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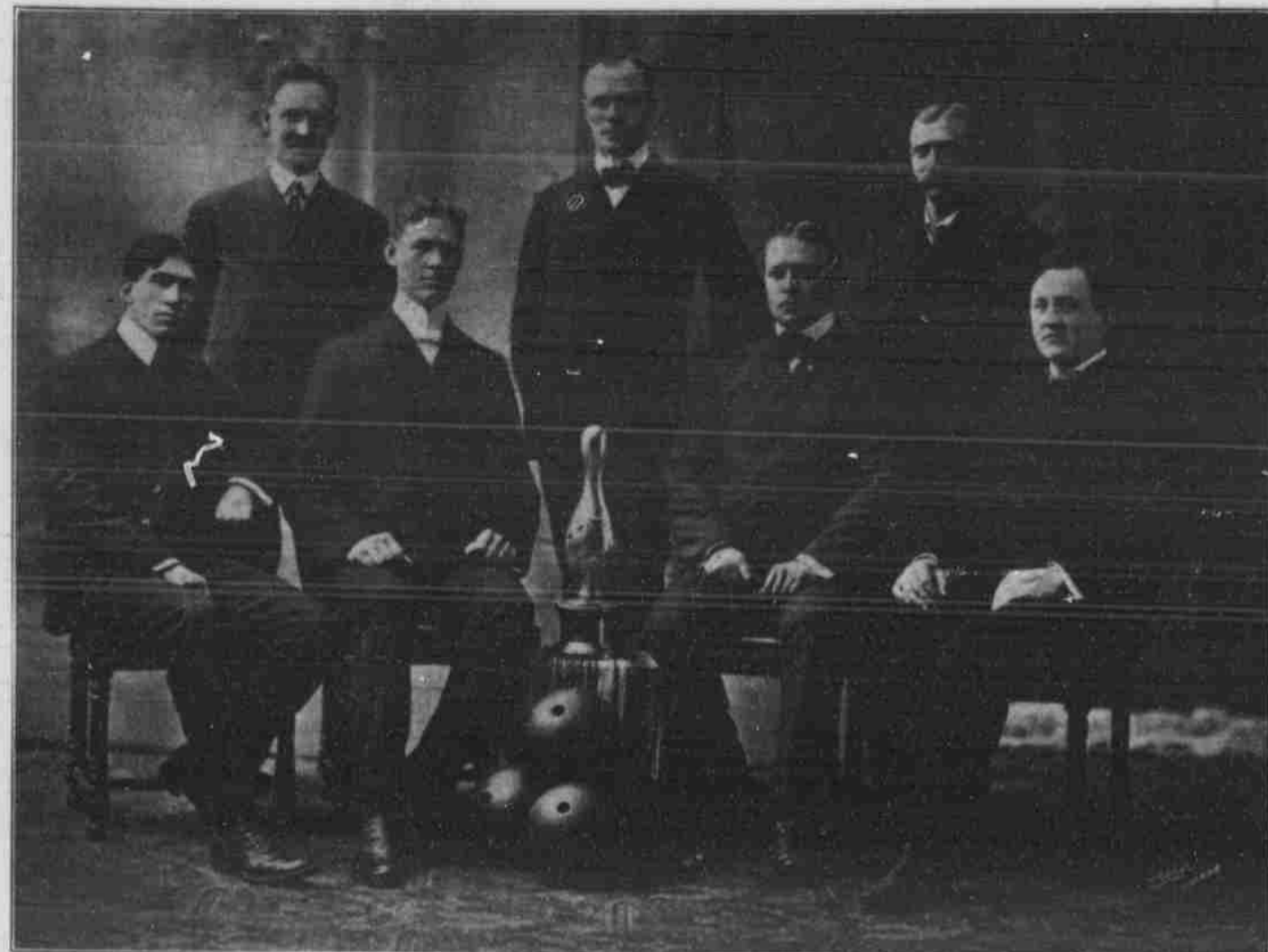
MUND H. HINSHAW, republican nominee for congress from the Fourth Nebraska district, is another of the young men who have grown up with the west. Like Judge Norris, the candidate from the Fifth, he began his active life on a farm, went from that to the profession of teacher, and from that into law. In each vocation his career has been marked by painstaking effort and zeal in the accomplishment of whatever task has come before him. Mr. Hinshaw is a native of Indiana, being born in Henry county in 1860. His boyhood was spent on the farm. At 16 he taught a country school, and continued to do so for several years, teaching in the winter and working on his father's farm during the summer, until he had accumulated money enough to pay his way through college. He attended Butler university at Indianapolis, and after being graduated from there in 1885, came to Fairbury, Neb., his present home. He was elected superintendent of public schools of that town, but resigned in about a year to take up the study of law. On being admitted to the bar he formed a partnership with Judge Letton, and together they built up a profitable business. In 1895, when Judge Letton was elected to the bench, the partnership was dissolved. In 1889 Mr. Hinshaw was elected as clerk and attorney for the city of Fairbury, and again the following year. He has served as member of the school board and as county attorney of Jefferson county. In 1898 he was the republican candidate for congress from his district. His present nomination was gained after a protracted struggle in convention at Beatrice last June, 342 ballots being taken before a nomination was made.

Part of the soldier's trade is to know how to shoot. In fact, this is a most essential qualification, and to perfect the knowledge of his fighting men in this branch of their craft Uncle Sam expends a great deal of money each year. It is now argued by some critics of army methods that not enough attention is paid to target practice. These would have a rifle range attached to every post, where the enlisted men could be trained in actual firing as well as in the manual of arms and company maneuvers. It is obviously impossible that such a suggestion could be put in practice, for very few of the army posts are so located that a range sufficient for the use of modern high power rifles can be secured. At Fort Crook is what was once pronounced the best rifle range in the United States, and yet it had to be abandoned because the Sarpy county farmers living within two or three miles of the butts complained of the danger to their live stock from the steel jacketed bullets that fly from the Krag-Jorgensen. It was all right as long as the army used the 40-caliber Springfield, with the leaden ball, but with the high-power gun the Bellevue range had to be abandoned, and for the same reason Uncle Sam's "single men in

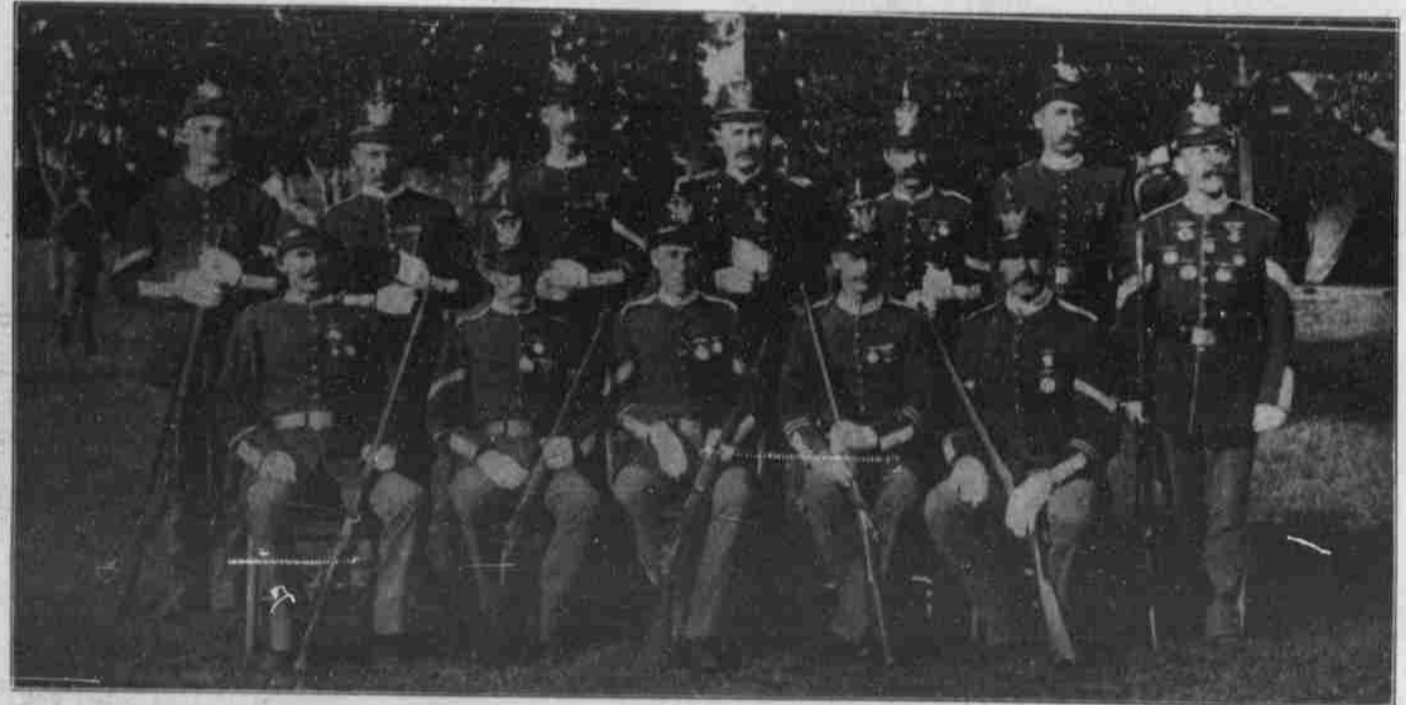
barricks" have to be content with going through the motions of firing except during two or three weeks of each year, when they are marched to some place in the wilderness where they can fire and not feel that they are putting in jeopardy the life of some inoffensive plow horse or bossy cow. After this practice, the leading man of each company at target practice is assigned to attendance at the departmental competition, from which ten are chosen to take part in the army competition.

Conditions of target practice are made as nearly as possible those of actual service. Two days are spent in preliminary firing, one each at known distances and skirmishing, and then two days at each style for the competitive record. On a man's total for the four days depends his standing. At known distances the firing is at 200, 300, 500 and 600 yards, at a rectangular target. At skirmish firing the targets are silhouettes of a man standing, kneeling and reclining. This is really the spectacular feature of the competition. Each competitor has three of these silhouettes before him. He is given a certain number of cartridges. At the bugle's sound the line starts across the field at a run. Another bugle note, and all drop and fire. Again the bugle, and the charge is resumed. This is kept up until the charges have carried the competitors all but across the range, and the time allotted for the practice run is exhausted. The bugle sounds "cease firing," and the competitors line up. Any cartridges remaining unfired are counted against the soldier having them, a certain number of points being deducted for each shot not fired. Hits on the several targets count at different values, those on the reclining figure being highest and those on the standing the lowest. It is the desire of the men of course to hold their fire as much as possible in order to get a good opportunity at short range on the reclining figure. In this excellent judgment must be shown, for they have no means of knowing just what the range is, and are only allowed a few seconds to adjust sights and fire, so it really requires much skill to determine what to do with the cartridges in order to get rid of them all to the best advantage. Now and then during the run a competitor will rise and fall out. That is a signal that his quota of ammunition has been exhausted. In this number is printed a picture of the rifle team which represented the Department of the Platte in 1891. It shows Gungling Davidson, who became famous throughout the army for his ability at skirmish firing. His sobriquet was gained from the peculiar manner he had of holding his Springfield by thrusting his left knee through the sling. He had a wonderful faculty for rapid firing with a single-shot gun, and so would hold most of his ammunition until he had reached short range, when he would riddle the reclining target. Some of the scores he made this way were truly phenomenal. Davidson once won the army competition, giving him two gold medals, the second being for the departmental championship. Other members of the 1891 team of the Department of the Platte won distinction as marksmen.

The Omaha bowling team of whom a picture is presented this week, have for two years held the local championship, having twice won it by playing through the games scheduled by the league and coming out with the greatest percentage of victories. Individually the team is strong and as a team it is well nigh invincible so far as the Omaha tenpin game goes. Scores made by this team compare very favorably with those of expert teams in other cities, and the members really feel that their distinction has not been lightly won. The sudden rise of bowling as a popu-



Guy Furay, James Smead, H. W. Lehmann, J. C. Read, William Wigman, W. H. Emery, C. M. Zarp. OMAHA BOWLING TEAM—CHAMPIONS, 1901-02.



G. Orenberger, A. 3d; E. Chynoweth, 17th; 17th; J. W. Davis, B. 16th; H. Lloyd, G. 7th; J. O. Halen, C. 7th.—Names reading from left to right, beginning with standing row. H. Jensen, E. 7th; A. J. Merrill, F. 17th; P. B. Spencer, E. 17th; E. Drechlar, C. 2d; R. N. Davidson, 16th; J. Droney, D. 17th; J. W. Mayer, G. 17th; I. N. Hill, G. 7th.—RIFLE TEAM, DEPARTMENT OF PLATTE, 1891.

lar amusement has caused some suggestions that it will find as sudden a drop some day, but there is no indication of any decline in its popularity as yet. On the other hand, although essentially a winter game, dealers in material and equipment say the summer has seen its steady extension, and that when the season opens more people than ever will be found bowling.



UNION PACIFIC BRIDGE AFTER THE WIND STORM OF JULY, 1877.

Mirthful Moods of Bench and Bar

HAT reminds me of an experience I once had in Iowa getting rid of a German salesman," said one attorney to a group of others sitting in the appellate division of the supreme court last week, says the New York Times, waiting for court to open. "My client was a rabid prohibitionist, and the prejudice was so strong against him among the Germans, who composed four-fifths of the inhabitants of the county, that I could not hope for justice from one of them. "While my opponent was trying to keep them on the jury I was trying to get them off. It was a hard fight, and I was doing my best to save my peremptory challenges, but when we needed two more jurors, and I had but one challenge left, the sheriff summoned a German to the box. His accent suggested a line of attack. "Do you understand English?" I asked. "Yes, very well," he answered. "Do you never experience any difficulty in a clear comprehension of the tongue?" I continued. "What?" he asked. "My interrogatory is whether or not the generally accepted vocabulary of the language of the country in which the proceedings of our courts of law are conducted is well enough comprehended by you so that after hearing testimony in that language you will be able to give proper weight to it." "My victim, with a dazed expression, did not answer, a titter went around the court room, the judge tried to suppress a smile and the opposing counsel, red in the face, objected, but the court told me to go on. "Do you not find me sufficiently per-

spicuous?" I asked of the salesman. "What is that?" he inquired, while a quite audible laugh disconcerted him. The judge called for order. "Is my lack of clearness or your obtuseness accountable for the want of comprehension on your part?" I continued. "I don't understand," he answered. "That's English," I replied. He looked appealingly at the judge, and I made a motion to exclude him because he did not understand the language. My opponent laughed at my motion, but the court sustained it; but, I think, rather to expedite matters than because he thought I was right. The result was that we got a jury while I had one peremptory challenge left, and my client got a verdict. In a town in the wildest part of the Transvaal the cashier of a bank is an individual who for a time acted as a judge some years ago. One day recently he refused to cash a check offered by a stranger, says London Answers. "The check is all right," he said, "but the evidence you offer in identifying yourself as the person to whose order it is drawn, is scarcely sufficient." "I've known you to hang a man on less evidence, judge," was the stranger's response. "Quite likely," replied the ex-judge, "but when it comes to letting go of cold cash we have to be careful." Justice Giegerich of the New York supreme court, who has a fine summer home on Staten Island, is fond of sailing, and a few days ago he invited a friend of his, a lawyer, to go down the bay with him.

At the start the wind was quite brisk, but soon freshened into a gale, and caused the little craft they were in to toss and roll in a manner that soon caused the lawyer's features to twist into expressive contortions. Justice Giegerich, noticing his friend's plight, laid a soothing hand on the latter's shoulder and said: "My dear fellow, can I do anything for you?" "Yes, your honor," replied the lawyer in plaintive tones, "you will greatly oblige me by overruling this motion." At the lawyers' club the other day State Senator E. W. Wakelee, who practices law in New York and politics in New Jersey, was introduced to a veteran lawyer who has an antipathy to New Jersey. "Ah!" said the old lawyer, "you come from across the river. I remember I had a dream some years ago. I was standing at the pearly gates when a man applied to St. Peter for admission. "Where do you come from?" asked the gatekeeper. "From New Jersey," replied the man. "Well," said the saint, "you are the first man from that place who ever got here." "The story is probably correct," replied Mr. Wakelee, blandly. "That was before the republicans got control of New Jersey." Judge Henry McGinn, who was recently elected state senator in Portland, Ore., tells this story: Two days after the last election, when the returns showed a very close

race between McGinn and Dr. Harry Lane, and wanted to know how he came to send the convict there. "How is it, Mike, that in so many votes it should be nick an' nick atween Hinney an' Dock Lane?" "Well, I'll tell ye," was the answer. "They're booth very onpopillar min, an' if ye knowed wan, ye'd be certain to vote fur th' other, an' booth av thim are d-d well known." A joint committee of the recent session of the Louisiana legislature visited the State penal farms at Angola and Hope for the purpose of reporting on the work done by the board of control. The members of the committee spent some time talking with the negro convicts, and presently one of the negroes recognized a member of the committee, who is a rising young lawyer, not a thousand miles from New Iberia. "You know Mr. B—?" inquired one of the gentlemen. "Yaas, sah, I knows Mr. B— well. He's de one 'ur sent me heah," replied the darky, with a grin spread all over his face. The gentleman had not heard of Mr. B— officiating as a prosecuting attorney

Music's Power

Boston Transcript: Grimes—Yes, I'm fond of music. There's Tinnerman, for instance— Brady—You don't call his horn-blowing music? Grimes—It has been very enjoyable to me. I got Tinnerman to keep at it night and day, and the result was that I bought the house next door for \$1,000 less than the man who lived in it asked a week or two before.