

## 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

**S**PRING cleaning is as inevitable as spring itself, and like spring is subject to delay incident on meteorological conditions. Here in the west it comes late in this year of grace, for the reason that old winter, with a disregard for propriety as shameless as his conduct was reprehensible, lingered in the lap of spring until actually forced out. Almost every lawn and grass plot has been raked over by now, though, and the beautiful green of early season is seen on every hand. Nothing is more delightful to the eye than the well kept lawn, and nowhere are the lawns better kept than in Omaha, where nature has done so much to assist mankind in preparing and maintaining his bit of green sward in "the heart of the busy city." Fertile soil and salubrious climate have made this an ideal country for the growth of blue grass and white clover, and provisions of nature have been ably supplemented by the ingenuity and taste of mankind, to the end that the result is most delightful to the senses that are ravished by the beautiful. But it is not only the lawns that get cleaned in the springtime. Everything about the place is freshened up and brightened, until the sombreness of winter is banished entirely, and the habitations of humanity vie with the beau-

ties of their natural environments in the bravery of spring adornment.

On May 30 President Roosevelt was the distinguished guest of the state of Missouri and city of St. Louis, represented by the official board of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition company, at one of the most important and imposing functions ever chronicled in the annals of the west. It was the formal dedication of the fair to be held in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the purchase of the Louisiana territory from France. This great expanse of country, equal in area to the entire United States at that time, and which has since, by a remarkable coincidence, been divided into thirteen states, just the number of the original colonies, has proven to be an empire whose resources have exceeded by many thousandfold the most sanguine expectations of those who advocated its purchase. Napoleon Bonaparte is alleged to have said in defending his action in concluding the negotiations of the purchase with the American representatives, "I will build up a power in the west that will sweep England off the sea." It may have been a random remark, intended to conceal the real reason of the great emperor, but it has proven true in more ways than he could have even dreamed. In the United States senate a message was read from President Jefferson, defending his action in negotiating the purchase, in the course of which he set forth that somewhere in the midst of the unexplored wilderness was known to exist a mountain of pure salt, the value of which would ultimately exceed that of the money involved. Just what President Jefferson would say if he saw the annual product of the fields, mines, mills and factories of the Louisiana territory piled in one place, may be conjectured only. And 114 years after the first president of the United States was inaugurated with solemn formality the twenty-sixth president, amid the jubiliations of many thousands of his fellow citizens, formally accepted in the name of the nation and dedicated to its uses the site and buildings of what will be next year the greatest fair and exposition of all arts and undertak-

ings of humanity ever known. In the development of the Louisiana territory is written the history of the busiest century of the world's known record, and in its greatness is found the greatness of the leader among all the nations of all history. Napoleon may have known what he was doing; but very likely he knew as little as did that luxurious Louis, who referred to Canada, on being told of its loss, as a "few acres of snow." Either is a dominion new France would be overjoyed to possess.

At South Omaha the champion high school orators of the several classes met on the evening of May 1 for the purpose of deciding the position of first among those who have been acknowledged as first in their respective districts. It is not exactly oratory that these young people practice, but rather elocution and expression, with some little stress laid on selection. They are not expected to prepare original "pieces," but are permitted to commit selections from any source and recite them from memory. Well known authors are levied upon, and it not infrequently happens that old favorites, poetry or prose, that have done duty at rhetorical for many a year, are heard at these contests. After each school in a district has chosen its champion, the district competition is held, and then the winners meet in state competition, so that to the winner of the final test falls no mean distinction. At the South Omaha contest Miss Hilda Condon of South Omaha won first and Miss Alice Batty of Hastings was second in the dramatic class; in the oratorical class Herbert Cleveland of Lexington was first and Mabel Coleman of Fullerton was second; and in the humorous class Harley Bellamy of Cambridge was first, Nellie Handley of Norfolk was second and May Frank of York was third. For some reason Miss Handley evaded The Bee photographer when the others posed for the picture shown in this number, and she alone is omitted.

"A Story Without Words" needs but little explanation. Long before the flowers bloom in the spring, the festive catfish is as rav-

encus as a mosquito in July; as soon as the ice is off the river he is up and out and ready to bite at anything that is dropped into the water. And nothing better suits a class of fishermen than to go out along some of the streams that are usually wells stocked with these finny gluttons and make a feast of them. And it's not a homicide feast, either. When enough catfish to make a "mess" have been taken by the pole and line method, all hands fall to and clean their take. A rousing fire of driftwood is built, and around its embers soon the fish are broiling, each impaled on a stout twig. As soon as a fish is cooked enough, its watcher removes it and plants another. Such intermediate appetenances as knives, forks, or other table ware, are dispensed with on these occasions of gastronomical simplicity, and the gustatory features of the affair are carried out with as little fuss and as few frills as the preliminaries. The fish is simply eaten off the twig on which it was roasted or broiled, or scorched, as the case may be. And one is not open to accusation of being either an Epicure or a Sybarite if, on looking at the pictures, one says, with the ancient Roman, "There is no disputing about tastes."

Mr. and Mrs. Williams Garrett of Fremont, Neb., who recently celebrated their golden weddings, are as active and well preserved as any of the venerable couples whose pictures have appeared in The Bee. Mr. Garrett is 74-years old and his wife 70. They were born in Indiana and moved to Iowa shortly before their marriage. After passing through the pioneer era of that state they came to Holt county, Nebraska, and now enjoy the remainder of their days in their pleasant home in Fremont. Five of their sons, three daughter, nineteen grandchildren and two great grandchildren are living. Four sons and one daughter are teachers and one son, M. J. Garrett of Helena, Mont., who was for four years a member of the state school board, has just been appointed to a responsible position in the Philippines. Mr. and Mrs. Garrett are lifelong members of the Baptist church and have always been very active in religious work.

## Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

**H**ILLARY BELL, the New York dramatic critic who died recently, was a man of numerous occupations—artist, writer, editor, corporation director, etc., and he was faithful in the performance of all duties appertaining to these positions. But in spite of all this burden of work, which would have broken down a man less strong and systematic than he, Mr. Bell found time for a curious yearly tribute to his wife. Each year he carefully retouched her portrait, which he painted ten years ago. The face and figure he never changed, but each season the style of costume was altered in conformity with prevailing style. The hair also was dressed in the reigning mode.

Senator Mark Hanna has a lame knee. The ailment has been described many times as the gout. It is nothing of the sort. The trouble is due to a fibrous growth that makes it extremely painful for the senator to walk at times, and is always inconvenient.

A few days ago Postmaster General Payne limped through the lobby of the Arlington hotel in Washington. Senator Hanna was sitting in one of the big leather chairs.

"What's the matter with Payne?" asked a friend.

"He's got the gout—real, old-fashioned gout," Senator Hanna replied. "He came here from his rural retreat in Wisconsin and ate too much terrapin."

Senator Hanna paused. Then, with fine indignation, he said: "I don't know that I'm

sorry for him. Why, when his friends began twitting him about having the gout he calmly told them he caught it from me."

When Dolphin was at San Juan, Porto Rico, with Secretary Moody and his friends aboard, many of the natives went on board to see the ship. One of them wanted a drink of water, turned to a man in a white cap who was standing by the rail and told him to get him one. This was done, and a member of the party who saw the incident turned to the Porto Rican and told him that it was the American custom to tip a man when he did anything. "It would have been much nicer in you if you had," he said, "and especially as the man who got you the water was the secretary of the navy." The Porto Rican spent the next two days in apologizing to Mr. Moody, who had thoroughly enjoyed the joke.

Columbia university professors delight in telling the following incident which occurred during the administration of Seth Low as president of the university. Columbia people never lose an opportunity to mention the fact that Alexander Hamilton and John Jay were graduates of the college, and whenever the opportunity presents itself the careers of these eminent statesmen are pointed out to students. Mayor Low was making an address to a body of students one day. "Gentlemen," he said, with his characteristic drawl, "Columbia is the alma mater of many distinguished and eminent men. Hamilton and Jay were among them. You all know

what responsibilities lie within your reach. I hope I see Hamiltons before me and many Jays."

Ex-President Cleveland, who is living at Princeton, owns a house in the neighborhood which he leases to a university professor, a friend of his, for a very moderate rental. The spring rains have been unusually heavy of late, relates Harper's Weekly, and the professor's cellar is frequently inundated, greatly to his annoyance. Having found, upon investigation, that a defect in the construction of the wall was responsible for the trouble, he called upon his eminent landlord to register a protest.

"Mr. Cleveland," he complained, "my cellar is full of water."

"Well," rejoined the ex-president, "what do you expect for the rent you pay—champagne?"

Joe Cannon's wit is of the rugged, western kind, lacking conspicuously everything in the way of Chesterfieldian grace. Here is a story which illustrates this characteristic of the distinguished Illinois statesman: On one occasion he was breakfasting at a hotel in a small country town when he accidentally upset his coffee on the table. The landlady commented somewhat shrewdly upon his carelessness, but Mr. Cannon made no reply. At the succeeding meal she took occasion to say: "It's a good thing for you that the coffee left no stain on my tablecloth." To which Uncle Joe calmly replied: "It was too weak,

ma'am. You'll have to stain your coffee before you can expect to stain your table linen. Use more beans, ma'am; use more beans."

Kang Yu Wai, a rich and powerful Chinese reformer, has come to this country in the interest of a movement to have his countrymen, both at home and abroad, take up western customs of life and civilization. He also wants Emperor Kwang Hsu to be ruler in fact as well as in name. Accordingly he is safe only outside the flowery kingdom, for the dowager empress would seek nothing better than to have the silken cord tightened around his throat. At one time he was a member of the tsung-tzumen, China's ruling board, but his revolutionary views got him into disfavor and he left China. This ardent reformer, the first rich man of his race to advocate radical reform, is now on the Pacific coast organizing his countrymen as sharers in the movement he has at heart.

The only direct descendant of Robert Burns is a clerk in a Chicago shipping office. He is Robert Burns Hutchinson, and his descent from the poet is unquestioned. His mother, Sarah Burns, was a daughter of Lieutenant Colonel James Glencairn Burns, the third son of Robert Burns, and Jean Armour. Mr. Hutchinson will be 48 this year. He was born at Cheltenham, but crossed the water in 1891, when he married Miss Mabel Burnand. Their little daughter, Dorothea Burns Hutchinson, is the next in the straight line from the poet.

## Gleanings From the Story Tellers' Pack

**T**HOMAS B. Reed was the center of a group at the Century club in this city the night before he was stricken with his last illness, relates the New York World. The talk got around to Roosevelt. "Y-a-a-s, I admire Roosevelt very much," drawled Mr. Reed. "I admire him very much indeed. What I admire most about him is his enthusiasm over his discovery of the Ten Commandments."

Recorder Goff is telling a story of a brewer's agent who gave evidence the other day to show that a saloon the license of which was objected to had been a well-conducted place since the conviction of a former tenant, reports the New York Times.

"But was not that because the sword of Damocles was hanging over the place?" the agent was asked.

"No," he said with grave surprise; "no one of that name ever ran the saloon at all."

Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, the minister-author, has a country house on the

Delaware, and is very fond of the shad that run up this broad stream in the spring and early summer.

The fishermen of the neighborhood are aware of Mr. Brady's weakness, and take pains to cater to it, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. They never fail, on the first spring casting of the seine, to present one of their largest shad to the clergyman.

But last spring the first cast was made on a Sunday, and the fishermen hesitated, therefore, about making Mr. Brady their usual gift. Finally, though, they decided to risk it, and one of their number called at the Brady residence with a fine shad.

"Mr. Brady," he said, "I took the liberty to bring you this fish."

"Thank you, Tom. Thank you," said the minister, and he relieved the other of the shad.

"Only I must tell you," said Tom, "that the catch was made on a Sunday, sir."

Mr. Brady frowned. He half extended the shad to the fisherman, then he half drew it back again.

"Well, Tom," he said at length, "I'll keep it, anyway. What happened was

wrong, but surely it was not this poor fish's fault."

A story is told by the Hon. Henry Gordon, formerly a well known Kansas man, but now lieutenant governor of Ohio, showing how ignorant some foreigners are of what our democracy means, and how proud Americans are to enlighten their darkness. The opportunity of doing this presented itself to an officer of the navy, soon after his vessel had entered one of the Japanese ports. A bright student came on board and asked:

"Who is in command of this ship, sir?"

"The captain, sir," answered the officer.

"Yes, I know," said the Jap; "but who is over the captain?"

"Why, the admiral," was the reply.

"Then who is over the admiral?" queried the student.

"Well, the secretary of the navy at Washington."

"But who is over the secretary of the navy?" asked the Jap.

"The president of the United States, of course."

This seemed to end the investigation, but it didn't, for the inquisitive foreigner proceeded to inquire, "Who, then, is over the president of the United States?"

"The people of the United States," and that ended it.

A prominent Episcopalian clergyman, who lives near Philadelphia and whose severe clerical attire and smooth-shaven face frequently give rise to the belief that he is a priest of the Catholic church, is chuckling over an experience that befell him the other day. "I was going to the city," he said, "and seated directly in front of me in the train were a young Irish couple and a little child. The little one was very playful and peered roguishly at me over the back of the seat. From flirting with the little girl I got into a conversation with the parents and I noticed to my questions they would reply: 'Yes, father,' or 'No, father.' Finally the mother plucked up sufficient courage to remark: 'You seem very fond of children, father.' Of course I am," I said, "I have six of my own at home." You should have seen them look at each other in horror."