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AS THE causes which called it into being get farther and farther away in the perspective of the past, the spirit of Memorial day seems to expand and the event to take on, if possible, a higher and holier significance. That "A grateful nation remembers its dead" has never been challenged, but the tribute paid by memory in becoming more marked and more substantial each year. It is not alone the veterans who fought in that bloody struggle that this union might be saved, nor the school children, who now take advantage of the day to lay a wreath on the grave of someone who fell in the struggle. Since the day was first observed many thousands of the soldiers of the Grand Army have answered the last roll call, but their places in the ranks that march on Decoration day have been filled by younger men. Men who were babies when the civil war waged are now fathers of other children who have learned from sire and grandsire the story of that dreadful conflict, and who have also learned the lesson of patriotism that is conveyed by the flower-strewn graves. As the first marchers went to the cemetery in that faraway day in 1867, their hearts were still bitter with the rancor of war and they still felt the heavy sorrow of personal loss. But time has softened the sorrow and wiped out the rancor, and the veterans who will visit the graves this year will know no other sentiment than that they there renew their fidelity to the glorious union of states; while the younger men will be animated by motives no less high in which there is no tinge of partisanship. It is thus that the spirit of Memorial day has taken upon itself a broader scope and become of a nobler purpose. And with the graves of those who fought for the union are now the graves of those whose lives went out

in that more recent war for liberty and humanity, in which the flag of Spain went down forever from the Western hemisphere, and those who gave their lives to maintain the cause represented by Old Glory in the far-off islands of Malaysia. Many of these men marched as boys with the procession to the cemetery, never dreaming that some time their graves, too, would be decorated with flowers, gently laid by loving hands, many wet with tears, an indication that their deeds and spirit still remain a cherished heritage and an inspiration for the youth of the land. Half way round the world the day will be observed, and in its observance a mighty nation will again pledge itself to the maintenance of freedom in fact as well as in name.

Nebraska's Grand Army of the Republic has just held its annual encampment, and made it one of the most successful in many years. The old boys were at Fremont in full force and showed a surprising vigor in the interest they took in all the proceedings of the body during the two days it was in session. Along with the veterans met the Woman's Relief corps, the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the Daughters of Veterans. These auxiliary bodies also has much business before them and a busy body of delegates attended each session. It was in the elections that most of the interest of the meetings centered, and much good natured rivalry was indulged before a choice was made. Lee S. Estelle of Omaha was chosen to be department commander for Nebraska for the next year; Mrs. Brad P. Cook of Lincoln was chosen president of the Woman's Relief Corps; Mrs. Julia Price of Omaha was elected president of the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, and Mrs. Estelle N. Edgcomb of York was made president of the Daughters of Veterans. Omaha was selected as the place for meeting in 1904. The veterans feel that if they are entertained here as well as they were in Fremont that the local committees will hustle.

Heckathorn Post, No. 47, Grand Army of the Republic of Tecumseh, Neb., is going to erect a handsome monument to the soldier dead of Johnson county in the court house yard in that city. The post has been at work on the project for years. Fourteen hundred dollars will be required to place the monument and this has been secured through subscriptions and through a

monument fund the post has long maintained. The post fund has grown to about \$500, wealthy men in the east have contributed something like \$400 and the balance has been contributed by Johnson county citizens. The elevation for the monument is about four feet, is terraced from about nine feet by seven feet on top to twenty-six by twenty-two feet at the bottom. The cement walk around the monument is three feet wide, and walks from same to walks in the square. The figure is a life-sized soldier of the Civil war in the position "at rest." There are appropriate panel designs on each of the four sides of the principal stone. The stone is from Indiana quarries, and is used largely over the United States in such work. The monument weighs thirty tons. The post thinks the monument will be ready to unveil early next month and the day will be made a memorable one with the Grand Army fraternity of that part of the state.

On a slightly location the picturesque City park of Portland, Ore., and overlooking the great river which they explored, a handsome memorial column is to be raised to Lewis and Clark. President Theodore Roosevelt, with other distinguished company, were in Portland May 21 to lay the cornerstone of this structure and to dedicate with imposing ceremony this tribute of the patriotic people of Oregon to the genius and enterprise of the two men who led an expedition of peaceful conquest into the old Oregon country. The day was made a red-letter occasion in Portland, which is now starting to build the great centennial exposition which, two years hence, will commemorate the founding of the west coast empire. The Lewis and Clark monument will be unveiled at the opening of that exposition. The preliminary plans for the memorial call for a graceful, fluted column rising to a height of about forty feet above the base. Eventually the top of the column may be surmounted with a heroic figure of a pathfinder, or a symbol of liberty or enlightenment. The latter point has not been decided. The four squares of the base of the main column will bear the coat of arms of each of the four states which were carved out of the Oregon country—Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana.

Mr. Joel Stebbins of Omaha recently received from the University of California the degree of doctor of philosophy. Mr. Stebbins' special work is in astronomy, the study of which he began at the age of 13,

when he secured a set of astronomical lenses for which he made a pasteboard tube. He then seized on the family dictionary holder, in which he fixed his telescope and mounted the whole on a tripod constructed for the purpose. A year later in the manual training department of the Omaha High school he made a second and larger telescope, which besides being an excellent piece of mechanical construction is a really serviceable instrument for astronomical study. Mr. Stebbins was graduated from the High school in 1895, and from the University of Nebraska in 1899, receiving from the latter scholarships in mathematics and astronomy for the next year, during which he continued his studies and taught some classes in the university. The succeeding year he spent at the University of Wisconsin as student, assistant in Washburn observatory. While there he was elected by the regents of the University of California to a fellowship in Lick observatory and the last two years have been spent partly at the observatory, which is located on Mount Hamilton and partly at the university at Berkeley. Some weeks ago Mr. Stebbins was elected by the trustees of the University of Illinois (located at Urbana-Champaign) instructor in charge of the department of astronomy, the appointment to take effect September 1, next. While at the University of Nebraska Mr. Stebbins was elected a member of the (honorary scientific) society of the Sigma Xi. His engagement at Lick observatory terminates June 30 and he will be at his home in this city during July and August.

One of the most recent and important additions to Omaha's long list of "seco wagons" is the beautiful machine which Mr. Brandeis drives. It is the largest and handsomest yet seen on the local boulevard. Mr. Brandeis has been an enthusiastic chauffeur since his return from Europe some time ago, and is putting into daily use some of the things he learned on the other side about the management of automobiles. He gets an immense amount of pleasure out of his road riding, and devotes himself almost exclusively to country trips. On the occasion of the recent visit of Weber and Field and their all-star stock company to Omaha, the principals were the guests of Mr. Brandeis on a ride around Omaha and the outskirts. The photograph from which the picture in this number was made was taken in Hanscom park.

Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

ONE of the valued possessions of the late Stuart Robson was a collection of scrap books compiled by the comedian with great care. They did not contain press clippings, either. Mr. Robson was a radical free thinker and he neglected no opportunity to point out what he considered the unworthiness of the clergy. He cut out all the reports of their misdeeds that appeared in the newspapers, and for a number of years he added these clippings assiduously to his collection. The scrap books increased so much in bulk at last that he was compelled to give up the task. But he was always proud of the monument that he had raised to his opinions.

Think of a man who voted for Andrew Jackson for president of the United States who still felt young enough to offer for enlistment when the Spanish war came on, and who, though past his ninetieth birthday, is still hale in body and as alert mentally as ever. This wonderful man is Dr. A. Garcelon, of Lewiston, Me., former governor of the Pine Tree state, reports the Washington Post.

"Yes, I reached the ninety-mile stone," said the good doctor, who is tall and with a fine, intellectual face, "while attending the medical convention in New Orleans last week. I have often been asked the secret of my longevity, and nearly always

give an 'easy conscience' as the prime factor. In addition, I have always been very temperate in my habits, though as to alcoholic drinks never a total abstainer.

"My life has not been a particularly eventful one, and all of it has been passed in the city of Lewiston, my native town, which at the time of my birth was in Massachusetts, Maine not being accorded statehood until 1820. My people on the paternal side were French, being of the exiled Huguenots, and my family on both sides were the earliest settlers at Lewiston. I never cared for politics, but in 1878 it seemed to be the general wish that I should make the race for governor, and I was elected to that office as a democrat. My democracy dated from boyish admiration of Andrew Jackson, whose memory I still love and whom I yet regard as the greatest of all our presidents."

Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia is very fond of a joke and in spite of his multifarious duties finds time for many amusing quips. When Bishop Spalding of Peoria visited the archbishop some time ago it was arranged that the western man should be entertained by a lady prominent in social and charitable affairs. The archbishop wrote him, giving some details regarding his prospective hostess, and ended his letter thus: "The lady who has all these virtues treats her husband like a brute. P. S.—She is very fond of brutes, being an officer

of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

The London Spectator has this to say of M. Loubet: "The French president is, we fancy, essentially a grave and respectable lawyer, with a reminiscence of the farmstead from which he sprang still visible in his character; without genius, but a man of acumen and of sterling worth. He has done nothing great, but under him no one expects disorder, and if he has not picked out first-rate administrators as ministers he has chosen men capable of the most solid work. The French see their innermost preference embodied in the president, and even when it rains epigrams in Paris they pay him every reverence, crowd to hear his plain and direct, though brief, speeches and strive in every village he passes to display some evidence of good will."

Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who recently won a fiercely contested parliamentary election on his old platform of temperance, is known as England's "grand old man of temperance." He is 73 years old and devoted forty years of his life to the championship of temperance. Sir Wilfrid has been prominent in every parliamentary crisis for a quarter of a century, and it is said that there is little doubt that had he not identified himself with the cause of temperance he would have been many times a minister. As it is he has never been a member of a

cabinet. He has fought with and against Disraeli, Palmerston, Bright and Gladstone.

Conan Doyle was once asked why he didn't establish a detective agency and employ Sherlock Holmes tactics in conducting the business. "For the very good reason," he replied, "that all the knots Sherlock Holmes untied were of my own tying. I should fail if I undertook to unravel other people's entanglements. I believe that on one occasion I could have done so, though. I was in a tailor shop when a rather unattractive man was selecting a pair of trousers. He flatly objected to striped goods, and I got the idea that he was an ex-convict. To satisfy myself I visited one or two prisons, and sure enough found the man's picture in the rogues' gallery. Doubtless he had had enough of striped wearing apparel."

A naval officer who is visiting friends in this city was enjoying an after-dinner cigar the other evening with his host when the latter remarked on the proverbial neatness of men who "follow the sea." The officer's reply rather startled his friend. "Yes, we're too blank neat," he said. "Tom, I'd give three months' pay for a chance to get as muddy as I used to in my boyhood days. There's never a speck of dust on board a war vessel and the shininess of it all positively makes me hungry occasionally for a stroll down one of the muddy streets for which your city is famous."

Gleanings From the Story Tellers' Pack

A NEW YORK woman, looking into the subway excavation where work is suspended on account of the strike of the Italian laborers, exclaimed in vexation: "What inconsistent men those Italians are! They want the earth, but when the chance is offered them they won't take it up."

One of the janitors of a public building, who has more politeness than book learning, was stationed in the hallway of the structure to guide the crowd which was pressing into one of the rooms to see an exhibition of artistic work.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the janitor, "will you please make your exit through this door and go out of the other."

Folk stories were being told and finally "Pat" Sheedy told one.

"It was down in Missouri," he said, quoted by the New York World, "that five men sat down to play a friendly game. Things went along fairly well for a time

and then there came a big jack pot. One of the players told me about it afterward.

"I opened the pot and they all stayed," he said. "There was some raising done before the draw, which did not scare anybody out, and the betting began. We put up about all the money we had and then there was a show down.

"The dealer had a king full on aces. The man on his left showed three aces and a pair of kings. The other players, both of whom looked resolute and determined, held four kings and four aces, respectively."

"The other man who was telling me about the game stopped there," continued Mr. Sheedy, "and I asked him 'What did you hold?'"

"Me?" he queried. "Me? Oh, I was the coroner and I held four inquests."

Senator Platt of New York was illustrating how complicated certain explanations become, when he told this story:

There was an old fellow in Connecticut who undertook to repair his clock. When

he put it together again it would run, but he did not get it fixed exactly right. He had the dial upside down, the long hand where the short hand ought to be, the short hand on the long hand spindle and the striking apparatus was deranged.

"The clock's all right," he would tell those who questioned him about it, "but you have got to understand it. It is this way: When the long hand is at 1 and the short hand is at 4, and it strikes 2, then I know it is exactly a quarter to twelve."

There was a fire the other day in the Fifties and reporters sprang up from everywhere and made for the scene, reports the New York Press. A green policeman, swelling visibly with importance, was trying to keep back the curious, who would have hampered the movements of the firemen. When the newspaper men pushed their way through the throng he gruffly ordered them away.

"But we're reporters!" they said. "We

want to get some particulars about the fire."

"Ah, g'wan, get out of here!" he growled. "You can read all about it in the papers tomorrow."

The usual crowd was seated in the Amen corner of the Fifth Avenue hotel one night recently, relates the New York Times, when an individual with an appearance of shabby gentility joined the party, and, after a somewhat verbose and grandiloquent recital of his woes, came to the point and asked for a quarter. Impressed with the mendicant's unusual flow of language, "Abe" Gruber said to him:

"Say, what part of the country do you hail from?"

"Sir," said the shabby one, "I first saw the light of day in the great city of Pittsburgh."

"Well," said "Abe," "any man who could do that the first day he was alive can levy tribute from me—pass your hat."