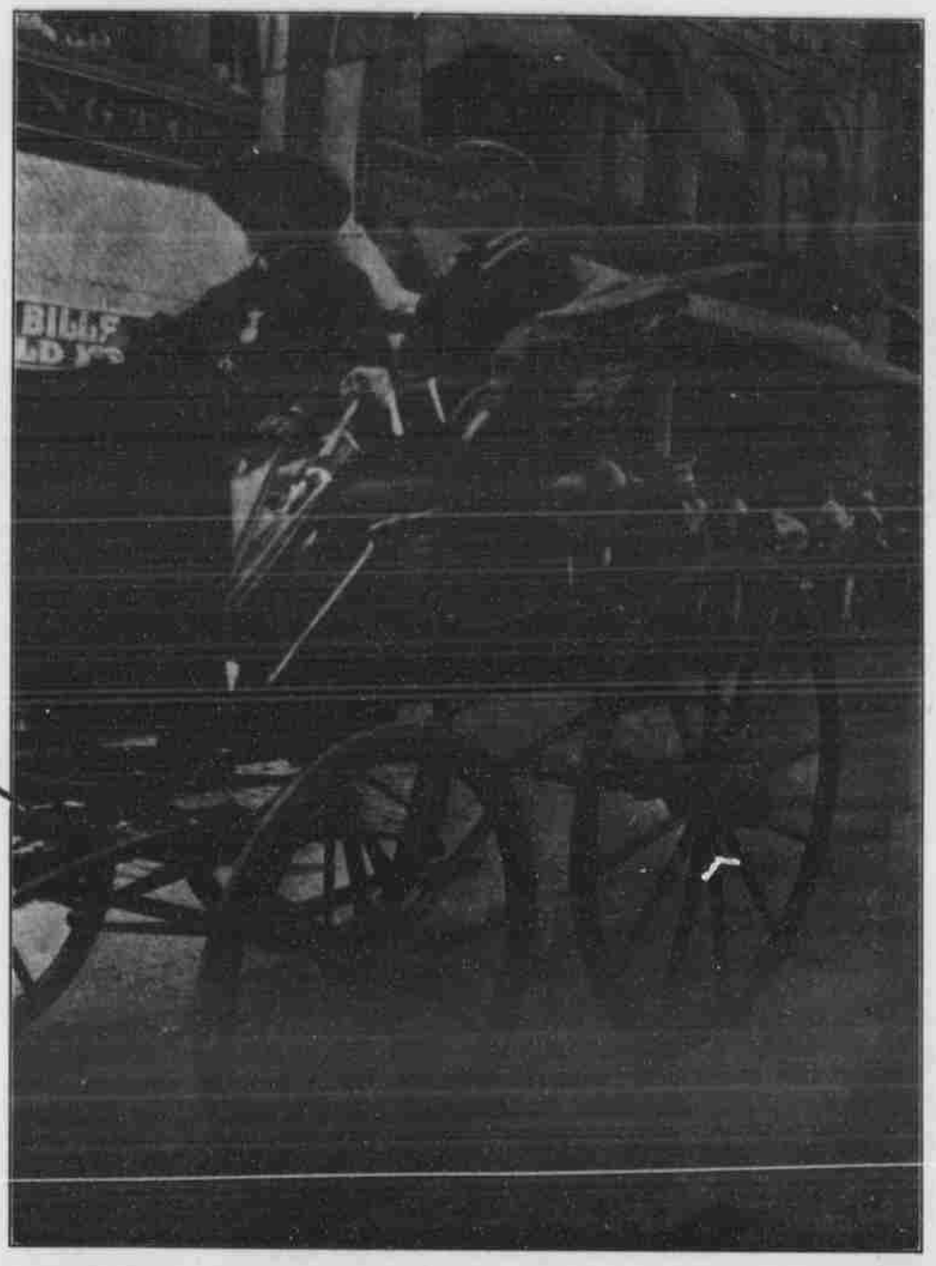
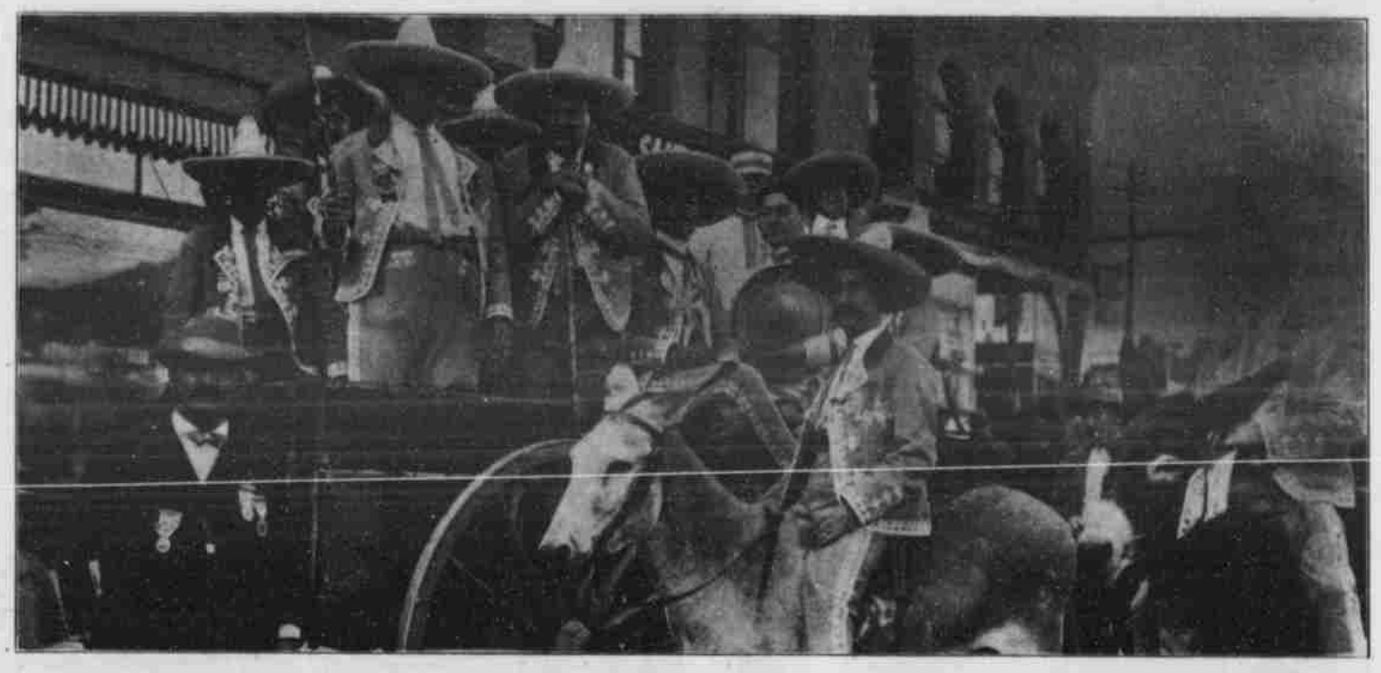
What the Elks Do When They Go Out

Photographs Made for The Bee at Salt Lake City



BUFFALO BILL AND GEORGE P. CRONK AT THE HEAD OF THE GRAND PARADE.

LOCKSTEP BROTHERS FROM JOLIET.



"QUIEN SABE" CLUB OF SOUTHWEST ELKS.

MISS ELEANOR RIGGS AND MRS. GEORGE WEAVER IN TEMPLE SQUARE.

LINCOLN AND OMAHA ELKS VIEW THE WATER.

GRAND EXALTED PORTER HARPER.

People in the Limelight of Publicity

KING EDWARD of England is insured for about £750,000, while the prince of Wales is content with £500,000. The most heavily insured monarch was the late King Humbert, whose life was valued by himself at £1,500,000, so that the many insurance companies among whom the risks were divided were very hard hit by his assassination. The German emperor's insurance runs into six figures.

"Did you ever hear the story of General B. F. Butler's hatred of pepper? No; well, here it is, and I know it has never been in print." So spoke a well known lawyer to a Philadelphia Inquirer reporter. "Years ago when the general was at the height of his career, he was counsel in a big case that involved thousands of dollars' worth of hides. These hides were from South America, and were in an awful evil-smelling state. In order to keep them together it had been necessary to cover them with black pepper, vast quantities of which had been used.

"When the general told me this he used to say that he had a suspicion that this pepper was afterwards gathered together and sold, and so great was his horrer that he might run against some of the article that nothing could induce him to use pepper."

A man who has saved sixty human lives and gained a gold medal from congress and other substantial tokens of recognition for his bravery would not be open to severe criticism if he displayed more or less self-consciousness and an appetite for flattery and notoriety. Yet Captain Joseph A. Napier of St. Joseph, Mich., has gained such a record without acquiring such characteristics. At the age of 87, broken in health and practically penniless, he lives in comparative obscurity in the Michigan town. The city of Chicago presented to him a handsome gold watch as far back as 1854 in recognition of his heroism in saving life. Six years earlier than this citizens of Buffalo gave him a gold medal in appreciation of his bravery. Another gold medal was voted to him in 1860 by the citizens of Cleveland, O., after he had saved the lives of thirty men through extraordinary effort. Twice later the crews of vessels wrecked on the lakes expressed their admiration for Captain Napier by giving him medals.

Francesca Janauschek, who is said to be in a dying condition, has had a most remarkable professional experience, says the Boston Transcript, none the less noteworthy because of the fact that she began her career as a "prodigy," a class that seldom fulfills in later years the promise of youth. In childhood she appeared in public both as a singer and a pianist, and at the early age of nineteen she was leading lady at the Stadt theater in Frankfurt. Janauschek in the course of her life of seventy-two years has sung in various roles in grand opera and she has played a wide range of characters upon the dramatic stage. Tragedy has always been her especial line, both in the lyric and spoken drama, although she has been seen in comedy and character parts, showing that her art was broad and comprehensive. While perhaps Janauschek's Lady Macbeth or her Meg Merrilies or her Mary Stuart or her Adrienne Lecouvreur will be remembered as among her greatest achievements, theatergoers of recent experience will naturally recall her Countess de Linieres in "The Two Orphans," her Mother Rosenbaum in "The Great Diamond Robbery," and her Lady Deadlock and Hortense in "Bleak House." In the first two of these plays she gave graphic character pictures, and in the last she not only presented two roles worlds apart, each of them in the most convincing manner, but in the part of Hortense she showed how it was possible for an artist to achieve the impossibility of a German speaker simulating the French enunciation perfectly.

There is no red-headed man in the United States senate. This might appear to be a precedent fatal to the ambition of Hon. Tom Taggert of Indiana, but, like all rosy-topped statesmen, he is an iconoclast, and hopes to break the record. There are men in the senate who might have been red-headed in their day, but that day has long passed.

The nearest approach to red in hirsute adornment, says the Chicago Journal, is the Tuscan thatch of the impassioned Carmack of Tennessee. His hair would have been red if it had waited, for his mustache borrows the glint of sunset, and in the heat of debate is actually red. Another "head o' hair" that verges on the poetical is that of McLaurin of South Carolina, Tillman's implacable foe. McLaurin's hair is bounteous and wavy, with strands that hint of summer dawn. It is tempestuous in action, but no one has ever seen it rise on end—not even when Tillman performed his justly celebrated leap.

The talk of expense incident to attendance at the coronation of King Edward recalls what Disraeli wrote to a friend at the time Victoria was crowned: "I must give up going to the coronation, as all the members of Parliament must be in court dresses or uniforms and I can't afford to buy any. I console myself with the conviction that to get up at 7 o'clock, to sit dressed like a flunky in Westminster abbey for seven or eight hours and to listen to a sermon by the bishop of London are treats which can be missed with fortitude." In later days, when Disraeli had gone over from the radical camp to that of the tories, whom he led as the earl of Beaconsfield, his views of such occasions probably had undergone some transformation.