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Pen and Picture Pointers

JOHN GORDON, D. D., who is well remembered for his work in Omaha as pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian church, has been called to the high position of president of Howard university, the great institution for the higher education of the colored race at Washington. Dr. Gordon has long been a prominent figure in Presbyterian educational circles, and among the Congregationalists as well. He is in his 64th year. For several years he has been professor of history in Tabor college at Tabor, Ia., has been nominal head of the institution for at least three years, and was formally elected to the presidency about a year ago. He went from Omaha

to Tabor. Dr. Gordon is a native of Pennsylvania, his birthplace being Pittsburg, and his education includes a classical course at the Western University of Pennsylvania. There he received his degrees as bachelor and master of arts; he did some post-graduate work at Yale and there also received the degree of master of arts. Later he took the complete theological course at the Union seminary. His first pastorate was that of the Fourth Presbyterian church of Pittsburg, and he was pastor of the First Presbyterian church at Lincoln before coming to Omaha. His election to the position he has been called on to fill was unanimous, only one ballot being taken by the trustees. His Omaha friends are much elated at his advance in the educational world.

It is with some pride that The Bee calls its readers' attention to the double page of pictures of racing horses, taken while the animals were traveling at full speed, which appears in this number. Photographing animals in motion is by no means a novelty, nor is the taking of pictures of express trains going at full speed a particularly noteworthy feat of photography, as such feats go. But it is rare that a newspaper gets such a series of pictures as that presented in this number. All but one of these was taken while the horse was traveling at the top of his gait, yet each is clear and distinct, and in several the action of the camera was so sudden

that it shows the spokes of the wheels as distinctly as though they were standing still. Each picture shows clearly the style of the horse in moving at his different gaits, but none of them show the blurring effect so common in pictures made of moving objects. Indeed the pictures could not have been made sharper if the horses had been posed for their photographs, instead of being snapped while traveling around the ring at an express train gait. This is the feature of the pictures that make them worthy of careful study.

In the past the students of the South Omaha High school have shown themselves to be possessed of declamatory talent of a high degree, having twice won the honor of the state championship in the dramatic class at the meetings of the Nebraska High School Declamatory association. This talent was recently put to the test by the presentation of the well known classic comedy, "The Rivals," by members of this year's graduating class. Those who took part were given the benefit of careful coaching and the presentation was in every detail a most creditable one. The winners of the state contests naturally had the leading female roles—both being girls—and fully realized all their friends expected of them.

Two examples of the freakishness of a tornado are given in the pictures presented this week. One of these is the remains of

a wagon which was whirled through the air in the twister that visited the vicinity of Fairbury. It was not so badly wrecked as many a wagon has been in a runaway accident, but the tires were stripped from the front wheels. One of these tires was straightened out as neatly as a skilled blacksmith could have done; the other was rolled up into a tight roll. Another eccentricity of the storm was to turn out of its direct path on a farm near Fairbury and follow an osage orange hedge for forty rods or so, completely uprooting it and leaving scarcely a vestige of the beautiful boundary mark that stood so green a few moments before the storm broke.

Nebraska has contributed another prospective admiral to the United States navy in the person of Leslie E. Bratton, who was recently nominated to the position of a midshipman by Senator Dietrich. Mr. Bratton was born in Hastings, Neb., December 8, 1885, and has lived there all his life. At the time of his nomination he was a junior in the public schools of Hastings. He took the prescribed mental examination at Washington, D. C., April 21, and passed without conditions in all required branches, and on May 5, after passing the regulation physical examination at Annapolis, entered the United States Naval academy at that city. He is now enjoying a month's leave of absence at home, and will report at Annapolis June 8.

Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

BEFORE he wrote his roudels on babyhood Algernon Charles Swinburne made a systematic study of young children. One day the bachelor poet tiptoed into the nursery of a friend and sat down to watch a sleeping infant. The child smiled and the poet was moved to rapturous awe. But the matter-of-fact and experienced nurse spoiled it all by whispering: "It's wind, sir. Whenever they smile in their sleep you may be sure it's wind. Bless his little heart." Swinburne scowled and withdrew, but he never wrote his contemplated poetry on the subject of a baby's dream.

The late Bishop Wilmer, Episcopal bishop of Alabama, was once being entertained by Major Waddell, a devoted churchman, but who at that time was not intimately acquainted with the bishop. When they reached home after a long morning service the bishop looked very much exhausted and the major asked him if he wouldn't allow him to make him a weak toddy. "No, sir," replied the bishop very slowly. The major blushed and commenced to apologize, saying that he knew ministers did occasionally under certain conditions take a toddy. "Yes, sir," said the bishop, "I do sometimes myself, but I do not like anything weak."

At a recent meeting of confederate veterans in Richmond a story was told which, if true, shows that once at least Grant lost his characteristic imperturbability. While he was in Virginia during the civil war an old lady sent her grandson to ask where he was going. The general answered gruffly: "Tell your grandmother

that I am going to Richmond or Petersburg or heaven or hell." The boy came back in half an hour and said to the federal commander: "My grandmother says you can't go to Richmond because General Lee is there; you can't go to Petersburg because General Beauregard is there, and you can't go to heaven because General Jackson is there."

When General Miles' opinion was asked on one occasion concerning a vain army man accredited to a foreign power, the reply was: "He reminds me of the Washington monument."

The foreigner heard of the compliment and vain imaginations occupied his brain. "Tall and strong and high and pure as the monument formed the text for his musings. "Lofty, solid and piercing" must have been words ringing in his ears constantly.

He would hear more such words. He would elicit further compliments from the great general.

"In comparing a man to the Washington monument, general, what conclusions do you draw?" he asked so innocently that General Miles forgot that he was in the presence of the recipient of one of his compliments.

"Such an allusion has but one conclusion," said the general, "big at the bottom and narrow at the top."

A man who has been an intimate friend of Charles M. Schwab for many years says: "The world wonders why Schwab is so strong with the steel folk. Perhaps there are a score of men each of whom would make just as good a president of the Steel

trust as Charlie, but it is not as a steel man pure and simple that he is in such request. Schwab's great power lies in his ability to handle men. He is the ablest director of labor that the world ever knew. The vast army of steelworkers trust him implicitly. But for him there would be strike after strike. Undoubtedly he has saved the corporation many millions by his amazing influence over the men in the mills and furnaces."

Andrew Carnegie once paid a debt which his mother incurred long ago in the highlands of Scotland before her son had earned his first dollar. When leaving Scotland Mrs. Carnegie had borrowed a few shillings from a neighbor and as the years rolled by the debt was forgotten and left unpaid. Not long ago it came to light in a curious way. An enterprising advertising manager offered a prize for the best suggestion as to how Mr. Carnegie should use his wealth. One of the answers was that "the best thing Mr. Carnegie could do was to pay his mother's debts," and in this way Mr. Carnegie first learned of the fifteen shillings his mother had forgotten to repay. He made inquiries and found that two daughters of his mother's friend were living and paid them each \$43, being at the rate of compound interest at 5 per cent twice over.

When Senator Depew was president of the New York Central Railroad company he received a telegram which he preserved for a number of years and now and then showed to his friends. This telegram reached him one fine morning a short time before Senator Platt was elected to the

United States senate for the second time. It was sent from one of the stations of the New York Central, and read:

Please stop the noon express here to take on Mrs. Platt and ME TOO.

It was a very unusual thing for that train to stop at that particular station, but Mr. Depew at once gave an order to have it done.

This telegram was referred to in the presence of Senator Platt on one occasion.

"You see," said the senator, "I wanted that train to stop without the least question of doubt. I knew that the way to reach Depew's heart was with a joke and so I sent him that telegram."

"The first time I ever put on a dress suit," said ex-Governor Scofield of Wisconsin, "was at the reception and ball which followed in the evening of the day that I was inaugurated. I remember that we had to stand on a little platform, raised a few inches from the floor, while the crowd passed along and shook hands with Mrs. Scofield and myself.

"I weighed just ninety-six pounds at that time and was as thin as a match. Mrs. Scofield is a fleshy woman and as I looked at her during a lull in the procession and then sized up my own diminutive anatomy, I whispered to her:

"Martha, we must look like the living skeleton and the fat woman in the dime museum to these people."

"That settled Mrs. Scofield for the balance of the evening, and to save herself she could not get rid of the ripples of mirth that would sweep over her face and break out into peals of laughter as the ridiculousness of the situation appeared to her."

Gleanings From the Story Tellers' Pack

THERE was recently in White Haven, Pa., an up-to-date evangelist, who secured a pot of yellow paint and decorated all the rocks along the Lehigh river with bible texts and admonitions. Among the sentences painted were some rather startling ones, relates the Philadelphia Ledger. Some distance up the river he discovered a huge rock with a fine, smooth surface, facing a much used walk. Across this he painted in foot-high letters:

"What are you going to do after death?" It was only a week, however, that the rock displayed this alone, for an enterprising advertisement writer came along and painted just below:

"Use Delta oil—good for burns!"

On the subject of neat and clever proposals of marriage Prof. Moore of the Weather bureau is credited with the following story:

A bachelor preacher had occasion to drink tea with a maiden woman of his congregation. She regaled him with the bitterness of her life and surroundings and expressed a longing to be of some service to her neighbors.

The preacher listened attentively. At every pause in his parishioner's bewailment he asked for another lump of sugar. After at least a half dozen squares of sugar had been added to the tea the maiden woman said inquiringly: "Why, doctor, you'll have more sugar than tea if you keep on."

"But it's not sweet," protested the doctor.

"Then stir it," suggested the woman. "That's what I've been waiting for," began the doctor. "You are the sweetness lying idle in this community. For want of stirring your sweetness cannot communi-

cate itself to others."

"Yet, doctor," said the maiden, demurely, "it required a spoon to stir your tea; the sugar would not act for itself."

"And would you be willing," faltered the reverend, approaching the seat of the other, "to take such an old spoon as me to stir—"

And then for some old story.

Albert J. Barr, proprietor of the Pittsburg Post, while in New York attending the annual meeting of the Associated Press, was discussing with a group of friends the queer economical traits some men develop. "I heard of a miserly chap in western Pennsylvania," said Mr. Barr, quoted by the New York Times, "who determined to save on his undertaker's bill, so he made his own coffin and had it ready when he needed it."

"That's nothing," remarked one of the party. "I frequently have heard of people making their own coffins."

"Yes," said the Smoky City Journalist, "but when the part of this man's house devoted to bodily cleanliness was undergoing repairs, to keep down the plumber's bill he lined the coffin with zinc and used it as a bath tub for the rest of his life. Then he was buried in it."

In the Outlook Dr. Rainsford tells how once, when he had been long away from civilization, he was riding with a lawyer friend to an army post.

"I wore no coat," writes Dr. Rainsford; "my shirt was heavily spattered with blood from butchering our own meat and carrying it into camp on my shoulders; just before we reached the post we met three or four rough looking western fellows; they looked at me and at my friend, gave us the time of day, as they always do there, and

passed on to where our outfit was behind; they hailed the drivers of our pack horses and said:

"Who are those two fellows in front?"

"One is a lawyer and the other's a parson."

"Suppose the big fellow is the lawyer?"

"No, he's the parson."

"Well, he looks big enough to work for a living," they answered, as they rode on."

Captain William F. Norton, whose recent death in Louisville disclosed the fact that he had made a request that "rag-time" tunes be played at his funeral, had always been noted for his eccentricities. Some years ago, relates the New York Times, Captain Norton built the Auditorium in the Kentucky city, but as his mother objected to association of the family name with theatricals Captain Norton operated the house under the name of "Daniel Quilp." The captain was always fond of his little joke on Louisville's slowness as a city. In this connection he related a story which went something like this:

"Some years ago I was in a small Italian town and, walking along the street, was amazed to see all the people removing their hats. Just then I asked a passerby why the people took off their hats.

"'Out of respect to the dead,'" said he.

"'Oh! is that so? Well, say, I wonder why they don't all move to Louisville and save the expense of buying hats.'"

Senator Allison of Iowa has the reputation of being the most cautious man in public life, relates the Saturday Evening Post. He takes no chances, but always qualifies his statements. His letters are marvels. During the past session of con-

gress the senator read to Senator Hale a letter he had written on a subject in which Senator Hale was also interested.

"What will he think of that?" asked Allison.

"I don't think he will get much out of it," Hale replied.

"I didn't intend he should," chuckled Allison.

This incident led an Iowa man to tell the story of the rash citizen of Dubuque who once made a bet he could force Senator Allison to answer "yes" to a direct proposition.

Half a dozen friends went along to see the miracle performed. They entered Allison's office and chatted on various topics. Presently a flock of sheep, newly sheared, came by.

"Those sheep have just been sheared, Senator," said the man who had made the bet, winking at his companions.

Senator Allison gazed earnestly at the sheep. Then he replied softly: "It looks like it on this side."

The inventor of the word jingo in its political sense is still living in England. It was George Jacob Holyoake, who lately celebrated his 86th birthday, who first used the word in a letter protesting against the breaking up by rowdies of a meeting in support of Gladstone's eastern policy. Dr. Murray's dictionary properly credits Mr. Holyoake with the word, but its vogue doubtless came from the popular song: We don't want to fight, but by jingo, if we do.

We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money, too.

As an exclamation the word is of course much older, and ingenious lexicographers have speculatively derived it from the Basque "Jinkoa," meaning God.