

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

MINNE-LUSA (Sweet Water) pumping station is known to most of Omaha's people as the prettiest show spot among a long list of beautiful places in and surrounding the Gate City. It is not commonly the case that pumping engines are associated with tasseled floors, frescoed walls and ceilings, delicately moulded wainscoting, arched and groined doors and windows, potted plants, pretty and even costly pictures, graveled walks between dainty flower beds, with smoothly shaven grass plots and broad lawns, everything in appointment and keeping being equal to any private establishment that one may wish to cite. Yet that is Minne-Lusa, where permanent housing is given to a mighty installation of majestic engines, some of which are without known peers in the world; monsters of machinery which move as endowed with sentient life, doing tremendous duty in the way of lifting innumerable thousands of tons of water from the Missouri river and forcing it hundreds of feet into the air and through many miles of main and service pipe to supply the commercial and domestic wants of Omaha, South Omaha and surrounding villages. Entering the building through the handsome south entrance, the visitor is at once impressed with the beauty of the interior, which is greatly set off by the steady movement of the ponderous machinery, without a jar or tremor, without smell of steam or odor of oil, slowly, surely discharging its function, but with absolutely no external evidence of the stupendous task it is fulfilling. A great quadruple expansion Reynolds pumping engine, not shown in the illustration, is continually drawing through its great cylinders the hot breath of a battery of two dozen boilers, converting it into energy that drives the constant stream of water required for the city's use six miles through a forty-two-inch main and up almost 400 feet into a great reservoir. The energy needed to maintain this tremendous column of water in steady motion at a rate of flow which exceeds that of the river's current, besides lifting it to the height mentioned, is developed with so little exterior evidence that the untechnical visitor is far more impressed with the sweep of the great fly wheel than anything else. Just across from this leviathan of pumps is a huge Holly affair, quite a different type, but so efficient within its scope that it is from time to time called upon to take up the giant's load and carry it for a time while needed repairs are being made. In the eastern wing of the building another of the great Reynolds pumps is being installed, and when it is ready to begin its labors the

Minne-Lusa plant will have the finest installation of high pressure pumping machinery to be found anywhere.

In another room, by themselves, are a pair of the busiest low pressure pumps known to the pumping world. Theirs it is to lift the almost liquid mud from the Missouri into the highest of the settling basins, from which it flows back over weirs from one broad and deep basin to another until the great load of soil and silt has been deposited by gravity, and the air and sunshine have done perfect work in purifying it. This pair of beauties move with the same rhythmic precision as do the more ponderous machines in the front room, and receive the same careful attention from the engineer and his assistants. Below stairs one gets a notion of what the real work is. Here in the twilight iron walks carefully railed, lead one through mazes of huge steam pipes, immense water mains and around pits in and out of which rise and fall the great pump plungers. The stillness of the upper floor is lost, and the clack of valves and the swish of water almost prevents conversation. Under the low pressure pumps one can look down into the swirling water at the end of the intake. It looks like bubbling mud churned by titanic dashers, but in reality the water that runs in from the river many yards away, along the rock bottom. The valves, the pipes, the whole arrangement here, impresses the visitor with something very near to awe for the beautiful engines he admired on the floor above.

Towering high above the building is a smokestack, tapering to a slenderness that seems almost weakness as the eye follows it from base to crown, yet a symmetrical piece of the impressive whole. But never a smoke cloud wreaths its top; never a plume of black issues from its mouth. Viewed from a distance, one is inclined at first to think the pumping works have been shut down for the day and the fires put out. The absence of smoke seems to indicate this. Even when the building is approached there is no sign of the great work that is going on within. But that slender spire is carrying off the waste product of the combustion of many tons of the blackest and dirtiest of steam coal every day, the gases that are not consumed in the fires that roar under a line of boilers that fill a room nearly a block in length. Here the stokers sweat day and night, winter and summer, to keep the fires at a steady constant heat, shoveling their tons of slack coal into the furnaces and dragging out and wheeling to the hoists huge heaps of ashes and clinkers. A little investigation will show you that the furnaces are built to burn smoke as well as coal, and that almost theoretically perfect combustion is secured through the admission of air heated to an intense degree into the combustion chamber that is directly beneath the boiler and behind the furnace itself. Plenty of smoke gets into this combustion chamber, but none of it gets out. All the heat is secured for making steam to drive the pumps. This furnace, too, is a device of Captain Reynolds, chief engineer of the plant. As no sign of smoke is visible, so there is no trace of escaping steam. All the engines are of the condensing type, and the steam, after it has performed its function in the cylinders, is released, little more than a hot vapor, into the condenser, whence it is soon trans-



G. W. FLOCK, M. D., OF OMAHA.



MRS. G. W. FLOCK.

formed into hot water and forced back into the boilers to take up its work as steam once more. Here in the boiler room, as elsewhere, the utmost neatness prevails. The most daintily dressed woman may walk through without fear that the delicate fabric of her costume will be injured. No housewife ever kept her home neater or cleaner than Captain Reynolds and his corps of experts keep the Minne-Lusa pumping station.

It is the intention that the people of the city of Omaha shall become the owners of all this mechanical magnificence. Some weeks ago The Bee published pictures of the Board of Water Commissioners appointed by Governor Mickey to proceed to secure the title to the waterworks plant of the Omaha Water company, and operate the same for the citizens. In connection with the pictures taken at the plant in this number of The Bee, we give a picture of the water commissioners, taken at the time of their first session.

Still hale and hearty and showing but lightly the imprint of the finger of time, Dr. and Mrs. Christopher W. Flock, who have passed the three score and ten milestone, celebrated the golden anniversary of their wedding November 17 last, surrounded by their family of two sons and three daughters. Dr. Flock comes from Canadian stock and was born in Toronto, Ont., March 12, 1831. At the age of 19 he was graduated from the University of Victoria college, and was one of the first graduates to receive a license from that college to practice medicine and surgery. He has the distinction of being one of the first persons to go before the provincial board of the old university before the new college of medicine and surgery was founded. November 17, 1852, he was united in marriage with Miss Helen Eliza Nelles. She was born in Hamilton, Ont., May 29, 1829. Establishing his practice in the city in which he was wed, he remained there until eleven years ago, when he journeyed westward, locating in this state. He has since made his residence in Bancroft, Gordon and

Chadron, but expects to end his days in Omaha. Dr. Flock though 72 years of age shows how well he withstood the rigors endured during the early years of his practice, when calls were not made in easy riding carriages, but upon horseback, through all manner of weather. He still considers himself young and hearty. His wife still retains her youth to a remarkable degree and is most sprightly for one of her age, and most motherly. Mrs. Flock is a niece of the late Judge O'Reilly, master of chancery of Toronto, whose son, her cousin, succeeded his father on the Canadian bench. Mr. Flock still has distinguished relatives in Canada, his brother, John, but recently deceased, having until the time of his demise been the chief corner of London many years. Another brother, James, is now king's counsel in the Canadian capital. Dr. and Mrs. Flock had born to them ten children, of whom five are living. They are Robert, a collector for the Talbot Ice company; James Henry, sales agent for the Cromwell company of Blair, Neb., and also ex-mayor of that city; Miss Sarah Flock, who resides in Bancroft; Mrs. V. A. Bell, who resides at 519 South Twenty-sixth street, this city, and Mrs. E. H. Farrow, now living in Belleville, Ont. Dr. and Mrs. Flock are making their home with their son, Robert, 808 South Twenty-third street.

The Burr McIntosh Monthly is the latest magazine to bid for public favor, the first number having been issued on April 1. It is the idea of a man who has been active in a great many useful ways and more or less known to the public for twenty years as an athlete, a reporter, a war correspondent, a photographer, an actor and an author. He proposes to edit his own magazine, but the attractive feature will be the illustrations each month, a portion of which will be photographs, not engravings, and these will be supplemented by engravings done on a new process. On the fourth page of this number The Bee reproduces some of the photographs of prominent actresses taken by Mr. McIntosh, which are samples of what he expects to furnish with his magazine.

Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

MASSACHUSETTS lawyers still use the little green bag in which to carry their papers to court. It is related that once on a frosty morning Chief Justice Holmes was walking down town thus equipped. He was met by a smart youth of his acquaintance, who saluted him with: "Hello, Judge! What have you got in your bag? Skates?"

Phil E. Chappell of Kansas City, man of affairs, formerly state treasurer of Missouri and distinguished throughout the state, last week journeyed to Jefferson City to attend the funeral of "Uncle Brit" Chappell, a negro who was born on the Chappell plantation in Virginia eighty-four years ago. For a long time Mr. Chappell had been looking after "Uncle Brit's" comfort and when news of the old negro's death reached him he laid all business aside, taking the first train to Jefferson City, where he personally superintended the funeral.

Terence V. Powderly, formerly commissioner general of immigration, has been confined to the house all winter by an old injury to his knee, which has recently given him much trouble. He was out last week almost for the first time in several months. He met Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania just outside the White House one morning. "How's your gout getting along?" a bystander asked Mr. Powderly. "Oh, I suppose you might as well call it gout as anything," he replied. "Up my way," remarked Senator Penrose, "they call it 'whisky on the hoof.'"

E. E. Clark, the former railroad conductor who served on the anthracite strike commission and is now slated for assistant secretary of commerce, first attracted the president's favorable notice by delivering a pithy address at a convention of locomotive firemen last year. It abounded with common sense and resulted in his being named as one of the coal strike arbitrators. His work

on that body brought about his selection for the new office. Mr. Clark began life as a locomotive fireman and eventually became head of the order of conductors.

Many years ago, before "Billy" Mason became a United States senator, he was called from Chicago to New York on a very important matter. Just at that time the railroads were having so bitter a rate war that the fare between these two cities was reduced from \$22 to \$2.

On his way to the train Mason was met by Lorin Collins, then speaker of the Illinois house of representatives.

"What's the matter, Billy?" the speaker asked. "You look as if you had lost your last friend."

"No," said Mason, "I haven't lost my friends, but this infernal railroad war has cost me \$20."

"How's that?"

"Why, I've got a pass to New York and it saves me only \$2 instead of \$22."

A Boston business man who has a very poor opinion of the detectives in that city sent for two of them recently and showed the photograph of a rather tough-looking person whose identity he seemed anxious to learn. One of the sleuths at once identified the man as a noted bank robber; the other inclined to the belief that it was an equally notorious forger. They finally agreed that it was the bank robber, whereupon the business man showed the back of the photograph, on which they read the original's name—William Dean Howells. When the author heard that he had been mistaken for a noted criminal he thoughtfully observed that he could not blame the detectives.

Senator W. B. Bate of Tennessee has often been urged to write a book of reminiscences, but now declares that he is too old to undertake such a task. The old

gentleman served as a youth in the Mexican war and in the confederate army he was reckoned one of the most intrepid men who ever wore the gray. From start to finish he was on the firing line and as colonel of his regiment he won deathless fame on the bloody field of Shiloh. In that fight he had three horses killed under him, while he himself and four members of his family were simultaneously bleeding. His heroism won for him the rank of major general and since those stormy days there has been no office that was too good for him in the opinion of the people of Tennessee.

"Be good to the office boy," is a moral taught by the career of William Aiden Smith. By 1879 he had saved a little money and wanted a place to study Blackstone. He thought first of Chicago, and even went so far as to go to that city and apply for a job as office boy in the firm of Walker & Dexter. But it was in the summer, and the heads were all out of town, and he ended by returning to Grand Rapids, says the New York Evening Post. Here he selected the firm of Burch & Montgomery. He had suggested it before, but they had not needed him; he was this time confronted by a closed door and a card tacked on the door saying that they were out of town and would not be back for several weeks. But this did not daunt Smith, who looked up Mr. Pierce, the owner of the building, and a man of some prominence in the town. He told Pierce what he wanted and induced him to give him a pass key to the office. So it happened that when Judge Burch returned he found his offices swept and garnished and a brisk young clerk diligently reading at one of the desks. To the inquiries of the judge the young fellow replied that he had come to stay—that he was the office boy at nothing a week. All he wanted, he said, was a chance to make himself useful and incidentally to read a little law. Things looked so clean and the young man was so respectfully determined

to remain that Burch good-naturedly acquiesced.

In seven years Smith was a member of the firm. In seven years more he was part owner in the principal newspaper in the place and proprietor of a branch railroad. In another seven years he had added two more railroads to his assets and was in congress. Meanwhile the wheel of fortune has been turning; Montgomery is on the bench of the Michigan supreme court; Judge Burch, through the influence of his former office boy, has been appointed assistant to the United States attorney general and resides in Washington; while Pierce, who had met with financial reverses, was rewarded for the pass-key which he had given Smith by an appointment as assistant sergeant-at-arms of the United States house of representatives. These gentlemen have found that it is quite a thing to entertain a William Aiden unaware.

At the annual dinner of the Bowdoin college alumni in Washington recently Congressman Stevens told his experiences as a country school teacher. "I endeavored at North Haven, a fishing community, to contribute to the sum of youthful intelligence. The people lived on fish, which I much enjoyed. But the choice dish among those folks was goose, which was always set before the parson and the school teachers. I did not like goose, but I boarded around, and I had hot goose, cold goose, hashed goose, and every other kind of goose, till in that cold climate I had nothing but gooseflesh on my body." Mr. Stevens depicted many incidents of the country school—how he went home from a country dance with the best looking girl and was followed by her angry "steady" with a lantern, who was waiting for a chance to trash him. "I was pleased to stay at that house all night," concluded Mr. Stevens. "In my winter's experience in North Haven I am confident that I learned more than my rural pupils."