

People in the Lime Light of Publicity

SOLDIER, farmer capitalist, philanthropist, such is William Lyon McKenzie, one of the most notable men in Kansas, now in his 78th year. Mr. McKenzie is a very wealthy man, being president of an Oregon live stock and lumber company which controls 30,000 acres. Among his most cherished possessions is a hickory grove ten miles from Kansas City, Kan., from which for many years he has supplied canes to presidents of the United States. His first vote was cast for Franklin Pierce.

The late Lord Charles Russell of Killowen had a wonderful memory for faces. On one occasion he visited a theater in Manchester and between acts went behind the scenes to see an old friend. While they were chatting an actor passed and Lord Charles said to his friend: "I remember that man. He was the original Father Tom in the 'Colleen Bawn.' I saw him in that character the night the play was produced twenty years ago." Though Russell had not seen the actor in all that time he remembered him at once.

Ex-Speaker Reed has carefully avoided expressing any opinion as to the big coal strike, but the other day he heard it remarked that certain public men had been making some big mistakes since the situation over the coal strike had become so acute. Mr. Reed said: "Yes I suppose that is so. It is hard for a man to know just what to do in crises of this sort. That reminds me of the method followed by an old politician in Maine. I once said to him: 'What would you do if you were in a ticklish position and didn't know what you ought to do?' 'I would do nothing,' the old man replied, and I think his was the right brand of philosophy."

Admiral Selfridge, who has just died at the age of 98, entered the navy a midshipman eighty-four years ago. After a service of more than forty-five years, extending through the civil war, he was retired thirty-six years ago. His son, of the same name, who was graduated from the Naval academy in 1854, also attained the rank of rear admiral and went on the retired list in 1898. The late admiral's grandson is in the service now. This is a remarkable family record. The elder Selfridge, who was a contemporary of Farragut, was said to be, at the time of his death, the oldest naval officer in the world. Admiral Sir Henry Kuper of the Royal navy, being five years his junior. The service used to be favorable to longevity, but there is some doubt of the effect of the modern battleship upon the expectation of life.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the associate justice of the United States supreme court, will not take his seat on the bench until his nomination shall have been sent to the senate and confirmed by that body. This is in consonance with a custom which has prevailed since 1795. In that year John Rutledge of South Carolina was appointed chief justice in place of John Jay and sat in court at the August term that same year. In December the senate rejected his nomination on the ground that his mind was diseased. Oliver Ellsworth was then nominated and confirmed. Never since that episode has a justice of the supreme court taken his seat before being confirmed.

James R. Keene is suffering from dyspepsia—a deplorable predicament for one who has been so long a toothsome diner.



LITTLE HERBERT HANGS HIMSELF—TRICK PHOTO BY MRS. ALPHA MORGAN OF BROKEN BOW, Neb.

In fashionable restaurants his presence used to be hailed with joy, not alone because of his generous tips, but also because he and waiter alike loved to serve an appreciative guest. Now he is on a diet of most monotonous character—lamb chops, broiled well done, spinach, stewed prunes and weak tea. This is his meal three times a day and the veteran financier is chafing terribly under the strain.

The Philadelphia Ledger has this story in which Senator Quay and a shrewd Adirondack native figure: "Senator Quay went to the Adirondacks a few weeks ago to prepare for the return home of his family. He rode up the mountain in a coach that was distressingly tardy, and which was following after another that, if possible, was even slower. He chafed for a time at the pace, and then hit upon a plan he thought would serve to speed both teams. He leaned over to the driver and offered a dollar if the latter would get ahead of the team in front. The driver smilingly agreed and then raised his voice to say: 'Hey, I say, Bill! Bill! turn yer rig to the side of the road, will yer? There's a guy here says he'll give me a dollar if I pass ye, and I'll divide if you make room!'"

Miss Lillian Bell, the writer, was once commenting on the many variations of the United States army uniform, and asked a young army officer present if they were all allowed by the regulations.

"Yes," said he; "for instance, there are several shapes of the fatigue cap worn by officers, such as the cap with the soft

one knock on the door and tell you to get up.

The average doctor's private opinion of the medical fraternity wouldn't show up well in print.

Woman can't drive nails, but when it comes to driving bargains she has the sterner sex beat a block.

Conversation is divided into three distinct classes: Matter-of-fact, matter-of-falsehood and no-matter-at-all.

The report that the American Bankers' association has decided to pay a salary of \$5,000 a year to Charles Becker, the famous forger, if he will simply live the life of a good citizen, brings to mind an old story, said a southerner who was visiting Philadelphia the other day, which is well worth repeating. A southern judge who had a fine lot of hogs one day met a colored man notorious for stealing, and said to him: "Uncle Jack, I'll tell you what I'll do. You pick out two of those hogs you like best, and I'll give them to you, provided you won't steal any of the others." The negro pondered a while and finally said: "Judge, you've always been a good neighbor, an' I likes yuh, an' I wants to do right by yuh, an' so accepts de offer yuh makes, but I wants yuh to know dat I'll lose meat by it."

The late Judge Gray sought to continue what he called "the old regime," the solemn state of his court. Now and then he encountered members of the bar able to turn the tables on him, but not often. Henry W. Payne was one and Sidney Bartlett, both leaders at the Suffolk bar, was another. "Mr. Bartlett," said Chief Justice Gray, leaning back in his chair, "that is not law and it never was law." To this the lawyer promptly and pleasingly replied:

"It was law, your honor, until your honor just spoke." "If your honor please," said Payne one day, beginning at a motion. "Sit down, sir; don't you see that I am talking with another justice?" thundered the then chief justice. Mr. Payne took his hat and walked out of the courtroom. A half hour afterward a messenger reached his office with a note saying that Judge Gray was willing to hear him. "I am not willing to be heard," answered the old lawyer, "until Judge Gray apologizes." The apology followed.

The world is indebted to Donizetti, the musical composer, for greater benefits than were conferred by any of his operas, delightful as they are. It is claimed that he was the inventor of the ulster, that garment which enables man to laugh to scorn the fiercest of wintry blasts. One day at Paris he sent for the tailor to measure him for an overcoat. The tailor found him at the piano surrendering himself to the rapture of a composition. Nevertheless he was persuaded to quit the beloved instrument and deliver himself up to the man of tape and chalk. The tailor made the first measurements and then, stooping, began to take the length of the garment.

"To the knee, sir?" he said timidly. "Lower, lower," answered the composer in a dreamy voice. The tailor brought the measure half way down the leg and paused inquiringly. "Lower, lower." The tailor reached the ankles. "Lower, lower." "But, sir, you won't be able to walk." "Walk, walk!" Who wants to walk?" with an ecstatic lifting of the arms. "I never walk; I soar."

At the time when Grover Cleveland was president Dr. Robert Maitland O'Reilly, whom President Roosevelt has just made surgeon general of the army, to succeed General William H. Forwood, retired, was the official physician at the White House. Dr. O'Reilly is a republican, says the Saturday Evening Post, but with Cleveland that was not to be weighed against his skill as a surgeon.

One day during the second Cleveland administration a number of army officers at a social moment were talking informally to the chief executive.

"Are you not afraid, Mr. President," ventured one jocosely, "to retain as your medical adviser a physician who is an uncompromising republican?"

The president had just refused to sign the Wilson tariff bill, and the menace of defection from the ranks hung over the democratic party.

"No," he laughed in reply. "Dr. O'Reilly is a physician of excellent judgment, and he knows that good democrats are scarce."

A few weeks ago, says the Syracuse Evening Herald, a caller at the house of a friend of the "Hoosier Poet" heard a fragment of conversation between a visitor and James Whitcomb Riley, who had been talking of how poorly paid was the profession of literature. "But, Mr. Riley," she said, "surely you have no cause for complaining. You must be a very rich man. I understand that you get a dollar a word for all you write." "Ye-e-es, madam," said Riley, with his slow drawl, "but sometimes I sit a day and can't think of a d-n word!"

Mme. Melba's welcome to Australia after her sixteen years' absence has been sadly

supremacy as the silk weaving center of the world. Similar schools should be established at Paterson and elsewhere in the country and the silk worm industry of the south, now in its infancy, should be encouraged.

The wonderful silk manufactures of France originated through the encouragement of the silk trade by the French monarchs in the past. It was not until the fifteenth century that much silk weaving was done. Before that time the best of the silks came from Italy, the finest of silks, satins, velvets and other cloths being woven near Venice. Lyons, however, was a great fair city and many Italian silks were brought there for sale. Then Louis XI imported Italian weavers and along about forty years after the discovery of America Francis I induced many of the Italian weavers to settle at Lyons by guaranteeing them exemption from taxation, free lodgings and the right to carry swords as well as immunity from imprisonment for debt. In one way or another he brought silk weavers from Genoa, Florence, Lucca and Venice, and thus founded this business, which has done much to make France rich. The industry thrived until the persecution of the Huguenots drove more than 300,000 of the most skilled of the French artisans out of the country and in a few years reduced the number of looms from 40,000 to less than 10,000. The Protestant weavers escaped to England, Germany and Switzerland and thus started the silk manufactures of those countries.

Since then Lyons has at times held the silk manufacturing supremacy of Europe. It probably holds it today, but the industries of Switzerland, Germany and England are steadily growing, and, comparatively speaking, Lyons is on the decline. Its greatest danger today is from the United States, which is increasing its silk product from year to year.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

interrupted by the visitation of paralysis, with which her father, David Mitchell, was suddenly stricken down while awaiting the arrival of his daughter. Mr. Mitchell is one of Melbourne's oldest citizens. He was for many years one of its leading builders and contractors, the Exhibition building, the scene of the inauguration of the commonwealth Parliament by the prince of Wales, being his principal work. A strict Presbyterian, he did not altogether approve his daughter's becoming the principal soprano in the choir of the Melbourne Roman Catholic cathedral, and when she developed into a prima donna he never crossed the equator to witness her triumph.



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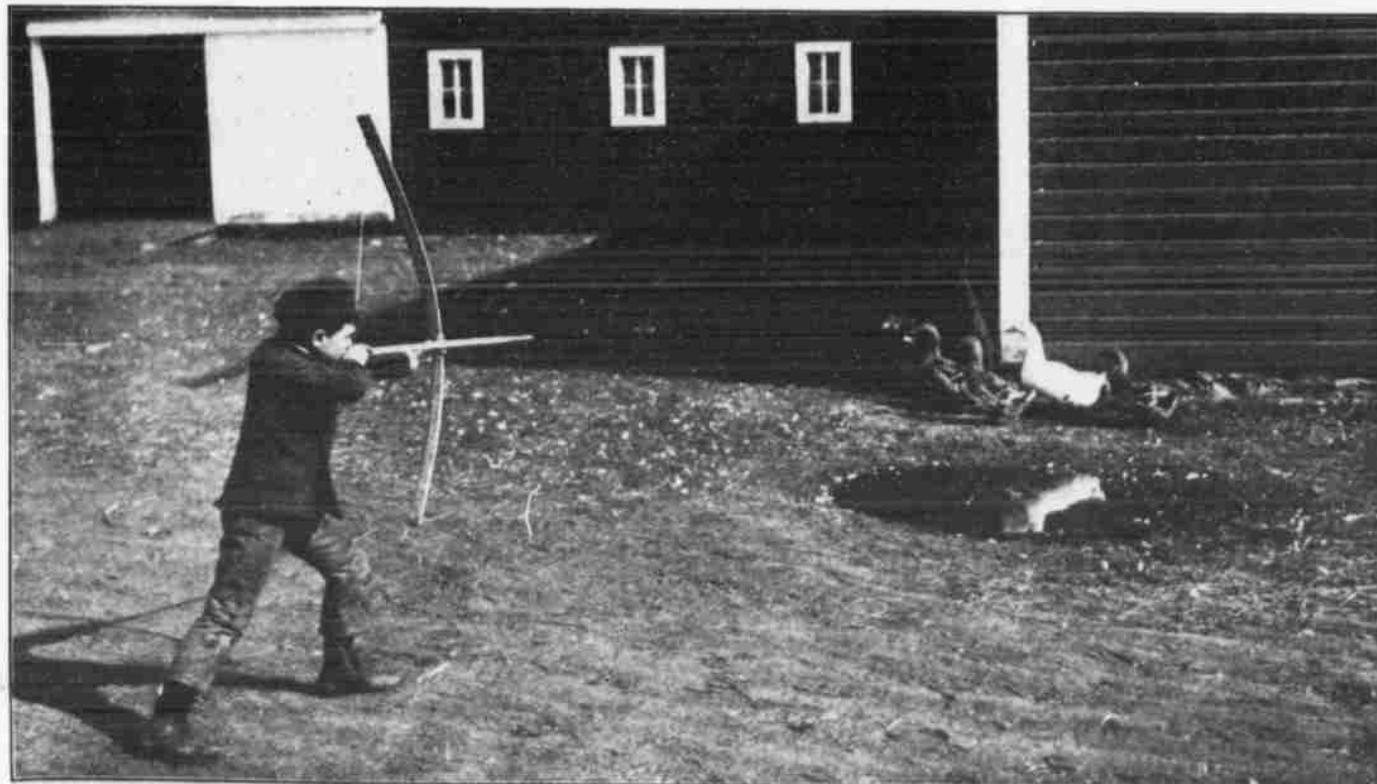
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