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Pen and Picture Pointers

THE next lieutenant general of the army of the United States, Major General S. B. M. Young, and, by reason of this designation, the head of the army, who will succeed Lieutenant General Miles in August, has from mascot to shoulder straps seen forty-two years of service since volunteering in the ranks of a Pennsylvania regiment for the Civil War.

Samuel Baldwin Marks Young entered the Union army as a private in Company K, Twelfth Pennsylvania volunteers, April 25, 1861, when he was a little past 21 years of age, having been born in Pittsburg, Pa., January 9, 1840. He served in Company K only two months, when he was discharged to enter the cavalry service, being made captain of horse on September 6, 1861. He was made a major in September of the year following and a lieutenant colonel in October, 1864. At Appomattox he was made colonel and on April 9, 1865, was brevetted a brigadier general "for gallant and meritorious services during the campaign terminating with the surrender of the insurgent army under General R. E. Lee." General Young was honorably mustered out July 1, 1865, and, liking the soldier's life, he entered the regular establishment as a second lieutenant of the Twelfth infantry May 11, 1866. From that time his rise has been consistent and steady. For twenty-five years he served in the west against the Apaches and other savage tribes at war with the United States. Indian fight-

ing and the passing of superiors in rank, with the years of prairie warfare, made him a lieutenant colonel. During his prairie campaigns General Young won three distinct brevetships; a brevet major for "gallant and meritorious services in action at Sulphur Springs, a lieutenant colonel's brevet for like services at Amelia Springs, and a brevet colonelcy for distinguished bravery at Safflers Creek. He was made a brigadier general of volunteers in the war with Spain and as a brigade commander served with General Shafter in Cuba, although he took no part in active operations in the field. He was honorably discharged as major general of volunteers and appointed brigadier general of volunteers with assignment to the Philippines. He was made a brigadier general United States army, January 2, 1899, and a major general of the permanent establishment February 2, 1901. His efficiency made so great an impression upon the president and his superiors that when the bill creating the new military general staff became a law General Young was at once selected as the head of the war board and was called from his work in the Philippines to Washington to take up the task of reorganizing the army along the new lines, and now he comes into the highest rank in the army, a distinction held by very few soldiers since the creation of the army.

Nebraska's volunteer firemen again gave an exhibition of their ability to handle the apparatus with which they are equipped to fight flames, and showed their experience and dexterity, speed and agility at their annual tournament at Norfolk. It was an occasion notable in many ways. All the companies represented entered into the spirit of the affair with the zeal and energy that marks the volunteer fireman in all his undertakings, and each did all in his power to make the races and other contests go well. No phenomenal records were made, for there were no professionals engaged in the contest, the events being bona fide tests of volunteer firemen's ability and not contests between sprinters who follow the game for a livelihood. The people of Norfolk did all that could be done to

entertain their guests, having made the most liberal preparations for many days before, and carried out everything in the most minute detail without a hitch. Bad weather interfered with the track to the extent that the most exciting feature, the hub and hub race, had to be abandoned, but the races against time, the "wet" and "dry" hose races, the coupling contests and the ladder climbing were all strenuous enough to set the blood of the most sluggish to flowing. The water fight was entertaining, but too one-sided to be exciting. The great parade of the firemen was one of the prettiest ever given by the association.

On Thursday at Atlantic, Ia., will be celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Krengel. S. L. Krengel was born in Denmark May 15, 1829. Mrs. Krengel (nee Marie Anne Christensen) was born December 11, 1827. They came to this country in the month of June, 1870, and settled on a farm in Shelby county, Iowa, where they lived for nineteen years. In 1889 they removed to Atlantic, where they have since resided. There are eight children and twenty-one grandchildren living. The children are: Lars C. of Omaha, Charley of Council Bluffs, Andrew S. of Council City, Alaska; C. F. of Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. A. F. Anderson of Brayton, Ia.; Mrs. Mary Horn, C. E. and J. M. of Atlantic.

When President Roosevelt visited Omaha in April he was given one of the handsomest brides in his large and varied collection of horse furniture, the handiwork of a woman. Mrs. Mary D. Lydiek of Hartington, Neb., made the bride and decorated it entirely. She is a practical harnessmaker, and works daily at the trade with her husband in their shop at Hartington.

Oberfelder's lake at Lodge Pole, Neb., is rapidly becoming noted among the fishermen as a place where good return may be had for time spent in whipping the water with fly or spoon. It is well stocked with game fish, and some excellent "kills" have been made there this season. The one

shown in the illustration this week was made by L. L. Brown, a Union Pacific train dispatcher at Sidney, who took fifteen fine black bass in one day's fishing. The string weighed twenty-two and one-half pounds, the largest fish weighing three and one-half pounds and the smallest one and one-fourth pounds.

Rev. C. H. Bandy and Mrs. Bandy, who have been eight years in the Presbyterian missionary work in India, were in this city for several days last week, and with them had a little native boy whom they have adopted and who is named Rajah. The missionaries are crossing the country making addresses on their work. Mrs. Bandy spoke in the First Presbyterian church here. They are supported in their work by the church in this state and formerly lived in Omaha, while Mr. Bandy was a student at the Presbyterian Theological seminary. Mrs. Bandy formerly attended Bellevue college. The little boy is a Tamil child, the missionaries being stationed in the Madras presidency, and came from such a distance to attend the mission school that he could not speak the dialect of the other children, so the Bandys have taken care of him.

On Monday morning, July 6, at 11 o'clock, V. P. Huselman, special agent for the Nebraska Telephone company, received a message from Fremont notifying him that it would be necessary for him to be in Fremont that afternoon to give testimony in a case that was on trial. As there were no trains leaving Omaha for Fremont until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, it was necessary to devise some other means of getting there. After trying a number of parties Mr. Huselman finally succeeded in getting C. C. Corkhill with his automobile to undertake the trip. They left Omaha at 12:35 and at 3 o'clock were in Fremont. One stop of twenty minutes was made, which left the actual running time between Omaha and Fremont two hours and five minutes. The distance is forty miles, and, owing to the rough condition of the roads, the time made must be considered very good.

Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

PETER A. B. WIDENER, the Philadelphia financier, is so immersed in business that he does not often find time to wander over the grounds of his magnificent country place, Lynwood Hall, which is decidedly the show place of Pennsylvania.

One day, however, Mr. Widener had an hour of idleness and strolled through his huge stables. In a corner he came upon a little boy (the head coachman's son) at play with a fox terrier. The financier and the child admired the terrier for a while together, and then, for some reason, Mr. Widener said:

"Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "of course I do."

"Well, who am I?"

"Why, you're the man that rides in my father's carriages."—New York Tribune.

Senator Clark of Montana is a very unostentatious man. He has a habit of going around the streets down town without much regard to the niceties of his personal appearance. He was walking down Exchange place the other day, with his hat in his hand, a very informal looking "magnate." At the corner of New street Pat Curran, 19 years old and Irish, stopped him.

"Shine, Mister?" said Pat, pointing suggestively at the senator's boots.

The latter glanced down, noted the shoes

were dusty, but remembered he had an appointment with the Harriman attorneys at his office.

"No—haven't time," he said.

And the boy grunted savagely. "You mean you ain't got the price, don't yer, Mister?"

The senator told the story on himself when he signed the check for \$10,000,000 about ten minutes later that paid for 500 miles of Oregon Short Line.—New York Times.

"There is a town in western New York," says Chauncey M. Depew, "that bears my name, and in this town some persons by boring tapped a natural gas well and thereupon formed 'The Dewey Natural Gas company, limited.' Mr. Choate and I met shortly after this on a public occasion, when both were set down for speeches. He had the last word. After dealing with other matters he drew from his pocket the prospectus of the gas company and read it. Then he looked the company over, looked at me, and, reading the title at the head of the prospectus, queried with quiet emphasis, 'Why limited?'"—Boston Post.

Like most other true and great soldiers, General Joseph Hooker, to whose memory a splendid statue was unveiled in Boston recently, had no liking for the character of a fighter who fights just for the sake of fighting. The words "Fighting Joe" are

not used anywhere in the inscription on pressed by the sight of Washington's grave. As they were leaving the place Miles said: "I wonder what Washington would say if he were suddenly to appear here in the flesh." Dewey glanced quizzically at his old friend and answered: "I really don't know, Nelson, unless he asked how the devil you ever succeeded in getting the job he once held."

The recent marriage of Anthony Hope Hawkins and Miss Elizabeth Somerville Sheldon of New York has called attention to the fact that English writers have, in recent times, seemed as partial to American women as English politicians. Stevenson and Kipling are conspicuous examples. A London paper makes the suggestion that the English author who takes to himself an American wife is secure of interested readers in the old world and the new.

The king of the Belgians is a brilliant talker on any subject. His habits of life are very simple. His majesty rises at 6 o'clock and works for a couple of hours before breakfast, a meal which is served in the queen's apartments. It consists of coarse, dry bread, tea and an apple. The morning is spent in the transaction of state business. Luncheon is of homely fare. The king usually drinks filtered water, rarely wine. He is very particular to take outdoor exercise in the afternoon. Dinner is a plain meal, for the king is fond of simple joints.

Admiral Dewey and General Miles, though the best of friends, like to "josh" one another. Recently they visited Mount Vernon together and the general was much im-

Gleanings From the Story Tellers' Pack

WHEN Speaker-to-be Cannon was asked in Washington about his committee assignments in the next congress he said he had not given the question any consideration. Then he told the following story:

"The present condition of things," said Mr. Cannon, "reminds me of the first circus I attended. I was about 9 years old and was escorted to the vast aggregation of tents housing the most stupendous, competition-defying, animate and inanimate collection of wonders the universe had ever gazed upon by an old negro. We made the round four times, studying the lions and tigers and elephants and monkeys and one baboon. This baboon was the biggest I have ever seen. It was as large as a big boy. The old negro couldn't leave him. He returned to the cage four times, scrutinizing the baboon as sagely as the baboon scrutinized him. After ten minutes' mutual staring the negro remarked:

"How is you?" The baboon refused to reply.

"Look heah," persisted the negro, "why fo' don' yo' say how yo' is?"

"The baboon continued to watch the negro silently. The negro thought a while, gazed at the cage bars, and then he began to smile. His face broadened and his teeth glistened. Then he remarked:

"Yo' sho' is wise, Mr. Baboon. I know why yo' doan say nuffin'. Why, if yo' done say one word dem white mens wud hab yo' out hoin' corn so quick yo' won't know whar yo' come from."

"The weather," continued Representative Cannon, in closing the conversation on the chairmanships, "is too warm to hoe corn."

Andrew Carnegie brings each year from Scotland a new collection of Scottish stories. One of last year's gathering concerns a very ignorant farmer.

"This farmer, over a glass of whisky, sympathized one day with the complaints of an old friend of his, a peddler. The peddler said the times were always hard in Scotland; the people had no money there; it was a poor place to get along in.

"What you say is true," the farmer agreed. "Why don't you emigrate to Australia, Tavish? Australia's a grand place, by all accounts."

"It used to be," the other returned, "but it is no longer. Australia is as over-crowded now as any other land."

"The coast may be," admitted the farmer, "but the interior I'm sure is not. Go to Australia, Tavish, and push into the interior."

"D— the interior," said the peddler. "There's nothing there but kangaroos."

The farmer thought that kangaroos were some foreign race of people. "Well, Tavish," he said reproachfully, "isn't a kangaroo's money as good as any other man's?"—Kansas City Journal.

There is a friend of mine living in Peekskill who had all the ill's flesh was heir to, and he took pills and powders and powders and pills without result. So he called in my old family doctor, Dr. Bassett. The doctor looked at his tongue, lifted up his eyelids and looked at his eyes, and shook his head.

"How do you diagnose my case, doctor?" anxiously inquired the patient.

"Well," said the doctor, slowly. "I can't tell exactly what's the matter with you, but the post-mortem will show."—Boston Post.

"I am not superstitious," remarked ex-Lieutenant Governor Timothy L. Woodruff, recently, "and I do not assert that particular places are dedicated to particular occurrences by the fates, but a friend of mine told me a remarkable story about a boarding house in which he once lived. During eighteen months fifteen different young women became boarders at that house, and every one of them married an eligible bachelor who happened to be there

at the time. The air was continually filled with rice and old shoes. That is not all, however. When my friend took up his quarters at the establishment, one of the boarders was an old maid. She left soon after. Hearing of the succession of matrimonial events, she returned, hoping, probably, that the lightning would strike her. A rich old widower was then one of the inmates.

"Did she marry him?" asked a bystander.

"No; but my friend said she got evidence for a \$10,000 breach of promise suit against him and won the case."—Rochester Herald.

Lieutenant General Miles' ninety-mile ride has brought out the interesting fact—apropos the early retirement for age in our army and navy—that there are now on the list no less than 103 retired major generals and brigadier generals, as against thirty-eight of those officers in active service. In all, there are 800 officers on the retired list—one-fourth more than those in active service—and a large part of these officers, although past the maximum age of 64, are quite able to do service. In the navy, where men are retired at 62, there are sixty rear admirals on the retired list, as against twenty-four in active service.