

THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

Published Weekly by The Bee Publishing Company, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

Price, 5c Per Copy—Per Year, \$7.00.

Entered at the Omaha Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter.

For Advertising Rates Address Publisher.

Communications relating to photographs or articles for publication should be addressed, "Editor The Illustrated Bee, Omaha."

Pen and Picture Pointers

GENERAL MANAGER A. J. MOHLER of the Union Pacific, who last week assumed his duties in this city, has had a very interesting and pre-eminently successful career. Starting at the bottom he has gradually and surely made his way to the very top notch in the railroad world as general manager of the greatest trans-Missouri line.

"I entered the business of railroading," said Mr. Mohler, "because I liked it. My family at that time lived in Sterling, Ill., but I started my career in an adjoining town, Galt, Ill., as warehouse and office clerk for the Chicago & Northwestern. My opinion of the essentials in a man who achieves success are, first, intense application; second, loyalty, and third, to eliminate from his vocabulary the word 'fail.' The fundamental principle of every man's success is to respect the rights of his fellow men and to not make the mistake of deciding other people's ability and brains from his own standpoint, because if he will stop to think, other people have brains and the world can get along without him."

After having made his start in business at Galt, Ill., Mr. Mohler was successively station agent at Erie, Ill., for the Rockford, Rock Island & St. Louis railway in 1870. In 1871 he was clerk of operating and accounts in the auditor's office of the same road; 1871 to October, 1882, he was with the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Minnesota road (now the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern). For two years he was traveling auditor and pioneer agent; two years chief clerk in the freight department; one year assistant general freight agent; six years general freight agent. From October 3, 1882, until March 1, 1886, Mr. Mohler was general freight agent of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba railway (now the Great Northern). From March 1, 1886, to January 15, 1887, land commissioner, and from January 15, 1887, to April, 1888, he was general freight agent; from April, 1888, to October 10, 1888, general superintendent; October 10, 1888, to September 1, 1889, assistant general manager of the same road.

On September 1, 1889, Mr. Mohler again changed his base of operations by going with the Montana Central railway, for which line he was general manager until December 1, 1890. On the latter date he again changed his connection by going to the Minneapolis & St. Louis railway to assume the duties of general manager of that property, from which line he went to the Oregon Railroad & Navigation company to become its executive head in the dual position of president and general manager. From the navigation company he came to Omaha. His appointment was announced by President E. H. Harriman of the Harriman lines on April 1 of the present year.

Mr. Mohler is a large man with a pleasant countenance. He is easily approached and has a very cordial manner. He has no time to waste, but to all who have a claim upon his attention he has time to listen. Very active of mind and quick to decide on any point which requires hasty decision, he is still a man who impresses those who meet him as being a deep thinker when occasion requires that a problem must be worked out to its conclusion. The best evidence of how he stands with people in the west where he has resided is a perusal of the papers published in Portland during the last two weeks. It will be learned from an examination of these papers that he was feasted and banqueted by friends and business associates from the day the announcement was made that he was to leave until the hour of his departure arrived. The letter given him by 35 of his employes upon his departure also breathes the nature of the man as viewed by the toilers who, owing to their position, were required to take his orders. That he has always exacted the best service a man could give there appears to be no question, but that is part of his duty in the position he occupies. He has never required more than his employes' best effort, as is so often the case with those placed high in authority. It is said that he cherishes more the letter given him by his former employes than any other token of esteem bestowed upon him when he left the city which he has called home for so long.

(Copyright 1904 by T. C. McClure.)
TOKIO, March 20.—Vice Admiral Togo owes his present world-wide fame to the circumstance that as a captain of the protected cruiser "Naniwa" during the China-Japan war he fired the first shot in the battle of the Yalu.

When the elder statesmen, that powerful coterie of five men who are the emperor's chief advisers in national crises, were mapping out their plan of campaign for the impending war with Russia, the question came up as to who should command the fleet that would be sent to reduce Port Arthur.

"Send Togo," the Marquis Ito is represented to have said. "He struck first at the Yalu. He will strike first and hard at Port Arthur."
Initiative is one of Vice Admiral Togo's predominant traits. The nation's heads know so well that Togo never lets "the grass grow under his feet" that when they received the news of his daring attack on Port Arthur they were not overwhelmingly surprised. "They expected it," said a Japanese naval officer on duty in Tokio. "We all expected it. Wasn't Togo in command?"

Another of the admiral's distinctive characteristics is perseverance. The nation knows it, too, and that is why you hear on every side the little brown men saying of their popular hero: "Wait! He'll block the Russians yet. He never gives up!"

Add to these two marks that of indefatigability, and you have a clear outline of the manner of man Togo is. Even in time of peace it is no uncommon thing for him to forget his meals when confronted with some intricate situation, and he has been known to sit up all night in his room wrestling enthusiastically with a puzzling mathematical problem relating to naval matters. And men who have served under him, when telling of these incidents, do not forget to add that their beloved admiral keeps on until he has secured the answer or finished the task at hand before thinking of physical comfort.

While Togo thus drives himself hard, and responsibility sits heavily upon him, he is by no means a martinet. He is a strict disciplinarian, and expects every man

to do his tasks "and a little more," as a lieutenant, who served under him in the China-Japan war, added, but the glimpses of his human side that his men catch every once in a while make them understand him thoroughly—in plain Anglo-Saxon, swear by him.

The softer side of Togo is shown whenever a mishap befalls a sailor aboard his ship. Let the accident be serious and Togo will not only visit the man in the bay, but contribute to the patient's comfort from his own private rations.

He keeps a close watch on the crew's mess, thereby gaining the men's regard through their stomachs, for the Jap sailors, like all Jack tars, are great grumblers if the rations fall below regulation standards. He also not infrequently engages in conversation with members of the crew concerning their duties, and he has been known personally to assist some of the less educated in writing letters to their families. But in his dealings with his men, he is as precise as when he gives orders. They say in the Jap navy that an order from Togo could not be possibly misunderstood—he speaks so slowly, impressively and distinctly that every syllable he utters burns its way into the hearer's brain.

Civilians in Tokio who have had occasion to do business with Togo have found him to be easy in manner, free of officiousness, not inclined to talk, but when called upon to do so a man of few words.

"I have never met another man who could put so much meaning into so few words," said a leading Japanese banker who is well acquainted with Togo. "But at the same time he is not what you could call taciturn. His look of interest when you are talking keeps the visitor from forming such an opinion of him. And his few words of greeting, spoken with the utmost cordiality, make you instantly set him down what he is—democratic at heart."

Outside of the science of war Togo himself confesses that his knowledge is limited.

"I am not a great reader," he told a Japanese newspaper interviewer a short time before his fleet sailed away for Port Arthur. "But I have become acquainted a little with the literature of Yomel (a

famous Chinese scholar), and I think his writings furnish a splendid guide for warriors. He teaches how theory may be put into practice in the simplest way. He encourages action. In the present age, quick and simple action is the only way to success, either in military or civil life."

To this same interviewer Togo revealed the fact that, along with the Occident's guns, he has thoroughly accepted the Occident's idea of the humanities in battle.

"When Rear Admiral Salgo led his expedition to Formosa twenty years ago, he had power to do anything," he said. "But now we can't do the things of that time. We have to adhere strictly to international ways. We have to do our best to keep out of disgraceful entanglements in battle. I had great difficulty in restraining my men in the China-Japan war."

"We must not be barbaric and cruel in war, as were the knights of the middle ages. We have to consider the friendship of the world. Commanders must bear in mind that they are just captains of merchant vessels. They must forget that they are warriors in order to be honest and be just."

Togo is a direct descendant of the barbaric knights of whom he speaks. He is a member of the Satsuma clan that has given Japan the majority of her leading modern warriors, just as the Choshu clan has furnished the major portion of the statesmen, such as Ito and Inouye.

At the time of the restoration, thirty-seven years ago, Togo, a lad of 17 years, was a retainer of the feudal lord in his native town of Kumamoto, an interior town of some 3,000 inhabitants, about 100 miles south of Nagasaki. When his lord and clan declared allegiance to the mikado, Togo, with the deeds of his fighting Samurai ancestors before him, was one of the first to offer his sword to the mikado. His services were accepted, and later on, when the emperor determined to have a modern navy, Togo, who, from his youth up, had always had a hankering for the sea, grasped the opportunity and was sent to England to receive the proper training. The lessons he learnt there he afterward put into practice aboard his own ships; and it is a fact frequently commented on that the ships in the Japanese navy which are the closest copy of the English navy, are those on which Togo has served.

Togo's chief piece of work up to the outbreak of the China-Japan war was his cruise with the training ships Hiei and Kongo. He was then a commander. That was twelve years ago. He was selected for the post because of his already well known ability to whip men into shape in the shortest possible time. In the course of the long cruise he touched at San Francisco, Seattle and the Hawaiian Islands, and for months he cruised among the islands of the South seas. Many of the cadets he had in charge then are now well known officers, and they take particular pains to let it be heralded that they are Togo's men, and that they pattern after him faithfully.

At the battle of the Yalu, Togo was a captain. For his initiative and valor there he was rewarded by the rank of admiral and membership in the Third Order of the Rising Sun. He is in select company, for only about twenty men are privileged to wear the medal. But all Japan is hoping that when the present war is over he will become a member of the First Order, an honor conferred on only two men—the late Prince Arisugawa, for his work in the war with China, and Marquis Ito.

In appearance Admiral Togo looks more like the ordinary sea captain of England or America than a Japanese. His short, bristly, gray beard is largely responsible for this resemblance and marks him from his fellow officers. He is, also, not so scant of stature as the average Jap, and his eyes show very little slant. Like the average officer of the mikado, he does not know how to wear a uniform, the coat especially showing numerous wrinkles where it should fit snugly.

But while he thus approaches Caucasian standards outwardly in many respects, inwardly he clings to every tradition of his native land that does not interfere with modern naval ideas. This tendency was shown several days before the fleet left Sasebo to attack Port Arthur. The admiral had all hands piped on deck, then, while they stood at attention, he impressively placed a small sword, pointed toward them, on a little table. The crew understood—the time was close at hand when their admiral expected them to commit, if necessary, honorable suicide in battle for his mikado's sake.

"The Nelson of Japan"—he is being called that on all sides—is married and has three daughters and a son. The boy is in the Imperial university in this city, and it is said that he, as well as his mother and sisters, take calmly the honors that have befallen the name of Togo. If that is true, then the children take after their father in at least one respect. "When the shells were bursting all around him at Port Arthur," wrote a lieutenant on the flagship Mikasa, "our august vice admiral was the coolest man on deck."

OLIVER T. SAMPSON.

Togo the Nelson of Japan

The Avenging Wave

ON THE coast of Ireland there is a little bay known only to a few fisher people. Beside the bay is a village of huts. They are made of mud and turf, with floors of clay and no windows. It is cold and cheerless there, even in midsummer, and in winter it is very cold and gray and lonesome.

In one of these huts there once lived a little girl. She was very pretty, with big gray eyes and a clear white forehead and long dark brown curls. Her name was Boda. In the long winters Boda read stories of lovely ladies wearing gorgeous gowns and many jewels and of gallant gentlemen who knelt at their feet, who sung to them and hunted for them and, Boda thought, made life very pleasant for the beautiful story ladies. She wished she lived among such people, and she longed with all her little heart to cross the sea and become a part of a gay, bright world.

Boda spent whole days on the seashore. The sea was her only confidante. One day she was sitting looking out over the water, which was first green, then blue, then dark, dark blue and her dreams were keeping time to the great swelling waves. "Some day I'll go over the seas"—a great wave broke on the beach—"I'll meet wonderful ladies and brave cavaliers." The wave crept steadily up to Boda's feet and met it. Boda jumped back with a start. Then for the first time she noticed a strange fisherman, who was pulling his boat up on the beach near her.

A crusty, foreign looking old fellow he was, with black bushy eyebrows. Boda wondered what brought anyone to this forgotten cove. She thought he must have lost his way. "Haven't you landed in the wrong place?" she asked.

"Any place will do," he said. "I am going back when I get fresh water."

"Back where?" asked Boda. The temptation to hear of her other world was too strong in her; besides she had never been told not to speak to strangers, for who ever heard of strangers in this deserted bay?

"Back to my own land, little pretty one; back to the blue sky and green hills and sunshine," the stranger replied.

"I wish I were going back somewhere," sighed Boda, and she went down to the boat, climbed in and sat in the prow—just to make her dream seem more real. How tired she was of this hateful little cove!

Before she realized what was happening the fisherman pushed off, jumped in and began to pull strong at his oars. Boda sat up straight and looked about her. Yes, she could see "the hateful little cove," but it was across a wide stretch of restless blue water. Then she realized it all. She didn't like this strange man, she never

saw him before, and what right had he to take her away like this?

Boda scolded him and threatened all sorts of things. Now, thoroughly frightened, she begged to be put back on land. The fisherman rowed steadily on; he didn't seem to hear her. Then she cried and begged some more, all to no purpose. The mud huts were already out of sight. Only a faint outline of the familiar coast was left.

Days went by, and the terrible man rowed on, looking out from under his bushy eyebrows now and then, but never speaking.

Boda grew weak and sick. Only the solemn blue ocean about her, now angry and lashing at the fisherman with its long white tongues, now laughing and sparkling in the sun, mocking Boda's misery. At last there was nothing to eat. Boda was so weak and afraid she didn't care what happened. She knew she would never see the quiet little cove again, but the beautiful people of another country came nearer every day.

Next morning the fisherman was alone. The sea was gray and angry. It didn't laugh now. The boat was slowly drawn nearer shore.

Pursued by his guilty conscience the stranger hated the ocean and hurried to leave it, but first the old ocean must avenge the little girl who loved it.

A great wave swept down upon the boat, deep and gray and angry, curling in at either end as a tiger curls its claws about its prey. Silently, with lightning darting from its crest, the avenging wave overtook the guilty man. He and his boat were swallowed in the wave.

The wave slunk back to its home in mid-ocean whispering what it had done. The wicked stranger had gone, but his punishment didn't end there. When any of the descendants of this man sail on the coast the Avenging Wave appears and swallows them and all with them. In this way it protects the little village in the faraway cove from bad foreigners and little girls can sit on the beach by the sea and dream unharmed.

The Plant He Wanted

Tripp recently bought a piano, but rued it as soon as his wife and all the children began learning to play. The other evening Mrs. Tripp read in a music journal that it is a good idea to keep a plant or two in the room with a piano to prevent the sounding board from becoming too dry.

"What kind of plant do you think would be best?" she asked of her husband.

"Well," said he, "if you leave it to me, I think a boiler making plant would be about the right sort."

The mean old thing!—Brooklyn Eagle.