

THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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Pen and Picture Pointers

THE election of Mrs. T. J. Fletcher of Marshalltown as president of the Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs is a fitting recognition of the important part she has had in the advancement of woman's interest in Iowa. Mrs. Fletcher began her club work in 1873, and has been an active worker ever since. Realizing the advantages of organization, she was among the first to agitate for a federation of the scattered clubs of the state and on October 14, 1892, the club-women of Marshalltown invited the representatives of all the known clubs, together with other prominent women, to a banquet in that city, where plans for federation were discussed at length, resulting in the called meeting at Des Moines the following year, when the federation organization was perfected. With one exception Mrs. Fletcher had attended all of the biennials of the General Federation, where she has gleaned what was best, and returning set about applying it to the local need. She was chairman of the State Federation library committee at the time the state legislature passed the circulating library bill, and was one of the most prominent women in the movement that secured the enactment of that beneficent law. For the last three years she has been General Federation secretary of Iowa, in which office she has kept the state closely in touch with the General. Mrs. Fletcher is a thorough parliamentarian and her clear judgment and far-sightedness have made her the valued counsellor of every executive board, while her clear-headedness, courtesy and tact on the floor of the Des Moines convention during the embarrassing complications incidental to the election of officers; her firm and unselfish withdrawal from the candidacy as long as there was a possibility of Mrs. Bailey's accepting it, won for her the

admiration and confidence of all and insures her their loyal support. Mrs. Fletcher is the wife of Cashier T. J. Fletcher of the First National bank of Marshalltown, and is the mother of three children, two sons, one a business man of Marshalltown and another just appointed to a cadetship at Annapolis, and a daughter now at Wellesley college.

This week The Bee gives a picture of a carload of western Nebraska ponies which were recently shipped by P. G. Cooper of Crawford, Neb., an extensive and well-known horseman, to the West Point Military academy, to be used by the cadets as polo ponies. Before being accepted by the government each animal had to stand a most severe and critical examination by Dr. C. D. McMurdo of Fort Robinson and Colonel John W. Palmer of Omaha and Captain W. C. Short of West Point. The ponies must be absolutely sound in every way, 14 hands 1 inch high and able to run one-eighth of a mile in thirteen seconds. This is the first time Nebraska ever furnished ponies for this purpose to the United States government, but on another occasion Mr. Cooper furnished ponies to private parties in New York and other eastern states, and they made such fine animals and good records that the authorities, when they were in need of ponies, turned to Nebraska. It will be remembered that the historic cowboy race with western ponies from Chadron to Chicago during the World's fair attracted considerable attention all over the country, and especially of horsemen, as it put to a severe test western horsemanship of the pony kind and brought them into competition with thoroughbreds, but the western pony won the race and made for itself a name.

On Palm Sunday, April 5, Rev. Hoffman, pastor of the German Lutheran church of Battle Creek, Neb., confirmed a class of nineteen young people, the greater number of whom have grown up in the town under his and Mr. Doering's care and guidance. A finer lot of young people it will be hard to find. They reflect credit on themselves and their parents, who are representative business men of Battle Creek and farmers living in the vicinity, who for their children's welfare have been content to forego some pecuniary advantage in order that they might keep their young folks in the influence of the church and give to them training to meet life later on. Rev. Hoffman came to Battle Creek in 1887. He had

been stationed there during the four years from 1878 to 1882, thus making twenty years of church work in this town. Through the last sixteen years he has had the happiness of confirming 230 children and of seeing the church grow to 751 members. The church was organized in 1871, and now has the distinction of being the largest congregation in the state. The school in connection has eighty-two scholars and has been under the instruction of Mr. Doering for seventeen years, a record not many teachers can claim.

The labor troubles in Omaha have undergone little change during the last week, save that a few more union men have been locked out and the number of idle men has thus been augmented. The pictures shown in this number were taken on the streets on Wednesday, May 6, the day the transfer companies undertook to resume operations without the aid of union drivers. The crowds shown were merely drawn by curiosity, as in no case was there any disorder or more than good-natured jesting in the crowds. The police were in readiness and were active in the wholesale district, where most of the crowds had assembled, but there was no call for any special action on their part. Since that day more terms have been added to the number working, about seventy-five nonunion drivers having been brought to Omaha to take the places of the union men. There has been no disturbance of any kind.

Jefferson county, Nebraska claims the distinction of numbering amongst its citizens the only surviving voter at the first election held in Nebraska; one antedating the election held at Bellevue October 11, 1853, at which Hadley D. Johnson was elected delegate to congress. At that time the present states of Nebraska and Kansas were unorganized territory, known as Nebraska; and at a convention held on July 26, 1853 at Wyandotte City, Nebraska Territory, now Wyandotte, Kan., a call for an election was made as follows:

"Resolved, That the citizens of Nebraska Territory will meet in their respective precincts on the second Tuesday of October next and elect one delegate to represent them in the Thirty-third congress of the United States," and William Walker who signed himself as "provisional governor of the Territory of Nebraska" issued his proclamation calling for such election. Under this proclamation the Bellevue or Traders' Point (both names were used in the call) election was held

and on the same date, October 11, were held at Wyandotte and several points in the vicinity of the mouth of the Kansas river. The enterprising residents of Old Fort Kearney, now Nebraska City, got ahead of time, however, and on Monday, October 10, 1853, held an election as is evidenced by the following copy of the poll book, as it appears on page 50, volume 3, second series, of Nebraska Historical Report:

"I certify that pursuant to a call for an election to be held on the second Monday of October, 1853, at Old Fort Kearney commencing at 12 m. and closing at 4 o'clock p. m., for a delegate to congress for Nebraska Territory, 1. H. P. Downs; 2. Thomas Helvey; 3. John B. Boulwane; 4. William C. Folkes; 5. Joel Helvey; 6. Isham Holland. I certify this is a correct statement of an election held this 10th day of October, 1853, given under my hand as above stated. Joel Helvey, judge of an election; H. P. Downs, clerk of an election."

It is not apparent from the above return for whom the six votes were cast, but the date shows that the electors of Old Fort Kearney (or western Iowa) were twenty-three hours ahead of their neighbors. Thomas Helvey, whose name appears second on the poll-book came to Jefferson county with his father, Joel Helvey, whose name is subscribed to the above return, in 1839, and located a ranch on the line of the overland route from Fort Leavenworth to the newly discovered gold fields of Cherry creek, now Denver, Colo., and now resides on a farm in the vicinity of his first settlement forty-four years ago. At the time of his first vote in Nebraska he was only 19 years of age, but trifling discrepancies of that sort were not allowed in those days to interfere with an American citizen exercising the right of suffrage.

William Lainson, who died April 17, 1903, at Council Bluffs, Ia., was born October 15, 1818, at London, England, and married to Mary Ann Argles June 24, 1848 at St. George's Parish, Hanover Square, London, Eng., and came to America October 1, 1857 and to Iowa November 30, 1873. To this union was born eleven children, nine sons and two daughters, six of whom are living: Mrs. A. J. Gifford of Miller, S. D., William H., A. T., G. J. and F. J. Lainson of Council Bluffs and E. C. Lainson of Papillion, Neb., all were in attendance at his funeral. Had Mr. Lainson lived until June 24, they would have been married sixty years.

Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

THE inconvenience of the similarity between a gentleman's evening dress and the attire of a waiter has received yet another instance. Mr. Choate, the American ambassador, was the victim on this occasion. At the state banquet to the king at the Guild hall the American ambassador was one of the few men in evening dress, nearly everyone being in court or municipal uniform. He was interested in the puppet arrangements in which the carving was done, and ventured to ask one of the functionaries a question concerning them. "Never mind about old customs," was the reply; "look lively and clear away the soup plates."

At the convention of the American Medical association held at New Orleans Dr. Garcelon, ex-governor of Maine, the only democrat elected to that office in more than half a century, celebrated his 90th birthday. His associates in large numbers gathered at his apartments in the Hotel Grunewald and extended their congratulations to the venerable associate. After a round of speechmaking Dr. Garcelon was presented with a magnificent silver loving cup which bore the following inscription: "To Alonso Garcelon, M. D., on his 90th birthday. In loving remembrance from some of his friends in the American Medical association, New Orleans, 1903."

Dr. John S. McIrewe of Honolulu, known as the father of Hawaiian annexation, has come to the United States for an extended tour. He is well advanced in years, having been born in Ohio over eighty years ago, but still practices his profession. He served throughout the civil war, first as surgeon of the Eighty-third Ohio regiment and later as a staff surgeon of United States volunteers. Soon after the war he went to Hawaii and has made his home in the islands ever since. He made the annexation of the islands to the United States his hobby and ever since taking up his residence in Honolulu has advocated that step in season and out of season.

Governor Odell the other day was upbraided by a "promoter of legislation" for changing his attitude on a bill on which he had expressed positive opinions, reports the New York Times.

"You were very tenacious of the opinions you first expressed," said the man.

"Opinions are not worth expressing unless they are worth holding tenaciously," replied the governor.

"But you changed your opinions."

"At first I was dead sure I was right," said the governor. "Now I am sure that I

was wrong, and you can't make wrong right by sticking to it."

"But you might be consistent," protested the man.

"I prefer to be consistent with right rather than to be consistently wrong," said Mr. Odell.

They tell this story of the time when Lord Randolph Churchill was tory leader in the Commons. A number of members of his party were displeased with Lord "Rundy's" way of doing things, so they deputed one of the lot to call on his lordship and diplomatically state their views. Lord Randolph listened until his visitor had concluded and then said: "Let me ask you, sir, are you leader of the conservative party or am I?" The grumbler had no reply handy to such an unexpected query and his lordship, after waiting for a few moments, rose to his full height and shouted: "Go to —, sir." The startled tory hurried away.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland does not view with favor the renewed talk of her husband being once more a candidate for the presidency. To a citizen who recently was a guest of the Cleverlands at their home in Princeton, N. J., the former mistress of the White House said that her present quiet life suited her admirably, while if she went into the White House again there would be nothing to look forward to but a great deal of annoyance, the surrender of all privacy and little compensation for exchanging the dignified ease and comfort of Princeton for the excitement and publicity of the White House. She added that Mr. Cleveland, who, by the way, was present, was no longer a young man, and as he already had served the party twice she thought he should be allowed to spend his life in peace.

The elevation of Sir George White to the rank of field marshal puts Ireland in the position of furnishing three field marshals to the British army, or four, if the duke of Connaught is included. This is probably unparalleled in the annals of the English army, according to the London Chronicle. Then, Sir T. Kelly-Kenny, an Irishman, is adjutant general; Sir Ian Hamilton, a Scotsman, is quartermaster general, and Sir Edward Ward, permanent under secretary of the war office, is also a north country man. And Lord Kitchener, the Indian commander-in-chief, is of Irish birth. Taking into consideration the cabinet, with its four Scotsmen and three Irishmen, the archbishops, both Scotsmen, and so on, it must be admitted that Lord Salisbury's "Celtic fringe" looks as if it intended to become the entire mantle of state. The navy

has been purely English up to very recently, but an Irishman is now head of the fleet which defends the Channel.

Joseph L. Bristow, fourth assistant postmaster general, and Senator Burton were political enemies out in Kansas, and are yet.

As soon as Mr. Burton was elected to the senate he went to Washington to ask the president for Bristow's scalp.

"I am glad to see you, Senator Burton," said President McKinley, "glad to see you. It is a good thing to have strong young men in the senate. I shall be glad to do anything I can for you."

"That, Mr. President," said Senator Burton, "brings me to the point I want to make. I desire to speak to you concerning the federal patronage."

President McKinley knew what was coming. He had been warned. "Certainly, Senator," he replied suavely, "certainly; whenever you have any good man you want placed, any good man—like Bristow, for instance—come and see me. Good morning."

Bristow is in the department yet, and just now strong in the public view from the investigation he is conducting.

An amusing illustration of the linguistic capability of the educated Chinaman comes from Berlin. On the kaiser complimenting the new Chinese minister on his excellent German, the man from the Orient, replied: "I can do better—I can speak the Berlin dialect. One day during the occupation of Peking I encountered a number of your majesty's soldiers, one of whom, thinking that I would not understand him, took the liberty to address me as follows: 'Wait, you Chinese baggage; if ever I catch you in the dark I will twist your queue for you. Shut up, you Berlin weiss beer pot.' I replied in his own vernacular, 'or I will knock all your teeth into your bread-basket.' Your majesty ought to have seen the soldiers' faces," concluded the minister. "If you yourself had addressed them at that moment without warning they couldn't have been more astonished and frightened."

Stuart Robson, who died the other day, used to tell a strange story of Laura Keane, with whom he played in the '60s. "The sight of a bottle of red ink was enough to upset her for a week," he says. "On one occasion we were playing a farce called 'The Lady and the Devil.' An important scene of it was when she was sitting at a table preparatory to writing a letter. I as her servant stood at the back of her chair. In placing the ink before her one evening I upset the bottle

and its contents trickled onto the lap of her satin dress. The ink was blood red. The next morning at rehearsal she told me I was doomed to ill luck the remainder of my days. She called the company together and gave them a description of the 'awful scene' the night before occasioned by the young man who would never make an actor. She told of a terrible dream she had had in which some great person had been foully murdered before her eyes; how she had attempted rescue without avail; how he had fallen dead at her feet and how his blood had slowly oozed into her lap. It was two years after this that Miss Keane was playing at Ford's theater, Washington, on the occasion when Abraham Lincoln was shot. Miss Keane was the only person who seemed to realize the situation. She ran to the box and in a moment the head of the dying man was in her lap, while the scene of her dream was being piteously enacted."

Golden Rule Jones, mayor of Toledo, O., visited Mayor Low not many moons ago, reports the New York Sun. He walked rapidly through the corridor of the city hall to the door of the mayor's office. There he met Secretary "Billy" Moran.

"Low in?" said Jones.

"Yes, Mayor Low is in. Card please!" said Moran.

"I'm Jones," said the mayor of Toledo.

"Walk right in, Mayor Jones!" said Moran.

The secretary had never seen the Golden Rule, not even a picture of him, but by one of the lightning mental calculations for which he is famous Mr. Moran worked out the identity of the man who had said, "I'm Jones." The Golden Rule and Mayor Low had a long talk.

When Hetty Green was living on her farm in Vermont she had for a neighbor a particularly crusty bachelor. One day while threshers were at work the winnowing fan broke and she sent over to borrow one from the bachelor. He sent back word that he never allowed implements to be taken from the barn, but Mrs. Green could bring her grain to have it winnowed. Some months later the old bachelor sent his hired man over one morning to borrow Mrs. Green's side saddle for the use of a visiting relative. "I shall be only too glad to favor him," was the word sent back by Mrs. Green, "but I never allow anything I own to be carried off the farm. My saddle is hanging across a beam in the barn loft. Tell Mr. Browne to send his aunt over. She may ride there as long as she likes."