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Pen and Picture Pointers

**M**ARITIME NATIONS have always been the strong nations. In control of the sea lies control of the world. Written history supplies instances without number in support of this postulate. At the beginning of the last century, when Britons sang "No sail but by permission spreads," they had made good their boast, "Britannia rules the wave," and ruling the wave, Britannia ruled the world. In succession the British had broken the sea power of the Spanish, the Dutch, the French and the Danes, and the union jack swept the ocean, proud in its strength and arrogant in its pride. John Paul Jones had taught the British no lasting lesson. But John Paul Jones was only the first of a line that is still stretching out into the history of the world. Napoleon Bonaparte, in explaining to his ministers why he consented to the sale of the great empire contained in the Louisiana Purchase at so paltry a price said he was aiding in the building up of a power that would one day break England's hold on the sea. And before Napoleon heard the shots at Waterloo he heard the cry of "Free trade and sailors' rights." Before he saw his eagles go down in final defeat to victorious Wellington, he saw a young people wrest from the boastful mistress of the water the right to maintain a navy and a merchant marine and heard the last of "no sail but by permission spreads." Nine short years after he spoke, his prophecy was fulfilled and England's control of the sea was broken. A new sea power was born and that glorious flag which John Paul Jones first raised in the harbor of Philadelphia, the Stars and Stripes, floated on equal terms with the cross of St. George. Since then that flag has floated always in triumph on the sea, borne aloft by many a goodly vessel and cheered by hearts as oaken as any that ever beat. Barbary pirates gave over their calling at behest of the American navy and Japan's tyrant opened the doors of his country to civilization when the knock came from an American frigate. Spain's navy disappeared like a snowflake in the water before the guns of the new navy. But our navy, radiant though its record be, has hardly kept pace with the development of the country. It has finally come to be understood that while we can raise an army in a month, it is the work of years to build a navy, and the government is

at last earnest in its effort to provide the war ships necessary to the maintenance of its dignity and authority abroad. Nebraska has an interest in the navy. One of the present rear admirals is a Nebraskan by birth. Other Nebraskans have risen to dignity and honor in the service and the good ship Omaha, now rotting at the Mare Island navy yard, was once a notable member of Uncle Sam's fighting force. On July 4, at Seattle, occurred a ceremony of much interest to Nebraskans as well as the country at large. That day was laid the keel of what will be the battleship Nebraska. Governors Savage of Nebraska and McBride of Washington drove home the first rivet of the vessel, which in two more years will breast the waves of the Pacific ocean, a worthy member of the nation's great fleet, bearing to posterity a name already written high on the nation's book of fame, Nebraska.

Base ball is the one great summer sport for Americans, after all. Golf, tennis, rowing, racing and other outdoor amusements have their followers, but none have the hold on the popular heart that base ball has. Hardly an able-bodied American can be found but who has played base ball at some time in his life. It is as much a part of the boy's life as Fourth of July, and he never outgrows his liking for it. When he gets to that time of life when he can no longer take part in the game personally, he goes with thousands of his kind to watch the game played by others who are still active and energetic enough to give intelligent and satisfactory exposition to the fine points of the game he so dearly loves. Base ball has grown to be more than a game; it is now an occupation, in pursuit of which hundreds of young men find lucrative employment, and a business in which hundreds of thousands of dollars are invested. Every hamlet in the country boasts of its team, and some hundreds of the larger cities point with pride to the aggregations of trained professionals who represent them in the field. Although it is a sport in a great measure dominated by professionals, it is one in which honesty absolutely rules. Collusion is almost impossible, because too many points would need to be guarded and the defection of one or two players would not be fatal, but would be easily detected and as readily remedied. It is this phase of the game that has enabled it to keep its place at the forefront, while other sports, notably horse racing and boat racing, have suffered because of dishonesty on the part of the professional.

Mrs. Adelaide L. S. Robb of Eldora, Ia., is one of the prominent club women of central Iowa and a social leader in her county. Mrs. Robb is the wife of Mayor Ellis D. Robb and a leading member of the Woman's club of Eldora, which has been doing a splendid work for several years. She is a member of the grand lodge, Rathbone Sisters of Iowa, and as an officer of Equality temple of that order has been active since its organization. In the Order of the Eastern Star she is a recognized leader and has held several important offices in the local society. Mrs. Robb is



LATE GENERAL CALVIN H. FREDRICK OF OMAHA—From His Favorite Photograph.



MRS. A. L. S. ROBB, PROMINENT CLUB WOMAN OF ELDORA, Ia.



ABRAHAM SLIMMER OF WAVERLY, Ia., ECCENTRIC PHILANTHROPIST.

an accomplished musician and is often given a place on public programs rendered in behalf of local charities and social events. She is a great admirer of the stage and possesses one of the finest collections of professional autographs and photos in the west.

Millionaire, bachelor, philanthropist, Abraham Slimmer of Waverly, Ia., last week moved out of his \$50,000 residence, took up his habitation in his woodshed and turned over his magnificent home to the Sisters of Mercy, to be used for a hospital. Mr. Slimmer says he will give away all the rest of his fortune before he dies. His fortune is variously estimated at from \$1,000,000 to \$10,000,000, and he is 73 years old, so he will be giving away money pretty rapidly the next few years. Slimmer is no novice at the game of charity. He has already become famed about the state, in fact throughout the United States, for his mail every day includes a great heap of prayers for money. But they are twisted into knots and tossed into his waste basket. Abraham Slimmer gives as he chooses and not because he is asked. To the Finley hospital at Dubuque he wrote a short letter. "I will give \$50,000 if you raise a like amount," he said. The other \$50,000 was raised and Abraham Slimmer wrote his check. It is estimated Slimmer's gifts have already amounted to \$300,000. He believes charity that vaunteth itself is not genuine. "If you mention me in naming the institution I will not give you a cent," was what was told the Finley institution at Dubuque. No one knows how much money he has given away. His largest contributions have been to the Home for Aged Jews in Chicago and are thought to have amounted to \$100,000 in all. The Sisters of Mercy at Cedar Rapids were given \$10,000 recently. Waterloo was offered \$25,000 for a hospital, providing a like amount was raised, but

the town failed and the money was not given.

Personally, Slimmer is as eccentric as his philosophy of charity. He is short—about five feet seven inches—and weighs but 130 pounds. His hair and beard are red. He wears always a broad-brimmed felt hat of identical style from year to year. On his feet are homely calf boots. In summer he wears a linen suit with a long linen duster; in the winter it is a ready-made suit of plain black or brown. His eyes fairly burn in their brightness; his mouth is firmly set; there is no tenderness in his face. He has not by any means the typical philanthropic men. In his habits he is almost a hermit. He revolts at publicity and has various schemes of keeping himself from the public eye. He told the Catholic priest at Waverly he was a hypocrite and decried his religion, then gave up his own home for the Sisters of Mercy. Slimmer lays good claim to a position from which he may with impunity condemn philanthropists giving away money that was unjustly earned. He was born in Germany and emigrated to Illinois when 14. Later he came to Waverly. It was in the day when live stock dealing was not a vocation. The profits were large, but the losses were equally great. Slimmer set to work to master the business that would give great profits if properly handled. His native shrewdness soon him in good stead and he seldom lost. When the men of the Mississippi valley now called lumber kings were new at the business Slimmer put his money into sawmills. Here he prospered again. For fifty years his money has been earning more money, until now he very probably is the wealthiest man in the state. But in all this Abraham Slimmer's business methods were scrupulously honest. There is no man to say Slimmer took from him one dollar to which he had no title.

When the Knights and Daughters of

Tabor, the great benevolent order for colored people, had finished the business of their grand lodge session at Omaha they closed the assembly with a street parade and picnic at Hibbler's park. The affair was one of the most notable ever witnessed in Omaha. In the first place, the parade gave the public some idea of the dignity and importance of the order. Out at the park the addresses made were along the line of the work that is being done by the negro himself for the uplift of his race. Games and other features of a picnic were indulged in freely by the large crowd present and when evening came the newly elected officers of the grand lodge were installed with public ceremonial. Members of the order look on the Omaha session as one of the most interesting and satisfactory in its history. Delegates were present from all over the south and west.

The drill team of Ancient Order of United Workmen lodge No. 1, of Grand Island, the first Workman lodge in the state of Nebraska, is a source of much local pride. When the management of the Hastings Fourth of July celebration announced that it would give a \$100 silver cup to the Ancient Order of United Workmen team showing the best drill work in a contest to take place in that city on the Fourth of July, the Workmen of No. 1 lodge set out, under Captain S. E. Sinke, to win the prize cup, and they won it. The cup is to become the absolute property of any team winning it three times in succession. It was offered to the Ancient Order of United Workmen lodge of Hastings by the business men of that city, to be offered in the manner described and it will, perhaps, for many years be the ambition of Ancient Order of United Workmen drill teams over the state to win this memento of excellent work in the drill work of the order.

Dangers of Lion Stalking

**I**N "A Tale of Several Lions," by Hercules D. Viljoen in the Era, the author writes:  
Van Aardt came to me and suggested a little lion stalking. Now, I knew lions as well as he; deliberate hunting for a lion who mourns a murdered mate was a proceeding so temerarious that the most foolhardy of professional hunters would not dare the conflict. But, in the near neighborhood of the spot where Madame Lioness had been killed, there was one lion, with an earthquake voice, whose rumblings fascinated the fiery spirit of Van Aardt. "I am going," he said. I could not let him go alone, for we had fought too often side by side. We started off, my reckless comrade laying out, in calmest confidence, the artless plan he had of walking up to that tumultuous hell of wrath incarnate, and of blowing a few lethal holes in it with his Mauser. As we came nearer, the roars ceased. The lion, weary with his imprecations of the night, had gone away from the scene of his bereavement for rest and sleep. But we found, in the jungle's depths, the footway he had trod; in a sentry path of twenty feet he had stalked back and forth for twelve long hours, calling aloud for vengeance. Kristmansen, who looked upon Van Aardt as a hot-headed madman for the time, decided he would use the morning for the peaceful springbok hunt, and took his Kaffir boy along. After half an hour's close tracking, the Kaffir, who had been in advance, appeared at his elbow with an implacable suddenness and a whispered word: "Baas, a lion!" Kristmansen stared ahead of him. There, in a tiny clearing not thirty yards away, the monarch stood, his mane quivering with the intensity of his attention and his brilliant eyeballs gleaming in an effort to penetrate the single veil of cover that hid the hunter from his view. The Kaffir had a faith in his master that was sublime. "Shoot, Baas, shoot!" Kristmansen knew that death stood waiting for him in the clearing beyond. The chances were all against a fatal first shot. The wounded lion would tear him into shreds of mangled flesh before he could have time to fly. Step by step, his very

breath pent up, he made the slow retreat. The Kaffir, fancying all his master need do was fire a single shot, accompanied him with an expression of disdain. For ten good minutes Kristmansen paced backward and then came swiftly to the camp again upon the chance of making up a party whose numbers would mean safety in a concerted attack. But the majority of us were away and that lion, with all the others among the spouses of Fairie's lioness, went unmolested from that day forth.

I was in Pretoria a little later and saw a sight that told me how wise Kristmansen had been. The oldest lion hunter of the Transvaal shook me by the hand—and used his left hand for the greeting. The other arm hung, withered and helpless, at his side. Only half his face was there to speak to me. The other half went into a lion's maw a few months earlier. He was hunting springbok with his son and carried an ancient muzzle-loader. A dead shot, the old man desecrated a buck not fifty feet away and, kneeling, fired. The crack of the rifle was answered by the snarling roar of a wounded lion. The bullet, passing through the buck, had struck the mighty beast as he was about to spring. And it had no more than wounded him. He leaped for the smoke, coming on in flying bounds, while my old friend fumbled wildly with his powder horn. He was too slow. The bullet had not dropped into the barrel before the lion was upon him. One crunch of his tremendous jaws and an arm was stripped to the bone. Another, and the side of the face had vanished. The cavernous throat above the prostrate man roared once more before the teeth should clash together, when the son, running up, put his rifle barrel to the lion's side and drove a half-ounce bullet through his heart. The chances are in favor of the lion when accident brings him and man together.

The Modern Way

Chicago Post: "And when we are married," he suggested, "we will plan together to keep our joint expenses within my income." She looked at him in astonishment. "How foolish!" she exclaimed. "You are not at all up-to-date. You want me

to make my expenses fit your income, when any nippy ought to know that it is your duty to get an income that will cover my expenses. Let us hear no more of this foolishness, and then I am sure we will be happy."

An Early Organist

A Sunday school teacher was impressing upon the little ones in her class the story of the lame beggar who was carried every day to the Beautiful Gate of the temple, and when the apostles, Peter and John, went up there they miraculously healed him. The teacher expressed sorrow for the poor man, who could do nothing but sit at the gate

and beg. A little hand shot up and a small voice piped out:

"He might have got a hand organ." The same teacher asked the little ones to repeat the golden text on one occasion, when the Sunday school lesson was upon the subject of temperance. Here is the version of the text as given by one of them: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby hath everlasting life."

Fads of the Famous

Confucius, it is said, was passionately fond of watermelon seeds. Samuel Richardson wrote his novels while attired in a full-dress suit. Handel used, when traveling, to order

dinner for three, or, if hungry, for five, and then eat the whole himself.

Cardinal Richelieu hated children and loved cats. When he died his favorite Angora cat refused to eat and soon perished.

Phillip, the duke of Burgundy, spent much time in contriving trapdoors to his house and grounds to souse unwary strangers in water beneath.

Next to money Rembrandt loved nothing so well as his monkey. He shed tears when his ape died, and painted a portrait of his pet from memory.

Cowper loved pets, and had at one time five rabbits, three hares, two guinea pigs, a magpie, a jay, a starling, two canary birds, two dogs, a "retired" cat and a squirrel.



From left to right in the upper row: A. W. Hannan, C. W. Herron, William McDowell, O. M. Strand, E. Cords, C. Beal. Lower row, from left to right: S. H. Roush, F. H. Smith, Thomas Dillon, S. E. Sinke, captain, J. F. McAllister, J. E. Kessel and F. M. Milliken. GRAND ISLAND'S CHAMPION A. O. U. W. DRILL TEAM—Photo by Leschinsky.