

## THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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### Pen and Picture Pointers

**L**AWN TENNIS, like base ball, is a game of somewhat doubtful origin, although it is generally accepted as a development of the game of rackets, itself a modification of the still older game of battledoor and shuttlecock, and so on through links that reach back into the dark of an unrecorded past. It is not with the past of the game, but its present, with which we are immediately concerned. This has been an unusually brilliant season for the game from every point of consideration. Some score of years ago the game gathered a little foothold on American soil, and prospered for a time, and then flagged. It found hard work contending with the more strenuous game of base ball, with which the American public was and is enamored. Some young men in their wisdom deemed it a game for "sissies," forsooth, because women could play at it. Those who came to know and appreciate the game persisted in it, and its advantages were so manifest that it prospered until half a dozen years ago it was high in popular favor and numbered among its supporters Americans of all grades. With the sudden craze that sprang up for golf, lawn tennis fell into temporary eclipse, but as the newness wore off the Scotch game the love for tennis again asserted itself, until now it is higher than ever in popular favor. Most of the old players have returned to the game, and many younger ones have taken it up, so that it seems the rest has done it good. The game itself is one for an athlete, although anyone may take pleasure in it. To excel one must be endowed with strength and endurance, with supple muscles and nerves like steel; with an eye for angle as fine as that of a billiard player and a touch as delicate, yet with strength to endure for hours at a time all the active strain that is put on a short-stop or third baseman in a base ball game during a single inning. The ball player gets a chance to rest when his side is at bat, and

at the most rarely gets above one or two chances in an inning, while the tennis player is always at bat until his set is finished, and gets chances as often as his opponent can return the ball. A match will often take longer than an hour to decide, and one famous championship encounter lasted five hours. Imagine a single inning of base ball covering five hours, and you will have an idea of the difference between base ball and tennis. Skill not less than endurance is called for, and tennis players learn to do with their rackets all and sometimes more with the ball than base ball players do with their hands. No one who has become in any degree familiar with the game will ever refer to it as "a game for sissies," nor would he look on the staid young men who took part in the Middle West championship tournament, recently held on the courts of the Omaha Field club, as in any way lacking the essentials of virile and athletic manhood.

The "Middle West" is a fixture for Omaha, under the organization of the United States Lawn Tennis association, and fell to the Field club by inheritance from the Omaha Lawn Tennis club, which first secured the annual event for Omaha. With the coming of new life to the game in general the Field club has invested the Middle West tournament with such interest that it is gathering more and better players every year for the competition. The strong men of six states were entered in the last competition, and the general grade of tennis displayed was remarkably high. Much attention was paid to the games by the public, too, the "gallery" being large during the entire week. Altogether it was a most satisfactory tournament, and the expressions of the visitors on leaving easily leads to the conclusion that next year will see even a greater gathering of recognized tennis men, as the importance of the championship has been established and the desire to hold it is consequently stimulated.

One of the puzzling features of the late tournament was the frequency with which the name of Eberhardt appeared. It went through every round and finally came out victorious in the challenge match; an Eberhardt won and an Eberhardt lost and an Eberhardt defaulted to an Eberhardt. These facts in the published score were somewhat mystifying until the reader investigated and found out that four Eberhardts, brothers, were playing in the tournament. Their home is at Salina, Kan., and they play tennis in preference to anything, although each of the brothers has achieved a reputation in some other form of amateur athletics. It is the constant practice among

themselves and their knowledge of the rules of training that has brought them to the stage where they are most formidable opponents for anyone at their chosen game.

Colonel Henry Wygant, U. S. A. who will come to Fort Crook early in the week to assume command of the Twenty-second infantry, will be the fourth colonel the regiment has had since it took station at the pretty post. Wyckoff died in the jungle at La Guasimas, Cuba; Egbert fell at the head of his men in Luzon, and Miller has retired with the well won star. Each a gallant soldier, well loved by brother officers and the men who fought under them, for the Twenty-second has a fighting record to be proud of. Colonel Wygant is a soldier worthy to succeed the men who have preceded him in command of the regiment. His record with the army is a long one, well studded with commendatory marks and bright enough to satisfy even an ambitious soldier. Colonel Wygant was born in Almond, Allegany county, N. Y., in 1850, and eighteen years later was appointed a cadet at the West Point Military academy from Arkansas. In 1872 he was commissioned second lieutenant in the Twenty-fourth infantry. His service has been continuous since then and his rise the slow one due to the years of peace that intervened. Peace for the country, but not for the army, for while the republic had no wars beyond its borders, its little army was busy with the task of inducing the noble red man to draw his rations regularly and to let the war trail grow cold. After six years and two weeks' service Second Lieutenant Wygant became first lieutenant of the Twenty-fourth infantry on June 28, 1878. May 15, 1888, he was made a captain in the regiment and on March 2, 1889, he became a major of the Twenty-fourth. On November 8, 1901, he was made lieutenant colonel of the Sixth infantry, and was serving with that regiment when he was appointed colonel of the Twenty-second, on August 11, 1903. Colonel Wygant served with the Twenty-fourth infantry through the Victoria campaign against the Apache Indians in northern Texas during the summer and fall of 1880, and through the Santiago campaign in Cuba, commanding the Twenty-fourth infantry on San Juan Hill, July 1, 1898, and commanding the Second battalion of the regiment during the rest of the campaign. He served with the regiment while it was acting as quarantine guard and nursing yellow fever patients at the yellow fever camp, Siboney, Cuba, from July 7 to September 1, 1898, and went with his regiment to the Philippines in July, 1899, serving there until October 16, 1901.

Since his return from the Philippines he has been stationed at Fort Leavenworth, and while there has been in command of the post and the military college connected therewith a large part of the time. He was recommended by President McKinley for the brevet of major "for conspicuous gallantry" at the battle of San Juan Hill. He was then captain of the Twenty-fourth infantry. Colonel Wygant will soon lead his regiment for a second tour of duty in the Philippines.

The opening of the new Home for Old People under the management of the Women's Christian association marks a great step forward in the undertakings of that body of devoted women. Quite a number of years ago the idea of establishing a home for old women was given force, and the work was maintained exclusively on that line for several years, growing in importance each year. Finally it was determined to broaden the scope, and admit men to the benefits and comforts of the home, and the name was changed to Old People's Home. From time to time larger and more commodious quarters were required, until finally the property at Twenty-fourth and Wirt streets was acquired. This is a very large building, and one in many ways adapted to the purposes of the home. Much money was expended in making necessary changes and installing the needed equipment, so that when it was finally declared ready for occupancy it was fully furnished and fitted up with every convenience for the comfort of the aged men and women who make their homes there. The home is in no sense a charity, for the people who make their homes there either pay a fixed sum on entrance to provide a home for the remainder of their lives, or pay a certain sum each week. It is intended to furnish a place for the aged who have no other where they can be surrounded by the comforts and atmosphere of a Christian home. The Women's Christian association gives it general supervision and provides for its maintenance.

The collapse of a four-story brick building would cause a commotion anywhere, and the fall of a double building of that size in Omaha during the week certainly did make a stir. That the building was old and insecure is admitted, and its foundations were weakened by the process of changes that were being attempted. It fell at a time when the street in front of it had been cleared by a heavy rain, and gave such warning of the approaching collapse that everybody inside was able to escape. The goods carried in stock were totally ruined, fire breaking out shortly after the fall.

## Episodes and Incidents in Lives of Noted People

**I**N SARATOGA they are telling of a jest perpetrated by John W. Gates at the expense of John A. Drake. The twain were sitting on the veranda of Gates' cottage at the Grand Union hotel when a New York letter was handed to Mr. Drake. It was advice from his broker. "Great Scott!" he ejaculated, as he read off the list of purchases for his account, with the usual polite suggestion about errors and omissions excepted. "I've got stock to burn." Lazily lifting one leg across the other, Mr. Gates drawled out: "Don't see how you're going to burn what is so heavily saturated with water."

It is related of Henry Labouchre that when he started Truth, his famous weekly, he was visited one day by an old friend, who on seeing a great many books lying around ventured the opinion that there was not a bible among them. "Labby" offered to bet him £10 that there was, and then managed quickly to send his office boy to the nearest book store for the loan of a bible. Presently he called an assistant and said: "Bring me the bible." The young man did so, and as he handed it to his chief the latter "gave himself away" by muttering: "I hope to goodness you didn't forget to cut the leaves."

At Newport last summer George J. Gould went aboard a battleship which was surrounded by a multitude of little boats, filled with curious spectators bent on seeing all that could be seen. "There was a young officer on board who must have sat down accidentally on a fresh-painted bench or something of that kind," says Mr. Gould "for his white duck trousers were very dirty. He, though, was not aware of it. He moved among the ladies gallantly and his trousers were an eyesore. Finally some one on one of the little boats below in a stentorian Irish voice shouted: 'Och, mither, wouldn't yer ducks be better for a shwim?'"

Outside of Mexico there is a general impression that because President Diaz is now 73 years old he must be falling, and that at best he can last but a little longer. "On the contrary," says a man who has just returned from a business trip to the sister republic, "half a minute's talk with the general will dispel any such notion. He is of Oaxaca Indian blood, a tribe noted for longevity and physical prowess. He sits his saddle with oldtime ease, and from all appearances can stand as much fatigue

as when he rode into Puebla conqueror of the French thirty-five years ago. His son, Porfirio Diaz, Jr., is now a man of affairs in the Mexican financial world."

One of the best stories told of the late Sir Andrew Clark is the following: At a dinner party one night he noticed that the lady sitting next to him at table passed a dish to which he helped himself plentifully.

He asked if she did not like it, as it was excellent. She replied:

"Oh, yes, I like it, but my physician forbids me to eat it."

"Stuff and nonsense," said Sir Andrew; "It could not hurt anyone. Who is your physician?"

To which the lady, whom the medical magnate had forgotten, answered, with a demure twinkle in her eye:

"Sir Andrew Clark!"

Nearly every man who reaches his eightieth year has some special way of accounting for his longevity—outdoor life, abstention from liquor and tobacco, steady drinking and smoking or consistent voting of the democratic ticket. Dr. Goodwin Smith of Toronto offers an entirely new reason. "Having set out with a very weak constitution," he says, "I believe I owe my attainment of old age to my not having been overworked at school as a child. At the two schools at which I was, one of which was Eton, work was very light. I cannot help fearing the children now, especially if their constitutions are not strong, are overworked at school."

General John C. Black, who has just been elected commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, was colonel of the Thirty-seventh Illinois volunteer infantry at the famous battle of Fort Donelson, where he was very severely wounded while leading his regiment against the enemy's works. He was commissioner of pensions in President Cleveland's first term. He is a man of energy, courage and ability, a gold democrat in politics and a vigorous campaign speaker. He is a lawyer by profession and a resident of Chicago.

On one occasion Whistler went to pay a visit to Sir Alma-Tadema, the famous artist. On the night of his arrival Whistler's host announced that he intended to give a breakfast next morning. "There will be a number of ladies present, Whistler," he said, "and I want you to pull yourself together and look your best."

"All right!" said Whistler. The next morning Whistler's voice was heard ringing through the magnificent halls of the Tadema mansion: "Tadema, Tadema! I want you, Tadema!" Thinking of nothing less than fire, Sir Alma rushed to the room of his guest. "For heaven's sake, Whistler, what's the matter? You've waked up every one in the house. What is it?" "Oh, don't get so excited, Tadema," drawled Whistler. "I only wanted to know where you kept your scissors to trim the fringe of my cuffs. Thought you wanted me to pull myself together for the ladies."

Railroad circles, as well as a large portion of the general public, were greatly interested in the resignation of W. A. Garrett from the general superintendency of the Philadelphia & Reading railroad a few months ago, to assume a more important position with the Queen & Crescent road. Mr. Garrett's rise in the railroad world has been phenomenal, but one little story which he himself told to a neighbor hints at a secret of it all.

"When I first went into the railroad business as a young man," said Mr. Garrett, "I was called aside by one of the clerks, who said to me: 'Now, Garrett, let me give you a tip. You want always to keep your desk littered with papers, so that when the old man comes around he will think you're terribly busy. Then he won't pile any more work on you.' Well," continued Mr. Garrett, "I made up my mind that contrary to this man's advice, I would always keep my desk cleared. And I have done so."

Today Mr. Garrett is getting a salary of \$12,000 a year, while his clerical counselor is still drawing \$60 a month, and wondering why luck is against him.

John D. Crimmins, the New York street railroad magnate, alighted from a car at Fifty-ninth street and Sixth avenue a few days ago, where a number of boys were playing. One of them said, laughingly: "Mr. Crimmins, you own lots of railroads; won't you give us one?" The millionaire smiled at the boys as they raced around him and said to the lad who had addressed him: "You young rogue, this is not my day for giving away railroads. Here's a dime for you. It's more than I had at your age and if you use it as I used my first dime you will have a railroad of your own some day."

President Eaton of Beloit college, Wis., had a few remarks to make to the assembled

students on the care of new hymn books. "These books are to be opened, but not bent back to back. Please to not write in them, for when the copyright expires some other fool may steal your words." A few days later the president learned that some of the hymnals had been mutilated. At chapel that evening Mr. Eaton addressed the students, saying: "A request not to bend the books has been ignored. I hope that we are not educating a body of men so lacking in backbone that at commencement we will graduate a class of contortionists. In respect to those who have penciled the books I've come to the conclusion that the less a man knows the greater his effort to let the public know what that little is."

Congressman William E. Lovering of Massachusetts told this story of the late "Tom" Reed the other evening.

"It was one of those long night sessions in the house when the Dingley tariff bill was in the conference committee and we were all worrying lest the debate on the measure, when it should emerge, would pass all the bounds of our strength and patience."

"I went to the speaker's desk at one stage and asked Mr. Reed if he would entertain a resolution to the effect that no one should be allowed to speak on the tariff unless he had something new to say. Mr. Reed gave me one of those quizzical looks of his and drawled out:

"Mr. Lovering, tyrannical as I am thoroughly depraved and bad as I am, I have not yet reached the point of heartlessness where I can condemn this House to a silence as profound as that resolution would entail. I will not entertain it, Sir."

The New York Outlook tells an amusing story illustrative of the vigilance of the Turkish censorship. There is a strict supervision over telegrams. A German engineer in the Lebanon placed an order with a Paris firm for some sort of a stationary engine, to be shipped to him as soon as possible. The firm telegraphed to inquire how many revolutions a minute he wanted. He answered, "500 revolutions a minute." The next day he was arrested. Brought into court, the judge asked him if he lived in the Lebanon. He replied that he did. "Do you correspond with such and such a firm in Paris?" "Yes," "Ah!" cried the judge; "I know you. You are the man who telegraphed to Paris that there are 500 revolutions a minute in the Lebanon!"