

## 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

**T**HEODORE ROOSEVELT, president of the United States, will be in Omaha for the second time tomorrow evening. This visit of the president is of more than common significance to the people. Not that presidential visits are a rarity in these parts, but because it is in many essential respects his first visit to the city and the great state of which Omaha is the metropolis. In 1900 Mr. Roosevelt was whirled across the state for four days on a campaigning chase, a trip that gave him no time for observation of the country or its citizens; his time in Omaha on that occasion was spent in driving as fast as safe from hall to hall in order that he might deliver as many addresses as possible during the few hours he was here. He only saw Nebraska and Nebraska people during the fever heat of the last days of a strenuous campaign, and could get no idea of what they are like in their everyday life, or even on holiday occasions. Now he will see the people under normal conditions; will get something like an understanding notion of the substantial basis for the state's industrial and commercial prosperity, and a better sense of the intelligence of its citizens. His itinerary will bring him to the principal cities of Nebraska during daylight hours and under such conditions as will enable him to see the country in its garb of springtime, and no state presents

a more beautiful prospect than does Nebraska in the spring.

Nebraska people are equally interested with the president in the visit, for the glimpse they had of him during the exciting campaign tour he made in 1900 was not the satisfying one. They want to see and greet the president of the United States as he really is; they want to know him in his quiet moments of relaxation, out for the purpose of meeting his fellow citizens, and to enjoy a well earned holiday. He is a western man by choice, and knows of the west and its people, its resources and interests, its needs and its ambitions, better than any man who ever held the high office to which he has been called, and has never let go by an opportunity to do a real service for the west or to show his strong sympathy for this section. This is one explanation of the great popularity he enjoys in the west. Other substantial reasons for the esteem of the people for the man of the people are many, and the receptions he has had along the line of his tour so far and that which will greet him in Omaha are but the honest expressions of sincere admiration of the citizens for the president.

Richard C. Carmody, who recently died in Omaha, was many years in the service of the United States and had earned much distinction by his labors. During his lifetime he was one of the best known of river engineers, and was consulted as an expert in regard to levees, docks, wharfs and other water front construction. He was born in LaSalle county, Illinois, in 1845, and received his early education at the university of Notre Dame. In 1862 he was appointed a cadet at the United States military academy at West Point, where he remained two years and was then commissioned by President Lincoln as second lieutenant. On July 3, 1865, he was promoted to be first lieutenant, and for two years he served in that capacity, but in 1865 he left the army and took up the work of engineer in connection with the Mississippi River commission, with which he was

continuously connected until the time of his death, save for two years, when, his health failing, he left the river work and became chief engineer for the Kansas City Southern & Gulf railroad. From the railroad service he returned to the river commission and at the time of his death he had charge of the work on the upper reaches of the great river. He made his home in Omaha early in the '80s and was very well regarded by all who knew him.

One of the events of the month in Nebraska, which attracted no little attention at the time, but is still worthy of notice, was the laying of the corner stone for the new Luther academy at Wahoo. This occurred on Easter Sunday afternoon, on the campus, at which time a good photograph was taken, from which a picture is reproduced in this number. The building thus auspiciously started is an evidence of not only the prosperity of the Swedes in Nebraska, but of their deep interest in the cause of enlightenment and education. One of the several speakers at the corner stone laying pointed out the fact that the people of Sweden had always been noted for their interest in and support of the cause of learning, and cited some of the great names of Swedes that adorn not only the history of Sweden but of the world. He called attention to the fact that in Minnesota there are over 1,200 students of Scandinavian parentage in the state university and that 40 per cent of the students in the higher institutions of learning in Minnesota and the two Dakotas are of Scandinavian descent. Luther academy is prosperous and is assured of ample support, so that its friends are decidedly sanguine as to its future growth.

The Lyceum Players is the style assumed by a number of local amateurs who hope to secure some recognition on the stage. For several weeks they have been faithfully rehearsing "Charley's Aunt," a well known comedy, a scene from which is given in this number. Among the players are Will J. O'Donnell, Kirby Snowden, Cecil Williams, Percy Doe, Charles E. Allen, Miss

Oliver, Augusta Smith, Dorothy Davis and Lucille Parrish. Robert Blaylock, a professional actor, is directing the rehearsal.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Ballard of Diller, Neb., were pronounced man and wife by a minister at Arcadia, Ind., on March 13, 1853, and just to show that "13" isn't unlucky and that any superstitious dread that may attach to Friday is equally unfounded, they celebrated their golden wedding on Friday, March 13, 1903. At this time they were surrounded by children, relatives and friends, and bid fair to defy the dangers of the unlucky number for a good many years yet. Mr. Ballard built the first building in Diller and has since borne the duty of firing the "sunrise" anvil which greets the birth of each Fourth of July in that patriotic place. He is 74 years old and his wife, who was Miss Rebecca Sumner, is 66. Last summer they were visiting at the home of a son in Indianapolis and went to the old Sumner homestead, where they were photographed in the room where they were married. The picture used in this number is made from that photograph.

R. C. Glanville, recently appointed supreme court commissioner, was born in northern Illinois. His parents were early settlers in that section of the country and the commissioner was reared on a farm, attending the common schools. As a young man he entered the state University of Illinois at Bloomington. He came to Hall county, Nebraska, in 1872 and combined farming and school teaching for several years. Later he was elected as principal of the schools of Grand Island. He read law under ex-Lieutenant Governor A. A. Abbott and ex-Supreme Judge Harrison, and in 1885 was admitted to the bar by Judge Norval. For some years he served on the commission appointed by the supreme court to examine applicants for admission to the bar. He was strongly endorsed by the bar of Hall county and those of neighboring counties for appointment to the commission to succeed Judge Sedgewick a year ago. He is an earnest, active republican and always has been, coming from strong republican stock.

## Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

**I**T IS an open secret that if Sir Thomas Lipton succeeds in taking the America's cup back to England he will be made a peer. Of late it has been the fashion in England to give a sewly made peer a title taken from the scene of the exploit by which he reached the peerage—like Kitchener of Khartoum and Roberts of Kandahar. So if Lipton takes back the cup he may perhaps come to be known as Lord Lipton of Sandy Hook.

It was of the late William H. Milburn, the blind preacher, chaplain of the house and afterward of the senate, that William R. Morrison once said: "Mr. Milburn is a man who fears God, hates the devil and votes the straight democratic ticket." Mr. Milburn's life illustrates what one can do in the face of hardships. He was totally blind before becoming of age, but became a Methodist clergyman, successful lecturer and author, keeping at his work until a few months before his death at the age of 80. The newspapers were read to him every day and he kept fully posted on passing events.

William Dean Howells was recently talking about the slight change of phrase that may make an impressive thing ridiculous. "I remember a sermon that I heard," he said, "in my boyhood. It was a sermon about Judas, and the minister, after reading to us how Judas betrayed the Master for thirty pieces of silver, added: 'Thirty

pieces of silver, dear friends, is \$18 in our money.' And then he went on heatedly: 'Yes, Judas betrayed the Master, he prostituted that holy symbol, the kiss, for the small sum of \$18.' The change of phrase was slight," Mr. Howells concluded, "but somehow it sufficed to make everybody smile."

Sixty-seven years as mail carrier is the record held by Samuel Gibbons of Hodgenville, Ky. Mr. Gibbons began his career as mail carrier under the administration of President Jackson in 1836 and he has seen service under every administration since that time. He made the acquaintance of President Jackson at Greensburg, Ky., while the latter was on his way from Nashville to Washington. For several years he served as mail carrier on the "lightning express" route from Nashville to New Orleans, and he is the only surviving old-time carrier who served on that route.

Because J. P. Halm is Danish vice consul for New Jersey, the tax officials have left him off the tax lists for seven years past. Mr. Halm has sent them a letter full of indignation and asks if his Dan's gold is not as good as American greenbacks. He wants to know why he has not been assessed. He sends four children to the public schools; the police patrol the street in front of his house; the fire department is ready to drench his chimney if it should take fire. As he has the advantages of citizenship, he desires to carry his share of

the burdens. The tax officials declare that in years of service they have felt many kicks, but never a kick like this.

One pleasant day last fall, so the story goes, President Hadley of Yale was strolling through the beautiful campus of Dartmouth college with his wife on his arm. They were admiring the beautiful buildings which dot the campus, several of them having been erected by wealthy alumni. Presently they came to an especially noble hall, built of stone and occupying a commanding site. Over the main entrance was a marble tablet which announced that the hall had been erected by "John C. Blank as a memorial to His Beloved Wife." President Hadley stood and looked at the noble pile for a moment. Then he heaved a sigh that was almost envious. And to this day the boys declare President Hadley cannot understand why his wife should have looked so horrified.

Justice Buckley, the English jurist who reversed the attorney general's decision and ordered the extradition of Whitaker Wright from New York, is fast becoming a terror to tax officials of all kinds. In speaking recently of the duties of company directors he laid down this standard of conduct: "A man cannot accept office and then say he is not responsible for the duties of the office. It is, I think, of the first importance that it should be understood that a director, whether paid or elected to serve without payment, owes

duties which he cannot in honor and honesty and legal liability disregard."

When the late General Macdonald last visited his relatives in Scotland he wore a very curious watch. The curiosity did not lie in the watch itself, which was of large size, but in the glass, which was rough and thick, but served its purpose as well as another. Macdonald was very proud of this glass and told its story with much circumstance. One day during the Soudan campaign he had broken the original glass, and was puzzled to find a substitute for it in the desert. At last, however, he smashed a tumbler. The bottom he ground on a stone until it fitted tightly into the setting. And so good was the handwork that it lasted until he returned home. He never had it removed.

Richard Harding Davis tells of the ludicrous rout of a Scotch regiment while he was in South Africa. The regiment was noted for its gallantry in action, but one day in the heat of engagement broke and scattered, officers and men. After the battle Lord Roberts sent for the colonel and demanded to know what he and his men meant. "Well, general," said the regimental commander, "not a man of us is afraid of the Boer bullets, but we were stationed in a field infested with wasps and as we were all in kilts, why—" A roar of laughter from "Bobs" and some others present showed that the explanation was all-sufficient.

## Gleanings From the Story Tellers' Pack

**G**OLPING has a very Scotch story of an old caddy and his wife. The minister who was called in tried to comfort the wife, saying that while John was very weak he was evidently ready for a better world. Unexpectedly, however, John rallied, and said to his wife:

"Jenny, my woman, I'll may be spared to ye yet."

"Na, na, John!" was the reply; "ye're prepared, and I'm resigned! Dee poo!"

Not long ago Rev. Page Milburn, a popular clergyman of Baltimore, had an embarrassing experience while delivering a sermon on the judgment day.

It was a peaceful summer night, warm enough to have all the windows open, but not sufficiently hot to cause a fluttering of fans. The reverend gentleman was preaching upon the last solemn moment of judgment day and presenting a graphic word picture of the majestic and triumphant coming of the judgment angel. Extending his arms he began majestically: "Hark! What is that sound that bursts upon my ear?" The infuriated and appalling yowl of felines in mortal combat on a neighboring fence rent the air.

There was a general titter from the

younger folk of the congregation. Thinking to stem the current of amusement by reproof, the clergyman continued in impressive tones: "Let not our minds be diverted. I say again: What is that solemn sound that bursts upon my ear?" An cat-splitting series of spittings and yowls came in instant rejoinder from the combatants upon the fence. It was too much for speaker and audience.

"Will the congregation join in the closing hymn?" said the discomfited preacher. And with a speedy benediction the service came to an abrupt conclusion.

Ex-Police Superintendent Byrnes tells in the New York Times of a noted burglar who died of lead on the brain as a result of a meeting with the police. His body was claimed by his friends, and they gave it burial in keeping with the man's reputation when he was alive. The inspector had a couple of detectives at the funeral to guard against trouble and pick up any of the mourners who might be "wanted." When the undertaker was about to close the coffin for the last time, the widow, who was a notorious shoplifter, approached and began packing a fine sectional "Jimmy" in beside the corpse.

"Here! exclaimed one of the detectives,

Give me that thing. What are you putting it in there for?"

"Let me bury it with him," pleaded the woman. "It is the finest one he ever owned, and he'll need it in the next world to pry himself out of one place and into the other."

"On my way north," said Booker T. Washington recently, "a southern gentleman asked me, when I made a speech, to prove to the northerners that they were responsible for the introduction of slavery into the American colonies. I told him it was a pretty big contract, and I didn't think I could undertake it, but I will tell a story that bears upon the subject.

"An old colored man had a pig, which he sold one morning to a white man for \$3. The white man drove off with his purchase, but on the road the pig escaped and found its way back to Uncle Zeke's cabin. A little later, another white man came along, and Uncle Zeke sold him the same pig for another \$3. On his way home with the pig, the second purchaser encountered the first, returning in search of the escaped animal. After some wrangling they decided to go back and refer the question to the old dardy.

"Uncle Zeke," said number one, "didn't

you sell me this pig at 9 o'clock this morning?" "Sho' I did, Massa." "But, Uncle Zeke," said number two, "didn't I pay you \$3 for this pig at 12 o'clock?" "Sho' you did, Massa." "Well, then, who does the pig belong to?" "Sakes alive," said Uncle Zeke, "can't you white folks settle dat question between yo'selves."

At a dinner that the Transportation club of New York gave recently in honor of J. Pierpont Morgan, relates the New York Tribune, Charles H. Cramp of the big Philadelphia ship building firm said in reference to a financial fight that was under discussion:

"The way the first party accuses the second, refusing to take to itself any of the blame that rightfully belongs to it, reminds me of a story of two Scots which one of the teachers at the Philadelphia boys' high school told in my boyhood.

"These men were Canadians. They had emigrated from the land of kale at about the same time. They used to meet once or twice a year and talk about home.

"One day the first asked the second how long he had been in Canada.

"'About six years,' was the reply.

"'Hoot, mon!' exclaimed the first, then in a patronizing voice, 'why has ye na loast yer accent, like myself?'"