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Pen and Picture Pointers

NO DEPARTMENT of the general government comes more closely into contact with the people than the Postoffice. Its function is to gather and distribute daily the messages, written or printed, that pass between the millions of citizens and their correspondents all over the world. This service is performed so quietly that one seldom gives it a thought, but when the mind is allowed to dwell upon the topic, the first feature to impress one is the marvelous efficiency of the system that can carry on the business undertaken at so little cost to the patron. It costs the individual no more to send a letter from New York to Manila than it does from Omaha to South Omaha, or, indeed, from one ward to another in the city. And for a very little more the government will dispatch your letter to the utmost corner of the earth. It is the perfection of organization that has made this possible. In one respect the domestic service is deficient, although the remedy is rapidly being applied. Uncle Sam, while ostensibly agreeing to deliver the message to the person for whom it is intended, except in a few of the more populous communities, really only delivers it to some point near the residence of the individual concerned and holds it there a certain length of time waiting for him to call. If he doesn't call, the letter is returned to the writer. Up to about six years ago this condition prevailed all over the country outside of those cities wherein free delivery had been established. Rural free delivery had been tentatively discussed, but no active steps had been taken to establish it. People had been too long accustomed to going to the postoffice for their mail to make much fuss about it. In 1896 experimental service was instituted in several states under direction of the Postoffice department, and today thousands of families who live on farms have the mail brought to their doors each day. All



"A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK," CHARLES LEWIS, JR., IN HIS FATHER'S HUNTING CLOTHES.

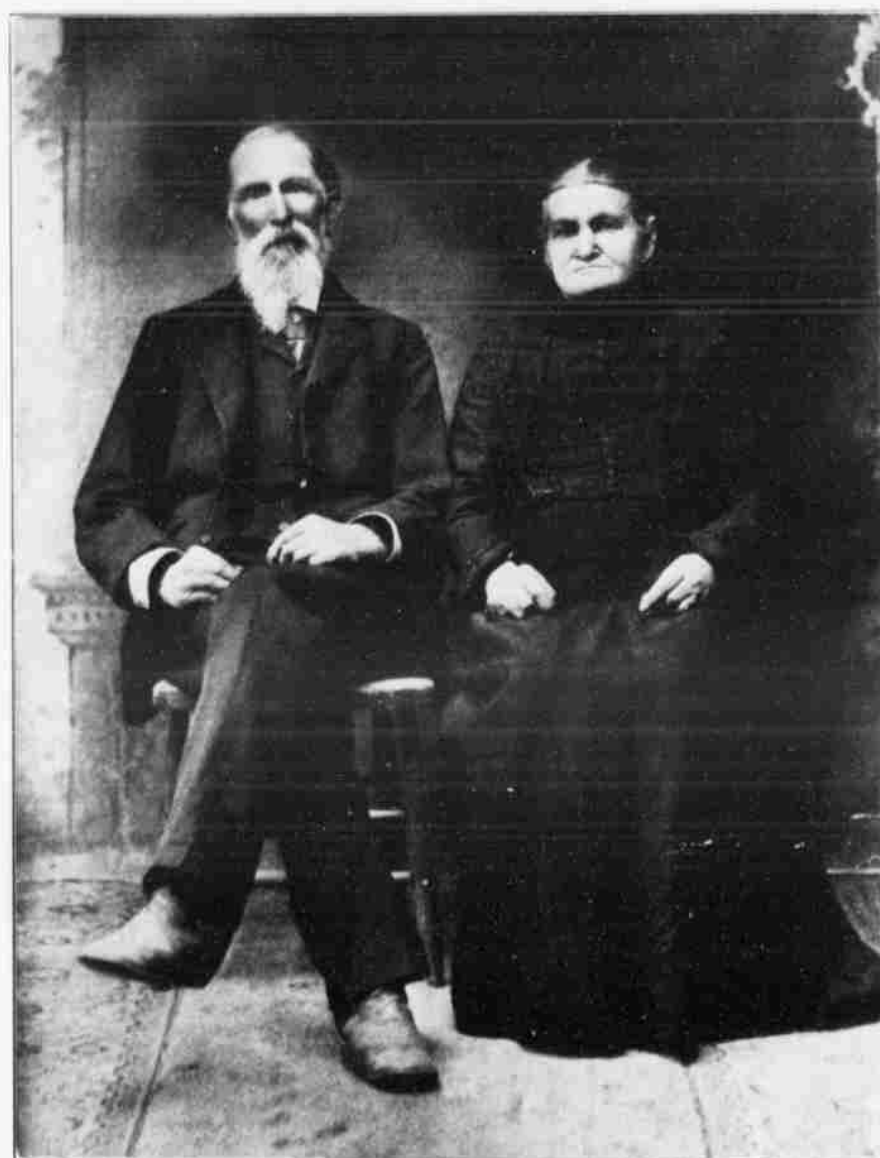
over the country the service has grown at a remarkable rate. Its advantages are many. In the first place the patrons don't have to go to the postoffice to get their mail; the route is required to guarantee the maintenance of a practicable road the year around. This one feature is an inestimable boon in most rural sections. Another feature is that it enables the farmer to have his daily paper delivered to him while yet it is fresh and the information it contains can be of service to him. Knowledge gained of markets and general commercial conditions in this way must be of far more value than the time and money spent in keeping the road in passable condition. Other advantages are readily apparent to the observer. The establishment of the rural free delivery service of the Post-

office department may be regarded as permanent.

Tuesday will be the thirty-seventh anniversary of the death of Abraham Lincoln. Although a new generation has grown up and the progress of the United States has been most wonderful in the years that have intervened, the memory of that tragic night and morning is still fresh in the minds of millions of Mr. Lincoln's countrymen. He had lived to see the close of the most stupendous war of modern times and had seen his plans for humanity take root. An assassin's bullet prevented his seeing the fruit, in shape of a reunited country, moving grandly to its glorious destiny. The picture of the death scene in this number of The Bee is reproduced from a painting made in 1865, and shows the historical characters who were grouped about the bedside of the leader when his great spirit took its flight.

Another exemplification of the beneficial effects of a well ordered matrimonial alliance and its tendency to conduce long life is the experience of John S. Davenport and Medorah Polk Davenport of Hubbell, Neb., who were married at Florence, Neb., on August 15, 1847. Mr. Davenport was then 21 years old and his wife 16. He is a native of Kentucky and she of New York. They were in the Mormon train that followed Brigham Young to Florence, and claim that they were the first white couple married in Nebraska. After the wedding they left the Mormons and went back to Iowa, locating near where Pacific Junction now stands. From here they made two trips to California and finally settled in Nebraska. In 1876 they made their home near Hubbell, where they still live, hale and hearty. They have seven children, twenty-six grandchildren and twenty-four great grandchildren living. On August 15, 1897, when they celebrated their golden wedding with some considerable ceremony, "Uncle Johnny," as he is affectionately called, turned a handspring just to show some of his young descendants how to do it.

Nine out every ten hunters of the present day—and maybe the percentage is larger—can recall the time when they went hunting with papa. What a joy it was to hold the gun, to carry the powderflask or the shot-pouch. And how the boyish heart beat when the father, after careful instructions as to how to hold the pieces, draw a bead and the like, allowed the little fellow to take a shot for himself. With knees that would tremble, with arms that wavered despite the rest, and eyes that no amount of paternal injunction could keep open, the



JOHN S. AND MEDORAH POLK DAVENPORT OF HUBBELL, Neb., WHO WERE MARRIED AT FLORENCE, Neb., IN 1847.

weapon was laid across a convenient stump or fence rail, and the trigger pulled. Heavens! what a kick that gun did have. Shoulders have been bruised until black and blue since then, but the memory of that first recoil has never been effaced. Boys grow

taller, but their natures do not change. Little boys still look forward to the time when they can have papa's gun and go hunting with him, and in the meantime they enjoy being dressed in papa's hunting togs and playing they're grown up.

Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

IT MAY not be generally known that Amzi Lorenzo Barber, notwithstanding the \$25,000,000 made in asphalt in the last nineteen years, is one of the expert secular theologians of the age. As professor of philosophy in Howard university he seemed as far from manufacturing streets to order as if he had been nourished on manna in the wilderness of Hepsidam and did not know that Pitch lake existed.

In an Indianapolis office building two lawyers, Messrs. R. C. Robinson and John H. Jump, have offices on opposite sides of a corridor. Mr. Robinson's office boy, with labor-saving inclinations, whittled out a sign board with a wheel at the end, and by manipulating the wheel he saved himself numerous inquiries as to whether his employer was "in" or "out." The scheme worked so well that the rival boy across the hall made a similar sign. It was put up while Judge Jump was at court. When he returned to his office he stood in the corridor and laughed for five minutes, while the boy, unconscious that the chief was anywhere near, made his sign read alternately "Jump In" and "Jump Out."

Dr. P. M. Rixey recalls that when President McKinley's mother sat down for the first time to a White House dinner, relates the Washington Times, what seemed to impress her most was the prodigious supply of cream, and she commented on its abundance, and then added:

"Well, William, at last I know what they mean when they speak of the cream of society."

The president laughed. "I admit," said he, "that there seems to be an extravagant array of cream on the table, but, you know, mother, we can afford to keep a cow, now."

During the recent by-elections in the province of Ontario Sir Wilfrid Laurier, premier of the Dominion of Canada, was on an electioneering tour. The elections were bitterly contested and efforts were made both by the liberals and conservatives to stir up race and religious prejudice. A Quebec liberal, whose acquaintance with Sir Wilfrid was only political, sent this telegram to his leader:

"Report in circulation in this county that your children have not been baptized. Telegraph denial."

To which dispatch the premier sent this reply:

"Sorry to say report is correct. I have no children."

Hasan Pasha has the reputation of being the richest man in the Turkish government. He is supposed to be worth \$40,000,000 or \$50,000,000, all of which he has acquired while in the service of the government. He has great influence with the

sultan. The latter considers him one of his most loyal and efficient officers and trusts him implicitly.

The death of Cecil Rhodes recalls Alfred Beit, the German who was his partner in making a fortune out of diamond fields, gold mines, railroads and land and who is now said to be the wealthiest man in the world, with securities and investments estimated at from \$500,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000. Beit has a splendid mansion in London facing Hyde park, as well as palatial homes in South Africa and in Hamburg. Unlike Rhodes, he has not had political ambitions.

"Senator Hanna does not claim to be a scholar," remarked one of his colleagues, quoted by the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, "but frequently he surprises his friends by his quick and keen quotation from philosophers and historians."

"I was enjoying luncheon with him recently and was struck with the charm and range of his conversation. In a moment

of confidence, and with perhaps a mischievous purpose of decoying him into an expression of possible further political ambitions he might entertain, I said: "Senator, you have great wealth and many honors and I know that you are a man of abundant happiness, but do you not at times cherish a wish for something in addition to all your present achievement?"

"While I had been speaking Senator Hanna had been looking along the table at several dishes which he had not tasted, for although he is blessed with a rare constitution he does not eat to excess."

"Yes, I have a wish," he replied, "and it is very similar to one expressed by an ancient Roman. My wish is that I might eat what I please and compel some democrat to digest it!"

Harry W. Watrous, the artist and secretary of the National academy, was called to serve on a jury and, answering the summons, found one of his fellow jurors a man of benevolent appearance, who exhibited signs of nervous annoyance, relates the

N. Y. Times. Finally, when he could contain himself no longer, he burst out:

"Do you know why the laws of this country are made, sir?"

"Certainly, they are made to be broken," replied Mr. Watrous; "otherwise how could we keep our jails filled?"

"You are speaking in a spirit of levity, sir, and I am in earnest. Do you know why the jury laws are made?"

"To annoy peaceful citizens."

"You are correct, sir! Here am I, a peaceful, law-abiding citizen, torn from my profession, which I love, sir, to serve on the jury. I work at my profession every day, including Sundays. It takes me into the homes of the poor and I see them in their troubles. My heart aches for them, and do you think I am in a fit condition to do jury duty?"

Mr. Watrous was interested. "Why don't you explain matters to the judge? I am sure he would excuse you."

"It's no use, I've tried. If this keeps up, I'll renounce my citizenship. I'll become a Swede, a Turk, a—"

"My dear sir, don't do anything rash. I, too, am a professional man, and I know how you must suffer. Would you mind telling me what your profession is?"

"Certainly not, sir; I'm proud of it. I'm an undertaker!"

Peter MacQueen, the well known Boston lecturer, who was with President Roosevelt at Santiago, and with Lawton in his last campaign in the Philippines, is staying at the Murray Hill hotel, reports the New York Tribune. Mr. MacQueen has a fund of interesting stories about army life, and is an enthusiastic admirer of the regular army private, whose sense of humor, he declares, is unfailing. The following is one of his favorite stories:

"In the last expedition General Lawton made against Santa Cruz two regiments, the Fourth cavalry and an Idaho regiment, were sent up the Laguna de Bay in native boats. In the darkness two regiments ran into one another and great confusion resulted.

"What former outfit are you?" yelled the Idaho boys, derisively at the clumsy cavalry.

"Lawton's Fourth cavalry," answered the regulars.

"Fine cavalry!" was the answer. "Where are your horses?"

"Here in our knapsacks," replied the cavalry, rattling their cans of "salt horse."

Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: Artlessness is at the head of the high-art class.

When a man lends his influence he rarely gets it back.

Any man who is unable to bear misfortune is truly unfortunate.

Many a man uses his religion as a sort of lightning rod.

If you would make a fool of a man applaud rather than praise him.

Nothing provokes a proud woman like the pride of some other woman.

Nothing is so uncertain as the minds of a certain class of politicians.

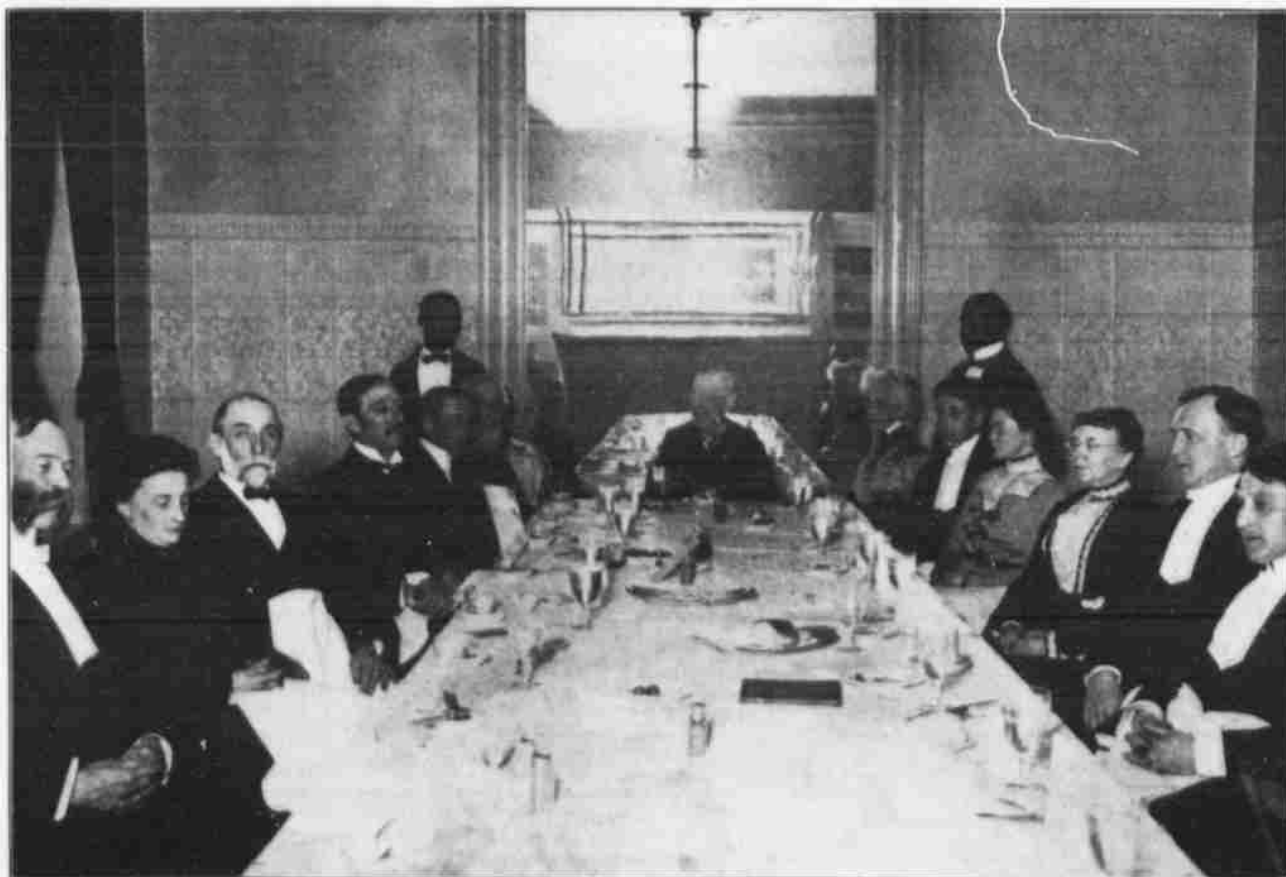
When a man boasts of his ancestors probably he has nothing to look forward to.

A statesman amiably in the right is no match for a politician pugnaciously in the wrong.

If the bootjacks were bouquets the nine lives of the musical midnight cat would be strewn with flowers.

Many a man's success in life is due to the fact that he is foolish in his talk, but wise in his actions.

It's an easy matter to please a woman. All you have to do is say to her only the things she likes to hear.



SCENE AT THE TABLE WHEN THE OMAHA DARTMOUTH ALUMNI AND THEIR LADIES SAT DOWN TO THE ANNUAL BANQUET—Flashlight by a Staff Artist.