

THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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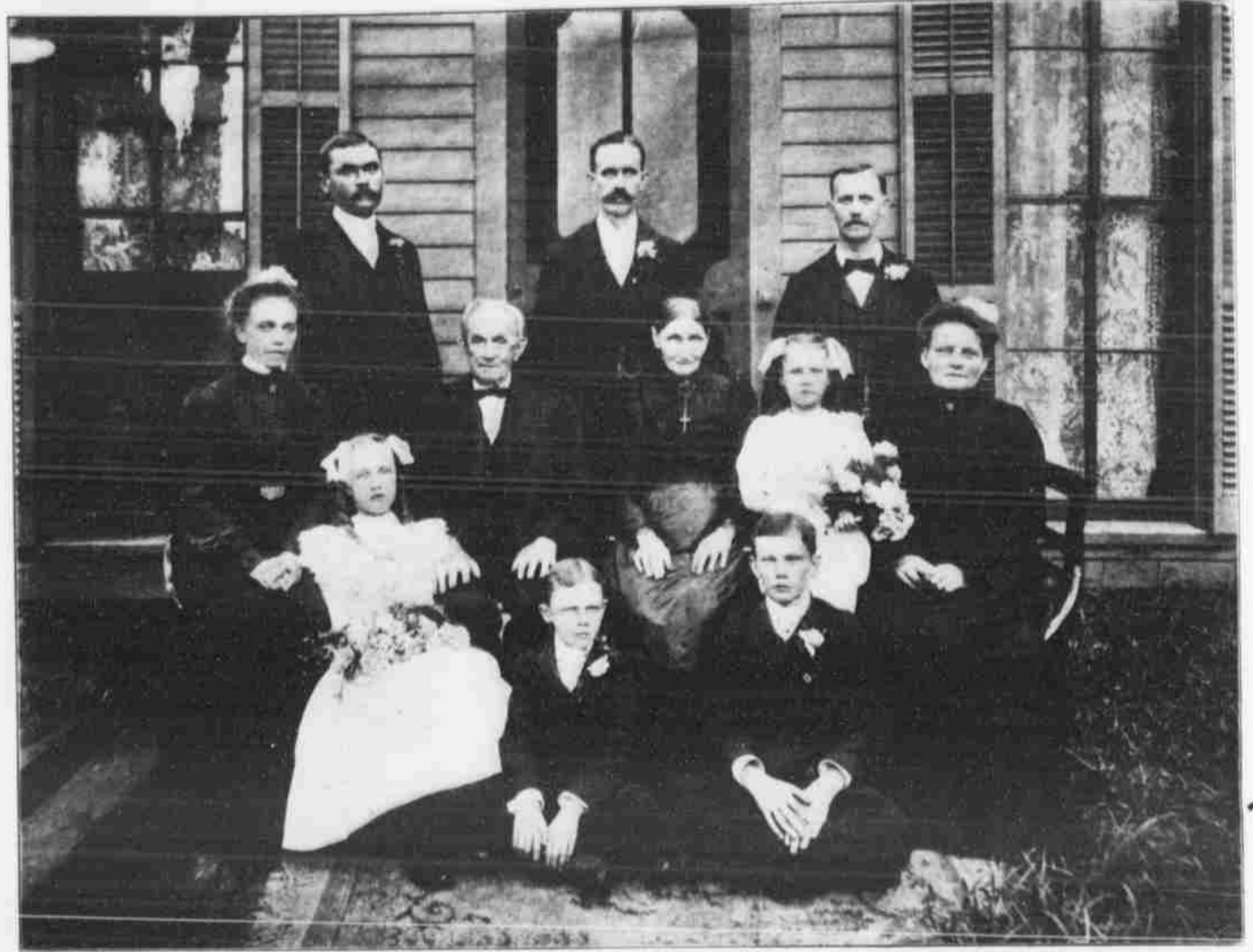
Pen and Picture Pointers

AS FAR as man can be traced into antiquity he is found living in communities. His gregarious instinct is one of his heritages from an existence that antedates all records and even disappears in the vista of speculation. With the development of the race the social impulse lost none of its virility, but rather did it expand as man's capability for understanding and enjoying the amenities of social life increased. From that remote period long before legend and tradition had crystallized into history, come to us stories of cities of magnificent proportions and magnificent equipment. Conquering generals laid out new cities to commemorate their victories and proud emperors celebrated their puissance by plating new centers of human industry. Not less active than these were the pioneers, who, pushing out from the metropolis, the mother cities, erected in the slowly receding wilderness the new hives where following swarms of humanity found lodgment. And which of these had most honor? Is it to the military leader, who pauses for a moment in his march, turning for the time his soldiers into artisans that he may found a place where the victims of his strength may have a habitation? Or the monarch, swelled with pride and lust of power, who vainly undertakes to outdo the efforts of his predecessor and directs the energy of all his people to construction of new palaces and temples, only for the gratification of an ambition to have it said that he is mightier than the mightiest? Or shall it be the bold spirit, who sees ahead of his time, and bends his efforts to providing a place where others like him may come, where there is a new field for endeavor and a new promise of reward for the energy expended in conquering additional area of virgin earth for the use of man? One need not think long to decide which of these has done most for humanity. Of the latter class was Alfred D. Jones, who paddled across the Missouri river in a canoe one afternoon in November, nearly fifty years ago, to lay out the townsite of Omaha. He lived to see his dream fulfilled, to realize all that he might have expected when he run his lines over

wooded bluffs and through ravines choked with underbrush. He saw bluffs and woods and ravines disappear. He saw the broad streets he platted become busy thoroughfares, resounding with the commerce of a mighty city, and the handful of huts clustered near the bank of the river he saw grow into great business blocks, stately churches, magnificent public buildings and the handsome and comfortable homes of a happy citizenship. Full of years and honor Alfred D. Jones died, but not before he had seen the glorious fruit of the seed he planted.

Sounds queer to talk about yachting around Omaha, but it's here just the same. If the young men who have sun-burned their faces and arms and backs and legs do not wear the regulation costume, they can at least "aplice the main brace" with as much gusto as the tarriest salt that ever wore whiskers. They don't know much about mizzen tops'ls or topgallant yards, or that sort of thing, but you can't fool 'em on bowsprits or backstays, and they can tell a peak halliard from a cleat with one hand tied. "A wet sheet and a flowing sea" is their delight, and when they go forth to plow the bosom of the raging Manawa they make such preparation that if they do have to swim out it won't be at the expense of garments that water might injure. Such rollicking cruises as they have had during the summer afternoons and evenings! From Mosquito Point to Tin Can Flat, around the sandbar and past the fishing hole, they have raced and sailed and whistled for wind, and argued which is port and which is starboard, compromising finally on the more familiar "gee" and "haw." In real earnest, the members of the Council Bluffs and Omaha Boat club have had an immense lot of fun out of their fleet during the season, and not a few who hadn't thought of the pleasure that might be enjoyed even on Manawa have become enthusiastic converts to the sport. Races were held weekly throughout the summer and some very exciting sport was the result. Out of the impromptu affairs came some of the best contests. The page of splendid pictures in this number shows some of the yachts and their crews.

A very interesting event in Omaha's history was the private celebration on August 25 of the golden wedding of Bernard and Elizabeth Koesters at 1116 North Eighteenth street, Mr. Koesters being in his 79th year and Mrs. Koesters in her 73d. This old couple were both born only a few miles apart in the province of Westphalia, Germany. The groom on April 14, 1823, at Metelen, and his wife on October 27, 1829, at Laer. Mr. and Mrs. Koesters were married at Cincinnati, O., on August 24, 1852, and celebrated their silver wedding August 24, 1877, at their old homestead, Eleventh and Harney streets. Mr. Koesters arrived here from Cincinnati in May, 1856, on a steamboat via the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri rivers, returning to Cincinnati in the fall of 1856 to return to



MR. AND MRS. BERNARD KOESTERS OF OMAHA, THEIR CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN—Photo by Lancaster.

Omaha with his family in April, 1857, but did not land here until the following June on account of the sinking of the boat near St. Charles, Mo., a short distance north of St. Louis. In this accident Mr. Koesters' family lost their entire household effects, including a knocked down house, which they brought along from Cincinnati. The goods not being insured caused a total loss. They landed at the foot of Farnam street too poor to think of investments and therefore had to start life anew, but after a few months of hard work Mr. Koesters was enabled to buy the lot at Eleventh and Harney, for which he paid \$100, selling it in 1888 for \$20,000. Mr. Koesters was engaged in the painting and paper hanging business until a few years ago, when he received a slight stroke of paralysis, causing him to abandon his business pursuits. Mr. and Mrs. Koesters have three children living, they are: Frank H. Koesters, Joseph B. Koesters and Mrs. Oscar Pfeffer, the latter residing at Council Bluffs. All of the children and grand children were in attendance at the

anniversary, including a few old settlers. The family reunion was a most happy one and none were gayer than the aged couple who began life together fifty years ago.

Old King Corn is holding his head high this year. Millions of acres in the great corn belt of which Omaha is the center are covered with stalks that tower ten and a dozen feet above the soil in which their roots are buried, while a tall man must stretch himself to reach the huge ears that dangle from above. One of the pictures in this issue of The Bee is made from a photograph taken on the ranch of Albert Bros., near S'anton, Neb. It shows ears of corn seven and one-half feet from the ground, and the size of the ears will give some idea of the prospective yield.

Jupiter Pluvius has played no favorites among the picnics in the vicinity of Omaha during the present season. He has ducked them all with impartial enthusiasm. The last one to receive the cordial attention of the jovial rain god was that of the local

edges of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, who went to Krug's park on a Saturday afternoon to have a good time. The attendants did have some fun out of it, but it was between showers. A Bee staff photographer got some views of the crowd watching the competitive drill, which was the main event of the afternoon.

Iowa is become as noted for the production of fine stock as for any of the other things which have made the Hawkeye state much talked about during the last few years. At the state fair recently held at Des Moines one of the features was the stock show, which competent judges pronounced the equal of any ever seen in the west. Governor Cummins and Senator Dolliver would not be good Iowans were they not interested in the fancy cattle, horses, sheep and swine for which their state is becoming famous. A staff artist secured a splendid picture of these eminent statesmen watching the parade of some prize animals for inspection before going to the show ring.

Gleanings From the Story Tellers' Pack

GEORGE BARTLETT, the Concord historian, is the hero of this little tale, retold by the New York Times: One day, when on a picnic, he offered his arm to a young woman to help her down a hill. She, being of rather an independent nature, told him she could support herself, whereupon he fell on his knees, saying: "Madam, I have been looking all my life for a woman who could do that."

A belated reminiscence of the battle of Gettysburg illustrates the strict attention to business of the professional soldier under the most distracting circumstances.

When General Hancock was wounded he was carried to the rear, where the surgeons cut away his clothing and found and extracted the missile. The general became much interested on seeing it and insisted upon sending for an aide de camp, in spite of the medical admonitions against exciting himself. When the aide appeared the general called out to him:

"Go straight to General Meade and tell him the enemy is running short of ammunition. I have been wounded with a tenpenny nail!"

A Georgia hostess, entertaining a large

party of guests in her plantation home, expected an English lord on a night train, relates Current Literature. While her jet black "George Washington" served her American guests admirably, he had had no experience with English titles.

Therefore, considering a little instruction necessary, Mrs. G— proceeded to give it, as follows:

"George, Lord C— will be here for breakfast in the morning and you must pass your tray to him first and say: 'My lord, will you have so and so?'"

After going through the formula several times George was dismissed, looking more than usually self-important.

When breakfast was announced George was in his place, his face shining like polished ebony and his eyes like full moons. When the guests were seated George hesitated a moment, then made a dash at the guest of honor with his tray and burst out: "Good God A'mighty, will you hab some o' dis?"

Representative Brownlow, upon his return from a trip to his home in Tennessee, tells this story in the Washington Times: While down in his district he attended a meeting of the directors of a soldiers' home in John-

son City, in which he is much interested. The meeting was held in a building on the ground floor of which is a saloon. The proprietor, an Irishman, who knew Mr. Brownlow well, presented him with a quart bottle of fine old whisky.

"I appreciate your kindness much, Murphy," said the representative, "but you know I don't drink. However, I'll take this upstairs to the directors; no doubt some of them would like to indulge a little."

The directors did sample the contents of the bottle and pronounced it to be of finest quality. Mr. Brownlow, in reporting the opinions of the directors to the saloon keeper, told him that the liquor had been declared to be "nectar for the gods."

The next day Mr. Brownlow heard Murphy telling some of his patrons that the directors had praised his whisky and said it was a "necktie for God Almighty."

In the Pennsylvania hill country where such first names as Noah, Cain, Ananias, Absalom, Judas, etc., are common, a clergyman who has a circuit in Lehigh county was called a few days ago to officiate at a christening. When he arrived at the woodman's cabin the wife seemed to be in charge

of affairs. The baby was in white and a few of the neighbors, members of the same congregation, had been invited and were seated under the trees. When the babe was brought out by the parents the clergyman asked:

"With what name shall I christen the child?"

"Nias," promptly answered the wife.

"Nias," repeated the minister, slightly bothered. "Where did you find such a name?"

"In the bible," said the wife.

"I guess not," said the preacher, mildly.

"Oh, yes, it's in the bible," coolly answered the wife. "Ananias is in the bible. This is a little boy, and we only want to call him Nias, without the Anna."

An Irish physician practicing in the country districts of the Emerald Isle frequently meets some peculiar people. That was the experience of a member of the profession now on a visit to this country. He relates this incident of his practice:

"Widdy Biddy" Welsh dwelt in a remote hamlet of Connemara, her humble roof sheltering two buxom daughters and a hopelessly invalid son. In behalf of the

latter she was a constant weekly visitor to the local free dispensary, where she amazed good old Dr. Davis by her perennial requisitions for castor oil wherewith to drench the anemic boy. After a while somebody was officious enough to inform the doctor that the contents of the "widdy's" oft-replenished cruse was absorbed, not by the invalid, but by the tresses of his sisters, who were blessed with splendid masses of "woman's crowning glory." When Biddy next confronted him the doctor interrogated her brusquely:

"Did your boy drink that last bottle?" he inquired.

"Deed, th'n, he did, docther, dear, an' it seems the only thing to aise him," was the answer.

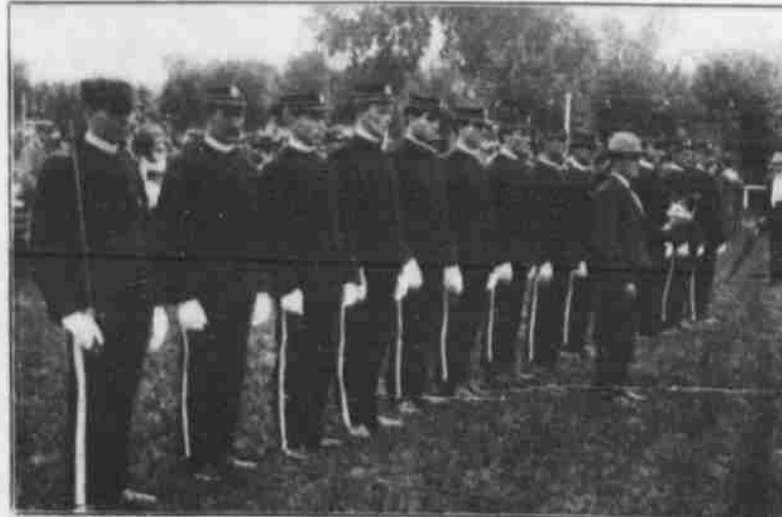
Knitting his brows and peering severely over his spectacles, Dr. Davis rejoined: "I am reluctant to say, Biddy, that anything in petticoats is a daughter of Ananias. That rebuke is wasted upon you. But there is a mistake somewhere. There was poison enough in that bottle to kill every man in the police barracks."

Flopping to her knees and clasping her hands in tragic earnestness, Biddy ejaculated: "For the love of God, docther, dar'nt, would it hurt the hair?"

Snap Shots by a Staff Artist During the Drill at the Recent Picnic of the Omaha Lodges, A. O. U. W.



INTERESTED SPECTATORS.



DRILL TEAM AT ATTENTION.



WATCHING THE DRILL.