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## Pen and Picture Pointers

**T**OMAS ESTRADA PALMA must in a measure at least realize the feeling that animated Mazzeppa. "Time at last sets all things even," said the old Hetman in telling his story to the tired king. In the case of President-elect Palma of Cuba time has balanced the score. While his exit from Cuba was not quite so spectacular as that of Mazzeppa from Poland, nor his return accompanied by fire and sword, he fled, a hunted patriot—a price upon his head. His one dear hope has been realized and for a second time he has been chosen president of his native island. Senor Palma has seen his mother practically murdered by marauding Spaniards; has seen his estates confiscated, his family scattered, has been confined in prison and condemned to death. He has borne arms in the field and twenty-six years ago was president of the Cuban republic. He was betrayed by Cubans and spent years in Spanish prisons, first in Cuba, then in Spain, but never did he abandon for a moment his fealty to the Cuban cause. "Independence or nothing" was his motto when he was elected in 1876, and has been ever since. And now he has gone home to be inaugurated president of the Cuban republic, not a republic composed of a band of struggling patriots, meeting in secret, but of a government firmly established and backed by the strength of the greatest of all republics.

Tomas Estrada Palma was born July 9, 1835, on his father's estate, in the province of Santiago de Cuba. His father was one of the wealthiest of Cubans and the boy was surrounded in his early life by every luxury. His early schooling was in Havana, but he later went to Seville and attended the famous university there. He was licensed as a lawyer, but never practiced, the corruption of the Spanish courts in Cuba turning him against his profession. He studied government and mingled with the men of the island. In 1867, when the intrigues which led to the revolution were bubbling, Palma was busy in the conspiracies against Spain. His social eminence brought him close to the leaders, and when, in 1868, the standard of revolt was raised, he joined the revolutionists. It was at this time, while he was absent from home, his mother was taken prisoner by the Spanish, marched without food until she could no longer walk and then abandoned in the woods. Here she was found by the patriots, but died soon after. Her son's life has since been devoted to the cause of Cuban freedom. He was a member of the Cuban assembly in 1869 and was soon made secretary of the republic. In 1876 he was elected president and was shortly after betrayed into the hands of the Spaniards. He was imprisoned first in Merro castle at Havana and then taken to Spain. After about five years he escaped and made his way to the United States. Here he resumed his activity in behalf of the cause of his country, and when the revolt again broke out in 1896 Palma was most active in securing aid for the patriots. His efforts to secure belligerent rights for the Cubans and his continual work in behalf of the cause brought him very prominently before the American people. The war of 1898 between the United

States and Spain secured the freedom of Cuba. Since then a constitution has been adopted by the people of the island and Tomas Estrada Palma has been elected president. On Tuesday of next week he will be formally inaugurated president at Havana.

Engineer John P. Jackson has been retired from circulation by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway company. Following him into retirement is a monthly check from the company for \$77, and so long as this old and able servant of the company shall live. In 1866 John P. Jackson first mounted the "right-hand side" of one of the Northwestern engines, and ever since then until the first of this month he has made his regular trips. Intervals of idleness have been forced upon him by circumstances, such as on one occasion, when he lay pinned down for three hours under the engine that had turned over. This time he was partly cooked by hot water and steam and lost several fingers from his left hand. That was in June, 1871. In 1876 he pulled the famous Jarrett-Palmer special from Boone to Council Bluffs and later was given a gold-headed cane for making the best run of any on the trip from coast to coast. He has a letter from the superintendent thanking him for making up one hour and nine minutes on the fast mail's time between Boone and Omaha. In order to do this he had to cover 151 miles in 131 minutes, but he did it. One of the peculiar features of Jackson is his size. Most engineers are big men, their life tending to develop the physique, but Jackson is small. So small, indeed, that it is told of him around the Boone roundhouse that he couldn't reverse his engine, and so always had to run ahead. It was his size that saved him when in June, 1871, his engine jumped the track at State Center and turned over twenty feet from the rails. He was caught under the cab brace, where a larger man would have been crushed, and held there while the hot water and steam cooked his face and breast. His record is made and is the pride of his fellow engineers, who hope he will live long to enjoy the liberal pension the company has allowed him.

An example of what may be expected in the way of architecture at the Louisiana Purchase exposition at St. Louis in 1904 is afforded by the Electricity building, which is now being constructed. It is located on the main central avenue and will be one of the principal elements of the main exposition picture. It is to have a frontage of 650 feet toward the north and 525 toward the east, facing the main lagoon. The design is a bold columnated treatment of the Corinthian order. The main idea has been to supply as much exhibit space as possible in the 322,000 square feet of floor surface. On a balcony which will extend around the interior 100,000 feet additional floor space is obtained. Arrangements are made for the use of the building as an observation point during the construction period on the grounds. Walker & Kimball of Boston and Omaha are the architects and William Goldie's Sons, well known to Omaha, are the contractors, the price being \$399,940.

Dr. Frank Strong, president of the University of Oregon, who has been chosen by the Kansas regents for the position of chancellor of the Kansas State university, is a lawyer by profession and an educator from choice. He is a native of New York and was graduated from the academic department at Yale in 1884. He took the two years' work of the law school in one, graduating in 1885. After a year's study with Hon. Sereno E. Payne of New York he was admitted to the bar at Rochester in 1886, and came west to practice. He followed his profession a short time at Kansas City and went to St. Joseph as principal of the High school, from 1888 to 1892. He then went to Lincoln as superintendent of schools for three years, and re-



GEORGE JULIAN MEYERS, U. S. N., COUNCIL BLUFFS BOY WHO WAS GRADUATED WITH HONORS AT ANNAPOLIS.

turned to the Yale graduate school, taking the degree of Ph. D. in history in 1897. He was appointed lecturer in history at Yale in 1897 and remained there two years, going thence to Eugene, Ore., to be head of the State university there. His work was directed to the reorganization and expansion of the university and uniting the state in its support. In this he has been quite successful. Dr. Strong has written a great many articles and several widely read books on historical topics.

Cadet George Julian Meyers, who was graduated with honors from the Naval academy at Annapolis, was born and raised in Council Bluffs, where he received his education in the public schools until appointed to Annapolis. He is 21 years of age and was but 17 years old when he received his appointment from Congressman Hager. When the vacancy occurred for the appointment of a cadet to the academy from this section of the state of Iowa there were many aspirants for the place. A competitive examination was held and young Meyers, who was then studying in the Council Bluffs High school, captured the appointment from sixteen other aspirants. He went to the academy before being able to graduate from the High school. Cadet Meyers is the son of Mrs. Emma Meyers of 491 Park avenue, widow of Ferdinand Meyers, who at the time of his death was one of the veteran mail carriers of Council Bluffs. Two of his sisters are teachers in the public schools of Council Bluffs, one of them being principal of the Twentieth avenue school.

Cadet Meyers ranked fifth among the western cadets, one of whom, Henry Wallace of Denver, headed the graduating class.

Tecumseh High school gives here a basket-ball team of which they are especially proud. It is composed of bright and active lasses who have been able to adapt themselves to the rigors of the game and score a large number of victories over contestants from other schools. The picture of the boy in this number will add weight to Nebraska's claim for distinction on other grounds than as a purely agricultural state.

Chasing wolves with hounds is still popular wherever the wolves can be found. The vigorous warfare carried on by the farmers of eastern Nebraska during the winter has nearly rid this section of the state of these pests, but now and again one is heard from. News of his presence is soon followed by news of his death in the case of Bre'er Wolf. One recently put in appearance near Brown City and a lot of



FRANK STRONG, PH. D., CHANCELLOR-ELECT OF KANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY.



ENGINEER JOHN P. JACKSON, HERO OF MANY FAST RUNS ON THE NORTHWESTERN.



MR. AND MRS. CHARLES VANCE DIMON OF TABLE ROCK, NEB., WHO CELEBRATED THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING IN APRIL.

sportsmen were soon in pursuit, following the hounds owned by W. T. Collings. In one of the pictures this week the result is shown. Mr. Wolf is hanging by his hind legs, while the dogs are held in leash by Willie Collings, son of the owner.

April 28, 1852, Charles Vance Dimon and Caroline Matilda Woodward were married at Cherry Ridge, Wayne county, Pa. Fifty years later they celebrated their golden

wedding at Table Rock, Richardson county, Neb. For forty-five years Mr. and Mrs. Dimon have lived at Table Rock and have won the love and esteem of a wide circle of friends, who made the golden wedding celebration quite a felicitous affair. Their married life has been unblemished by children, but they have adopted and raised three, the last a young woman of 21, living with them now as a solace and comfort of their declining years.

## Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

**T**HE enterprising manager of a chautauqua bureau recently offered Senator Hanna \$10,000 for a series of eighteen lectures in the south and middle west. He was sorely disappointed when the Ohio boss refused to consider his offer. "Why," said the manager plaintively, "it's as much money as he gets for serving two years in the senate and he could easily make the circuit in a month."

It is the delight of certain younger members of Parliament representing Irish constituents to badger Arthur Balfour on every possible occasion. Last St. Patrick's day he received a suspicious looking box containing a bunch of shamrocks, a white powder and a spiral spring. "Dynamite," thought the house leader, but a chemist pronounced it powdered sugar impregnated with lemon. Further examination of the box disclosed a card with the words: "Buy the whisky yourself and then you can make a Ballyhooley lemonade."

James A. Hart of the Chicago Base Ball club described in the Saturday Evening Post a notable base ball enthusiast, Arthur Dixwell of Boston. In 1889 he traveled with the Boston team the entire season; did not miss a single game; paid his own expenses in every way; asked no favors, and in addition presented the players with a box of cigars at the close of every game they won. Mr. Dixwell kept all the records of the National league players as faithfully

as a bank clerk keeps his books. That fall the team made a trip to California after the close of the season, and Mr. Dixwell played the string out. Although ordinarily a very quiet man, he was on his feet shouting his peculiar "Hi, Hi!" whenever the time came for applause for the Bostonians. He soon was dubbed "Hi Hi Dixwell," but, being a man of dignity, the sobriquet seemed too familiar, consequently he was called "General Hi Hi Dixwell."

Justice William L. Putnam of the United States circuit court of appeals in Portland, Ore., recently fell into conversation with a young man of the nouveaux riches who expressed astonishment that the judge could get along on his salary of \$6,000 a year. "Why," said the purse-proud youth, "it easily costs me twice that amount to live a year." The judge answered gravely: "It isn't worth it, George; it isn't worth it."

At a recent reception at Washington Minister Wu was introduced to Dr. Mary Walker. The usual polite greetings were barely completed when the little doctor stepped back a pace and, drawing her rather slight anatomy up to the uttermost semblance of dignity that she could command, with an expression, too, of utter disapprobation upon her countenance, eyed the big Chinaman most severely for a moment. With a look of astonishment at this attitude, to which the popular diplomat is so little accustomed, he waited in curiosity for what was coming, for Dr. Mary's expression

was portentous. At last she let him have it with a look that might have annihilated one less a philosopher: "Why do you wear petticoats, Mr. Wu?" The minister, smiling blandly, as only a Chinaman can, replied: "Because it is the custom of my country, madam." And then, after a slight pause to give his words all the effect possible: "Why do you wear trousers, madam?"

Congressman Grosvenor used to be a good storyteller, but of late does not show his old-time felicity. The other day he was relating an anecdote to some colleagues, but when he reached the climax he didn't "set a hand," as they say on the vaudeville stage. The Ohio man explained the point of his joke, but, of course, it fell somewhat flat. One of the listeners said: "Grosvenor, you are going back. We used to see the point of your jokes on one application." "Yes," assented the congressman, "and now they have to be sent to a conference committee for interpretation."

Summarizing his judgment of Cecil Rhodes in Everybody's Magazine, T. P. O'Connor says: "His face was a contradiction. Massive, strong, remarkable in some respects; in others it was weak, common, undistinguished. You didn't know whether you could call it imperial, like the face of Caesar, or common and coarse, like that of the popular prize fighter. And such the man was; imperial, lofty, a dreamer of great dreams, and, at the same time, somewhat squalid, somewhat common, somewhat

silly; one of those amalgams of contradictions which nature makes in an hour of wanton gaudy and malice, and which create among mankind the cross-purposes, the commingling of good and evil, that are the tragedies of human history."

William H. Moody of Massachusetts, who stepped from congress to the post of secretary of the navy, has won an amiable reputation as a man of solidity of character. On one occasion when an opponent protested that he had been done an injustice, relates the Saturday Evening Post, Mr. Moody with quick courtesy instructed the stenographers to furnish an abstract of the speech to the protesting member, so that the latter might have opportunity to mark for expurgation any objectionable paragraphs.

When a colleague at one time doubted whether Mr. Moody's constituents would endorse a measure he was supporting, he replied:

"I was not sent here to shake and shiver like a dry leaf in a November gale, whenever a protest came from home, but to exercise my intelligence and to vote for measures according to how, in my best judgment, they would benefit or injure the people."

Joseph Jefferson was asked the other day why he never introduced a dog into "Rip Van Winkle," and this was his reply: "If I had brought on a real dog he would never have pleased everyone, because each

one had a special idea of what sort of a dog Schneider ought to be. And if the tail of the dog of realism had wagged once at the wrong time it would have spoiled everything."

President Loubet of France made a flying visit to his mother at her farm near Dauphney recently and found the old woman kneading dough for the family baking. "Mother," said he, "you are getting too old for that work. Sit down here and talk to me." He then took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and undertook the job himself. He was still busy at it when a messenger arrived from Paris with some important papers. The dandified Parisian was more than astonished at the sight, but the president finished his kneading before attending to the official matter.

In an article on Governor Van Sant of Minnesota in the Saturday Evening Post, Forrest Crissey tells of the governor's first political speech, which was made early in his teens. With a group of young companions in Rock Island, his native town, he went to hear Stephen A. Douglass speak in his celebrated campaign for re-election to the United States senate. In the course of his speech the Little Giant scornfully exclaimed: "Who is Abraham Lincoln? He would never have been heard of but for me. I made him!" This was more than the steamboat boy, the devotee of the rail splitter, could stand. He sprang to his feet and shouted: "Then, sir, you've made a president!"