

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

LOWER PARADES in Nebraska can hardly be claimed as indigenous features of the state, but must be treated rather as extraneous elements. Yet the exhibitions which have been given at various times in the several towns, usually as adjuncts to street fairs or carnivals, have served most admirably to exhibit the decorative taste and ingenuity of the women who have been responsible for their design and execution. It is no small undertaking to organize one of these affairs, to interest enough women to insure its success from a numerical standpoint, and to so direct their efforts at display that the artistic ensemble shall not be in anyway disturbed. It is possible to do this, as has been



HON. W. H. MOODY, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY—Photo by a Staff Artist.

proven by the successful shows of this kind which have been given. Hastings is one of the few places where it has twice been undertaken, the experience of the women of the Adams county capital in their first venture being such as to encourage them to hold another. During the recent street fair there a flower parade was one of the main features; indeed, it was the feature of the fair from an artistic standpoint. It is impossible in a photograph to reproduce the harmonic arrangement of bright colors which made the display a brilliant affair, but some general notion of the designs may be obtained by studying the photographs



PROF. LORENZ, THE FAMOUS AUSTRIAN SURGEON—From Photo Loaned by Dr. J. P. Lord.

of the prize winners which appear in this number of The Bee.

What actually happens in a collision between trains is not always made clear by descriptions, and only a few people ever see the wreck. For this reason The Bee prints in this number two pictures taken shortly after occurrence of a collision in the switch yards at South Omaha one day last week. In these pictures is shown more graphically than can be told the difference between the types of engine now in use. The collision was between a Rock Island freight train and a Union Pacific local passenger train, both moving in the same direction along parallel tracks. A misplaced switch turned the heavy freight engine against the lighter passenger locomotive. What followed may be learned from the pictures. No one was seriously injured.

Trick photographs are nearly always of interest, particularly to the amateur photographer. Many things can be done with the camera to prove that if the lens will not lie, it can at least be made to distort the facts into something that very closely resembles a falsehood. One instance of this is the picture showing the little boy hanging by the neck from the limb of a tree. It would appear, were it not for the grin on his face, that the boy had tried to commit suicide. As a matter of fact, he is enjoying the experience, while his aunt, who is manipulating the camera, is in no especial hurry, for the boy is in no danger.

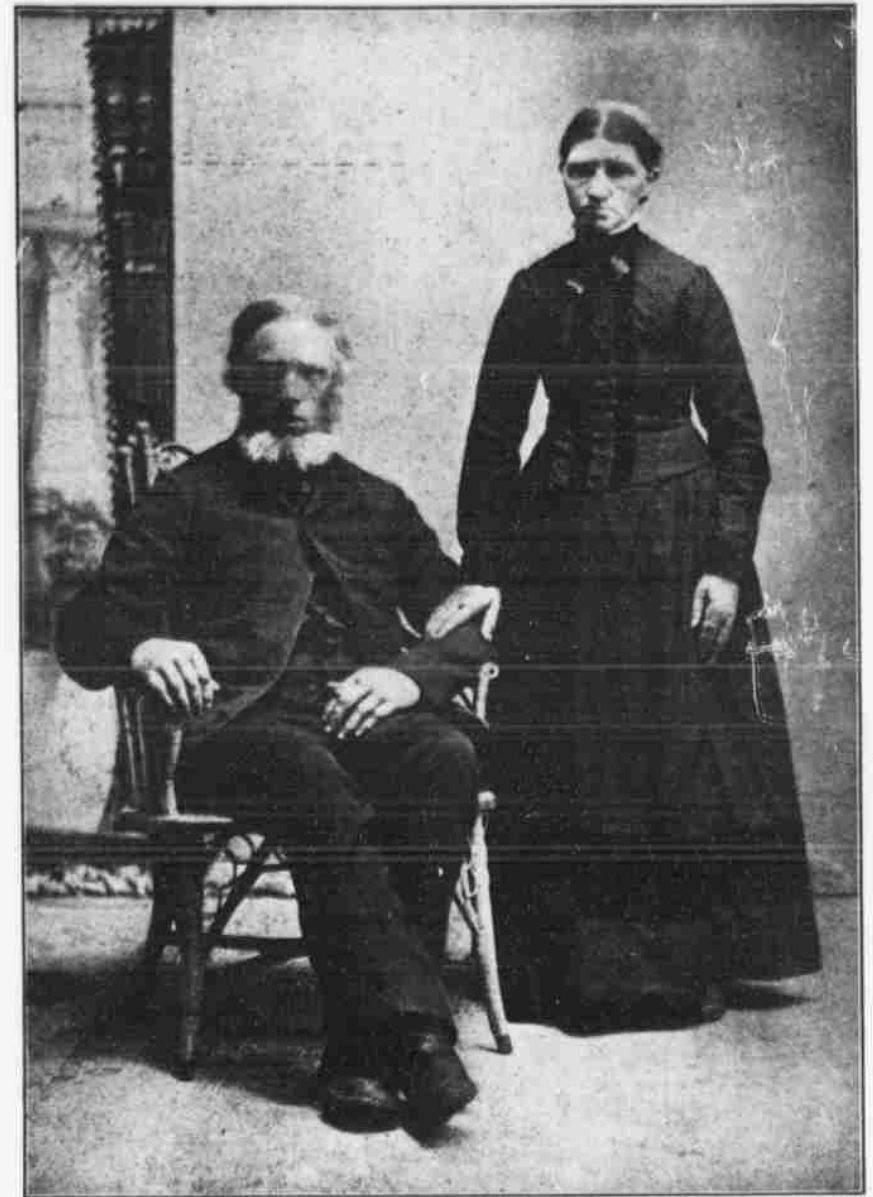
Prof. Lorenz of Vienna, Austria, has come into sudden prominence before the American people because of his visit to this country to perform an operation upon the daughter of P. D. Armour, Jr., for which he received a single fee of \$40,000. Prof. Lorenz is a man who has devoted his whole life to orthopedic surgery—the surgery of deformed children—and he is the best living authority on that subject. He has established a particular reputation in the reduction of congenital dislocations of the hip, from which Mr. Armour's daughter was suffering. The ordinary physician is practically unacquainted with afflictions of this character and many doctors practice a lifetime without seeing a single case. And yet Prof. Lorenz has operated on upward of 2,000 cases of this character, his patients being drawn from all over the world. In private life Prof. Lorenz is a genial, good-natured man, about six feet tall, with rather tawny appearance and displaying an extraordinary love for children. He was born forty-eight years ago in Widenau, Osterreich, Austria. He received his education in the University of Vienna and was a pupil of Edward Albert, a famous surgeon of Vienna, now dead. Numbers of doctors and

persons afflicted with the peculiar sort of disease Prof. Lorenz has made his specialty have seized upon his presence in this country as an opportunity for consultation. Before returning to Austria Prof. Lorenz will make a trip to the Pacific coast and it is possible that the learned physician may be entertained for a time in Omaha.

William H. Moody, secretary of the navy in the cabinet of President Roosevelt, is one of the closest of the president's official advisers. During his service in congress as a representative from Massachusetts he drew to himself attention from the leaders of his party by his quiet but aggressive measures, his clear reasoning and the soundness of his position on questions before congress. He is especially fitted to deal with matters affecting the navy by reason of his life having been spent in a seaport town, where not only his sympathy but his faculties were enlisted for "those who go down to the sea in ships." He has proven already that his selection was no mistake and that in him the navy has an earnest but conservative champion and advocate under whose administration its affairs will prosper and its interests be safely guarded. Secretary Moody very recently made a short tour of the west, coming as far as Omaha, where he delivered an address to the voters.

Again The Bee has the pleasure of presenting the pictures of two estimable couples who have answered the question, "Is marriage a failure?" Rippe Frerichs, born May 31, 1831, in Upstede, Prussia, Germany, and Etta Frerichs, born December 26, 1827, in Friedeburg, Prussia, Germany, were married at Friedeburg, Prussia, Germany, September 28, 1852, and came to America in 1862 and settled at Dixon, Ill. Here they resided until 1868, when they moved to Monticello, Ia., and from this place they moved to Lemars, Ia., in 1873, and then to Coleridge, Neb., in 1885, at which place they are still living on a nice farm. There were eight children born to them, of which four are living, who were present at their golden wedding, September 28, 1902. Twenty-two grandchildren and one great grand child were also present. They are members of the German Lutheran church of Coleridge and, according to the rites of the church, the golden wedding ceremony was performed by Rev. F. Hefner, the pastor of the church, who presented them with a golden certificate. They are hale and hearty and have the promise of many years to live. John E. Gillespie and wife of Atlantic, Ia., celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary on Tuesday, October 7, 1902. They were wedded in Ottumwa fifty years ago, Mrs. Gillespie's maiden name being Miss Lydia Hedrick. A son, Frank Gillespie of Colorado Springs, and a daughter, Mrs. C. C. Lindner of Oskaloosa, were present at the celebration. A large company of friends called upon the happy couple during the day to extend congratulations. Mr. Gillespie was born near Cincinnati in 1829 and is 73 years old. His wife was born near Indianapolis in 1834 and is 68 years old. They have lived in Atlantic since 1871 and are counted among the most honored and respected citizens of the community, where they have long been prominent in society and the affairs of the Methodist Episcopal church.

Couples Who Have Been Wedded Fifty Years



MR. AND MRS. RIPPE FRERICHS OF COLERIDGE, Neb.



JOHN E. GILLESPIE OF ATLANTIC, Ia.



MRS. JOHN E. GILLESPIE OF ATLANTIC, Ia.

Dignity Injured

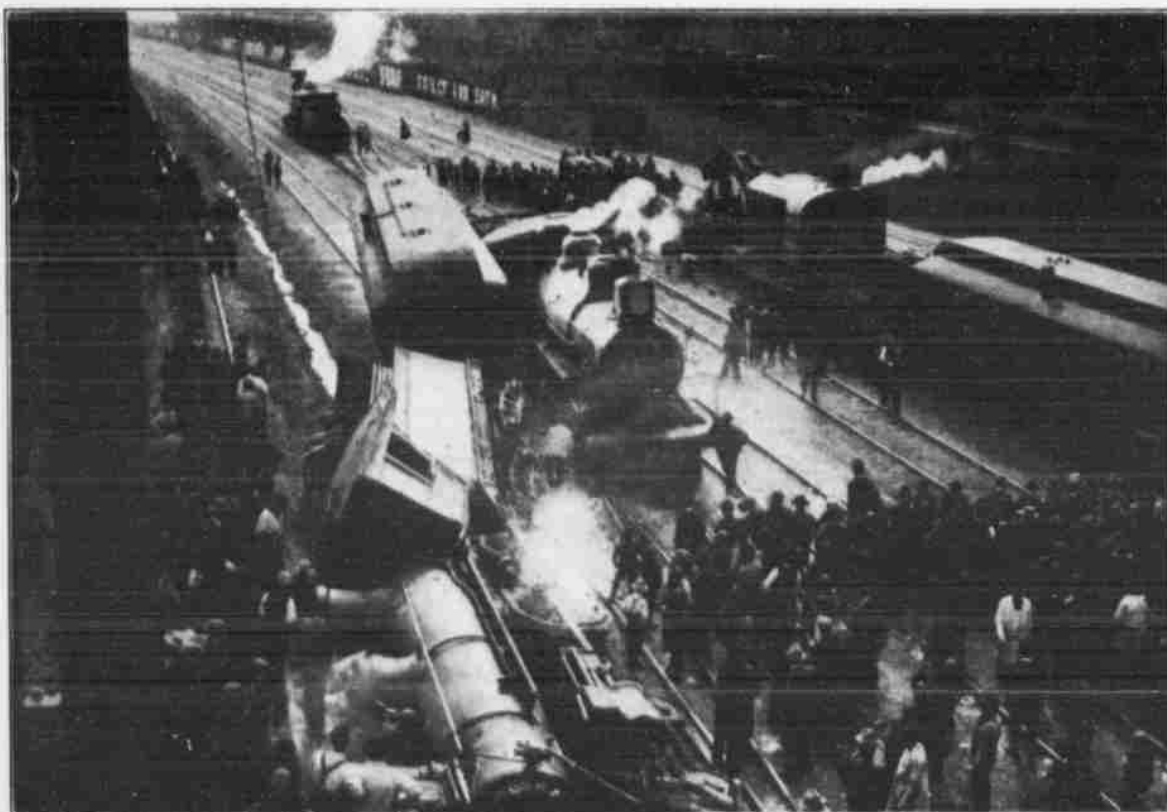
A reporter on one of the local daily papers is small of stature and looks and behaves like a very young boy, relates the Boston Post. One night recently he was sent to Everett on an assignment by the night city editor. He called at a house and asked for the lady he wished to interview. It was after 9 o'clock and the curfew had warned all children from the streets on penalty of being arrested and locked up.

The questions the reporter asked the lady were impertinent, but important. She

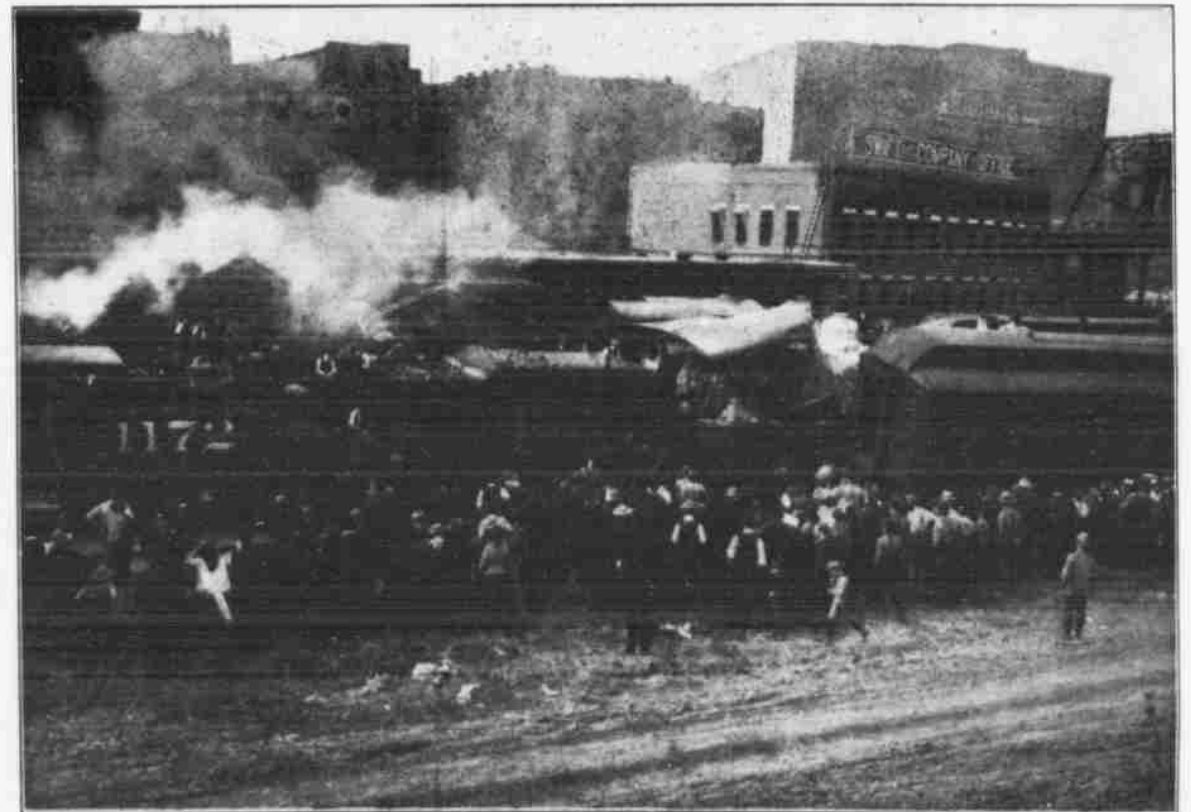
gazed at the innocent looking "child" before her a moment, and then said: "Little one, you are not a reporter. You are an impostor whom some idle, malicious gossip has sent here to worry me. You ought to be in your bed. Now run along home or you will get arrested and locked in a cold dungeon, for remember, the curfew has rung, and all little boys must be in

bed nicely tucked in, before the curfew rings. So run along like a good little child." The reporter choked down his wrath and went his way. But his dignity had been assailed and he gave vent to his feelings later when he related his experiences to his chief. Now he is devoting all his energy to growing a mustache.

What Happens When Trains Collide--Wreck in the Yards at South Omaha Caught by a Staff Photographer



WRECK AFTER UNINJURED CARS WERE REMOVED—UNION PACIFIC ENGINE IN THE DITCH.



DRAGGING THE ROCK ISLAND ENGINE OUT OF THE WRECKAGE.