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ONE of the really important which has recently met in Omaha was the missionary conference of dignitaries of the Presbyterian church, who gathered here to consult in reference to the work of the church in the mission field, at home and abroad. While the matters under the control of the Nebraska synod were given foremost attention, plans were also debated as to ways and means for forwarding the undertakings of the church in other directions. Nebraska Presbyterians are becoming an important factor in the affairs of the general body, as the local interests of the church are increasing in all directions each year. With the growth in membership and the addition of new churches, schools and the like, the added attention from the governing body is natural. Thus the consultation of the workers over the mission matters was of great interest to the members, and because of their wide diffusion in the state, of interest to the public as well.

Another body of missionaries in a large sense which met in Omaha at the same time was the Nebraska Real Estate Dealers' association, made up of men actively engaged in the promotion of settlement of Nebraska. This body is not of great age, but it has taken hold of the task, self-set,



W. C. MORROW, AFTON, Ia., PRESIDENT OF IOWA DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.



JOHN C. SIMPSON OF KNOXVILLE, Ia., SECRETARY IOWA DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.



ADDISON C. HARRIS OF ASHLAND, Neb.



MRS. ADDISON C. HARRIS.

with a vigor that promises results. Singling the praise of one's own wares is not a difficult undertaking at any time, and if the wares have the admitted merits of Nebraska real estate, the task is made a pleasure. In pushing their own business along legitimate lines the real estate men are pushing the interests of the people, for it is impossible for the real estate broker to prosper unless the whole state is prospering as well. That the business has advanced beyond the methods of the mere boomer is proven by the character of the convention and the breadth and nature of the discussions and the quality of the papers read at the sessions.

Addison C. Harris and Miss Mary Lucy Lewis were united in marriage at the home

of the bride in Adams county, Neb., December 16, 1892. They came to Nebraska in the fall of 1872, Mr. Harris having been engaged in farming, which he continued on coming to this state, buying a farm in Cass county, which he occupied up till March, 1893, when his advanced years caused him to retire from active work. Fourteen children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Harris, of whom ten remain—Vernal D., Orville F. of Ashland, Slater of Pueblo, Colo., and R. G. Harris of Omaha, and Messdames Asa Crane of Lincoln, John Fitz Roberts of South Omaha, Misses Ada of Lincoln, Rose of South Omaha and Daisy and Marcia of Ashland. A number of presents were received by Mr. and Mrs. Harris and all their friends extended hearty congratulations upon their fifty years of married life.

The Nebraska duck hunters never enjoyed a more fruitful season than the one

just ended. That the provision of the law which limits the daily number of birds to a gun to fifty and the total number that one man may have in his possession at one time to fifty is wise is again shown by the picture published this week of a party of Beatrice men taken as they were returning from a hunt on the Blue. Not that these men are game hogs, for they are not, but only sportsmen who cheerfully comply with the law; in fact one of them writes to The Bee that the party had to loaf in order not to exceed the legal limit, so good was the shooting they found. It is only another evidence of the fecundity of Nebraska's waters as well as the soil of the state.

Iowa maintains a state agricultural department as a part of the state government and annually delegates from the county and local fair associations and from counties and from county farmers' institutes meet at the capitol and select a board to manage the state fair and publish a "Year Book" of valuable information for agriculturists. This year the board met and elected Hon. W. W. Morrow of Afton

as president of the department, an honor richly deserved by him. He owns a magnificent farm in Union county, which he has personally farmed for many years and in which he takes the keenest delight. At the same time he is a man of culture and broad views and is conspicuous in state affairs in many ways. The board re-elected unanimously as secretary John C. Simpson of Knoxville, who was last year elected to that place. The fact that he was virtually manager of the most successful fair the state has ever had was sufficient warrant for his re-election again.

One of the features of the Elks' trip to Salt Lake City last summer was the mounting by a jolly party of Colonel J. J. Dickey, the well known Omaha district superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph company, on a passing water cart, and keeping him there while a photographer took a picture of the party in all sorts of attitudes supposed to indicate abject grief and inconsolable sorrow at the defection of a convivial companion. It is a well known fact that a water cart has no terror for Colonel Dickey.

George Bruce Cortelyou, Secretary to President Roosevelt

NOT IN THE history of the newspaper men of the national capital has a man so acceptably and so completely filled the office of secretary to the president as has George Bruce Cortelyou. I doubt very much if there ever was a man who figured in the official history of Washington so constantly under the gaze of the public, and whose duty it is to meet so many men of national reputation, officials and newspaper correspondents, who was so universally admired for his sterling worth, his manly qualities and his lovable disposition as is the secretary to President Roosevelt.

Mr. Cortelyou is a many-sided man. In addition to splendid training in the schools he has had outside training which peculiarly fits him for the close and confidential position which he occupies. When Grover Cleveland took Mr. Cortelyou from the Postoffice department, where he held a position in the fourth assistant postmaster general's office, and placed him in the White House as an assistant secretary, he unconsciously picked out one of the few men

in this world especially fitted for the trying, exacting duties of a secretary to a president.

It seems to me that George B. Cortelyou was designed for the position he now occupies, and I believe that every newspaper man at the national capital will join me in this statement. The duties of the position of secretary to the president have been greatly enlarged since the days when Culver C. Sniffen was secretary to General Grant and Daniel S. Lamont filled a like position to President Cleveland. The office today is much more influential than it ever was, and George B. Cortelyou has made it so, by reason of his splendid ability, his diplomacy and his suavity. Under the most trying circumstances Mr. Cortelyou preserves an evenness of temper that is the marvel of those about him. He never loses his head, he never gets "rattled," he never says or does the wrong thing. Always a gentleman, because he was born such, he is forever courteous, kind and obliging, but with an unswerving loyalty to his chief.

For ten years I have known Mr. Cortelyou personally. I have seen him grow, I have

watched his progress, and I do not know of any man in the limelight of publicity who has deserved more the things which have come to him than George Cortelyou.

Mr. Cortelyou was born in the city of New York, July 26, 1862, and is therefore 40 years of age. He is descended from one of the most conspicuous revolutionary and colonial families and his father and grandfather were prominent figures in the business and social circles of New York in their day. The names of George Bruce and Peter Crolius Cortelyou are intimately associated with the typefoundry industry in this country and for nearly half a century they conducted as partners the leading type house in the world. Among the friends and associates of Secretary Cortelyou's grandfather were Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond, Hugh Hastings, Thurlow Weed and others of the Brooklyn coterie of journalists and politicians, and the open-handed hospitality of Peter C. Cortelyou, sr., in his beautiful home on the heights in Brooklyn and at his summer residence on Staten Island made him one

of the most popular and best beloved men in the community.

George B. Cortelyou's home training and associations were of the best and after attending public and private schools he graduated from the Hempstead institute in 1879, and at the age of 16 entered the State Normal school at Westfield, Mass. Completing an advanced course in study there, he was graduated with honor at 19, having prepared for Harvard university. Instead, however, of taking up the Harvard course, as he fully intended, he entered the New England Conservatory of Music at Boston, where he pursued several courses of study and tutoring in English literature classes of teachers from the Cambridge High school. While in Boston he became a private pupil of the late Dr. Louis Maas, formerly conductor of the Philharmonic society of that city.

During his musical studies Mr. Cortelyou took up phonography and became one of the best phonographers in the country. He came to Washington in 1891 as private secretary to the fourth assistant post-

master general. Mr. Cortelyou's record in the Postoffice department, known to General Maxwell and Postmaster General Bissell, came to the notice of President Cleveland, and when Executive Clerk O'Brien resigned to assume charge of the Washington bureau of the Boston Transcript Mr. Cortelyou was transferred to the executive mansion and was appointed stenographer to the president November, 1895, and three months later was promoted to the position of executive clerk to the president.

It may be justly said that within the administration of President McKinley the importance of the office of secretary to the president grew to the dignity of a cabinet position, and in many essential particulars it is so regarded today. There is no man in public life today who so intimately enjoys the confidence of President Roosevelt as does Secretary Cortelyou, and should the bill creating a Department of Commerce become a law there is no man who would so ably fill the position of secretary to the new department as George Bruce Cortelyou.

EDGAR C. SNYDER.

Gleanings From the Story Tellers' Pack

WHILE Henry Drummond was calling on a friend on his last visit here, reports the New York Times, he was introduced to a party of American girls.

"How very formal you are here when you are introduced," he said. "Now in England we always shake hands. What do you do here when you say goodbye?" "Oh, we kiss," said the youngest of the party, a charming girl of 16.

"Ah, that's charming," responded Prof. Drummond; "suppose we say goodbye right now!"

A tramp asked Chauncey Depew for a quarter and, when he got it, begged to know the giver's name. "Who may I say was so kind-hearted?"

"Oh, never mind; that's all right." He insisted, and Depew finally said, "Call it Grover Cleveland and let it go at that." As he was going away the senator asked his name in turn. But the tramp hesitated.

"Oh, I beg you to let me know whom I have had the pleasure of meeting in this happy way."

"Oh, well, call it Mr. Depew and let it go at that."

Depew fanned himself and let it go.

Theatrical people are like ministers in at least one respect. Most of them have a big stock of stories to tell. Apropos is this from the Philadelphia Record: "Several theatrical people over a midnight supper were talking about effective photographs, and after all the rest had aired their views it was up to Malcolm Williams. 'Last summer, while I was playing an engagement in Providence,' he said, 'we put on 'Romeo and Juliet,' and I had some photos taken in the Romeo costume, one of which I sent home. I have a great admirer in my little sister Gladys, aged 6, and when Gladys saw the photograph she quite went into raptures, according to the letters I received from home. In fact, she wrote me one herself, or rather she printed it which was a gem in its way. 'Dear Mall,' she wrote, 'it was a beautiful picture of

you, but I think it would have been lots nicer if you had your pants on.'"

Street Cleaning Commissioner Paul Iglehart came back to the city hall this week from a gunning trip in Anne Arundel county, relates the Baltimore Sun, and brought with him a supply of new stories told in the historic old South River club.

The one that particularly took Mr. Iglehart's fancy was that of the Irish servant girl who one day asked her mistress what was the meaning of the word "kismet." After thinking a little while, the mistress said:

"Why, Bridget, it is another name for fate."

A day or so afterward the mistress discovered Bridget hobbling down the stairs, evidently in great pain and walking very lame.

"Why, what on earth is the matter with you?" she asked.

"Oh, sure, ma'am," was the reply. "I've got bunions on my kismet."

"Between presidential terms," said Senator Depew. "President Cleveland went hunting in the Adirondack forests one time. He took along Chick Bruce for a guide. Chick is one of the best guides in the mountains. They were waiting for a shot at a deer. Mr. Cleveland sat on a log with the muzzle of his gun resting against his heart.

Chick saw where the gun was and fairly yelled: 'Here, you blamed old fool, is that gun loaded?'

"I guess it is," Mr. Cleveland replied humbly.

Chick grabbed the gun and found it at full cock. Then he turned indignantly to Mr. Cleveland and said: "Suppose that gun had gone off and you had killed yourself. What do you think would have happened to me? Durn you, don't you know I'm a republican?"

They were talking about Colonel Thomas P. Ochiltree of the Waldorf-Astoria, relates the New York Tribune. There were three men in the party, and the news had

just come in that their former comrade had died at Hot Springs, Va. Just then a tall man, thin-faced and smooth shaven, with long hair combed back of his ears and his baldness hidden by a sloach hat, joined the group, and handed to the members of the circle nearest him a paper with the corner of the page turned down.

"See that?" said the tall man, as he pointed to an article headed, "Colonel Thomas P. Ochiltree dead. Heart trouble cause of death. Statesman, journalist, promoter and humorist. His long career in the public eye. Well known in Texas, New York and Europe."

The others simply glanced at the paper. They had heard the news.

"Well," said the tall man, "the world will laugh less for having lost 'Tom.' That's what I've always called him."

"He used to tell some wonderful stories," remarked a small man, who looked as if he had not yet got his growth. "He could always go you one better. I remember one time how he upset Lord Lonsdale, when that Englishman was entertained here on his way home from an expedition to Alaska. His lordship was regarded by some of his admirers as a wonderful explorer. He was quite a lion. I remember in particular a dinner which was given in his honor by Hermann Oelrichs.

"Well, Lord Lonsdale told many thrilling stories, and an audible 'ch' went around the table when he finished telling of a petrified forest in Africa, in which he found a number of petrified lions and elephants. As the Englishman lapsed into silence and the applause sank to an echo, all looked to Colonel Ochiltree to defend his nationality and beat this petrified lion story.

"Texas," said the colonel, after a pause, has its petrified forests, but although they contain no petrified lions they are remarkable for having petrified birds flying over them."

"Nonsense!" said Lord Lonsdale; "that is impossible. Such a phenomenon is contrary to the laws of gravitation."

"Ah, that's easily explained," responded Colonel Ochiltree, quickly. "The laws of

gravitation down there are petrified, too."

"Well," remarked Congressman Morse of Kentucky, quoted by the Philadelphia Press, "you fellows have told a bunch of mighty stale stories and perpetrated a pun as an atrocious climax. I think I can tell one that will break up this party. It is suggested by my friend's reference to mint julep. I suppose none of you ever heard the story of the origin of the mint julep?"

There was a stampede from the cloak room. Everybody went save Brandegee, the new member from Connecticut, elected to fill vacancy. To him this story was told: "In the early days in Kentucky a stranger stopped over night with a distiller, who had some fine liquor and a very notable spring of water. Growing about the spring was a quantity of mint. The stranger mixed the mint with the liquor, spring water and some sugar, and he and the distiller got far into the night repeating the dose.

"Next spring the stranger passed that way again; the old man came to the door. 'Where's the old man?' the visitor asked.

"Dead," replied the woman.

"Dead?"

"Yep; a fellow came along here last spring and taught him to put grass in his licker and it finally killed him."

Among the many stump speakers who invaded the middle west during the first McKinley campaign, says the Philadelphia Ledger, was Corporal Tanner, the well-known pension attorney. At one small town in Illinois he was suddenly taken ill, and the physician who had been summoned directed, among other things, that he soak his feet in hot water.

"I don't think that would do any good," said the corporal with a serious air.

"Why not?" asked the doctor with some feeling.

Glancing down at his artificial substitutes, the other replied:

"They were both shot off in '63 at Gettysburg."

Impervious to criticism, though by no means oblivious of it, relates the New York

Times, Thomas B. Reed, according to his intimates, hardly relished the title of "czar" so generally conferred upon him in the days when as speaker he ruled a fractious minority in the lower house of congress.

"It is an epithet, not a sobriquet," he once remarked to me," said a friend of the ex-speaker the other day; "but I remember one occasion when he really enjoyed the title.

"We were walking along Pennsylvania avenue one day, when a newspaper wagon dashed up to the curb near us, and the driver called to several newsboys:

"Here y'are, boys, new extra. Bomb thrown at the czar!"

"Aw, g'wan," replied one of theurchins. "That's a fake. Here's the czar comin' up the street."

"Mr. Reed shook with convulsive appreciation of the newsboy's idea that there was only one czar—a certain ponderous man from Maine."

The friends of a well known West Side woman are quietly laughing over the pat retort which she made to the butcher the day before Thanksgiving apropos of the festive turkey, relates the Cleveland Leader. She went into the meat market to pick out the bird for the Thanksgiving dinner, and there found a number of her neighbors, all on the same errand bent. Conversation turned upon the high prices asked for turkeys this year, and the butcher, as he dressed a bird for one of his customers, remarked casually that it was a funny thing that the turkeys didn't have any galls this year.

"It is easy to account for that," said the woman. "It's the butchers who have the gall this year, asking such exorbitant prices for turkeys."

The butcher's loquacity received a sudden check, and when the woman went to the desk to pay for her turkey the cashier, who is the butcher's wife, turned upon her a cold and haughty shoulder, refusing even to look upon her. Since then this woman has been persona non grata at the butcher shop.