

## THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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## Pen and Picture Pointers

**O**NCE a weary laborer remarked: "It's a good thing that sundown comes when it does, when a man's all tired out and couldn't work any longer, even if it was light." So it is with the last day of school, coming each year when the boys and girls are ready to respond to the invitation nature has been sending them for weeks to "come and play with me." School is all right in the fall of the year, after a long vacation, and in the winter, when the weather is too cold for much fun outdoors, but in the springtime, when every impulse in nature is to break away from discipline and to go gambling in the other direction, it is a rather severe strain on the youngsters. By the middle of June the average boy or girl is about "all in" on the school proposition and is willing to exchange the most alluring vista of future triumphs to be won by dint of hard work over textbooks for even a little of the immediate present with its actualities of outdoor fun. And that's why the end of the school year in June is like the end of the day to the weary worker—it comes at a time when the young folks are not very particular whether there ever be any more school.

Commencement day and the "sweet girl graduate" come along with the closing of the schools, and right welcome accompaniments they are. Much good-natured fun has been poked at the girl and her habit of settling in an off-hand way the great problems that have confronted mankind from time immemorial, but we wouldn't

part with her for a good deal. She may, and undoubtedly does, know more on commencement day than she ever will again, yet it must be remembered that that day is the culmination of a number of years of patient preparation, and the essay read then is not one idly prepared, but has been conceived with care and is the result of thought and intended to give expression to what may be termed the essence of all that training. Actual contact with the world and its problems nearly always modifies, and frequently quite radically, the judgment expressed in the graduation essay, and it is this that leads the experienced to scoff so lightly at the seriousness with which the graduating class insist on treating itself. It must be admitted in favor of the graduating essay that it is fraught with earnestness and its thoughts are the outpourings of a mind as yet uncontaminated by worldly considerations, and therefore it may be that the young person who reads it is entitled to more consideration at the hands of the elderly, who, having failed to solve the problem at issue, is of a mind to listen with a rather patronizing ear to the remedy proposed by the beginner. It isn't at all without the range of possibility that the "sweet girl graduate" really could teach the old world a few things if only the world would listen attentively and ponder carefully over what she says. At any rate she is a fixture and we are all glad of it.

Athletics have come to be a part of the training of the boys and girls who go to school, and from the time they enter the kindergarten grade until they emerge from the high school they are all to some extent interested in outdoor sports of all kinds. During the last few years college athletics have occupied a commanding position in the public press, almost excluding the professional variety. Colleges recruit their teams from the high schools, and these in turn from the grade schools, so that the process is not only a never-ending one, but one of continual progression. Many a future champion is today achieving the rudiments of his coming greatness in a little school yard or in the dusty road in front of it. Even if he shouldn't become a champion, he is building up the sound body

for the support of the same mind. In all modern schools healthy exercise is not only encouraged but to some extent insisted upon, and the result is that the high schools are now turning out athletes who are really as creditable in their muscular as their mental achievements.

The art of Thesis, too, is coming to play a considerable part in the modern educational scheme. It isn't intended that the institutions of learning shall graduate actors and actresses, but it is admitted that an education is no particular drawback to one who intends to adopt the profession of the stage, while a little knowledge of the methods of the theater does no harm and frequently will be found of actual benefit to a young man or young woman in society. Thus in connection with the advanced classes we have nowadays the dramatic club, which takes much pride in its class play. It almost invariably happens that this club tackles one of the classics—for the same reason, presumably, that the graduating essay nearly always deals with what older people have found to be the knottiest of problems, and it is as invariably true that the play is treated with an originality equal to that accorded the topic of the essay. In this instance the effort is of more real value than the result, just as all education is merely mental discipline—the training of the mind to work in an orderly way and to pursue its efforts step by step from inception to result.

Another feature of the training in the larger schools is the military. Much has been said on this topic, of the value and necessity of military drill and discipline in connection with the mental training afforded at the schools. In Omaha the drill is made compulsory and the high school cadets battalion includes all boys who are not especially excused from the drill. During the whole time of their attendance at the school they are subject to the regular routine of drill and once each year they go away for a season of camping. While in camp the same discipline that marks the course of the regular army is enforced and if there is any virtue in the training at all the boys surely get it. In this number

a double page is given over to pictures made at the camp of the Omaha High school cadets at Auburn, Neb. These were taken last Sunday and give an idea of how the time was spent in camp. The Omaha Young Men's Christian association was in charge of the Sunday services, which were participated in by all the boys.

One of the pictures in this number is that of Miss Kate Hales, daughter of Felix Hales, editor of the Tilden (Neb.) Citizen. Miss Hales was graduated from the Tilden High school this spring after a really remarkable record. She attended the Tilden schools for eight years and during that time was never once tardy and she had not been absent a single session since 1901. Miss Hales' home is half a mile from the school house and she walked the distance every day. She is 17 years of age, is bright and studious and always stood high in her class.

The Elkhorn Valley Editorial association has been referred to in this department before. It is made up of the bright men and women who preside over the destinies of a number of the creditable country weeklies that keep tab on the doings of the people in a large section of northwest Nebraska. Its last session was held at Atkinson recently, at which the usual busy time was had. At that time the following officers were elected: President, E. A. Church of the Atkinson Graphic; vice president, M. L. Mead of Bassett; and secretary, E. S. Eves of O'Neill. The next meeting will be held in O'Neill in June, 1904.

Once in a long time the biggest one doesn't get away and then the lucky fisherman can proudly exhibit to his friends the result of his prowess with hook and line. One of these occasions was when James Walsh went fishing with some Omaha friends to Lake Washington. He caught a pickerel that was nearly as big as himself, and Walsh isn't a pigmy by a great deal. He says the pickerel came very near catching the man, but human skill and strength finally triumphed and the huge fish was landed as a trophy of Walsh's pluck and skill.

## Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

**S**IR THOMAS JOHNSTONE LIP-TON, who is spending \$500,000 annually in his efforts to "lift" the America's cup, is said to be worth about \$50,000,000. Twenty-three years ago he stood behind a counter waiting on customers. Thirty years ago he worked in the rice fields of South Carolina, and was so poor that he slept with the negroes in the woods. Today he employs 2,000 persons in his various establishments and is the pet of the king of England.

Joseph H. Choate told a story at a banquet. Chauncey M. Depew arrived late and in his turn told the same story. He did not understand the premature laughter and the lack of tumult when he concluded and asked his neighbor what was the matter. "You told Joe Choate's story five minutes after he had finished it," Mr. Depew laughed. "Choate's story?" he said. "Why, Adam told that to the snake at their first meeting. I knew Choate would tell it, but thought he followed me."

James J. Hill seldom talks in a personal vein, but the last time he was in New York, according to the Times, he made one remark that ought to become his epitaph and go down into history.

One of his oldest friends had gone into the office of the Great Northern to talk about the Northern Securities decision. He

found the railroad wonder rather blue. They talked for a long time. At the end of the conversation Mr. Hill got up from his chair.

"They may spoil it all," he said, "and I may be beaten this time, but whatever happens, I've made my mark in the world. Here it is." And he pointed to the great wall map of the Great Northern.

Phineas T. Lounsbury, an ex-governor of Connecticut and now president of a New York bank, makes his legal residence in Ridgefield, a small town of his native state, where he remains during the summer months. A year or so ago he was elected mayor and still holds the place. This spring a lot of his young friends as a joke put his name on the ticket as one of the town constables. He was elected, accepted the office and was sworn in. "I got my fun out of it," he says. "I spend my leisure time in watching the men who run me for office and in making them keep off the sidewalks with their wheels and live up to the town laws in other ways."

Gabriel Dumont, who was Louis Riel's right-hand man in the rebellion in north-west Canada eighteen years ago, has returned to the territory from this country, where he has been living since his chief was executed after the suppression of the trouble. Dumont in his younger days bore

a great reputation as a scout and hunter and many romantic stories are told of his feats and adventures in the backwoods. He was outlawed for a long time after the Riel rebellion. He proved himself, beyond his experienced knowledge of the woods and streams, a military strategist of great talent and he gave the Dominion forces much trouble in the campaign of 1885.

Cleveland newspapers say that no visitor to that city ever was under such close guard as was thrown around President Roosevelt during his stay there while attending the McCormick-Hanna wedding. From the moment of his arrival in Cleveland until he stepped on his special train for the return trip to Washington he was continually under the eye of a dozen picked secret service men under the direction of Detective Tyree, who was constantly at his side during the recent tour of the country. The Hanna residence was carefully picketed on every side day and night, and all available city detectives were massed at and near the church when the wedding was being solemnized. Forty uniformed men were also on duty there.

A young newspaper man of New York who was recently sent to interview the most prominent men in the city with a view to collecting their ideas as to what had to the greatest extent hindered them in their

careers, says a contemporary, arrived in the presence of James R. Keene. "I haven't time to be bothered," he said at first.

"I've just come from Henry Clews—" said the tired reporter.

"Ah," remarked Mr. Keene, seemingly interested, "and what did he say was his greatest hindrance to success?"

"Modesty," answered his caller. "Well, well," remarked Mr. Keene thoughtfully. Then, pulling his beard, he continued: "If Clews has the nerve to say that, you may record my stumbling block as—er—lack of it."

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish has such an assured place in society that she does not hesitate to tell of her husband's early struggles with the world. In fact, she is rather fond of doing so. While in Nice last spring she related at a dinner party how Mr. Fish worked his way up to the presidency of the Illinois Central railroad. A German princeling who was among the guests remarked, with just the trace of a sneer: "I had always heard that your husband came from a fine family." Mrs. Fish met this thrust with perfect good nature. "Oh, yes, he does. But, you see, in America it is not a disgrace to work. How much better it would be if those conditions prevailed in Europe. We in America would be spared so many titled nonentities."

## Gleanings From the Story Tellers' Pack

**W**HEN Tolstol was preparing to write "Resurrection" he frequented the criminal courts of Moscow and St. Petersburg. He tells in a letter to an American friend how a bigamist appeared one day before a Moscow judge. This man had married seven wives in three years. This he himself admitted.

"Why on earth," the judge asked, "did you want to marry so many times?"

"In order, sir," he replied, "to find a good one, if possible."

Clergymen have some funny experiences, but one whose ministrations are confined to the residents of a rural district in Yorkshire, England, thinks his was the funniest of all. He was an Episcopal minister, a newcomer in a country parish, relates the Brooklyn Eagle. Hearing that one of his parishioners was very sick, he called at the house, was invited into the patient's room, and at the request of the sick man, knelt down with the members of the family to offer prayer. He prayed very fervently, so fervently, in fact, that pretty soon he had to pause to take breath. While waiting he felt a violent poke in the ribs, and, half turning his head, discovered a black bottle which had been held out to him by one of the kneeling women. "Here, tak

a sup," whispered the profferer of the bottle. "It'll help tha through." The minister declined the "sup" with shake of his head and went on with his prayer.

Colonel Prentiss Ingraham, author of a thousand novels, soldier in several wars, and a gentleman of the old southern school, is lifted from the earth several times a day by a colored elevator conductor who, like most of his race, is very fond of elaborate language. Recently, reports the New York Times, an artist in the apartment gave a song recital and the darky heard her sing.

"Well, James," said the colonel to the conductor the next morning, "what did you think of the singing last night?"

"I was assassinated wid it, suh," he replied; "puffecky assassinated, suh; she do sing with great fluently."

Who shall say there is nothing in a name—or in a union of names—if woman's wit and beauty re-enforce the position? Apropos of the persistence with which Miss Ruth Hanna has worked her own sweet will in her marriage arrangements, they are telling in Cleveland that, at the last and most critical trial of strength with her distinguished parent regarding the date, she brought the interview to an end with an

ingenious use of her knowledge of holy writ.

"Father," said the young woman, "I am to wed a man named Joseph. If you will be good enough to read up the histories of Joseph and Ruth I'm sure you will see that no Mark of the new dispensation can hope to have his way against the two of us."

"The opening of a new pleasure resort in the Delaware valley was to be celebrated by the manager taking a number of invited guests from New York to the spot by special train on the Erie," said "Billy" Buck, division freight agent of that road, quoted by the New York Times. "To make sure of his number, he placed on his cards of invitation the regulation 'R. S. V. P.' A good many of the Broadway contingent of railway representatives received cards, among them Colonel Joe McCann of the Iron Mountain Route, and Harry Gross of the Chicago & Northwestern. On the morning of the day the event was to come off Harry Gross met McCann.

"Going, Joe?" said he.

"Naw!" replied Joe. "Got no time for such things. What does this mean, anyhow, down here in one corner of the card—'R. S. V. P.'"

"That," said Harry Gross. "That? Why,

it's a misprint; should read, 'R. V. S. V. P.' and that means—R. V., rare victuals; S. V. P., select vine products."

"Um-m-m," said Joe McCann, stuffing the card into his pocket and looking at his watch. "They'd think it kind o' funny if I didn't go, wouldn't they? Guess I've got time to get that last boat."

"And he got it."

"Honest John" Kelly tells this story on himself: He was in an uptown cafe much frequented by sporting men, when a somewhat unsuccessful pugilist entered, reports the Detroit Tribune. The newcomer nodded to Kelly and said:

"Your face is pretty familiar. Haven't I met you before?"

"Yes, we met once," replied Kelly.

"I never forget a face," said the fighter, gleefully. "Bartender, two Scotch highballs."

The pugilist and Kelly moved up to the bar and the former continued:

"Where was it we met, anyway?"

"At a fight in Chicago," replied Kelly.

"I was referee and I was obliged to decide the fight against you."

"Barkeeper!" roared the fighter, "make those two highballs one, and put it in front of me!"