

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

SUMMERTIME and outdoor life and children go together as naturally as a time of unadulterated enjoyment for the youngsters, for, as the night follows the day. It with the schools closed, care and labor are at an end during the warm months at least, and life becomes a merry round of all sorts of sports that the elders recall as memories and look on with envy. In some of the older and more crowded centers of population summer still spells misery and death for a certain portion of the population, but not so in Omaha. Of more recent growth and devised after newer plans, this city has no slums, but does have ample breathing spots for the children who have to live in the downtown district, so that the conditions complained of in other places are unknown here. No city has prettier parks than Omaha, and very few can boast of one so naturally designed and carefully developed as Hanscom, while Riverview, Bernis, Jefferson, Miller, Elmwood, Curtiss Turner and other parks are rapidly becoming what they were intended to be, bright jewels in the city's crown of pride. The pictures which grace this number of The

Bee were not all taken in one park, though the most of them come from Hanscom. Other parks have a representation, in order that the readers may get an idea of the beauties of the public pleasure grounds of the city, and of the merry, healthy, happy children who make their headquarters in them during the summer days.

Parks and children suggest the fact that Mrs. J. L. Brandeis has for fourteen years made a practice of annually providing an outing for the children of the Hebrew industrial school, an institution where the young folks of a very large element of the city's foreign-born population are given instruction in useful arts and ways. Mrs. Brandeis has been a patroness of this school since its foundation, and gives it much of her time. One of her efforts is to make the young folks as well content as possible with their surroundings, while aiding them to develop their naturally industrious bent along lines that will aid them in becoming useful citizens of their new country. She believes, also, in a blend of life enjoyable with the practical, and to this end each summer she asks the little folks to be her guests for a day at some place where she can furnish them with a pleasant outing. Her success as a hostess is easily guessed from the expressions on the faces in the picture.

Another picture in this number which will appeal to the fond fathers and mothers who read The Bee is that of little Gladys Lilian McGintie of Wilber, Neb., and her four-footed playmate. Very many people can recall little of their father and mother during their babyhood, but almost everybody who had the pleasant experience can remember the patient dog who weekly bore the tussling and wooling and other abuse the baby in his or her imperiousness heaped upon the dumb companion of hours in

which mother was busy and father was away. Not all of them were as well trained as the one which sits with Miss Gladys to have a picture taken, but all were faithful to the end. Blessed babyhood, and blessed memories that cluster around it, and some of them more fragrant with the increase of innocent delight than those which glow with the presence of the good old dog that played with us when we were toiling on the floor.

When the Omaha jobbers and manufacturers went on their recent rain-making and trade-conquering expedition into southwestern Iowa they were given a most joyous reception on all sides, but none more enjoyable than at Coin, Ia., where a "horseless" train was provided to take the visitors up town from the depot. No speed regulations were damaged on the trip, but no "whizz cart" ever invented furnished more genuine fun than was had on that little ride of three-quarters of an hour. Another feature the city men enjoyed was the band concert at Hamburg, where the girls of a juvenile local organization alternated with the celebrated Twenty-second infantry band from Fort Crook. Hamburg has many institutions of which its people are proud, but none of them are more popular than the girl's band.

During the week the pharmacists of Iowa held their annual convention at Council Bluffs, and, as usual, they mingled a lot of good wholesome enjoyment with their business. The state association has been of much service in bringing the profession to a high and dignified state of usefulness and is jealously alert to maintain the standard reached. Howard S. Baker, president of the association, in his address pointed out a great deal of excellent work that had been done during the last year, and suggested a number of things that

might be attended to during the year to come. Mr. Baker's term of office was marked by a general increase in the efficiency of the association's work, and not a little of the credit for this state of affairs is given by the members to the president himself.

When the volunteer firemen of Nebraska meet at Norfolk this week they expect to have a time that will long be remembered by the boys, and this means something, for the firemen know what a good time is like. In addition to the tournament of races, coupling contests and the like, a carnival feature is to be added, which will contribute much to the enjoyable attributes of the occasion. What the position of "Lady of Kloftron" is, or what honors, dignities, privileges and immunities the position carries with it are not announced, but they are the right of Miss Minnie McClary of Norfolk by virtue of an overwhelming vote in her favor. Miss McClary will necessarily take a prominent part in the doings of the carnival and tournament. She is the daughter of J. McClary of Norfolk and one of the most popular belles of the little metropolis.

John G. Chalmers, who has been elected director of physical training and athletics at the State University of Iowa to succeed Dr. A. A. Knipe, is a Lafayette man. He played four years on the football, gymnasium, baseball and track teams at Lafayette. On the eleven he played tackle, end, halfback and quarterback. In his senior year, 1900, he was captain of the Lafayette eleven. Last year he was physical director at Franklin and Marshall college, which had an exceptionally good record, due to his work with the men. As a captain and coach, he has shown special ability in getting enthusiastic work out of his men.

Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

IN HIS "Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson," Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, says that one of his valuable sources of information was "the venerable Jesse Maury, now 83 years of age, but who yet retains possession of his mental and physical vigor. This most estimable citizen was a member of the volunteer escort who rode with Lafayette on his last visit to Monticello. He is perhaps the only man now living who can claim a personal and vivid recollection of both Lafayette and Jefferson."

Secretary of War Root is a firm believer in the idea that a soldier should look the soldier when engaged in military work, but he also realizes that in very hot weather some measure of smart appearance must give way to comfort, so he has practically said: "Rether your uniforms; dress as you please." Indeed he has set the example for his bureau chiefs at the war department by stripping off coat and waistcoat and making himself as nearly comfortable as possible in a becoming colored shirt.

It is only about three years ago since the dowager empress of China leathed foreigners and everything foreign, but in that time the Chinese court has been modernized in many ways. At a recent entertainment in her palace at Peking, the Misses Yu Keng, the two daughters of an ex-minister to Paris, danced a minuet dressed as a French peasant boy and girl.

On the same evening four Chinese princesses went through a quadrille, the empress looking on with evident pleasure. Not so long ago a Chinese woman who dressed as a man brought lasting disgrace on herself and her relatives.

In the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York City is hung a massive painting of the Court of Russia at the time Casus M. Clay was the representative of this republic thereat. The scene is one of unusual brilliancy, and portrays the czar in his imperial robes, with feathers flying from his headgear, while around him are stationed all foreign ambassadors attendant upon his court. In the picture Clay and the czar are the only two standing with their heads covered. It is said that Clay was requested to remove his hat in deference to being in the presence of the czar, but this Clay refused to do, saying: "I only take off my hat to those who take off their hats to me." Had the czar uncovered his head it is to be presumed that Clay would have followed suit, but so long as the Russian monarch kept his head covered before Clay the latter would not uncover before him.

Prof. Edward A. Stamer of Grinnell college, who has recently returned from a visit to Russia, spent some time on the estate of Count Leo Tolstoy. He says the count has been exceedingly ill of late, but is recovering and spends a portion of each day working in his fields. He receives many tourists, whose visits he does not

crave, yet he treats all with courtesy. He keeps in touch with everything going on in Russia of a political or socialistic nature, but recognizes the fact that his age and infirmities will not permit him to participate in public affairs or discussions of any sort. He is still writing, however, but does not expect to undertake any extended literary labor through fear that he will not live to complete it.

Apocryph of the pope's illness a story told by Archbishop Farley is revived. When Pius IX died in 1878 the archbishop, who was then plain Father Farley and secretary to Cardinal McCloskey, journeyed to Rome with his eminence for the purpose of participating in the election. When the cardinal and his secretary arrived Leo had already been elected. Before leaving Rome the young priest sought an audience with his holiness, who happened at the moment to be in a mood for raillery. "Cardinal McCloskey did not vote for me," said the pontiff, eyeing Father Farley with mock severity. The priest hastened to assure his holiness that it was only because he had arrived too late. "And would I have had his voice?" asked the pope. The young priest exclaimed emphatically: "You bet!" When the phrase was fully explained to Pope Leo he laughed heartily.

Simon Wolf, to whom Secretary Hay addressed the note announcing President Roosevelt's decision to forward to the czar the petition of American Jews, is well known as a writer on Jewish subjects and

as a philanthropist. He is the founder of the Hebrew orphans' home at Atlanta, Ga. Among the books he has written is "The American Jew as Patriot, Soldier and Citizen." He was recorder of deeds for the District of Columbia from 1869 to 1878, and was minister to Egypt in 1881-1882. He is 67 years old and has practiced law at Washington since 1858.

William Dean Howells has lifted so many young men from total obscurity into fame that his time is often trespassed on by persons quite unworthy of his attention—persons without talent, who, nevertheless, think that he should write of them an essay as appreciative as those say, wherein he pointed out the genius of Stephen Crane. At the Franklin Inn club of Philadelphia a poet told the other day of a young man who once called on Mr. Howells without so much as a letter of introduction. This young man thought himself a sonneteer. He had two sonnets with him and he said he would read them both, and then he would ask Mr. Howells to tell him which of them was the better. Mr. Howells is always gracious, and always particularly gracious to young men who love letters. Therefore he listened patiently to the first sonnet. It was execrable. The writer of such doggerel could not but be hopeless. "The second sonnet is the better of the two," Mr. Howells said firmly, and he refused to listen to it. Pleading an engagement, he asked the young man to excuse him. "The second sonnet is the better, I assure you," he repeated.

Gleanings From the Story Tellers' Pack

VISITS of consolation are not by any means pleasant, and there is no class of men in the world who know it better than ministers of the gospel, says the Philadelphia Ledger. They try to be comforting, but it is not always they say just the right thing.

"Did the minister say something comforting?" asked the neighbor of a West Philadelphia widow recently bereaved.

"Indeed, he did not," was the quick reply. "He said my husband was better off."

A short time before the president's western trip, relates the New York Times, a woman from Charleston was talking to him in Washington of his visit to the South Carolina exposition last summer, and discussing various incidents of his stay there.

"Well, I suppose," said Mr. Roosevelt, "things are about the same as I left them in the old city?"

"Not at all," replied the woman. "We cast our bread on the water, and it returned to us, a little brown Crum."

More than one successful lecture star has had to thank Major Pond for his start, says the Boston Transcript. He had been discrimination and not infrequently sought out and dragged upon the lecture platform an obscure genius who never thought to see himself before the footlights. Such a genius was Bill Nye. When the major found him he was acting as postmaster

and editing the Laramie Boomerang over a Brery stable. ("Walk Down the Alley, Twist the Gray Mule's Tail, Take the Elevator Immediately!")

Pond persuaded him to try lecturing, and as there proved to be both money and useful publicity in it, Nye was grateful, and used for years to remember the major with characteristic notes, one of which had the following exhaustive signature:

"Yours with a heart full of gratitude and a system full of drugs, paints, oil, turpentine, glass, putty, and everything usually kept in a first-class drug store."

"BILL NYE.

"P. S.—Open all night."

Andrew Carnegie tells a story of an American in Scotland that illustrates well the imperturbability of the Scottish temperament.

The American, a bicyclist, came to the shore of a lonely lake and saw in a boat a man examining the depths of the water with a water telescope. The man conducted this examination languidly. He would pause every little while to light his pipe and to converse on the weather or some such indifferent subject with a friend who sat upon the bank, now reading a newspaper and now tossing pebbles idly into the stream.

The American got off his bicycle to rest, and in an interval of silence he said to the man seated on the bank:

"What is your friend looking for? Oysters?"

"No. My brother-in-law," was the reply.

The other morning a man who, from his dress and speech, had the appearance of being an Englishman, entered a Broad street cafe and, approaching the bar, asked for a "Half and half."

It seems the bartender was a young man, new to the business, but he did the best he knew how, and set out the drink. The customer smiled, looked critically at the beverage, tasted it, and then asked, "Where is the porter?"

"Out washing the windows, sir," cheerfully responded the bartender.

The office of the late Major James B. Pond on the ground floor of the Everett house was much more than a lecture bureau, says the New York Sun. In the privacy of the rear room Major Pond entertained a great many distinguished men.

Some of the driest stories were told here by Major Pond and his lecturers. The major liked to tell at these gatherings about one of General Grant's few recorded jokes.

The general had attended one of Mathew Arnold's lectures, given under Major Pond's management. Arnold spoke in his accustomed low tones to an audience so well bred that nobody cried: "Louder," though occasionally a courteous voice was heard to say, "A little louder if you please, Mr. Arnold."

Old Dr. Lyman Beecher put his head down and went to sleep and the crowd

went away disappointed. As General Grant fled out with the rest he said to his host of the evening:

"Well, Pond, I've seen your lion, but I couldn't hear him roar."

When the late Colonel "Joe" Rickey was quite a young man, relates the New York Times, he had occasion to employ a lawyer to collect a bill against a business man with whom he had had a number of dealings. As he had never before retained counsel he went to the lawyer his father had always employed and placed the claim in his hands. The lawyer collected the amount, \$25, and notified young Rickey to call for the money. In due time he called, and, after waiting for some time, was shown into the private office.

"Good morning, Joseph," said the lawyer. "I'm glad to see you are so prompt in attending to business. I have your money for you."

Then ensued a general conversation for a few minutes, in which the lawyer said among other things: "Joseph, I knew your father well and for many years. And I knew your grandfathers well, and for almost as many years. They were fine men."

"Yes, sir," replied Rickey, "but as I am in a hurry, sir, I would like to get my money and go."

"All right, Joseph. I will charge you even money. I will take \$200 for my fee and give you the \$75," said the lawyer as he handed the money over.

"Very well, sir," said Rickey, "and I thank God you did not know my great-grandfather, too."