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Pen and Picture Pointers

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has reason to long remember the welcome he had in Nebraska. From the time he entered the state until he left, having traversed it from end to end, he was greeted in the most hearty manner by its people, regardless of party, and at Omaha his welcome was such an ovation as any man at any time might be proud of. It was the demonstration of the sentiment of a free and enlightened people towards the man whom they have chosen to execute their laws and direct their public affairs from the most exalted position to which a citizen of the greatest republic can be called. A gale of wind made any attempt at exterior decoration of the city futile, but the streets presented an appearance that must have been far more gratifying to the man who stood up in his carriage during the entire length of the long drive through the city,

for the thoroughfares were lined everywhere with throngs who had come out to cheer the man who has made himself and his administration of the nation's affairs so popular. Mr. Roosevelt was touched by the expressions of the people, for he said that nowhere in his career has he been given a more cordial reception than in Nebraska, and nowhere in Nebraska did the people show more enthusiasm in their greeting than in Omaha. Many little minor incidents might be recounted as showing the real nature of the attitude of the people toward the president, and of his appreciation of the confidence and esteem he has won from the citizens of his country, but the pictures tell the story better than words. A word of explanation is needed for some of the pictures. Never did photographers work under more adverse or discouraging circumstances than those who made the pictures for The Bee. Not only did they have to contend with the throngs and the wind, but the light was extremely bad, and at the really interesting points it failed entirely, so far as photographic uses are concerned. Under the conditions, the pictures secured are really triumphs.

Debaters from the Blair high school won in their recent meeting with the representatives of the Fremont high school at Fremont. The question was: "Resolved, That labor unions are an injury to the public." Blair had the affirmative, and Principal Waterhouse of the Omaha high school, Superintendent Beveridge of the Missouri Valley public schools and Superintendent Garrett of Arlington were the judges. They

were unanimous in their decision in favor of Blair.

On March 17, 1853, Mr. J. D. Johnson and Miss Barbara Duff of Wayne county, Ohio, were united in marriage. Seven years later they went to Monroe county, Iowa, to make their home, but forty-three years later they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in Cheyenne county, Nebraska, surrounded by children and neighbors, who rejoiced with them in the happy event. Mr. Johnson is still a hale and hearty man, although he has endured hardships and privations more than fall to the lot of even the pioneer. In 1860 he left his native state to settle in the comparatively new state of Iowa. In 1863 he enlisted in the Thirty-sixth Iowa infantry, and within a year was in a rebel prison, where he remained ten months, being released by the close of the year. His energy unimpaired and his health restored, he and his good wife began life again, and prospered on their farm. Seventeen years ago Mr. Johnson gave up their Iowa home and came to Nebraska, where they lived on a stock ranch until about a year ago, when they removed to Sidney, where they are now making their home. Four of their twelve children are living. Mrs. Mary Johnson of Rushsylvania, O., Mrs. Alice Baldwin of Okaloosa, Ia., Mrs. Artie Reed of Bronson, Neb., and J. T. Johnson of Omaha.

Martin Diefenderfer, who won the Grand American Handicap at Kansas City, is a hardware merchant at Wood River, Neb. He has been attending shooting tournaments for the last three years, but the

great event at Kansas City was the first professional match in which he was ever entered. Mr. Diefenderfer's business is such that he finds little time for shooting, and when at home it is seldom that he secures any practice. Mr. Diefenderfer had no intention of entering the big shoot until two days before it took place. He went to Kansas City to look after some business and while there decided to enter the handicap. By winning the great national event Mr. Diefenderfer secured \$270 in money, a fine solid gold watch valued at \$100, and in addition the Lefever Arms company presented him with a \$400 gun in recognition of the advertisement that it received by Mr. Diefenderfer winning the event. Mr. Diefenderfer having used one of its guns. Already Mr. Diefenderfer has received several offers from different gun companies to represent them at shooting tournaments. Mr. Diefenderfer is 33 years old and has been married five years.

The Boys' Glee Club and Orchestra is one of the features of the Franklin academy of Franklin, Neb. It was first organized among the students in 1897 and has since been perpetuated, giving a number of concerts each year and winning for itself a more than "local reputation and name." During the present year the club made a trip into northern Kansas, where it was well received. Next year it plans to invade a section of Nebraska along what is known as "the high line," as far as Grant. A lady soloist accompanies the boys, and the wife of the director, George H. Aller, acts as accompanist. Dr. C. E. Cross, a well known professional man of Franklin, is manager of the club.

Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

ADAMIRAL DEWBY and General Miles, though the best of friends, like to "josh" one another. Recently they visited Mount Vernon together and the general was much impressed by the sight of Washington's grave. As they were leaving the place Miles said: "I wonder what Washington would say if he were suddenly to appear here in the flesh." Dewby glanced quizzically at his old friend and he answered: "I really don't know, Nelson, unless he asked how the devil you ever succeeded in getting the job he once held."

T. P. O'Connor thinks it would be hard to imagine "anyone more unlike the American millionaire of fiction and the stage than Charles T. Yerkes," formerly of Chicago. "Of middle height, square-shouldered, very quietly dressed, gray-mustached, his complexion tanned a light brown, he looks for all the world like a half-pay colonel and one who has spent much time in the tropics. The face is contemplative rather than aggressive; the brown eyes, if they have a disconcerting trick of seeming to look clean through you, kindly and not a little sad; his whole bearing that of a rather tired man of the world."

"I see the Brooklynites are to erect a memorial to Henry Ward Beecher," said Robert A. Graham of Oregon, quoted by the New York Mail and Express. "I remember his receiving about as big a fee as anybody for twice performing the marriage for the late Collis P. Huntington. The latter was called abroad by important business, and desiring to take the present Mrs. Huntington with him they were quietly married by Mr. Beecher, who received a check for \$500. Returning to America, the Huntingtons had a fashionable wedding and reception. Mr. Beecher again officiated, and again was paid \$500. 'Dear me,' remarked the distinguished divine as he looked at

the check, "it is almost a pity, Mr. Huntington, that you are not a Mormon."

Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, the sensational preacher-reformer of New York, has been taking District Attorney Jerome to task. In a recent speech Mr. Jerome said: "You are going to win if you are the stronger and to lose if you are the weaker. Don't accept any wishy-washy stuff about the brotherhood of man, or economic forces, or inherent rights. If you are stronger you win; if you are not you lose. It is the universal law." Commenting on this and like utterances of the battle axe reformer Dr. Parkhurst said: "The history of Christianity disproves Napoleon's dictum that Providence is on the side of the heaviest battalions. People who put their trust in armies and navies would not have given Christianity ten years to die out, yet the power of the whole Roman empire couldn't keep the grave of Jesus closed, and, within 300 years a Christian sat on the throne of the Caesars."

One of the peculiarities of Tolstoi is that he always wears boots of his own making, and they are the admiration of the shoemaker who taught him the trade. But the latter was certain that the count would starve did he endeavor to earn a living by boot manufacturing, as the work put into each pair was too excellent and slow to prove profitable. Some time ago Count Tolstoi tried to persuade two of his disciples, young men of education and culture, to turn shoemakers, but they declined.

The late George Ramsey of Minnesota was not only last of the war governors, but he was first of that historic band to make tender of a regiment to the United States. Happening to be in Washington when news was received that Fort Sumter had been fired upon, he hurried to the war office and sought Secretary Cameron. "Mr. Secretary," said he, "I have the honor to

offer you 1,000 men from Minnesota." With characteristic bluntness Simon Cameron said: "Well, hurry them up, governor. I am just going over to see President Lincoln." Governor Ramsey telegraphed to St. Paul and in a few hours affairs were in motion in Minnesota.

R. R. Beatty of Washingtonville, N. Y., tells this story: "I was well acquainted with Josh Billings and his family when he was an auctioneer. He once sold a lot of cows for a Mr. Haight, who lived near Hackensack, generally known as Deacon Haight because of his strong religious principles—in which not a great deal of confidence was reposed. One of the cows made a bolt and ran square over Joshua, knocking him down. He arose in his wrath and began swearing, whereupon Deacon Haight stepped up and said: 'Tut-tut, Mr. Shaw; you should not swear.' Josh scratched his head and remarked: 'Well, Deacon, you pray a little sometimes, but I think neither of us means much by it.'"

Chief Justice Wiswell of the Maine supreme court says there must be an end to the hypocrisy which collects fines from liquor dealers, but allows them to continue in business in defiance of the prohibition law. Heretofore, the traffic in liquor in that state has been conducted on a quasi-license system. That is to say, while the sale is absolutely forbidden, dealers have been allowed to sell with the understanding that once or twice a year they should submit to arraignment in court, conviction and the payment of a fine. Thus the state gets the money and the dealers get exemption for their trade. The chief justice makes announcement that this state of things must come to an end and the humbug of half a century seems to be exploded.

Pope Leo XIII a few days after his jubilee for the twenty-fifth anniversary of his papacy gave a dinner to his nephews, who

had come to Rome on the occasion. There were invited Counts Camillo, Riccardo and Lodovico, with their families, together with Commandatore Sterbini, the intimate major domo, or chamberlain, of the pope. Of course, say the Rome papers, Leo XIII did not sit at the table, mainly on account of his health. But after the dinner the several families were received by the pope, who conversed for a long while with them in his apartments. Leo XIII spoke especially with his nephews of his life and of his youth, with a surprising memory. Often the pope likes to have a chat with his nephews, and it is not rare when he summons them, by his major domo, to whom he says, smiling: "Tell those boys to come over," and those "boys," it must be remembered, have white hair.

Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco tells of an untiring politician who demanded a position. To escape him and kindred men the mayor had hied himself to the suburbs. And in the suburbs the applicant halted the mayor. The politician placed his cane behind him and rested on it as a seat. Better opportunity had never been presented for arguing his just claim. His fidgeting caused the cane to move slightly. "Yes, sir," said the office seeker, "I am entitled to a position in the city's service and am looking for an opening."

"Is there any kind of work to which you are adapted?" asked the mayor.

The man took courage from the question and said that any kind of an opening would suit.

By this time the man's unsteadiness had brought the cane, which was bearing his weight, precariously near a knot hole. The mayor thought, in expectancy the applicant shifted his position. The next instant he was endeavoring to follow his cane through a hole in the board walk.

"There," said the mayor, very much relieved, "is an opening for you. Try and fill it; if you don't succeed, see the Board of Public Works."

Gleanings From the Story Tellers' Pack

JUSTICE BROWN of the supreme court tells this story:

"An Irishman, hearing shrieks turned and saw a man struggling as he was passing a deep pool, in the water. He threw off his coat, and, leaping in, saved the man's life at the risk of his own. Then the two lay on the bank and rested for awhile. Finally the man who had been rescued sighed and said:

"I suppose, my friend, that since you have saved my life I must reward you. Here is a dime."

"The Irishman looked at the dime and then he looked at the man.

"'Bedad,' he said, 'I'm overpaid for the job.'"

Charles Francis Adams, who was escorting a British friend to view the different objects of attraction in the vicinity of Boston, brought him to Bunker Hill, relates the Philadelphia Ledger. They stood looking at the splendid monument, when Mr. Adams remarked: "This is the place, sir, where Warren fell."

"Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted upon local historical matters, "did it hurt him much?"

Mr. Adams looked at his friend. "Hurt him," said he, "he was killed, sir."

"Ah! he was, eh?" said the Englishman,

still eyeing the monument and commencing to compute its height in his own mind. "Well, I should think he would have been to fall so far."

As the story goes, an Irish undertaker was laying out the deceased husband of a weeping Hibernian widow, reports the Buffalo Times. The corpse wore a wig and it was very difficult to induce it to stay on straight, as wigs ought always to do, even if they don't. The bereaved widow was called in to assist. "Go an' git me a pot of glue, Mrs. McGovern," said the undertaker, "so that I may keep his wig where it belongs."

Mrs. McGovern set out after the sticking material, and after a time she returned. "Here is the glue for ye," she said with a sigh.

"Mrs. McGovern, you kin take back the mullage," said the undertaker; "the difficulty is fixed. I used a tack."

A witty passage at arms, relates the Washington Times, was overheard last Monday night at the banquet of the Jefferson Memorial association at the Hotel Barton between two gentlemen equally prominent in the affairs of the nation—Senator George F. Hoar of Massachusetts and ex-Postmaster General Charles

Emory Smith. The gentlemen were approaching the entrance of the banquet hall, and the senator courteously stepped to one side with a pleasant "After you, Mr. Smith."

The former cabinet officer was equally gallant. "After you, my dear Senator."

"No, Mr. Smith," returned the veteran statesman from Massachusetts, "I insist that you go first. The 'X's' always go before the 'Y's.'"—Washington Times.

Apropos of President Roosevelt's fondness for large families, relates the Philadelphia Ledger, a story of his experience as police commissioner is told by a sergeant now on the force. It seems that the wife of a policeman who had just been fined a week's pay for drunkenness appeared one day in the commissioner's office, accompanied by three neatly dressed and attractive looking children. Her pitiful story of back rent, which the subtracted wages was to have paid, and the sight of the children moved Mr. Roosevelt's sympathy, and, taking out his pocketbook, he gave to the woman the amount her husband had been fined. The next day the husband appeared at headquarters and was asked by a brother officer:

"Say, how many children have you at home?"

"One," was the reply.

"But your wife was around here yesterday with three children."

"O, yes," said the culprit. "She borrowed two of them for the occasion."

The Rev. Dr. Clendennin of St. Peter's church, Westchester, tells this little story in the New York Times about how he was unconsciously responsible for helping a bashful lover. His mind was filled with a subtle theological problem a learned friend had propounded when, as he was leaving the house, a neighbor's daughter passed in company with a diffident youth. His thoughts were interrupted as she called out to him:

"Oh, doctor, we are just going for a ramble. Won't you join us?"

"With pleasure. Do you want the ceremony in a church?"

The bashful youth was suddenly fired with an enthusiasm that four years of gnawing at his heartstrings had failed to arouse, and he fairly shouted:

"Yes, yes; and if Maud consents, the sooner the better." Maud consented.