

"The Rainmakers"---Omaha Commercial Club



ARTHUR SMITH AS A CAB DRIVER.



SECRETARY UTT TAKES A RIDE.



CHARLIE JOHANNES OUT FOR BUSINESS.



LINE-UP OF "THE RAINMAKERS"—COMMERCIAL CLUB MEMBERS WHO WENT ON THE SOUTH PLATTE EXCURSION.

Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

SENATOR PERKINS of California called on President Roosevelt with a constituent who sought a consular appointment. In answer to the president the visitor said he had no doubt Senator Perkins would give him strong indorsement. "I am ready to rest my chances on what the senator will say," he added, "on one condition. I must be permitted to leave the room after the senator. I want to hear all he says, Mr. President, if it's all the same to you and to him."

Not the least picturesque figure at the coronation of King Edward will be Madho Singj Badadur, the maharajah of Jeypore, an Indian state with a population of about 2,500,000. He will be attended by a retinue of 120 persons and he has chartered an Anchor line steamship of 5,000 tons to convey him and his suite to London. The maharajah is 41 years old and has ruled his state for twenty-two years. He is said to be descended through 140 generations from Rama, the greatest legendary hero of India.

When the late Congressman Cummings was a Washington correspondent he received the graphic orders to get some information from Secretary Seward, but the latter curtly told the young man he could not be bothered. Cummings drew himself up and said very deliberately: "You seem to forget, sir, that there are three parties seeking this interview—you, the secretary of state; the correspondent of the New York Sun, who comes to you on a perfectly proper errand, and an American citizen, who considers himself the equal of any man on earth, and who will not be insulted by you or any other person." Mr. Seward promptly invited him to sit down and gave him all the information he wished.

Back in the '60s Governor Nye of Nevada was an inveterate poker player. One time while at Stillwater he was playing poker in the presence of Capsue, peace chief of the Piutes. Capsue asked the governor to play with him and the request was granted. The play was two bits ante and a dollar limit. The Indian's capital was \$10 and the governor, who cheated outrageously, soon won all the money. Capsue then put up his saddle, which quickly went with his

cash. His blanket followed. His pony was staked and lost. The governor's face wore a wicked smile. "Governor," said the Indian, "you got my money, my saddle, my blanket and my pony; now I bet you my squaw." The governor's expression at once became benevolent. "Capsue," he explained, "I cannot take your wife—the paleface does not indulge in double blessings of this variety; but if you will promise never to play poker again I will give you back your money and your property." Capsue was delighted and always after that told the story to illustrate what a great man was Governor Nye.

Thirty years ago General Palma, now president-elect of Cuba, hastily buried his mother, a victim of Spanish cruelty, in an obscure cemetery in Bayamo, with a wooden cross to mark the spot. Last week, with all tokens of respect and love, he and his friends disinterred the remains, placed them in a stately tomb bearing a tablet with this inscription: "Candelaria Palma, whose beloved son Tomas has returned after thirty years and given her a Christian burial."

Cardinal Martinelli, who learned English in Dublin, speaks it with the soft brogue peculiar to that city. He says that shortly after his arrival in this country an old woman called at the delegation upon some matter of minor importance and was granted an audience with the affable apostolic delegate. Then she startled the people of Washington by assuring them that the new delegate was an Irishman. "Indeed, then, he is Irish," she said, "because I heard him talk. And, sure, isn't his name Martin Kelly?"

Vassili Verestehagin, the famous Russian artist now resident at Washington, has established an open-air studio just outside of Fort Myer, and proposes to spend the summer there painting a picture of the battle of San Juan in which President Roosevelt, then colonel of the Rough Riders, bore a conspicuous part. The spot was chosen because of its pleasant surroundings and the near vicinity of a garrison where many veterans of the Santiago campaign are stationed, some of whom the artist will use as models. He will, too, be permitted to make studies from the cavalry

horses, and will have access to all paraphernalia and trappings. Two months ago the artist made sketches of the president for his battle piece. Since then he has journeyed to Cuba, going first to Havana, and remaining nearly a month at Santiago, where he passed a part of every day on San Juan hill with those who participated in or witnessed the battle. Before leaving the place he mastered every detail of the famous fight.

Mark Twain tells the following story in the North American Review: "Once I was received in private audience by an emperor. Last week I was telling a jealous person about it, and I could see him wince under it, see it bite, see him suffer. I revealed the whole episode to him with considerable elaboration and nice attention to detail. When I was through he asked me what impressed me most. I said: 'His majesty's delicacy. They told me to be sure and back out from his presence and find the doorknob the best I could do; it was not allowable to face around. Now, the emperor knew it would be a difficult ordeal for me, because of lack of practice, and so, when it was time to part, he turned, with exceeding delicacy, and pretended to fumble with things on his desk, so that I could get out in my own way without his seeing me.' He struggled along inwardly for quite a while; then he said, with the manner of a person who has to say something and hasn't anything relevant to say: 'You said he had a handful of special brand cigars lying on the table?' 'Yes; I never saw anything to match them.' I had him again. He had to fumble around in his mind as much as another minute before he could play; then he said in as mean a way as I ever heard a person say anything: 'He could have been counting the cigars, you know.'"

Besides being a royal gourmand and a person of unusual size General Winfield Scott was probably as vain a man as may be discovered outside of the realm of literature. General Keyes, author of "Fifty Years' Observations," was reading to him an article on Henry Clay, in which the size of Clay's mouth was referred to, and the writer had added that Burke, Mirabeau and Patrick Henry all had mouths of extraordinary size, concluding with the remark:

"All great men have large mouths." "All great men have large mouths!" exclaimed the general; "why my mouth is not above three-fourths the size it should be for my bulk!"

Alfred Beit, who is frequently credited with being the richest man in the world, is altogether unlike Cecil Rhodes, the man with whom he was so long associated in South African affairs. He is a highly polished, courteous, reticent, well-balanced man of the world, whose London home has been furnished with a scrupulous eye to the avoidance of display. He spends a great deal of his time on horseback, and is regarded as one of the best-dressed men in London, abhorring a wrinkle as much as Cecil Rhodes detested fine clothes. Nearly all the clerks in his employ are university men and several are members of the aristocracy. Mr. Beit was born in Hamburg forty-nine years ago of an old and prosperous Hebrew family.

Beriah Wilkins, proprietor of the Washington Post, says that during his first campaign for congress he went to a ratification meeting in a small town and found to his horror that none of the expected speakers had appeared. Mr. Wilkins is among the poorest of orators, but felt compelled to attempt a speech. He did so, talked for about twenty minutes and then gave out. Not a soul in the hall applauded, and to make matters worse the chairman rose and said, solemnly: "If there is anybody present that can make a speech we will be glad to hear from him."

Senators Frye and Proctor are enthusiastic anglers and every year the latter goes trout fishing in Vermont at sunrise on the 1st of May. The other day Mr. Frye was sitting in his chair in the senate gazing at the ceiling when he was handed the following note: "Dear Frye: How can you sit there when the ice is out of the lake?—Proctor." Senator Frye sighed so loudly upon reading this missive that his colleague felt sure he had received bad news.

When the civil war broke out and Wade Hampton went to the front, relates Julian Ralph, he took a negro body servant with him. The man was a companion as well as

a slave, and a loyal, great-hearted, loving worshiper of his master. Years went on and the war continued. On one day an officer bearing dispatches or going back on furlough stopped with General Hampton, who learned that the man was going to Columbia:

"Here, Sam," said he to his body servant, "you got married the day before you left home, and it is now three years since you have seen your Dinah. This gentleman is going to our old home, and I have asked him to take you along. Get ready, Sam, you lucky fellow; it's a great chance for you."

The servant cast his eyes on the ground and great tears welled up into them. "Are you tired of me, Massa Hampton?" he said. "Why do you want to get rid of me?"

The general again expressed his conviction that Sam must want to see his wife, and that this was a good chance.

"Well, then, I don't go a step, massa," said the slave. "I see a gwine to stay along wid you."

"What for, Sam? Don't be foolish."

"What for?" the servant answered in sheer astonishment; "what for? Why, if I go and leab you, what you gwine to do, wid nobody to take keer of you. Who's gwine to take keer of you, and what you gwine to do widout me, massa?"

Sam died while the general was in the United States senate, and his master, having word of the loss by telegraph, packed his bag and went home to Columbia to walk humbly behind the faithful servant's body at the funeral.

Sol Smith Russel used to tell of three little pieces of whom he was very fond. They lived in Kansas City and one afternoon he took the youngest tot for a walk. He also bought her some candy, saying she might have it when they reached home. The child urged: "Let's wun, Uncle Sol," but he pleaded that he was tired. Then the little one plumped down on her knees on the sidewalk and prayed: "Oh, Dod, please make Uncle Sol wun." The actor thought: "Well, it's a question of my losing my dignity or of her losing faith in God." And so the pair ran as fast as they could. "But we walked together no more," he used to add.