

THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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Pen and Picture Pointers

JOHN LEE WEBSTER, who is being put forward by Nebraska as the choice of the people of this state for the office of vice president of the United States, and a proper man to go on the national ticket with Theodore Roosevelt for the coming campaign, has been a resident of the state ever since the woods were burned. He has been prominent in its affairs, too, for many years. Mr. Webster was a member of the legislature, sitting for Douglas county, in 1873 and in 1875 was a member of the constitutional convention, serving as president of that body. He was delegate-at-large and chairman of the Nebraska delegation to Minneapolis in 1892 when Benjamin Harrison was nominated for the second time. In 1888 Mr. Webster sought the nomination for congress from the First Nebraska district on the republican ticket, but was defeated in the convention. In 1899 he was a prominent candidate for United States senator before the Nebraska state legislature, being defeated by Judge Hayward of Nebraska City. Mr. Webster has long been known as one of the leading lawyers of the west and has engaged in many of the really big cases that have been tried before western courts, one of the most notable being that in which the rights of the Ponca Indians were determined. His interest in politics has always been of the active kind and his voice is heard in every campaign, always arguing for the supremacy of the republican party. He has been formally put forward by the republicans of the state convention as the choice for the vice presidential nomination and a vigorous working organization has been formed to further his chances.

The disappearance of game from the Missouri river valley hasn't lessened the crop of expert marksmen, not a bit. Proof of this was recently given when a tournament was held under the control of the Omaha Gun club, and a body of shotgun artists assembled at the club grounds on the Iowa side of the river. Three of the coldest days that ever blew were devoted to the tournament and the marksmen stepped up to the score, facing a keen wind from the northwest, with the mercury down below zero, and smashed targets with all the zest and zeal of the summer time. True, the scores were not up to the pleasant weather mark, but with the conditions under which the shoot was held, the results are little short of marvelous. As usual the shoot developed some surprises. It was not to be wondered at that a team from the country, the All-Nebraska, won the championship of four states, but the fact that a country boy, practically unknown, got away with the cup that represents the individual championship, was a sort of an eye opener for the knowing people. Siverson of Wisner, Neb., won the cup, but he had to shoot off a tie with Ford of Central City, Ia., in order to claim it as his own, and the city men, who claim to be the real thing when it comes to trap shooting, had to be content with looking on at the shoot-off. Omaha No. 1 team pulled off the money in the team shoot at live birds, but here again the country came to the front. Kline of Spirit Lake, Ia., getting the only straight score of twenty-five birds.

Omaha's High School Basket Ball team has been making a bit of reputation for itself this winter and is now hailed the champion of Nebraska, Iowa, South Dakota and North Dakota, with aspirations for the championship of the middle west. These young men are a husky lot and when the conditions under which they get their practice are considered, they appear entitled to much credit. They have no gymnasium at the high school and must take the Young Men's Christian association gym at such times as it is available. Prof. Bernstein, the physical director, has taken much pains with the boys and has brought them to a high state of physical excellence.

The dedication of a new church in any community is a sign of advancement, for it indicates the trend of thought of the people toward higher things. Last Tuesday, at Woodbine, Ia., a new Catholic church was dedicated to the uses of public worship, the event being marked by the ceremonies customary in such cases. The church, a picture of which appears in this number, is a substantial structure and cost the congregation \$8,000. It marks the growth of Woodbine spiritually as well as materially.

The Roundup of the Gang

A Short Story by William H. Osborne

(Copyright, 1904, by William H. Osborne.)
 LL. New Yorkers are divided into two classes. The first class consists of those who get caught; the second of those who do not.

On the East Side there resided a gentleman whose real name was Mr. Shifty Shift. He had many other names, but this name suited him above all others. Mr. Shifty Shift belonged to the elect individuals who do not get caught.

The police department knew all about him; especially is this true of old Bonaset Smith, the department's right-hand man. And then again, they knew nothing about him. Morally they were certain that although outwardly Shifty Shift was a whitened sepulchre, within he was full of dead men's bones. Officially Bonaset Smith and the department knew absolutely nothing about Mr. Shifty Shift.

"You can't prove nothin'," Mr. Shifty Shift would remark; "not against me, at least."

And they could not. They had tried it

astute and versatile intellect. How, when and where, is the safest time, place and method to knock out one millionaire at the particular request of another? This was the ultimate question. The first question was: How much is it worth? Having settled the first, the answer thereto being entirely satisfactory, Shifty Shift addressed himself to the other, and finally succeeded in arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. And the result was this:

In the first place, Shifty concluded to leave the gang out of this thing. In the second place, in view of the strenuous efforts of the New York police department, he concluded to turn the trick elsewhere than in the great metropolis. Circumstances favored him, for Mr. Henry P. Havisham had a handsome country place just across the river, where he spent a good deal of his time.

A week later the countryside was electrified by the report of a dastardly assault upon the Great American bull, Mr. Henry P. Havisham. It seems that Mr. Havisham had started out alone on an early spring

and a third day required for the purpose of getting over the excitement of the first two.

"And a darned good thing for me, too," said Shifty to himself.

The election and the inauguration kept the chief busy. The town was full of strangers. All the voters from the surrounding townships came in to vote, and, incidentally, to dissipate. Among the more obstreperous were half a dozen big farmers who had come down from the mountains, so they said, and had come down with the avowed purpose of filling up on apple whisky.

One of them finally became fighting drunk. The chief himself tapped him on the arm and informed him that he was under arrest. The man's companions discovered his plight and started in to rescue him. Then there was a general mixup and the police department of Monroe distinguished itself. It rounded up the farmers and, piling them into a spring wagon, pressed into service for the occasion, lodged them safely at the door of the jail.



EACH WITH A BULLDOG REVOLVER IN HIS HAND.

many, many times, and had never succeeded.

Shifty was a strong-arm man par excellence. And his gang followed suit. This gang had been chosen wisely and well from among the stronger and, at the same time, more astute gentry of the East Side.

"What's the use," Shifty had said, "of having a good strong arm if you ain't got no brains to back it? Let me have men about me," would say Shifty Shift, unconsciously quoting from a fairly well known dramatist, "let me have men about me with a strong arm and a good close mouth, and a considerable amount of old hoss sense, and I'll match them and me against any police department on the face of the earth."

Accordingly, the Shifty Shift gang was the admiration of the under world, the terror of the upper crust.

But between the Shifty Shift gang and the police department there was no compromise. The department had been fooled too often, and there was a war on that was war to the teeth.

"I'll get you, Shifty," old Bonaset Smith of the department would say. "I'll get you last if I can't get you first."

Shifty laughed. "Say, now," he replied, "I'll bet you don't." He pulled out a roll of bills, sliced probably from his latest victim. "Say, what'll you bet? I bet you don't, now. Not you. Nor yet the chief. Nor all of you put together. See if you do."

Now and then, and here and there, human nature hacks back to savagery. James T. Blenkinsop was a millionaire, but, at the same time, he was a barbarian. He had been bearing a certain commodity. Everybody knows now just what he tried to do with Great American. And another gentlemanly dealer—Havisham by name—had succeeded in cutting Mr. Blenkinsop's eye teeth, and in discoloring his financial eye. Mr. Blenkinsop, in a rage, determined that the eyes of Mr. Havisham and his teeth also should suffer in a very real and physical sense.

It was in this wise that Mr. Shifty Shift came ultimately to consider one of the greatest problems ever presented to his

day to whip a trout stream on his land. He had not come back. A search was made, and he was found unconscious by the roadside hidden by the brush and undergrowth. The chief of police of Monroe, the little Jersey town where Mr. Havisham lived, started immediately to investigate. He discovered, first, that Mr. Havisham, fortunately, was not seriously injured. He discovered also that a farmer jogging along in the distance had seen a burly looking individual cross the road and disappear. Several other men had noticed a stranger about the town—a man of burly makeup and muscular appearance. The chief secured a description of this man, and found out later that he was seen swinging aboard a New York train a short time after the assault.

Mr. Havisham was dazed for several days, but finally was able to describe the man who felled him. And the description of the man who felled him was consistent with the general appearance of Mr. Shifty Shift.

The chief of police of the small town of Monroe communicated immediately with the chief of police of the city of New York. The latter, with the aid of Bonaset Smith, and by a summary method all his own, immediately shipped Mr. Shifty Shift down to the small town of Monroe, with instructions to the chief of police there to freeze fast to him. Shifty Shift was lodged in the ramshackle country jail in the town of Monroe.

As he was locked in a cell he took in everything at a glance. "Gee," he said to himself, "but this is easy. I could handle the police force all by myself, almost. The gang won't do a thing to 'em."

In the meantime Bonaset Smith of New York called up the chief of Monroe on the wire.

"What are you going to do with him?" asked old Bonaset.

"Convict him," was the laconic answer. "No, you won't," said Bonaset. "He'll prove an alibi. He'll prove that it's a case of mistaken identity. He'll prove anything and everything. And he'll be acquitted."

"If he is," said the chief of police, in a determined tone of voice, "I'll have myself locked up."

Now, the arrest of Shifty Shift was not the only excitement in the little town of Monroe. There was another—the election of a mayor. Over there in the country when a mayor is elected at the spring election he is installed in office on the very next day. The result is that there are two days of general disorder and merrymaking,

and one of them were led, staggering and fighting, into separate cells and locked up.

The jail at Monroe was small, and the cells were so arranged that every prisoner in the place could see and converse with every other prisoner, if desirable. When the six farmers were lodged in the cells assigned to them, Shifty Shift, who had been busy reading a New York newspaper, looked up lazily and inspected. Then he shifted one leg over the other and went on reading. The town officers retired and the outer door was locked. Immediately there was some improvement visible in the condition of the farmers. Shifty grinned for several minutes.

"Well, gents," he finally remarked in a low voice, "how did you leave little old New York?"

The farmers burst into a hearty laugh. "You're all right, Shifty," they responded, "and we'll swing the thing, all right." For the six farmers were none other than six of the strongest and most astute members of the Shifty Shift gang.

Each farmer took off his hat, removed a false bottom and took therefrom a loaded revolver. Two others in adjoining cells began industriously to remove one of the iron bars, which would be useful when it came to breaking jail.

"What time will we turn the trick?" one of them asked of Shifty.

"We'll have a good chance tonight," said Shifty, "for the town'll be wild over the election. They'll be shovin' in fellows here right and left. It's only right that we should get out and give 'em more room."

At 8 o'clock that night the gang heard a multitude of maudlin shrieks approaching the jail.

"Gee, but the town's a-goin' it it," said Shifty.

A bolt was drawn, the key turned in the lock, and several officers marched in, dragging with them men who were supinely drunk.

"Paralyzed," thought Shifty, as he watched them sling a big fellow into the cell next to his own.

The other newcomers were in little better condition. They were asleep in two minutes, snoring sonorously as they lay upon the hard wooden benches. There were, perhaps, seven or eight of these imprudent revelers.

Nothing happened for a long while. Finally, Shifty heard approaching footsteps and softly whistled. And then began

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