

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

PRIMEVAL man was a hunter from very necessity. He had to learn to stalk and snare, to trap and take, or go without food and clothing. Savage man has also been compelled to exist under much the same stressful conditions, although a rudimentary knowledge of agricultural possibilities has in a measure ameliorated his situation in this regard. Among other blessings that come with civilization is the condition which makes it possible for man to live and not pursue the chase as a means of living. But civilization is only a veneer, after all, and in man's breast still linger certain of his old savage impulses, emotions and desires not shaken off when he stood upright to walk and shed his tail. Among these primal instincts that of hunting is probably first. At least it is more general in its manifestation. Everybody has at one time or another felt the impulse to go forth and slay something; to take a gun and tramp woods or stubble fields; to hide among reeds and fens, and to take the life of any bird or beast unfortunate enough to come within purview of gun or other instrument of destruction. Civilization circumscribes man's destructive tendencies in this as in other directions, and legislation, born of greater or less wisdom, has hedged about the beasts of the field, the birds of the air and the fishes that are in the waters under the earth with such provisions as tend in a measure at least to restrict the slaughter and thus preserve them in a little security of life. Open season is the time for the hunter, and it is no longer mere slaughter, but the highest development of the instinct of woodcraft that enables him to gratify his propensities in the way of killing game. Savage man would soon starve to death were he put to get his game under the same conditions as civilized man. And then the element of true sport that actuates the

modern hunter was never known to the savage. With him it was merely a matter of business. In the modern instance the beast or bird is at least given the chance of life that comes with being shot at only while in motion. True, this is a mighty slim chance under ordinary circumstances, for the hunter has developed wonderful skill and is almost as certain a visitation of death as the average duck cares to meet up with on its migration. It is more the joy of hunting than the mere killing of the game that gets the city man to forsake his comfortable surroundings for the days he must spend in the open, discomforts such as being occasionally soured in ice cold water and other inconveniences he must endure in order to get "a good bunch of birds," but the birds are toothsome and give some gustatory delight to those who cannot "go hunting," so they may be set down as more than an incident of the trip after all.

Nebraska has long been famous as a place where water fowl may be hunted in spring and fall. In the fall particularly do the birds, in prime condition from a summer spent among the rich feeding grounds in the north, delight to break the long journey south by loafing for a few days around the shallow streams and in the glorious grain fields of the Antelope state. Carefully framed laws give these birds protection which some think is rather too broad, but which the more conservative of hunters think is admirably designed to perpetuate the shooting that has made the state famous.

One of the greatest of all game birds is not known to Nebraska, but Iowans have in times past enjoyed the hunting of it, and still it may be found in some of the deeper wooded hills in the southeastern part of the state. The turkey, native to America, roamed the woods in early times from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi river, but is now confined to the woods of the southern states and a very few localities along the Father of Waters. More majestic than any fowl of the open prairies, wary as the wild goose, fleet of foot and powerful of wing, keen of sight and hearing, and more difficult to hit than his size would indicate, the turkey is the ideal game bird. Hunting him in the proper season is accompanied by the keenest zest the sportsman knows, and when the hunt is rewarded by a twenty-eight pound gobbler, such as fell to the gun of Captain Billings of the navy recently, the joy of the chase is made perfect. Chase means exactly what one must do as a rule to overhaul a turkey,



EDWIN A. ABBEY, AMERICAN ARTIST WHO IS PAINTING THE CORONATION.—Photo Copyright, 1902, by P. Gutekunst.

for the birds usually see the hunter long before the hunter sees the birds, and the rest of the day is often spent in following a well-defined spoor without a single chance for a shot. Calling is uncertain and stalking all but impossible. Now and then a fortunate hunter locates a roost and gets an opportunity to shoot before the birds are fairly awake in the morning, but such events are nearly all numbered with traditions. Older hunters will appreciate the pictures which are given with the duck hunting series in this number.

Luther Drake of Omaha, who has been chosen a member of the executive council of the American Bankers' association, is one of the thirty men into whose hands the work of the association has been placed. The executive council has, since its organization, been the body which has finally passed upon every measure adopted by the association, and to it has been referred every matter which the association desired action upon. The council holds two sessions each year, one in April at New York, and the other in the fall at the place where the annual meeting of the association is to be held. The association is composed of banks and bankers of the United States, every legitimate bank being eligible to membership. At present there are associated in the society 6,700 institutions. It



LUTHER DRAKE OF OMAHA, MEMBER OF EXECUTIVE BOARD, AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION.

was organized about 1870, and twenty-eight persons have held the office of president. Under the present rules the presidents are elected annually. The object of the organization is to advance the interests of its members in all ways. Legislative matters are discussed, rewards offered for the arrest and conviction of persons who rob or defraud banks, and a union of effort is made in all lines. Mr. Drake has been connected with the Merchants' National bank of Omaha since its organization in 1882, when he became assistant cashier. At that time the bank had a capital stock of \$100,000. Today he is cashier of the bank, with its capital stock \$500,000, and a surplus equal to its first capital stock.

Edwin A. Abbey, the American who has been selected to paint the coronation picture that is intended to hand down to remotest posterity the glories that attended the accession of Edward VII to the English throne, is the third of a family of painters, his grandfather having been an artist, his father a merchant with artistic tendencies. His own talent has been manifest since boyhood, although his early work was in black and white. From wood engraving and book and magazine illustrating, Mr. Abbey took up water colors, and was known as a success by his dainty work in this line before

he gave the world any knowledge of his mastery in oils. He had studied colors in America and Europe, but had done no public work, prior to the exhibition of his "Holy Grail" panels at a Paris exposition in the '80s. These won for him fame, but the foundation of his fame had been laid long before. For many years he has made his home in England, although he comes often to America, and still has a warm attachment for his native country. His selection to paint the important coronation picture was as much of a surprise as an honor, for he had no notion that he was even being considered. In fact, he had not been presented to the king prior to the time when he was summoned to receive from his majesty the announcement of his choice. Even then the debate was very brief. Beyond announcing the fact, the king merely said, "My court chamberlain will attend to the details." Since then Mr. Abbey has worked at his home, Morgan Hall, with more or less persistence, and hopes to have the picture completed by spring. He says he has a little bit of everything used at the coronation except the crown, and is mighty glad he hasn't that to add to his worry about loss by burglary or fire of some one of the historical objects temporarily in his charge. Mr. Abbey also has the commission to decorate the new state capitol building for Pennsylvania. He has not fully determined if he will do the work. He was born in Philadelphia in 1852.

Nature is after all the great artist, and her most worthy imitator has never quite equaled the beauty of her work. Nowhere is nature more lavish with her decorations than among the hills and glades along the western rivers. Here in spring-time and in autumn she spreads a wealth of color, rich and riotous, but blended with a harmony that seems defiant of rules, but is pleasing in result beyond ordinary expression. Two autumn scenes in Iowa pastures are reproduced this week. Only the outline of the landscape can be given in the half-tone, but the imagination can supply the rich tints of the goldenrod, the deep green of the grassy slopes, the tender browns and reds of the autumn foliage, the hazy blue of the Indian summer heavens and the wondrous blending of light and shade that comes from the mountains of fleecy clouds floating lazily through the soft October air. Poet and painter alike despair when viewing such scenes. Only when photography is perfected to the point where color as well as figure may be preserved by a snapshot will nature be accurately taken when decked in her finery.

Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

BRUNETIERE, the French critic, was recently asked for a contribution to a symposium, the questions being "What do you think of the intellectual influence of Germany?" and "Is that influence still existent and justified by its results?" M. Brunetiere made this searching reply: "I am not a slot machine from which by dropping your penny you get a package of cigarette papers, a cake of chocolate, a matured opinion on Shakespeare or a criticism of Bismarck. I admire those machines, but am not one. Go to them and get your penny's worth."

G. A. Henry, the writer for youth, who died a few days ago, got letters from admirers all over the world asking for his autograph and offering criticism of his books. In a story of the Peninsular war he made two boys disguise themselves by staining their faces with iodine. Shortly after the book was published he received a letter from a boy who said he was a chemist's assistant, stating that while that special incident was represented as taking place in 1808, iodine was not discovered until 1811—three years later.

The Hon. W. Bourke Cockran and Mr. F. P. Dunne are to be among the speakers

at the celebration in Baltimore Md., on St. Patrick's day, March 17, 1903, of the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of the Hibernian society of that city. This society is the oldest of the race societies of Baltimore, and it has had a continuous existence, its membership including nearly every Irish-born citizen of prominence in the century that has passed. John Oliver, one of its members, and its president at the time of his death, in 1827, left a large sum of money to found the Oliver Hibernian Free School, which has been the means of educating thousands of children.

A reason can generally be found for everything. Everyone is aware of the fact that General Grant was addicted in an abnormal degree to the smoking habit. General Jam's Grant Wilson, in a recent address before the historical society of Philadelphia, accounts for his excesses in this regard. Among the yarns spun by the speaker was the following: "It seems that after one of Grant's great victories he was seen riding down the line with a half-smoked unlit cigar in his mouth. In reporting the affair the war correspondents one and all mentioned the incident of the half-burnt cigar.

"It was not long after that every express

from the north brought the general packages of cigars, until there were 20,000 cigars received at camp. Up to that time Grant had been in the habit of smoking but two or three cigars a day. But with this unlimited supply and feeling that as they were gifts he could not give them away, he started to smoke them wholesale, and thus acquired a tremendous appetite for tobacco."

Lord Kitchener's prominence has recalled an old story told of him after the Egyptian campaign. During the brief period in which society tried to lionize him, without much success, a young dandy approached him with a handkerchief on which he begged Kitchener to write his name. "Your sister's, I suppose?" commented the general, as he surveyed the flimsy thing. "No, my own," answered the young gentleman. "Ah," commented the man from Khartoum, "what is your taste in hairpins?"

Dr. Richard J. Gatling, the well known inventor of the famous machine gun, who is now at work on a motor plow, celebrated the forty-eighth anniversary of his marriage to Miss Sanders of Indianapolis at St. Louis on October 24. Mrs. Gatling's parents were Kentuckians. Her sister was the mother of General Lew Wallace. Dr. and

Mrs. Gatling have three children, all of whom, as well as their parents, live in New York. The celebrated inventor thinks his new plow will revolutionize agriculture on the great farms of the west. The plow will be run by a gasoline motor of sufficient power to propel the machine with the shares at any depth up to twelve inches. The plow will not only plow, but harrow, roll and seed the ground at the same time, thus saving one-fourth the cost of planting.

Admiral Dewey did not leap to his eminence as a naval commander by one bound. He began like the rest of the nation's heroes—at the foot of the ladder—serving successively in all grades from midshipman upward. Many will be interested in this account of a mutiny on the old Kearsarge, of which he was in 1866 executive officer. Fifty sailors had mutinied and gone below to the gun deck, where they huddled together in the dark ready to blow up the corvette if necessary. Summoning the ship's writer, who had charge of the watch muster, and arming himself with twelve pistols (they were of rather ancient pattern), Dewey started for them. The ship's writer carried a lantern and the roll. Reaching the mutineers, the destined hero of Manila bay, facing them with a cocked pistol in

each hand and the other ten tucked away in the breast of his coat, said "Call the roll!" The first name happened to be John Jones. Through sheer force of habit he answered "Here."

The cue thus unwittingly given was followed by the rest of the mutineers and by the time the roll call was completed they had realized their folly and at Dewey's command came from their retreat and surrendered.

"If Governor Odell had been beaten," says a New York republican, "he would never have squealed. He's a thoroughbred, and he got his thoroughbred lesson from his good old father. One day, years ago, when the governor was a boy, his father said to him:

"Ben, do you know what a thoroughbred is? Well, I'll show you. See those two dogs? Well, this one—and he picked up an ugly looking, low-bred pup and gave him a gentle shaking, causing yelps and barks and howls to rend the air—'this is not a thoroughbred.' Then he picked up the other, a fine looking, handsome young dog, and shook him hard, not a sound coming forth. 'There,' said the father, 'that's your thoroughbred, my boy; be a thoroughbred, and whatever happens don't squeal.'"

Where Nature Spreads Her Most Lovely Colors--Fall Scenes in Pastures Near Anita, Ia.--Photos by a Staff Artist

