

THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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

Price, 5c Per Copy—Per Year, \$2.00.

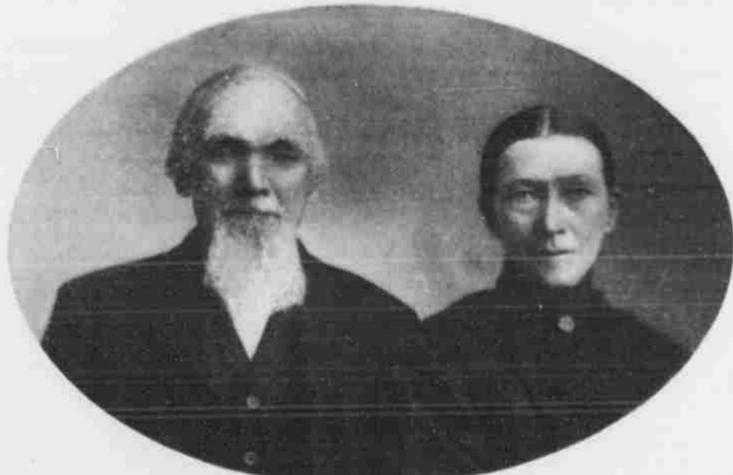
Entered at the Omaha Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter.

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

HESTER I. LONG, who has just been elected to the United States senate from Kansas, is one of the figures in congress that have loomed up big in the last few years.



MR. AND MRS. DANIEL KINNISON OF DAVID CITY, Neb., WHO RECENTLY CELEBRATED THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING.

against each other, and Long was elected by a nice majority. In 1896 it was Simpson's time, and, although Long had routed the sockless statesman on the stump during a series of joint debates on the money question, the voters wanted Jerry, and he went back to congress for the last time.

tached first to one of the Des Moines papers, and finally went to Chicago, where he was given a position on the News, and then was sent to New York as correspondent for that publication.

girl. On January 13, 1903, about thirty-five neighbors, friends and relatives assembled at the Kinnison homestead and assisted them in celebrating their golden wedding anniversary, bringing a large number of presents appropriate to the occasion.

departments on one of the great lines of railroad of the country within four years is certainly a remarkable record.



CHARLES SOMERS YOUNG, WHO HAS RISEN FAST IN RAILWAY SERVICE.

years' term in the Normal school at Paola, he entered the office of a law firm at Topeka and was in due time admitted to the bar. As soon as he was legally qualified, in 1885, he went to Medicine Lodge and began his life's work, not the least part of which has been to retire Jerry Simpson from circulation.

One of the many bodies into which Nebraskans have organized themselves is the State Association of County Commissioners, which recently met in Omaha for its annual conference.



ROBERT S. ARMSTRONG, FIRST ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE U. S. TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

for detail that attracted attention to him and secured for him his elevation to a place that is one of the most responsible under the government.

A. C. Smith, the new president of the Commercial club, was elected to that office during his absence in the east. He has been a member of the organization for years and has been one of its directors.

"The Club" gets its name from a desire of its membership to be distinguished from all the other clubs by the fact that it is the club to which they belong.



ARTHUR CRITTENDEN SMITH, PRESIDENT OMAHA COMMERCIAL CLUB.

Charles Somers Young is another of the young men who have pushed their way to the front in the business world. Mr. Young left school in 1895, being graduated from Cornell university with the class of that year, and came to Omaha to engage in newspaper work.

eight grade at the Lothrop school, who are just winding up their work in the grammar grades and preparing to enter the High school. In addition to their regular school work they have taken up the study of the English drama, and have, with the assistance of their teacher, made much progress in the reading of Shakespeare and other classical works.

Gleanings From the Story Tellers' Pack

THE GERMAN papers are telling a story about a Berlin lady who was sent by her physician to one of the well known "cures" in Germany. He gave her a letter which purported to be a prescription for her treatment there, and which she presented to the doctor at the "cure."

stock of head lettuce, descended upon the new president. At the first toot of the horn he knew what was coming, but before bedlam could break loose Dr. Wilson was out among the serenaders, grasping each one by the hand and thanking them individually and collectively for their congratulations, pretending not to see the lettuce heads which the students made desperate efforts to keep out of view and to get rid of.

"What's the matter with Woodrow Wilson?" And the answer came loud and clear: "He's all right. He's a brick." The students then marched away singing, "For he's a jolly good fellow," and carrying their lettuce heads with them.

Sulphur chocolate eclairs were passed at dessert. When they reached me I started to help myself to one, but found it stuck fast to the plate, so forcing the fork under it I again tried, but it still held firmly. Looking up I was somewhat abashed and my friends were convulsed with laughter by hearing the waiter say: "Scuse me, Sah, but dat's my thumb."

stand, that in view of the temperature the president might like to fortify himself with a little something. "Of course he would," the colonel promptly replied. "Haven't you asked him yet?" "No," the mayor replied, "I didn't just—er—like to."

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, who has recently been chosen president of Princeton college, is a man of great tact and considerable native wit. A former student of that institution tells a story which he regards as indicative of the way in which he will hold the students in leash by ready wit and a genial smile instead of trying to awe them with his dignity.



ALBERT HENSLEY, WINNEBAGO INDIAN COUNTY COMMISSIONER OF THURSTON COUNTY.

The late John E. Kenna, United States senator from West Virginia, used to delight his Washington friends by his many "darky stories." He told the following as happening at the White Sulphur Springs, where colored waiters serve the guests: "One evening when dining at the White

President Cleveland was on his first trip to the Mississippi, and was reviewing the parade in his honor. The day was chill, and the mayor, after the parade had been going on about an hour, whispered to Colonel Lamont, who had just come on the



A. C. Harte, Omaha, Treasurer. G. H. Thorpe, Broken Bow, Vice Pres't. H. W. Winter, Norfolk, President. J. P. Falter, Plattsmouth, Secretary. OFFICERS OF NEBRASKA COUNTY COMMISSIONERS' ASSOCIATION.

"Who," asked the president, "is the third glass for?" "Why—er," said the mayor, "one is for you, Mr. President, one is for Colonel Lamont, and one—er—for me."

Alexander Sullivan, who is now residing in Denver, Colo., served in the British army in the Crimean war and acted as trumpeter at the terrible charge of the Light Brigade, "the noble 600," at Balaclava. In describing the horrors of that day, he says that when Lord Cardigan ordered him to sound the retreat he raised his bugle to his lips, but was unable to give out a sound. "Lord Cardigan," as he tells the story, "turned to me with a fierce oath and repeated his command, but I shook my head and dropped my bugle. He must have understood, for, raising his sword high above my head, he shrieked: 'Retreat, men, as best you can, and save yourselves.'"