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Pen and Picture Pointers

BRIGADIER GENERAL THEODORE J. WINT, who will early in the spring assume command of the Department of the Missouri, is one of the very best types of the American soldier and American officer. Born in Pennsylvania on March 6, 1845, he enlisted as a private of volunteers in the Sixth Pennsylvania cavalry on October 12, 1861 when but 18 years of age. Between the date of his enlistment and the time of his muster out on September 30, 1864, he was private, corporal, sergeant and first lieutenant of the Sixth Pennsylvania cavalry. General Wint entered the permanent establishment as a private in the general mounted service in February, 1865, and on November 24 of the same year he was appointed a second lieutenant of the Fourth cavalry. In May of the following year he was promoted to a first lieutenant and on April 21 he was made a captain. He received his majority of the Tenth cavalry twenty years later on May 6, 1892. He was made a lieutenant colonel of the Sixth cavalry on April 8, 1890, and a colonel on February 23, 1891, receiving his star on June 9, 1892. This is an epitome of Brigadier General Wint's military record, but that record falls far short of telling the active career which this splendid soldier has had since he entered the army as a private at the age of 18.

Theodore J. Wint during the civil war participated in the Peninsular campaign and participated in the great battles of Antietam and Fredericksburg. He was with the regular cavalry brigade in 1862, participating in Stoneman's raid and the skirmish at Beverly Ford in 1863. He was with the Army of the Potomac, was with Sheridan in his raid, was at Cold Harbor, Trevilian Station and Smithfield in 1863-64. As a young man he showed soldierly qualities of a very high order, which were taken advantage of by his superiors. At the close of the civil war he joined the Fourth cavalry, the colonel of which was General Ronald H. MacKenzie, one of the most noted soldiers in the regular army. MacKenzie was selected by the War department to do all kinds of hazardous duty. Indian outbreaks were most frequent and Wint, then a young officer, was MacKenzie's right hand man. The Fourth cavalry served in the Indian Territory, having locations at Fort Sill, Fort Reno and Fort Elliott. At Reno General Wint participated in the fight between the Comanches and Kiowas and the regular troops. He served in Texas along the Rio Grande and participated in the battles with the Kickapoo. He participated in two raids into Mexico, the last raid in 1878, nearly precipitating war between Mexico and the United States. General Wint also served in the campaigns against the Sioux and Cheyennes in Wyoming and was actively engaged in the battle of Big Hole, where the Cheyenne nation was nearly wiped out. After that he served in the Uncompaghe region of Colorado, going against the Uncompaghe Utes in 1880-81, during which time he was in command of part of the regiment. This Indian service made him available for more arduous military duty, being transferred from the northwest to Arizona and New Mexico, where he waged war against the Apaches. His troop was at one time stationed at Fort Leavenworth, where General Wint was instructor of cavalry practice in 1881 and 1882. Between 1881 and 1888 he saw much service in California and at Fort Walla Walla in Washington, where he continued up to the time of receiving his majority.

Those who know General Wint best and those who have served with him longest do not hesitate to say that Brigadier General Wint is a remarkably splendid officer. He is an expert shot and a beautiful writer, but a stern disciplinarian, easily accessible, however, to everyone. In 1879 he married Miss Bullis, a sister of Colonel Bullis of the Pay department. He has no children. For the past three years General Wint has been in the Philippines, from which he will sail very shortly to assume command of the Department of the Missouri. He will retire in 1909.

The Stromsburg Mandolin club is made up of the girls and boys who were graduated from the Stromsburg High school in the class of 1903. It is worthy of note that the club includes the entire graduating class. Mrs. J. A. Frawley organized and trained the club, which made its first public appearance on commencement day last June, but it has been very busy since, as its popularity has grown steadily. The following make up the club: Adel Berggren, Leonard Erickson, Dana D. Little, Louise Rickell, Margaret Norman, Hylder Rydberg, Amanda Johnson, Mable Eckley, Hannah Jones, Viola Parker, Carrie Grace Frawley, Mamie Anderson, Edna Ciss and Mrs. J. A. Frawley.



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PARIS was blockaded, desolate, famished. The sparrows were few, and anything that was to be had was good to eat.

On a bright morning in January Mr. Morissot, a watchmaker by trade, but idler through circumstances, was walking along the boulevard, sad, hungry, with his hands in the pockets of his uniform trousers, when he came face to face with a brother-in-arms whom he recognized as an old-time friend.

Before the war Morissot could be seen at daybreak every Sunday trudging along with a cane in one hand and a tin box on his back. He would take the train to Colombes and walk from there to the Isle of Marante, where he would fish until dark.

It was there he had met Mr. Sauvage, who kept a little notion store in the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, a jovial fellow and passionately fond of fishing like himself. A warm friendship had sprung up between these two and they would fish side by side all day, very often without saying a word. Some days when everything looked fresh and new and the beautiful spring sun gladdened every heart Mr. Morissot would exclaim:

"How beautiful," and Mr. Sauvage would answer: "There is nothing to equal it."

Then again on a fall evening, when the glorious setting sun, spreading its golden mantle on the already tinted leaves, would throw strange shadows around the two friends, Sauvage would say:

"What a grand picture."
"It beats the boulevard," would answer Morissot. But they understood each other quite as well without speaking.

The two friends had greeted each other warmly and had resumed their walk side by side, both thinking deeply of the past and present events. They entered a cafe, and when a glass of absinthe had been placed before each Sauvage sighed:

"What terrible events, my friend."
"And what weather," said Morissot sadly. "This is the first nice day we have had this year. Do you remember our fishing excursions?"

"Do! Alas; when shall we go again?"
After a second absinthe they emerged from the cafe, feeling rather dizzy—that light-headed effect which alcohol has on an empty stomach. The balmy air had made Sauvage exuberant and he exclaimed:

"Suppose we go!"
"Where?"
"Fishing!"
"Fishing! Where?"

"To our old spot, to Colombes. The French soldiers are stationed near there and I know Colonel Dumoulin will give us a pass."

"It's a go; I am with you."
An hour after, having supplied themselves with their fishing tackle, they arrived at the colonel's villa. He had smiled at their request and had given them a pass in due form.

At about 11 o'clock they reached the advance guard, and after presenting their pass, walked through Colombes and found themselves very near their destination. Argenteuil, across the way, and the great plains toward Nanterre were all deserted. Solitary the hills of Orgemont and Sannois rose clearly above the plains; a splendid point of observation.

"See," said Sauvage, pointing to the hills, "the Prussians are there."
Prussians! They had never seen one, but they knew that they were all around Paris, invisible and powerful; plundering, devastating and slaughtering. To their superstitious terror they added a deep hatred for this unknown and victorious people.

"What if we should meet some?" said Morissot.

"We would ask them to join us," said Sauvage, in true Parisian style.

Still they hesitated to advance. The

A Fishing Trip

silence frightened them. Finally Sauvage picked up courage.

"Come, let us go on cautiously."

They proceeded slowly, hiding behind bushes, looking anxiously on every side, listening to every sound. A bare strip of land had to be crossed before reaching the river. They started to run. At last they reached the bank and sank into the bushes, breathless, but relieved.

Morissot thought he heard some one walking. He listened attentively, but no, he heard no sound. They were indeed alone. The little island shielded them from view. The house where the restaurant used to be seemed deserted. Feeling reassured, they settled themselves for a good day's sport.

Sauvage caught the first fish, Morissot the second. And every minute they would bring one out, which they would place in a net at their feet. It was indeed miraculous. They felt that supreme joy which one feels after having been deprived for months of a pleasant pastime. They had forgotten everything; even the war.

Suddenly they heard a rumbling sound and the earth shook beneath them. It was the cannon on Mont Valerien. Morissot looked up and saw a trail of smoke, which was instantly followed by another explosion. Then they followed in quick succession.

"They are at it again," said Sauvage, shrugging his shoulders. Morissot, who was naturally peaceful, felt a sudden uncontrollable anger.

"Stupid fools. What pleasure can they find in killing each other."

"They are worse than brutes."
"It will always be thus as long as we have governments."

"Well, such is life."
"You mean death," said Morissot, laughing.

They continued to discuss the different political problems, while the cannon on Mont Valerien sent death and desolation among the French.

Suddenly they started. They had heard a step behind them. They turned and beheld four big men in dark uniforms, with guns pointed right at them. Their fishing lines dropped out of their hands and floated away with the current.

In a few minutes the Prussian soldiers had bound them, cast them into a boat and rowed across the river to the island which our friends had thought deserted. They soon found out their mistake when they reached the house, behind which stood a score or more of soldiers. A big burly officer, seated astride a chair, smoking an immense pipe, addressed them in excellent French:

"Well, gentlemen, have you made a good haul?"

Just then a soldier deposited at his feet the net full of fish which he had taken good care to take along with him. The officer smiled and said:

"I see you have done pretty well; but let us change the subject. You are evidently sent to spy upon me. You pretended to fish so as to put me off the scent, but I am not so simple. I have caught you and shall have you shot. I am sorry, but war is war. As you passed the advance guard you certainly must have the password; give it to me, and I will set you free."

The two friends stood side by side, pale and slightly trembling, but they answered nothing.

"No one will ever know. You will go back home quietly and the secret will disappear with you. If you refuse, it is instant death! Choose!"

They remained motionless; silent. The Prussian officer calmly pointed to the river.

"In five minutes you will be at the bottom of this river! Surely, you have a family, friends waiting for you?"

Still they kept silent. The cannon rumbled incessantly. The officer gave orders in his own tongue, then moved his chair away from the prisoners. A squad of men advanced within twenty feet of them, ready for command.

"I give you one minute; not a second more!"

Suddenly approaching the two Frenchmen he took Morissot aside and whispered:

"Quick; the password. Your friend will not know; he will think I have changed my

mind." Morissot said nothing.

Then taking Sauvage aside he asked him the same thing, but he also was silent. The officer gave further orders and the men leveled their guns. At that moment Morissot's eyes rested on the net full of fish lying in the grass a few feet away. The sight made him feel faint and, though he struggled against it, his eyes filled with tears. Then turning to his friend:

"Farewell! M. Sauvage!"

"Farewell! M. Morissot!"

They stood for a minute, hand in hand, trembling with emotion which they were unable to control.

"Fire!" commanded the officer.

The squad of men fired as one. Sauvage fell straight on his face. Morissot, who was taller, swayed, pivoted and fell across his friend's body, his face to the sky; while blood flowed freely from the wound in his breast. The officer gave further orders and his men disappeared. They came back presently with ropes and stones, which they tied to the feet of the two friends, and four of them carried them to the edge of the river. They swung them and threw them in as far as they could. The bodies weighted by stones sank immediately. A splash, a few ripples and the water resumed its usual calmness. The only thing to be seen was a little blood floating on the surface. The officer calmly retraced his steps toward the house muttering:

"The fish will get even now."

He perceived the net full of fish, picked it up, smiled, and called:

"Wilhelm!"

A soldier in a white apron approached. The officer handed him the fish, saying:

"Pry these little things while they are still alive. They will make a delicious meal."

And having resumed his position on the chair, he puffed away at his pipe.—Selection from the first complete edition in English of the works of Guy de Maupassant. Published by M. Walter Dunne, New York.

His Dream

The professor had a dream.

He thought he was the editor of a New York paper and was showing a visitor around the office.

"This is the editorial room," he said, opening the door of a large apartment and ushering the caller inside. "The gentlemen you see at work here are all Englishmen."

"Hoot, mon!" exclaimed the bearded giant at one of the desks. "I am not. I'm frae Glasgow."

"Nayther am I," spoke up another. "I'm a Tipperary man, begob!"

"Not on your life!" protested a third. "I'm a Canuck."

"May the devil tyke you!" growled a fourth. "I am an Austrian!"

"Great Scott, gentlemen!" said the professor. "If you are not Englishmen, every one of you, all the same, what in the name of Joe Chamberlain are you?"

Here they rose to their feet and advanced upon him threateningly, and to save himself the professor awoke.—Chicago Tribune.

It Surprised Her

"Ya-as-aw-weally, doncheknow," confided Mr. T. Ithering Boogs to Miss Koenun, "my doctah confesses—aw—that he is deucedly puzzled, doncheknow, about my case."

"What puzzles him?" she asked.

"Why—aw, haw haw!—he says he'll be demmed, weally, if he can decide whethah I have the bwain fag, doncheknow, or only think I have it."

"You don't say!"

"But I do, weally—pon honah. Fact, I assuah you. Deucedly funny—aw, haw, haw! Eh?"

"Funny? I should say so. Why, I don't see how on earth you could even think you had it."—Judge.

Race Suicide Not Likely

It is absurd for President Roosevelt to disturb his busy mind with the subject of race suicide. We have citizens like Charles Ritter of Bristol Pike—a man of 70 years—whose wife (aged 60 years) has just presented to him as a matter of New Year's rejoicing a pair of bouncing boys. It is undeniable that the climate of this vicinity is peculiarly favorable to twins, but the four healthy children born to a middle-aged Iowa couple suggest that the country at large is in no danger of depopulation.—Philadelphia Record.