard, who has played no inconsiderable part in the making of American history and whose career touches three states widely separated. He is of an old

English family which came to America in time to be of great assistance in the revolution and the second war for independence. He was born in Auburn, Me., in 1839, attended the village school, studied law and taught school, but left his law practice to become first lieutenant of a company in the Twelfth Maine regiment in 1851. He became captain of Company B and participated with General Butler in the capture of New Orleans. While the Crescent City was captured Captain Packard experienced a like fate and in 1863 was married to Miss Steele, daughter of an old and respected resident of New Orleans. He became judge advocate in New Orleans, but later joined Sherman's army and when his company was mustered out he was selected to carry the regimental colors back to Augusta to be deposited in the state archives. Captain Packard then returned to New Orleans to engage in the practice of law. He was one of the seven members of the board of registration selected by the constitutional convention to administer the affairs of state during the reconstruction period. Then he was register of conveyances and later United States marshal. He became the controlling political force in the state and went to the national convention in 1876 to vote for Grant for a third term. He was recognized as the personal representative of the president in that part of the country. Then he was elected governor of Louisiana, after making a personal campaign and going about fearlessly among the people, never suffering any insult or danger, even though he was a Yankee captain. In the settlement of the middle which resulted in the election of President Hayes it was a part of the program that Packard should relinquish the office to which he had been elected, and later he went to Liverpool as United States consul. Governor Packard came to Iowa in 1885 and bought the now famous Strathmore stock farm. He was of the Iowa Columbian commission and a member of the Iowa board for the Transmississippi Exposition. Governor Packard is a leading member of the Iowa Board of Agriculture and he takes an active interest in all affairs of state and nation.

## Gleanings from the Story Tellers' Pack

**I**DON'T quite know what the lady meant," said an elderly physician quoted by the Washington Post, "but whatever it was, she meant it hard. She came to my office last Tuesday and after considering her case, I wrote a prescription, which was to be put up in capsules of very large size. I explained the why and wherefore of this to her and asked her if she could swallow anything so big. She looked at me in an acidulous way.

"Swallow it!" she said. "Why, my husband belongs to two whist clubs and more lodges than you could count. Swallow it! Humph! I reckon I haven't been married ten years without learning to swallow bigger things than that."

"Speaking of James J. Hill," said a St. Paul man to the New York Times, "I can tell you a story of him.

"It was away back in the '80s, when the late lamented Harry Ives was Mr. Hill's private secretary, and Mr. Hill was giving away pigs of purest breed to the farmers of the northwest in order to encourage stock raising along the line of the Great

Northern road and thus build up its traffic. The state fair was in progress in St. Paul when one September morning Ives opened Mr. Hill's mail and found a letter from a farmer which read as follows:

"Mr. J. J. Hill—Dear Sir: I went to St. Paul and to the fair, as you told me. I looked for you at your office, and also at the fair grounds. I found plenty of hogs of your species, but could not find you anywhere."

"Speaking of McKinley," said a member of the New York Ohio society, to a Cleveland Plain Dealer correspondent, "reminds me of one of the few jokes he ever cracked from a public platform.

"It was at our dinner of 1900, given in his honor just before the opening of his second presidential campaign. The president had promised to attend, but with the strict understanding that he was not to be asked to speak.

"The evening program was well under way when President Southard arose, looked at McKinley with the air of a man who was about to take a plunge, and said: 'I

have promised President McKinley that I will not ask him to speak. I shall keep that promise, but I have made no agreement, gentlemen, that will prevent your calling upon him.'

"The house took the hint. There was a roar and the demand was emphatic and insistent.

"The president arose. He looked reproachfully at Southard and appealingly at the guests. Then he said, 'I had the solemn promise of your officers, gentlemen, that I should not be called upon to speak. I have, therefore, come carefully prepared.'

"With that he took a manuscript from his pocket. It was a written speech, carefully prepared, and really sounded the keynote of his 1900 presidential campaign."

Judge Walter I. Smith of Iowa relates the following story as coming from Sir Thomas Lipton:

"Sir Thomas was telling me," declared the judge, "about his predicament when the present king of England was a guest aboard his yacht and the steel mast broke,

He asked me what I would have done under similar circumstances. Every instinct of gallantry spurred him on to save the ladies of the party, who were naturally much perturbed at the snapping of the steel mast and the confusion that followed. On the other hand, every instinct of patriotism impelled him to save the king, who was his honored guest. Now, what would you do?" inquired Judge Smith of his western cronies.

"Well, I suppose I would have saved the ladies," was the hesitating reply as the two came near the spot in the basement where liquid refreshments are served.

"That is just what Sir Thomas told me he was intent on doing," rejoined the judge, whose manner in relating an anecdote is always refreshing, even if it be an old one, which is rare, "for he was going to let 'God save the king.'"

Senator Quay had a bad cough, says the Washington Post. It troubled him. He thought for a while that he would be compelled to go to Arizona and breathe the dry, hot air of the desert. Nothing that he

could do in Washington would send the cough away.

One day while he was sitting at his desk in the senate chamber Senator Frye dropped into a vacant chair beside him. Quay coughed.

"Why don't you get rid of that cough?" said Frye.

"I can't," answered Quay.

"No wonder," commented Frye, as he felt a cold wind run down his back. "This desk of yours is right in a draft and as long as you are here just so long will you have that cough. Now, I'll tell you what to do. There's my desk over there. I won't use it for some time to come and I would like you to take it."

As the desk occupies the best situation in the senate, Mr. Quay very gladly accepted the offer. The funny part of the story is that he then went down to Florida and has just returned. His cough has entirely disappeared—not entirely, either, for when Senator Frye appears in the vicinity Mr. Quay has another spell, which stirs all the compassion of Senator Frye's sympathetic soul.