

## THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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## Pen and Picture Pointers

**U**LIVUS STERLING MORTON will be remembered by the generation who worked with him to make a state out of a wilderness for many reasons. His indomitable courage, his unswerving perseverance and his unflinching loyalty to whatever cause he espoused made him a prominent figure socially, politically and commercially. Future generations will remember him as the

reward was great. Few men have ever been honored while yet living by having their birthday declared a public holiday, yet Mr. Morton lived to see his idea become a national idea and his home state adopt his natal day as the annual date for Arbor day. Many eulogies have been spoken over this dead Nebraskan, but none so eloquent as that rustic of the leaves in summer winds that stir the boughs of beautiful trees, where woods there were none before the Sage of Arbor Lodge adopted his motto, "Plant Trees." Spring, summer, fall and winter, throughout the seasons round the year, with swelling bud and bursting blossom, with ripened fruit or naked branches, the trees will bow their heads and in the breezes murmur a perpetual requiem to him who loved them so well.

Two hundred thousand dollars does not look very big as a fire loss when set down alongside of the figures of conflagrations that have gone down into history, yet it is quite large enough to satisfy the citizens of Red Oak. When they look at the blackened walls that remain on the south side of the "square" where stood a row of busi-



EUGENE F. WARE, NEW PENSION COMMISSIONER.



CONGRESSMEN NEWLANDS AND MENDALL, THE IRRIGATION BOOSTERS.

"Father of Arbor Day." In Nebraska his memory is fixed in this respect, for the law of the state makes his birthday a holiday, to be observed by the planting of trees. Tree planting was more than a hobby with Mr. Morton. He believed in it and practiced it for utilitarian rather than sentimental reasons. To be sure, he sought as far as possible to blend the beautiful with the useful, but it was certainly the practical side which appealed to him first and foremost. He did not profess to be a farmer, but he was able to see the value of tree planting to the farmers of a prairie state. He made other suggestions of a practical nature to the husbandmen of Nebraska, but to none did he hold with the same pertinacity that marked his advocacy of arboriculture. This he taught by practice as well as by precept. And his

ness buildings they do not require the presence of statistics in order to assure them that recently that part of town was the scene of right smart of a blaze. Red Oak has long been known for the push and pluck of its citizens, and while the loss is a severe one it is by no means a crippling blow. Before the embers had ceased glowing plans for rebuilding were under way and the autumnal skies will shine over a Red Oak from which all vestige of a destructive fire has been removed. It is the spirit which has made the west that animates the citizens of Red Oak.

Irrigation has been presented to the people of the east during the present session of congress in a light entirely new. Heretofore the word has been associated with arid wastes, and other unlovely things. Once it was asserted in some parts of the

east that irrigation was only a scheme to secure money from the government in order to provide additional competition for the farmers where irrigation is unnecessary. Fate is usually ironical and was never more so than just now, when the supply of food stuff is running short and prices are going sky high. Those who only a little while ago trembled before the bugaboo of overproduction are now suppliant before an actual condition of shortage in crops. No more forcible illustration of the need of more farming land and better methods in farming could have been afforded. Discussion has broadened the view of many who did not understand the conditions, and irrigation now means to eastern people a great comprehensive system of water storage, conservation and distribution, to the end that some sundry millions of acres may be added to the arable area of the United States and their usufruct go to swell the total of the world's food supply. Two western men who have aided in bringing about this change of public opinion in the east, and who have worked together with a view to securing action by the general government on a matter so vital to all the people are Representatives Mendell of Wyoming and Newlands of Nevada, the one a republican and the other a democrat, but united on this issue. Mr. Newlands is the author of a comprehensive irrigation bill, which Mr. Mendell reported favorably from the committee and which will be the basis of any irrigation legislation that may be adopted by the present congress, and general report has it that prospects for some legislation are very bright.

Eugene F. Ware, the new commissioner of pensions, may have been never so bright as a lawyer; he may have brilliantly conducted many a case; as an editor he may have written articles pregnant with deep thought or scintillating with witty argument or ironical opposition, but none of these things is remembered for him. Peo-

ple are now being reminded that he wrote an ode to a "brass-eyed bird pup," an epic on a poker game and a song of a washerwoman. Scarcely one man in a hundred had heard of "Ironquill" and even fewer knew the title of his various verses. Of a sudden on his appointment there has been loosed a flood of stuff to read which one would think Mr. Ware's name is a household word, that his songs had superseded Mother Goose's as nursery ditties and that his chief end in life is to grind out metrical drivel. As a matter of fact, Mr. Ware is a hard-working lawyer, whose adventures as a poetaster have been limited and merely serve to pass the very few idle hours that have been his since in the early '60s he left the army and entered journalism as a reporter on the Burlington Hawkeye. He was born in 1841 in Hartford, Conn., coming from Puritan stock. While yet a lad his parents took him to Burlington, Ia., where he enlisted in answer to Lincoln's first call for troops. He served five years in the army and one year on the Hawkeye, going to Kansas in 1867. Frontier journalism and the study of law engrossed his time and in 1871 he was admitted to the bar. In 1871 he was married. He has won high distinction at the bar, being a member of one of the most prominent Kansas firms of attorneys and having an extensive practice in both state and federal courts. His wife and family, consisting of one son and three daughters, will accompany him to Washington.

From the day of Pentecost until now men and women have been going forth with the message of Christianity, carrying the doctrines of the gentle Nazarene into all quarters of the world. Much has been said and written of them, but not all has been told, nor is it likely all will be known until that day when the great book of judgment is opened and read. Modern missionary effort does not require the sacrifice that was necessary even a few years

ago. In no known quarter of the globe does the missionary now grace the heathen board as the piece de resistance of the feast. While this pleasant prospect is no longer possible as an allurements for seekers after martyrdom, plenty of proof is at hand that teaching the gospel to those sitting in darkness is not all cakes and ale. China during the last dozen years has afforded several notable instances of the occasional non-receptivity of the heathen and the sternness of the measures now and then adopted to discourage the work. Death alone ends the missionary's work, though, and when one dies another comes, so the work goes steadily on. It is being extended as rapidly as the funds of the various mission boards will permit, so that the frontiers of Christianity are advancing all the time. Very recently Omaha had the pleasure of entertaining for a few days a number of women who have devoted their lives to the dissemination of the gospel of Jesus Christ among heathen nations. South Africa, Persia, India, China and Corea were represented among these. They gave accounts of personal experiences among the peoples to whom they have been sent, and told with a spirit of high encouragement of the work that has been done and the prospect of doing more. The occasion was the thirty-seventh annual convention of the Women's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest, and drew delegates from all the northwestern states and missionaries from all over the world.

During the same week Omaha entertained another religious body which held its convention, the Epworth league of the Omaha district. This is the young people's organization of the Methodist church, and while its scope is limited and confined within denominational lines, it is important as a factor in the general plan of state work. The session in Omaha was brief, as but little business beyond election of officers came before the body.

## Gleanings from the Story Tellers' Pack

**U**N ONE of the Philadelphia colleges a professor of chemistry asked a student the other day:

"Now, suppose you were called to a patient who had swallowed a heavy dose of oxalic acid, what would you administer?"

"I would administer the sacrament," replied the student, who, by the way, is said to be studying for the ministry, and takes chemistry because it is obligatory.

After dinner one very disagreeable night last week, relates the New York Post, a certain Madison avenue physician, looking from his office window and seeing the rain beat against the glass, decided that he would have a quiet, uninterrupted evening at home. He was soon in his house coat, a novel in his hand and tobacco smoke was curling around him. About 10 o'clock someone rang the doorbell.

"The doctor is wanted right away at—" began the caller.

"He can't go, sir," answered the servant quickly. "He left word that he was not well and that unless it was a case of life or death he would not venture out."

"Well, you tell him he must come over; we need him to sit in a poker game."

"Oh, you're Mr. B—, are you? Step in, please, and I'll see."

A minute later the servant reappeared with: "The doctor says he'll be right over."

thing I thought. I'm going to let Morr's tell. I'm sure he knows."

Morris rose to his feet, stood in the air in true military position and like a shot from a gun, in response to the teacher's:

"Tell us what it is, Morris," came the ready answer:

"A clean undershirt, teacher."

Congressman Amos J. Cummings of New York is an industrious man and some time ago found that devotion to both his official duties and his literary occupations had "run him down." Thinking to recuperate by a few days' rest, he went to the most fashionable hotel at one of the southern winter resorts. A letter of introduction to the manager of the establishment brought a hearty welcome and "the best in the house." But his appreciation was rather diminished by the unexpected size of the bill.

As he was leaving Cummings stopped at the hotel news stand to get some papers. The pretty young woman attendant called his attention to a showcase filled with fancy trifles and said sweetly:

"Congressman, don't you want a souvenir?"

"What for?" asked Mr. Cummings rather gruffly.

"Why, to serve as a reminder of this place," she said.

"Humph!" replied Mr. Cummings, looking ruefully at his receipted hotel bill. "I don't want to remember it. If you have any souvenirs there that will make me forget it I'll buy one."

After the last of the Rev. Dr. Talmage's Brooklyn churches had been destroyed by fire, relates the New York Times, he started to preach in the old Fourteenth Street Academy of Music, in New York City, and there became well acquainted with Ed Gilmore, the manager. Mr. Gilmore's reverence is not his strongest characteristic, so it was quite like him to say:

"Look here, Talmage, tell me why it is that the Almighty permits your churches to burn up every little while, but never lets the flames get to a lot of dives and rum shops?"

"I'll answer that question after I get up there," replied Dr. Talmage, pointing solemnly heavenward.

"Oh," snapped Mr. Gilmore. "Well, it

is not a 100-to-1 shot that you are going to get there."

Dr. Talmage made no reply, but meeting Mr. Gilmore the next Sunday, he smiled and asked:

"Say, Ed, have the odds changed yet?"

The house cloakroom was in session on "the colored brother" and the southern members were telling stories of their experiences with him, relates the New York World.

"There was a campaign for mayor some years ago in Charlotte," said Representative Klutz of North Carolina, "and there were two democratic candidates. One of them was a fine old colonel of the true southern type. As there were two candidates from the same party much depended on the colored vote."

"The colonel one morning was accosted by an aged dandy. 'Boss, can you lend me a quarter?' asked the latter."

"'Good morning, my friend,' said the colonel, graciously, as he pulled out his pocketbook. 'How would a half-dollar do?'"

"The dandy was delighted. 'What ward do you vote in?' added the colonel."

"'Deed, boss, I doan' vote in no ward; I live out yander in de country.'"

"'What do you mean by accosting a gentleman on the street?' roared the colonel, putting the half-dollar back in his pocket and stamping away."

When the Seventh Illinois Infantry was part of the volunteer army in 1898, relates the New York Times, things fell out that the Irish warriors, like thousands of other eager patriots, did not obtain a chance to face the Don upon the blood-red field, and were forced to languish in inglorious restlessness at Camp Alger, near Washington. Finally the powers that be decided to give the soldiers a "practice march" of several days' duration from Fort Myer, Va., to Harrisburg, Pa. As the highway led over ground which had been bitterly contested in the rebellion, camps were pitched at various historic spots for the sentiment connected therewith. It chanced that one of these was the site of the battle of Bull Run. But when the troops had arranged their "pup" tents on the field the commissary wagons failed to put in an appearance, they having been switched off on a blind road somewhere, so that for twelve

hours they did not find the camp. Of course there was a court of inquiry to investigate the matter, over which General Grenville M. Dodge, one of the heroes of the civil war, presided.

Major Lawrence M. Ennis, commander of the Second battalion of the Seventh Illinois, was one of the witnesses, and told the story briefly.

"Major," said the judge advocate, "how long did you say your command was without rations?"

"Seventeen hours, sir," replied the major. General Dodge saw his chance to get in his little joke. "Well," he drawled from his place at the head of the table, "when I was at Bull Run we didn't worry about rations very much."

"Yes, general," admitted Ennis, with a bow, "but you know we staid there a good deal longer than you did."

General Dodge allowed the examination to proceed without further interruption.

The world has so long been at war with the hapless printer that it will be interesting to know that at least one compositor has been capable of following instructions. Once upon a time a printer brought to Booth for inspection proof of a new poster, which, after the manner of its kind, announced the actor as "the eminent tragedian, Edwin Booth." Mr. Booth did not fully approve of it.

"I wish you'd leave out that 'eminent tragedian' business. I'd much rather have it simple 'Edwin Booth,'" he said.

"Very good, sir."

The next week the actor saw the first of his new bills in position. His request had been carried out to the letter. The poster announced the coming engagement of "Simple Edwin Booth."

While sketching in the Alps not long ago Mr. Boughton, the English artist, was in search of a suitable background of dark pines for a picture he had planned. He found at last the precise situation he was seeking and, best of all, there happened to be a pretty detail in the figure of an old woman in the foreground.

"I asked the old lady," said Mr. Boughton, "to remain seated until I had made a sketch of her. She assented, but in a few minutes asked me how long I should be,

'Only about a quarter of an hour,' I answered reassuringly.

"Three minutes or so later she again asked me—this time with manifest anxiety—if I should be much longer.

"'Oh, not long,' I answered. 'But why do you ask me so anxiously?'"

"'Oh, it's nothing,' she sadly answered, 'only I'm sitting on an ant hill.'"

Jerome C. Knowlton, professor of law in the University of Michigan, has a vast fund of good stories and tells them to perfection. One is of the time when United States Senator Quarles of Wisconsin was a student. One morning Quarles went to his class in chemistry without having studied his lesson. The chemistry professor asked the students to recite in the order in which they were seated, and Quarles hid behind a youth of massive frame. But the professor knew he was there, and when it came to his turn the old gentleman called out in a shrill tone: "Quarles, your ears are too long to hide there."

Prof. William B. Scott of Princeton, who presided as toastmaster at the dinner of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia recently, announced to the hundred or more famous men who sat around the tables that he occupied his post unwillingly, and then to prove his point and show how little he relished the position in which he was standing, he told this story:

"Tim and Clancy were walking through the wilds of New Jersey, bound for New York, when Tim spied a wildcat crouched in the branches of a tree near the road. Clutching his companion by the arm, and pointing excitedly to the beast, he said:

"'Clancy, do yez see that feline Maltese cat? Ol've a frind on Vasey street as wud give \$40 fur ut. Stand yez under now, an' Ol'll go up an' shake her dune. All yez'll have to do is to howl her.'"

"Clancy did as he was told, and Tim went up and shook and shook till the cat did absolutely tumble. Clancy grabbed her. When there came a moment's lull in the cyclone of fur and Clancy and dust and grass, the wondering Tim, looking on from above, called down:

"'Shall Ol come dune, Clancy, an' help howl her?'"

"'Come dune! Come dune!' gasped Clancy. 'Come dune, an' help let her go!'"