

THE ILLUSTRATED BEE

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Pen and Picture Pointers

ON THE evening of September 8 Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hochstetler of Nebraska City celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in the reception rooms of the Grand Pacific. A large archway and wedding bell of goldenrod was erected in the first room and under this, surrounded by their children and families, they received the hundreds of guests and friends of a half century, who crowded the capacity of the large hotel to the utmost. Jacob J. Hochstetler was married to Lucinda Burgert in New Bedford, O., September 8, 1853. They came to Nebraska City on April 17, 1857, and have since made this city their home. Four children were born to them as follows: Elsie, deceased; Charles Edgar of London, England; Frank Burgert of Omaha; and Clarence Lee of Kansas City. All of the sons with their wives were present at the anniversary. Jacob J. Hochstetler was appointed postmaster of Nebraska City by Abraham Lincoln and served in that capacity from 1861 until 1871. He has at different times been a member of the Board of Education and commissioner of Otoe county. He became a member of the I. O. O. F. in 1853 and the A. F. and A. M. in 1864. During his connection with these fraternal orders he has

had almost all the honors that could be conferred. Mr. Hochstetler has been very successful in his business career and now owns thousands of acres of land in Otoe and nearby counties. He is an officer of the Wright & Wilhelm Co. of Omaha and is connected with the insurance firm of Harding, Hochstetler & Co., the oldest insurance company in the state. Mr. and Mrs. Hochstetler have been lifelong members of the Methodist Episcopal church and during their residence there have added materially to the welfare of the local pastorate. Mr. Hochstetler has been affiliated with the republican party since its origin and has in this connection become acquainted with a host of the first men of the state. During the evening hundreds of friends from far and near came to offer their congratulations, among those from out of town being Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Hochstetler of London, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Hochstetler of Omaha; Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Hochstetler of Kansas City; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brown, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Ernst, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Hamlin, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Kirdendall and Mr. W. S. Wright of Omaha; Judge and Mrs. Holmes of Lincoln; Mrs. J. E. McIlreavey of Seattle, Wash.; Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Shepherd of Hebron, Neb., and Mrs. L. B. Smith of Dunbar, Neb.

The Presbyterian church of Scotts Bluff, Neb., was dedicated Sunday, August 21. Dr. Robert L. Wheeler, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of South Omaha, preached the dedicatory sermon and Dr. Thomas L. Sexton, synodical home missionary for Nebraska, formally opened the building. This building, costing \$4,500 when completed and furnished, is regarded as the most complete and beautiful church building in the western part of the state. It has a seating capacity of 500 and the appointments throughout are modern and elegant. At the dedication services over

\$500 was raised within a few minutes to meet the remaining obligations against the building. Scotts Bluff is a 3-year-old town of 600 population and the principal point on the Bridgeport & Goernsey branch of the R. & M. railroad in the North Platte valley. The railroad entered the valley three years ago, and this, together with recent developments in irrigation, has so increased the price of land as to raise this section of the state to a position of importance in the financial and commercial world. The people of the town and surrounding country are to be congratulated on this new evidence of the prosperity and good spirit prevailing in the community. There is a large and active membership in the church and it exerts a strong influence in the town and surrounding country. There is nothing in the building or in the quality of the work done to indicate that this is a frontier church. Nearly all the people have at some time lived in the older civilization of the east and have brought their culture and interest in religious work with them.

One of the greatest undertakings in the history of building in South Omaha has been accomplished by the Ancient Order of United Workmen lodges of that city. The temple at the corner of Twenty-fifth and M streets is the best lodge building in the west. It is 50x80 feet, with a four-story front and basement, and contains a large auditorium on the first floor which will accommodate 1,000 people. It is for the use of conventions and public meetings and is the only building in the city adapted for gatherings of that kind. A stage suitable for theatrical performances, with the necessary dressing rooms and other essentials, is also provided. The large lodge room on the top floor, with its parlors and committee rooms, is especially convenient. The seating arrangement is an innovation, being fixed so that everyone in the hall can see any

portion of the floor work without leaving their seats. The lighting of both auditorium and hall is exceptionally brilliant. This building stands as a monument to the enterprise and pluck of the building board of the Ancient Order of United Workmen lodges of South Omaha, whose picture appears in this issue. These men have had more than the usual difficulties which always turn up in every public enterprise, but their energy has triumphed.

Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Pickett of Tecumseh, Neb., sailed yesterday for the Philippine islands. They go as missionaries, having recently been appointed by the Foreign Missionary society of the Christian church. Dr. and Mrs. Pickett have been preparing themselves for missionary work for the past ten years. Both are graduates of Drake university, Des Moines, and both have been graduated from the Creighton Medical college of Omaha. They will act as medical missionaries. Dr. Pickett has been in the ministry for several years, having been pastor of the Tecumseh Christian church for some months, and his wife has received special religious training. She has frequently filled his pulpit for him. They have one child, a daughter, Lois, 5 years of age. Their destination is Laoag, a city in the northern part of Luzon. Although the city has a population of 37,000, it is said there are but thirty-five white people within its borders. The United States troops have recently been withdrawn from Laoag, for the people are said to be very peaceable. It is the intention of the missionary society under which the Picketts will work to make this city its headquarters in the islands and already two missionaries are stationed there. As there is but one practicing physician in Laoag, the Drs. Pickett expect to have an extensive practice, in addition to their work as missionaries. A sanitarium and hospital, it is expected, will be arranged for later.

Episodes and Incidents in Lives of Noted People

ON APRIL 26, 1860, a Maine newspaper contained the following legal notice: "Freedom notice—For a valuable consideration I have this day relinquished to my son, Hiram Maxim, his time during his minority. I shall claim none of his earnings or pay any debts of his contracting after this date. Isaac Maxim, Witness, D. D. Flynt, Abbott, April 13, 1860." The lad who was given his liberty is now Sir Hiram Maxim of London, England, the inventor of rapid-fire guns and airships.

The editor of the oldest English newspaper in Turkey, the Levant Herald, died recently. He was Edgar Whittaker and besides conducting his own newspaper at Constantinople acted as correspondent of the London Times. He was greatly interested in educational and musical matters. As an amateur conductor he created an orchestra and for several years directed concerts, which did much to develop a taste for high-class music among the educated Levantine as well as the European communities of the Turkish capital.

The new Lord Salisbury, hitherto known as Lord Cranborne, is 62. He entered the House of Commons at the age of 24 as member for the Darwen division of Lancashire, for which he sat until the general election of 1852, when he was defeated. In the following year he was returned for Rochester. As lieutenant colonel of the Fourth battalion, Bedfordshire regiment, he served with distinction in the South African war and was mentioned in dispatches, resuming on his return the post

of undersecretary for foreign affairs, which he has held since 1900.

Raymond Hitchcock, the actor, tells a funny experience of his recent trip abroad. In a Paris hotel he did not receive any great amount of attention, and one day he pinned a little red ribbon on the lapel of his coat—the insignia of the Order of Freemasons, to which he belongs. After that he noticed that waiters vied with one another to give him the best seat in the dining room. Porters insisted upon seeing him to his carriage with an extra amount of bowing and scraping, and gendarmes stood at military attention when he passed. "Why am I so signally honored?" asked Hitchcock of a friend. "That ribbon," was the answer. "That is the badge of the Order of a Freemason. I don't see why it entitles me to all this attention here." "Ah, my friend, it is also the insignia of an officer of the Legion of Honor."

As E. H. Harriman walked down the gangplank of Cedric when it docked last Saturday, relates the New York Times, he was the center of interest to a party of New Yorkers waiting for friends.

"He doesn't look so much," remarked one woman, taking a hurried inventory of Mr. Harriman's five feet seven of stature, loosely hanging clothes, etc., "he is so little."

"True for you," said her escort, "but diamonds and dynamite are not shipped by the carload. Harriman is both."

Judge William C. Toole, who lives at 809 North Fourth street, St. Joseph, Mo., has

several claims to distinction. He is the oldest living citizen of St. Joseph, having moved there in 1838. He is the oldest lawyer in Buchanan county, and perhaps in Missouri, having been admitted to practice in 1848. He is the only man living who witnessed the first judicial proceeding in Buchanan county and also the oldest living man who has sat as judge in that jurisdiction, having been elected to the court of common pleas in 1853. He used to be a local preacher and has preached in St. Joseph more years than any other man.

Maurice Proctor of Mineral Point, Wis., is said to receive the smallest check drawn by the national government. The slip of paper with the seal of Uncle Sam on it calls for 1 cent and is paid annually. It is in remuneration in full for carrying the mails from Mineral Point to Dodgeville. A twelve-month ago, when the bids were made for the contract, there was a deal of rivalry between a dozen or more of those who wished to serve the government in this capacity, and Proctor, who is wealthy and does not need the money, offered, in due form, faithfully and promptly to perform the task for a penny a year.

The most vehement speaker in congress in recent times, says the New York Tribune, was Representative Brosius. His gesticulation was of violent energy. Private John Allen used to say that whenever Mr. Brosius made a speech he burst his suspenders. One afternoon Mr. Allen and a party were watching Brosius' exertions. "There they go now," Allen exclaimed. "I'll bet you his gulluses parted that time or else he lost

both buttons at the rear of his trousers. As soon as he stops talking we will go over and find out about it." After ten minutes more of gesticulations the gifted orator sat down, wiping the moisture that streamed from his brow and his cheeks. His collar was wilted, his hair was saturated with perspiration and his shirt front showed visible evidences of the struggle. Mr. Allen approached the matter delicately, calling the member by his first name, complimenting him upon his speech and the force of his delivery, and finally remarking that he (Allen) could not indulge very much in gesticulations without "busting his suspenders." "Mine parted about the middle of my remarks," remarked the orator, innocently, whereupon Allen shook hands with him again and led his party again.

The lay and the spiritual points of view are different, as is shown by this tale of a church in Anadarko, Kan., which was considering the availability of a clergyman who had applied for the pastorate. The deacons had been told that a lawyer of the town had known the pastor intimately. They went to him and asked for a statement of the qualifications of the candidate. "Yes, I know Brother — very well," said the lawyer. "I went to college with him and I attended his church after he entered the ministry. He is scholarly, able and eloquent, and I am sure you will like him." The deacons thanked the lawyer and were going away, when he called to them in consequence of an afterthought. "I don't know as it makes any difference," said he, apologetically; "but perhaps I should tell that he's as ugly as h— when he's drunk."

Gleanings From the Story Tellers' Pack

CONGRESSMAN BELLAMY of North Carolina tells of a colored preacher in his state who left preaching to engage in more remunerative work, reports the Philadelphia Ledger. Meeting him one day the congressman asked him if he was still preaching in the little cabin on the hill.

"No, sah," was the reply, "I am engaged in the textile industry; it's more lucrative than pastoring, sah."

"You've gone to work in the cotton mill at Charlotte. I take it," said the congressman.

"No, sah," replied the ex-minister; "I've sellin' a book of texts for ministers, with helps for their elusidation."

An Irish soldier in a British regiment during the late war arrived at camp late one night, relates Pearson's Weekly. He was challenged with the usual "Who goes there?"

After pondering a few moments, and the challenge being repeated, and thinking he might avoid punishment, he answered: "Kitchener."

He was immediately knocked down with the butt end of a rifle.

While he was on the ground ruefully rubbing his head, the sentry exclaimed: "Why, it's Callaghan! What did ye say it was Kitchener for?"

"Shure," came the answer, "when ye

would do this to Kitchener, phwat would ye do to Callaghan?"

R. K. Munkittrick, the editor of Judge, tells a good story of one of his neighbors out in the wilds of New Jersey. The said neighbor, while in a preparatory school, concluded that he would one day startle the world with his lofty literary style.

Having devoured many works of rhetoric, he finally landed in Harvard, where he determined to begin with his "startling" tactics. He prepared, at great length, an essay that he says he considered a masterpiece of sublime and lofty style. When it came back he was quite astonished to find the following brief criticism written across its face in large blue-pencil letters: "Don't you think you took a pretty long run for so short a slide?"

Prof. George Lincoln Burr of Cornell, who is touring New England on his bicycle in order to gather facts about witchcraft, is an authority on the history of superstition and persecution, and he is also an indefatigable wheelman. Prof. Burr, with his bicycle, has penetrated many primitive and secluded parts of the United States, reports the Boston Post.

From these journeys he returns with little stories that are now quaint, now strange, now humorous. A story of the latter sort concerns a visit to Tennessee.

"I arrived one night at a mountaineer's cabin," said the professor, "and asked for heater for the night. The good people were very hospitable. They gave me a comfortable bed and an excellent meal."

"While I was eating the meal my host watched me narrowly to see that I had everything I wanted. He kept ordering his wife to fill my glass, to bring me more I read, and so forth. Finally, when I began to eat a piece of apple pie, he exclaimed in an indignant tone:

"Now, why don't you bring the gentleman a knife? Do you see him here, trying to eat his pie with a fork?"

In one of Glasgow's finely-laid-out cemeteries, says London Spare Moments, a rich citizen, who was notorious as a skeptic, had erected a massive mausoleum on what he termed "his ancestral plot."

One day he met a worthy elder of the kirk coming away from the vicinity of the imposing mass of masonry, so he said to him:

"Well, Davvit, ye've been up seein' that gran' erection o' mine?"

"Deed, hiv' I, sir?"

"Gey strong place that, isn't it? I'll tak' a man a' his time tae rise oot o' you at the day o' judgment."

"Hoots, ma mon," said David, "ye can gie yersel little fash about risin' gin that

day comes. They'll tak' the bottom oot o' tae let ye fa' doon."

Lew Dockstader, the minstrel, is telling what he considers the prize hard-luck story of the season, reports the Pittsburg Dispatch. He says that while coming into Chicago the other day he met a young man who seemed much depressed. Venturing to learn the cause of the deep-seated gloom this tale was told:

"Well, I've been up against it for fair. I put every cent I could rake and scrape into an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin show.' A man of the name of Silverstein was my treasurer, and besides being a fine, snappy fellow he was smart and thrifty, as you will see. We were out two weeks and did a rattling good business, but one morning I woke up and found Silverstein and \$4,000 missing. Then I decided I would catch the fellow, and so I set bloodhounds upon his trail."

"Did you catch him?"

"Well, I should guess they did. Yes, the bloodhounds were good dogs, but they were no match for this chap. The minute they came abreast of him he put chains around their necks and started a rival Uncle Tom's show."

And while Dockstader looked out of the window the young man went into the smoking compartment whistling.