

THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

Published Weekly by The Bee Publishing Company, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

Price, 5c per copy—per year, \$2.00.

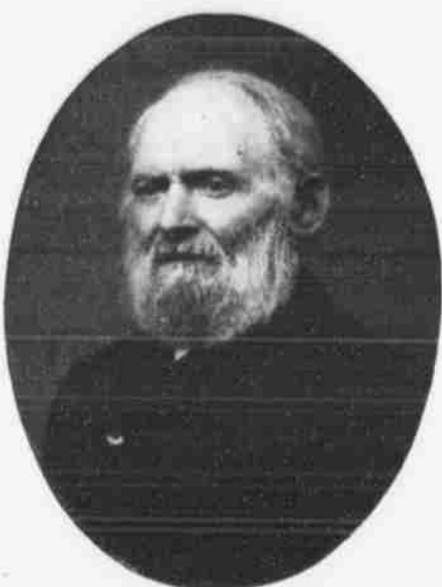
Entered at the Omaha Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter.

For advertising rates address publisher.

Communications relating to photographs or articles for publication should be addressed, "Editor The Illustrated Bee, Omaha."

Pen and Picture Pointers

DAVID E. THOMPSON of Lincoln, who has just been named by President Roosevelt to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the republic of Brazil has long been a prominent figure in Nebraska affairs. He came to Lincoln in 1871, a 17-year-old boy, who had worked four years as an apprentice to a watchmaker. His first employment was as truckman in the B. & M. freight house at the Capital City. Soon he was working as a brakeman on a freight train, and within a year he was a conductor. Advancement came to him rapidly, for when he was 21 years old he was division superintendent, having charge of 1,100 miles of the Burlington lines in Nebraska. After fifteen years in



SOLOMON YODER OF WEST POINT, Neb. HE HAS VOTED FOR SEVENTEEN PRESIDENTS.

he provided a free summer camp on the Blue for the working women of Lincoln, and similar acts. Of his private charities much is told, but little is really known, for he does his alms in secret. Mr. Thompson is a native of Wisconsin, and was 48 years old in February.

Hail! All hail the king! Ak-Sar-Ben eighth of his line and most, mighty, puissant and worshipful, is now on his throne, and by his side his fair and gracious queen. Quivera's loyal citizens have proclaimed their love and fealty most vociferously, and again have taken up their wonted pursuits, content in the knowledge that the succession to the throne continues unbroken, and that the line of gracious monarchs bids fair to extend far into the future. At the royal palace the ceremonials attendant on the coronation of their most gracious majesties, King Ak-Sar-Ben VIII and his royal consort, were observed with all the pomp and magnificence an opulent and progressive people could bestow on so important an event. None of the former ascensions to the throne of the Kingdom of Quivera witnessed such magnificence as that which marked the event of Friday night. And now that the hall of the populace has resounded in the royal cars the inhabitants of his glorious realm have turned again to their daily pursuits, assured of a beneficent reign and hopeful for a continuation of the prosperity that makes the greatness of Quivera proverbial.

Golf is now firmly entrenched as an American game. It may not be so much of a fad as it was two years ago, but even that feature is in favor of its permanence, for those who play golf now do so from sheer love of the game and not because it is the thing to do. And that these true lovers of the sport are not a few is shown by the fact that more than 100 men and a score of women entered a tournament at the Omaha Country club links recently. Only a few years ago an enthusiastic young sporting writer delivered himself of a lengthy dissertation on the game, concluding with the assertion that golf was destined to supplant base ball as the national game. While there is little likelihood of this coming to pass, there is equally no doubt but golf will continue to thrive. It affords as no other game does a healthy form of exercise. It gives ample scope for the practice of all the virtues and a few of the vices, but its highest recommendation is that it lures men away from their office lives and gets them to tramping up hill and down dale, in the open air, amid the surroundings of nature. In this way it gives new life and vigor to the body, and a social hour that follows a round of the links doesn't injure the mind. And the women have found it an advantage, too, for the same reasons that

His Majesty, Ak-Sar-Ben VIII, and His Gracious Queen



MISS ELLA COTTON.



THOMAS A. FRY.

the men have profited from the game. They have their part in the play on the links and in the informal reunions that come after, and they enter into both with a zest that is not excelled by their brothers. Golf hasn't become our religion yet, but it is recognized as one of our institutions.

Another of Nebraska's contributions to the official roster of the American navy is Milo Dramel of Fremont, who has just been appointed a cadet at the Naval academy at Annapolis. He is a true western boy, who knows what hard work is, and who has won his way by his own efforts. He was born at Fremont eighteen years ago last May. His father was a dairyman, and the son helped in carrying on the business, but was not deprived of ample schooling, for he was graduated with a high mark from the Fremont High school. In the preliminary examination at Norfolk he stood first among the applicants, and at Annapolis he passed an almost perfect physical examination and got a high mark in his mental examination without taking the customary preparatory course.

Solomon Yoder of West Point, Neb., is another of the good old timers. He was born in Berks county, Pennsylvania, on April 25, 1812, and lived there until 1872, when he removed to Cuming county, Nebraska. For twenty-nine years he has been a daily reader of The Bee and still consults it daily. In politics he has always taken a great interest and although he has never sought an office he keeps thoroughly posted on the doings of the parties. Seventeen times he has voted for president, and prides himself on never having voted for a democratic candidate for president, vice presi-



DR. J. D. HULLINGER OF DEWITT, Ia.



MRS. J. D. HULLINGER OF DEWITT, Ia.

dent, governor or congressman. He hopes to be spared to vote for Theodore Roosevelt in 1904, which he is quite likely to do, for he has excellent health for a man 90 years of age.

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Hullinger of DeWitt, Ia., celebrated their golden wedding in appropriate form. Mr. and Mrs. Hullinger were married in DeWitt, Clinton county, Ia., just fifty years ago, shortly after coming there from the east and they have made their home there continuously ever since, in their long residence winning the esteem of a wide circle of friends and acquaint-

ances. Their golden wedding anniversary was a memorable event. It was attended by their two sons, Dr. J. D. Hullinger and Engineer William Hullinger of Clinton and four daughters, Mrs. J. R. Anderson and Miss Belle Hullinger of DeWitt and Mrs. J. W. Hullinger of Omaha, with the members of their families, and the brothers and sisters of the venerable couple, also with their families from various parts of the country. There were about fifty relatives present. The anniversary celebration was held in the afternoon and evening. The venerable couple are aged respectively 73 and 68 years.

Gleanings From the Story Tellers' Pack

HENRY GUY CARLTON, whose stuttering is famous, tells a story of the late William Travers, whose stuttering was notorious. It is that Travers once got in line at the window of a railroad depot and, when his turn came, began:

"Gi-gi-give m-m-me a t-t-t-ticket for-for-for—"

"O! got down to the foot of the line!" impatiently yelled the busy ticket-seller. "Perhaps by the time I've waited on the rest, you'll know what you want!"

Travers meekly retired, and, when he re-appeared at the window ten minutes later, he said:

"Just s-s-send m-m-me by-by f-f-freight."

"What do you mean? Why do you say that?" asked the ticket-seller.

"Well, you s-s-s-ee," explained Travers, "I can't express m-m-myself."

One chilly October evening, relates the New York Times, Charles Summers, at present mechanical engineer for the Chicago Great Western Railway company, was standing on the Twenty-second street bridge, Chicago, which was swung open for repair. It was just about 7 p. m., and dark at the approach, but quite a number of people were waiting to be ferried across the river, when a man came to the street and turned directly out of the way of the crowd and walked into the river. The cry went up of "Man in river!" and Mr. Summers, being an expert swimmer, jumped from the bridge into the

river, clothes and all. He managed, after striking the man several times, to get him to shore. When the man revived he asked for his rescuer, and to Mr. Summers' surprise asked him "kindly go back in again and recover the cover of this lunch pail."

Senator Quay tells a story to illustrate Senator Penrose's loyalty to the organization without regard for his personal opinions or comfort. Quay, in a spirit of well-concealed raillery, told the junior senator one day that no inconsiderable part of official popularity lay in entertaining during the Washington season, and advised him to go in more lavishly for social honors and attentions.

"Why," said Quay, "a senator of your age ought to be married. Indeed, Penrose, I'd advise you, for the sake of the organization, to get married. Your chances of re-election through influential demand by the bigwigs will be increased a thousand-fold if you take a charming wife down there with you next term. With your money, you ought to be able to do it well."

Penrose pondered deeply a minute or two and then asked:

"Do you really think a thing like that counts?"

"Sure!" answered the Old Man.

"Well," said the junior senator, resignedly, "let the organization pick out the woman and I'll marry her."

Archbishop-Elect John M. Farley enjoys a good story as well as the next, and when

passing a social hour sometimes recounts his experiences. At a dinner given to the Very Rev. Dean Liags in Yonkers several weeks ago, relates the New York Times, the bishop related the following to the delectation of the assembled guests:

"It was shortly after I had been made vicar general or messignor—I do not remember which—when an aged Irish woman encountered me on the street. She was a good old soul and had been a member of our parish church for years. Grasping me by the hand, she remarked:

"Oh, father, and sure the Lord bless you; I hear they gave you a rise."

"I replied that her information was correct.

"Well," she responded, 'an' I'm pleased for that; it's yourself that deserves the rise.'

"I thanked the good woman sincerely and was about to leave her, when, still holding my hand, she remarked:

"And all I hope is that the next rise they give you will be to heaven."

"I once heard a minister who boasted from his pulpit," says a writer in the Record-Herald, "that he was able to preach from any text in the bible offhand without thought or other preparation and, as a test of his talent in extemporaneous speaking, he invited his congregation the next Sunday morning to hand in any texts they would like him to preach from, when he would show them what he was able to do.

In order that he might not be suspected of surreptitious preparation the passages of scripture were to be written upon slips of paper, sealed up in envelopes and placed upon the pulpit immediately before the opening of the service.

"The next Sunday morning the pastor came bounding in, pride and confidence gleaming in his eyes, and found a number of sealed envelopes lying upon the big bible. After the preliminary service he called attention to them and said he would preach from the text contained in the envelope that lay on top of the pile. The remainder he would reserve for future Sabbaths. Tearing it open, he unfolded a slip of paper and read the words once addressed to the prophet Balaam:

"Am I not thine ass?"

Cleopatra, in the brilliance of her beauty, quotes the Baltimore News, spoke thus to the wizard:

"We are but mortal, O Graybeard."

"Unto dust after the allotted span," quoth the sage, "unless—"

"I divine thy meaning. It is the custom that the rulers be embalmed, and thus defy the ravages of time, as a mummy."

"Even so!"

Then the queen spoke commandingly and there was a strange gleam in her eyes.

"Bring forth thy powders, burn thy herbs, and mumble thy spells in haste and gaze ye into the distant future to see if any fool scientist will try to calculate

the ages of the mummies they discover!" The palace was filled with the ruby vapor of necromancy.

"Ah!" trembled the wizard, "'tis even so. Those prying scientists of the twentieth century will calculate the mummy's age down to the half month."

"To the block with him!" roared Cleopatra; "just to think that I should come so near to having the world know my age!"

Charles Richman tells an amusing incident of his early days in the theatrical profession which illustrates that truthfulness sometimes pays. He applied to Carrie Turner for the position of leading man, after being discharged by Augustus Pitou.

"Why did you leave Mr. Pitou's company?" asked Miss Turner.

"I didn't leave him," replied Richman, "I was discharged."

"Discharged?" echoed Miss Turner. "What for?"

"For incompetency," replied Richman briefly.

"Incompetency," repeated the actress, "and you have the nerve to come and ask me for a position as leading man?"

"Yes," said Richman.

The actress burst out into almost uncontrollable laughter. When she recovered her composure she patted Richman on the back and said: "You'll do." Then she engaged him.