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## Pen and Picture Pointers

**G**EORGE W. NORRIS, republican candidate for congress from the Fifth Nebraska district, has himself to thank for whatever of success or distinction he may have achieved in life. And he certainly has a claim to both, for it is both successful and distinguishing for a republican to be twice elected to the office of district judge in a section of the state where the opposition usually has things its own way. Judge Norris has just turned 41, having been born in Sandusky county, Ohio, in July, 1861. Here he grew up, his boyhood being a hard one because of the death of his father when he was quite young. He worked as a farm hand during the summer and attended school during the winter months, until he fitted himself to teach. Later he attended a normal school at Valparaiso, Ind., and Baldwin university at Berea, O. During his time as a teacher he was studying law, and after leaving the university he went into a lawyer's office for a season and then to a law school. In 1883 he was admitted to the bar, but had no money to start with. Two more years of teaching gave him funds to purchase a library and begin his practice. In 1885 he opened a law office at McCook and continued the pursuit of his profession for ten years, when he was elected district judge. In 1899 he was re-elected, and is still on the bench. Personally, Judge Norris is described as one of the most popular of men, his popularity being due to his well recognized ability, his keen sense of right and justice, rather than to any effort of the man himself in

the cultivation of public or private endorsement. He has won public approval by his course on the bench, and his nomination at the Hastings convention was a tribute paid to his worth by his party.

Rain has made a record in the central west since the first of June that is not likely to be forgotten. The streaming skies have awakened memories of long forgotten freshets, and hoary men are telling the newer generation of the spring floods of '51, and how the river cavorted in the fall of '63, and the like of that. In this respect the oldest inhabitant of today has a decided advantage of him who will be the oldest inhabitant in another generation. For the present ancient days is confronted with no record of rainfall or measurement of the river's height as carefully kept in the office of the weather bureau, nor do there exist photographs by hundreds to support or confute the story of the man who was there and saw it. In years to come, the record made in 1902 will still be referred to, and the photographs taken by amateur and professional will exist to show things exactly as they were. In this number The Bee prints some pictures taken at Des Moines during the days when the Des Moines and Raccoon rivers were out of their banks, and a couple that were taken in Platts-

mouth the morning after the deluge down there. These pictures could be matched many times in many towns, but they serve as examples of what the western waters can do when excited sufficiently by excessive rainfalls.

June 25, 1876, General George A. Custer and one battalion of the Seventh cavalry, U. S. A., were annihilated in a battle with Sioux Indians on the Little Big Horn river in Wyoming, near where Sheridan is now located. The Omaha Bee was the first newspaper to give the world an account of that terrible affair. Since the news trickled through by courier from the then faraway scene of the slaughter many tales have been told of the affair, of its origin, progress and result. Only one thing is absolutely certain: Whatever object Custer had in turning off Reno's trail and commencing a detour to the right will never be known, for Custer and all who went into the fight with him are dead. Now the Custer battlefield is reached by railroad, and communication with the wilderness of that day is by the swiftest means known to civilization. Along with this development has come up a crop of long-haired fakirs throughout the west who claim to be "the sole survivor of the Custer massacre." No accurate census of these un-



S. C. LAMBERT, PRINCIPAL OF SCHOOLS AT ELGIN, NEB.—ADVANCED GYMNASICS AND PRIMARY DRILLS.

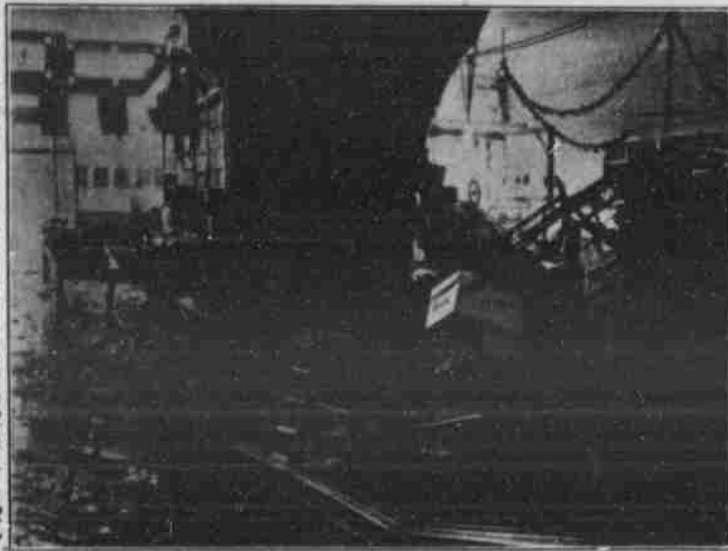


ERNEST NYROP, GRAMMAR ROOM, ELGIN PUBLIC SCHOOLS—CADETS AND INDIAN CLUB AND WAND DRILLS.

mitigated liars has ever been taken, but, if it were possible to enumerate them, it is

not improbable that they would outnumber the gallant band who rode to death under the intrepid leader. But Custer's fate will long be a theme for talk and story in this country. On July 4 at Sheridan a grand cowboy festival was held, and one feature of it was a reproduction of the Custer fight, under conditions very similar. Indians, cowboys and frontiersmen mingled in the mimic warfare and gave a large number of visitors a most vivid idea of what actually took place on that dreadful day in "the year of an hundred years."

Jupiter Pluvius has frowned on picnics around Omaha with uncommon severity this year, and has either drowned them out before they got started or very soon after they were under way. One of the few that escaped was that of the Omaha and Council Bluffs Elks, and they had an ideal day for an outing. It may also be accepted as a fact that they had an ideal outing. All manner of picnic games and sports were indulged in, and the affair wound up with an al fresco banquet, at which the Elks and their guests sat for some hours, enjoying life as only a well contented wearer of the antlers can.



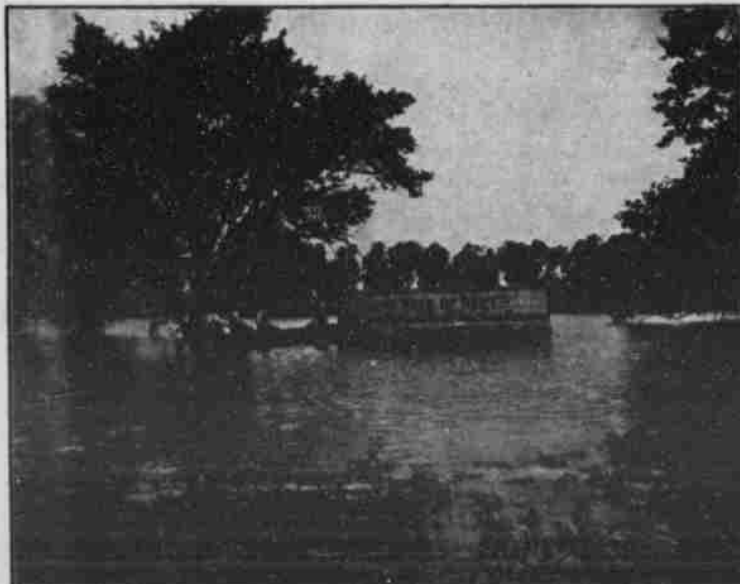
INTERIOR VIEW OF GEORGE B. LENHOFF'S BOOK STORE, PLATTSMOUTH.



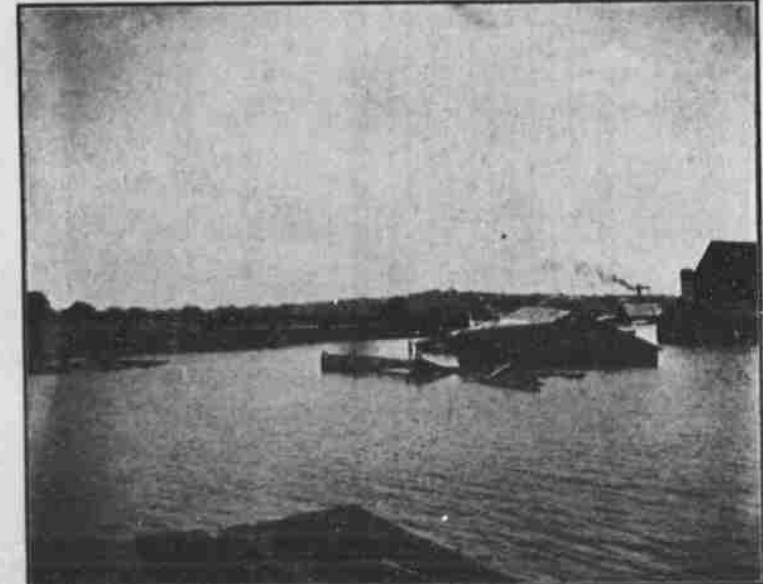
VIEW OF MAIN STREET, PLATTSMOUTH, LOOKING WEST.



CRAWLING OUT OF A HOUSE IN SOUTH DES MOINES.



INAPPROPRIATE SIGN IN FACTORY DISTRICT.



IN THE RAILROAD YARDS AT DES MOINES.

## Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

**W**L. JACKSON, M. P., who now becomes a peer, is remarkable for a slow, measured utterance and an imperturbable serenity, says the London Daily News. When he was chief secretary for Ireland he baffled the pertinacity of nationalist members at question time by repeating, in reply to supplementary questions the answer he had just read to the question on the paper. Thus: "The honorable member cannot have noticed the nature of my reply to the honorable member for —. My answer was —." Then he would read it again. Occasionally Mr. Jackson would get as far as a fourth or a fifth repetition and would carefully state, to the general amusement, the number that he had reached. All this was done with a perfect freedom from impatience and a mastery of deliberation that were fully appreciated by a laughter-loving house.

Anecdotes of the elder Dumas abound at the present moment, the celebration of the centenary of his birth having led to a general search among reminiscences. The following is very characteristic of the great writer: Dumas, it is well known, was often in financial difficulties and was well acquainted with the ways and methods of bailiffs. One day a person called upon him and asked him to subscribe 20 francs toward the expenses of burying a bailiff. "Twenty francs to bury a bailiff?" quoth Dumas. "Well, I'm not in funds just now, but here's 40 francs. Go and bury a couple."

In his book, "All the Russias," Mr. Henry Hurman gives an interesting description of the bedroom of Czar Alexander II, which is kept exactly as it was on the morning he left it. He was brought back an hour after he left it, bleeding to death from injuries inflicted by the assassin's bomb. As

the room was, so it remains. The half-smoked cigarette lies upon the ashtray in a glass tube. A little revolver lies before the mirror. Upon each of the tables and upon several chairs is a loosely folded clean handkerchief, for it was the czar's wish to have one of these always within reach of his hand. There lie all his toilet articles—a few plain bottles and brushes. It is all modest beyond belief and the brushes are half worn.

It was on the veranda of a club where the commanding figure of the ex-speaker of the house of representatives is often seen and always welcomed. The doctor, famous for anatomic skill and gastronomic expertness, was recounting his feats of carving to the engineer, says the New York Times. "On one occasion," he remarked, "when I was a medical student in Philadelphia, I earned the undying gratitude of my landlady by carving into satisfactory portions for twelve persons one reed bird."

"Humph," replied the engineer, "it must have been a Tom Reed bird."

Covrner Odell told this tramp story at the Oriental hotel, New York, last Sunday evening when the conversation turned from politics to anecdotes.

"I was in a country hotel up near Newburg one evening when a tramp came shambling in about 9 o'clock and offered to do any chores to pay for a meal."

"What kind of chores do you expect to find to do this time of night," asked the boniface.

"Well, boss, it ain't my fault I'm so late," said the tramp. "The freight was so slow I thought I'd never get here at all. If you'll wake up the railroad people I'll get in earlier next time."

"The man got his supper."

The English papers are full of stories about Kitchener. One of them tells how

General Delarey described one of his interviews with Lord Kitchener, in which he made an earnest endeavor to obtain an armistice during the progress of negotiations. "I told him," said Delarey, "that I considered it extremely unfair for his columns to gallop about the country after my commandoes, while I was here to discuss the possibility of a peaceful understanding with your people. My men were deprived of their leader, and placed at an unfair disadvantage. It was no good, though," continued the Boer general. "Kitchener turned to me and replied, 'General Delarey, I am not aware that anyone asked you to come in. You can go out again tomorrow if you like.'"

Christian Dewet seemed thoroughly to enjoy describing how he tackled the man of Khartoum over the continuance of English occupation of the country with a large military force, which, he protested, would be an undesirable charge on the resources of the country and a handicap to its speedy development. "I told him," said Dewet, "that I must stipulate for the withdrawal of the whole of your army at the earliest possible date after the signature of peace." Kitchener's only reply was: "Don't be childish."

A New Zealand officer is authority for another story, illustrating the same laconic, businesslike traits. He had been sent to Pretoria. While he was enjoying a pipe a ragged looking "gentleman in khaki" came along the line.

The stranger wore no star or other distinguishing marks, and did not look in any way impressive. Passing in front of the young officer, he asked, "Colonial?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Which?"

"Third New Zealand."

"Ah, you are to join Plumer."

The stranger then began to talk of "in-

side orders" in a way that surprised the New Zealander, who remarked that he was awaiting just such orders from Lord Kitchener.

"Well, you've got them. I'm Kitchener," was the unexpected reply.

While at Oyster Bay Mrs. Roosevelt received a letter from the publisher of a rather sensational periodical inclosing a check for \$500 and asking her to write a brief article for his next issue upon the management of a home, the training of children, the experience of a mistress of the White House, or any other subject she might find more "congenial," the "honorarium" therefor being enclosed. The letter and check were returned without comment.

Attention has been recalled by the illness of King Edward VII to the fact that, in recognition of his keen personal interest in the work of the medical profession, he was unanimously elected, four years ago, an honorary fellow of the Royal College of Physicians (London), and formally admitted to the degree. This honor to a layman is very rare, and he is the only honorary F. R. C. P. in England. He is surpassed, however, by the queen of Portugal, who is a regularly qualified M. D., having studied and walked the Lisbon hospitals as an ordinary student.

Charles H. Hull of Marshalltown, Ia., a grandson of Commodore Isaac Hull, who commanded the frigate Constitution in her memorable fight against the Guerriere, visited the Charleston navy yard a few days ago, for the purpose of seeing the ship on which his grandfather fought. He made himself known to the officers and every opportunity was given him to look over "Old Ironsides" thoroughly. Mr. Hull made the trip—his first visit—to the Atlantic

coast chiefly to see the famous old vessel, and on his way he visited the commodore's grave at North Murray Hill cemetery in Philadelphia. At the navy yard he was shown over the ship repairing works, and by way of comparison after his visit to the frigate, was taken aboard the modern cruiser Newark. When he left he was given a relic from Constitution.

Joseph W. Ogden, a well known New York banker, is going to build a church for the Presbyterians of Chatham, N. J., as a memorial to his father, Rev. Dr. Joseph M. Ogden, who was their pastor for fifty years. The family is one of Dr. Ogden's life-long friends, W. C. Wallace, who was a classmate at Princeton, will finish and decorate the interior. This is a good way to keep green the memory of a faithful minister.

The peace agreement between the British and Boer leaders is an interesting document. It is typewritten, and is probably the first instrument of the kind which has not been written by hand. Not the least interesting part of it is formed by the signatures of the Boer leaders. These are naturally in various styles. Louis Botha's is described as being in a "fine clerical hand." The others are all somewhat rougher, and Delarey's is stated to be the roughest of all. By the way, he splits his name up into three syllables, thus: de la Rey, while his redoubtable colleague of the late free state signs himself Christian de Wet, also with a small "d."

Colonel George Bliss' home, 54 West Thirty-ninth street, New York city, has been sold by his widow, Mrs. Annis Casey Bliss, to a real estate firm. It is a strikingly individual house, and one must hope it will not be torn down. Colonel Bliss had lived there for thirty years at the time of his death, in 1897.