

## THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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## Pen and Picture Pointers

**G**EORGE B. CORTELYOU is to be chairman of the republican national committee, succeeding M. A. Hanna in that position. This simple announcement merely recites a fact, and doesn't carry with it any idea of the immense business undertaking assumed by Mr. Cortelyou in accepting the position. Politics is business nowadays, and a national campaign to be successful at all must be conducted on strictly business principles. It must be managed with the same close attention to details as any other great enterprise, with the difference that all the affairs of the business are put through in a few months, and the business is practically wound up when the votes are counted. The organization is not ended, but its activity for the time being ceases, and its faculties in effect dormant until another presidential campaign calls it to action again.

During the time that elapses between the adjournment of the national convention, at which the several states announce their members of the national committee, and the day of election, the committee is about the busiest organization known to the business life of a nation that has won a worldwide fame for hustling ability, and its chairman is the busiest man of the lot. He falls heir to a splendid organization, but on him rests the duty of getting it into operation and keeping it moving smoothly throughout the four months that run between nomination and election, the successful issue of the campaign depending largely if not wholly on the sagacity and expedition with which the campaign is managed by the chairman. He is the center of a great army of workers. Under the national committee come the state committees, then the congressional district and county committees, then the ward and precinct committees, and this enlists an endless number of active men in the work of furthering the cause of the party. All must work in harmony, local differences must be adjusted and the whole must be kept moving as a unit in order that the full strength of the party may be exerted at the polls. This is the outline of the organization at the head of which Mr. Cortelyou has been placed. To be sure, the state, congressional, county and ward committees have their independent functions, but they are subservient to the whole, and over the whole is the chairman of the national committee.

The initiation of the campaign involves an enormous amount of detail. Campaign work from the tours of the speakers of great repute, who voice the sentiment of the party nationally, down to the employment and direction of the worker who canvasses his precinct in taking the names of voters and their party affiliation, must be looked after in detail and with exactitude, that the information obtained may be depended upon. In the concrete the result of all this effort is found in the office of the chairman of the national committee. From his office emanate the orders that direct the movements of all the various forces employed in prosecuting the campaign, and back to his office come the reports that show its progress. Busy days and sleepless nights are those of the chairman of the national committee, and infinite patience, unlimited capacity and unending perseverance must be had to successfully carry on the business entrusted to him.

Much is said in these days about the "machine" in politics, but without the machine no party could exist as such. "Machine" merely means organization, and organization is absolutely essential to success at the polls. Organization means the presentation of the party's claims to the people, the awakening of public interest in the issues involved in the election, the looking up of voters for the purpose of getting them registered and then to get them to vote, and the duty of watching the opposition for any trickery or fraud that might be practiced or undue advantage that might be seized upon. And over all the organization must secure the money necessary to carry on this work, for its expenses are considerable. Clerks, messengers, speakers and other workers must be paid; halls must be hired, trains secured, printing and other supplies must be purchased, and a general business done, the magnitude of which is far beyond the comprehension of the average citizen, who sniffs when he hears of the "machine" in connection with politics, and occasionally rushes to the polls and casts his vote in favor of an "anti-machine" candidate. George B. Cortelyou is to be the head of the republican machine—the engineer, as Mark Hanna so tersely put it four years ago, of the republican party.

**H**OW the Corporal first came to the military hospital at San Ramon has never been authentically recorded. Stories of his coming vary. Some say he appeared in a streak of blue flame and a whiff of sulphur smoke; others believe that he simply dropped in to give the place a bad reputation. There are some of us who think it most probable that he came to renew a previous acquaintance with Pedro Querol.

Pedro was wounded and taken prisoner in a skirmish some miles out of San Ramon. Those of the boys who found him crippled, with a shot through both legs and hidden in a bamboo hut, declare that they saw a small black object disappear out of a back window as they entered the door. Later they heard that dry, hard cough outside which they afterward came to know as the Corporal's vocal expression of disapproval when things did not please him.

Pedro was carried to the hospital and put into our ward. He was a boy of less than 16, and his mother up in Cagayan should have spanked him instead of letting him join the insurgent army.

It was the morning after his arrival; he was sleeping quietly on the cot to which the steward had assigned him. The day was fine and the shell blinds were thrown open to let in the fresh breeze that swept down from the mountains, just strong enough to rustle the bamboo tops and banana leaves of the jungle that crept up almost to the balconies. Most of us were awake, listening to the piping of birds outside and the drowsy hum of insects.

Suddenly we were all startled by a sound that did not chime in with the low murmur of nature outside. It was a brusque, rasping cough, almost a bark, but human enough to convince those who heard it that it voiced the discontent of some one with things as they were. We all raised our heads and looked out to the ledge of the balcony outside the windows. That was how we first saw him, and I can vouch that he was unaccompanied by blue flame or sulphur smoke.

There he sat, a small, black-faced monkey, his feet clutching the railing, his small paws holding a huge banana, so mellow that he had squashed most of it over his face. Evidently it was the stickiness of the banana which vexed his soul, for with another of his hoarse grunts, he flung the half-rotten fruit in on our polished mahogany floor, where it struck with a soggy squash and made a nasty brown spot. Next, he wiped his mouth with his hairy arms, then wiped them and his hands on a patient's white shirt spread out to dry on the balcony railing.

Having done this to his apparent satisfaction, he sat up again and took in his surroundings with a quick investigating eye. Then he gave a leap and landed inside on top of the bedpost of the first sergeant of Company C. The sergeant raised an emaciated hand as a friendly greeting, but the little imp on the bedpost rudely disregarded the advances and leaped on the next bed, where lay the wounded Filipino boy who had been brought in the evening before.

The jar of his landing awakened Pedro. The monkey sat on the bedding before him and the boy's yellow features spread out in a wicky smile. Those who saw the look of recognition that passed between the two firmly believe they had met before. Pedro always denied any previous acquaintance with that little bundle of pure cunning, and never would own up to the responsibility of bringing him there, but the evidence clearly points the other way.

Anyway, the monkey never could get rid of. He stayed and became as much a part of the establishment as the head steward himself. Like all bad characters, he was known by various names. The natives in the casualty ward named him first, El Cabo, which means, the Corporal, because he was such a peppery little chap, and was a natural born leader of his kind. Most of the Yankee boys, whom wounds or other troubles had made inmates of the hospital, referred to him as the Corporal at once as being the literal translation of his native title in a military sense. Now in Spanish "el cabo" also means "the end," and some of the boys took that sense of it and called him "The Limit."

Well, the Corporal, alias the Limit, made himself a fixture in the second division hospital of San Ramon. There was no part of the premises too sacred for him in which to introduce his pugnacious little personality with a familiarity highly obnoxious to men of military training. The chief surgeon and the head steward issued decrees beyond number for his expulsion, but the Corporal evaded them with an indifference bordering on contempt. He paraded up and down the aisles between the cots of all the wards, usually erect, his shoulders hunched up, his eyes roving about to all corners on the lookout for all possible trouble, and heralding his approach with aggressive little coughs. Even the doctor could not keep him out of the dispensary, where he found him one day apparently playing marbles with some quinine pills.

We thought at first we could tame the Corporal and make a general pet of him,

but that was a mistake on our part. The only one to whose call he ever responded was Pedro, and then he only came if his mood was agreeable. Not that he was afraid. One of the boys threw some water at the Corporal one day in a joking sort of way, but the Corporal landed on that man and didn't leave him until he had snatched several handfuls of hair from a pate none too thickly covered with hair anyway. Any of us could induce the Corporal to accept some tempting bit of fruit from his hands. He was never too bashful to come up and take it. In fact, if he saw a man eating some article of food that particularly appealed to his chronic appetite he did not hesitate to make a dash for it and carry it off, and then if the morsel proved deceiving in appearance he took it as a personal grievance against him whom he had robbed, and would hurl it back at the offender as a missile. The moral makeup of the Corporal was the weakest thing about him.

One day a big Missourian was brought to the hospital. He had been wounded in one of the frequent skirmishes with the prowling guerrilla bands up in the mountains. It chanced that he had had a pet monkey over in the barracks, and the head steward weakly allowed him to bring the beast along. Perhaps the steward had a sneaking hope that the new monkey, a big, husky fellow, would kill the Corporal in combat, or at least chase him off the premises.

But that was where the head steward miscalculated. The big monkey tried hard enough to oblige the steward, but when the Corporal got through with him the building was filled with cries of a beaten bully and loud, broad swear words as they are sworn in Missouri. There might even have been a personal encounter between the big Missourian and the Corporal had the rest of us not interfered.

The result of that fight was not at all gratifying. Missouri's monkey recognized one who could lick him, and he truckled to the Corporal ever afterwards. The two became as thick as all bad characters usually are, and combined in warfare against public decency. Of course, the Corporal was always the leading spirit, but in his new companion he found an ever-willing accomplice in all his nefarious schemes against our general peace.

Where those two scamps spent their nights we never knew. They always disappeared at dusk, and only showed up again with the dawn of the next morning. The natives said they roosted in a big mango tree that stood in the plaza, but we never knew one who could confidently state that he had seen them there.

One morning when the shell blinds were opened the two rascals bounded in, but not alone. They had with them a third member of their tribe, a big black, obstreperous looking fellow with shaggy white whiskers. Where he hailed from we never knew, but we all felt convinced he had been banished for his misdeeds from some community of his kind up the mountain side where the jungle was especially thick, and that he had come down to join fortunes with the Corporal, whom he had evidently recognized as a fellow after his own heart.

It was only a week after this that the Corporal's disreputable band was increased by another recruit, who looked every bit as ruffianly as the rest. We named him the Rake, because he had the permanent appearance of having been out all the night before, given him by his mangy coat of fur and one eye gone. Then he had a rolling sort of gait which suggested a chronic state of inebriety.

Nor did the Corporal cease to increase his following here. One by one more monkeys of various sizes and kinds appeared, alike only in their one quality of being disreputable, troublesome characters. We thought when the number reached seven that the Corporal would have enough regard for military rules to put the limit there, but they kept on coming until they numbered nine. There were monkeys everywhere; in the trees outside, on the fences, in the balcony, on the roof and on the stairways. It is true that only the Corporal himself and Missouri had the audacity to make themselves at home in the wards. The others kept at least a respectful distance, but they were ever within hearing distance.

The hospital soon became known all over northern Luzon as a resort for outcasts of the monkey tribe. When our chief went down to Vigan for medical stores, they asked him there if he hadn't better apply for a license to keep a thug's drinking resort, which his hospital establishment seemed to be. He couldn't convince them that the Corporal's crowd was abstemious in the matter of hard drinks. They seemed to have the impression down there that we all indulged in nightly carousals and that we men were not a bit more respectable than the Corporal and his gang. Thus the rumors grew as they spread, until the reputation of our establishment suffered considerably.

Let me tell of one of the many incidents wherein the Corporal brought us all into disfavor with the citizens of San Ramon and obliged us to undergo the indignity of having our personal honor assailed. It

came about through one of the Corporal's raids on a local storekeeper.

This was at a time when I had sufficiently recovered to go down into the plaza sometimes and sit on the big stone bench by the bandstand. It was late in the afternoon one day, and I was sitting there breathing in the fresh breeze. I had a fine view of the hospital gateway and the corridor leading into the stairs.

Suddenly from a small side entrance I saw a figure appear in the gateway. It was the Corporal and he stood alone, erect, alertly surveying the plaza before him. Then he advanced cautiously, and behind him appeared first a face, then the figure of Missouri, and after him came Whiskers and then the Rake, and one by one the rest followed in single file, ever alert, uttering low, conversational grunts. I knew their methods well enough to realize that they were about to carry out one of their many plots against the public happiness of San Ramon.

They advanced across the plaza sheltered by a row of bushes, passing within a few feet of me with an utter disregard of my presence that gave me a painful sense of complicity. They went slowly along in single file, the Corporal leading, until they had crossed the plaza and were hidden in a clump of tiger lilies that stood opposite the fruit tienda of Jose Ramon. There they remained some time, so quiet that I wondered what their tactics would be. Now and then the shaking of a lily stalk told me they were still there.

Suddenly two of them leaped out, the Corporal and Whiskers, and advanced boldly across the road and made a dash for the tienda. Each grasped a ripe banana and with loud cries retreated down the road. Old Jose, attracted by their noise, rushed out and after them down the road, yelling in his high falsetto and shaking a big stick.

Meanwhile I had kept an eye on the tiger lilies and presently I saw the seven others of the band emerge on all fours and with shrill screams make a dash for the fruit stand. Some grabbed eggs, some bananas and mangoes and nuts and oranges. From inside the tienda came a woman's scream and Jose's old wife emerged with a broom, desperately trying to beat off the marauders and shrilly crying for help from the old man, who by this time had been inveigled quite a distance down the road. Hearing his wife's screams he turned and came pelting back to her assistance, but not before the seven thieves had successfully made off with all they could carry and had upset a basket of eggs in the skirmish.

The way those rogues scurried across the plaza into the hospital grounds was surprising, and the last I saw of them they were disappearing over the gable of the tile roof to security beyond. Then I got back to my quarters as soon as possible, before old Jose should see men and accuse me of complicity in the robbery.

It was one night about a week after this that I could not sleep. The air was humid. Through the square shells of the blind came a mellow flow of tropical moonlight. I started for the door to the balcony, thinking the air might be fresher there. In doing so I passed Pedro's cot. It was empty. I was a little surprised, as he was still quite crippled, but expected to find him out on the balcony.

He was not there, but I soon forgot Pedro in the beauty of the moonlit scenery—so brilliant that the birds chirped where they roosted. Every leaf of the big mango tree close by shone out clear in the yellow light against a black background of deep shadow. The whole had a dreamy, somnolent effect on me, and I think I drooped over the railing, dozing, when suddenly a sharp cry awoke me.

From far out in the jungle came the cry again. Then a rustle of leaves, and on the far side of the mango tree I saw a black object shoot up out of the shadow into the lower limbs. I heard the snap of twigs, the boughs nearest me shook and the black object flew out and landed on the railing beside me with a thump. It was the Corporal.

"Hello, Corporal; what are you doing out at this time of night?" I asked.

But he was too busy with other things to answer my greeting. Taking a seat firm on the railing with his hand-like feet, he began industriously to examine and analyze some object he held in his hand. He bit it—then swore, monkey fashion. It was hard. I reached out and grasped a long, narrow black tape which hung to the corporal's prize. With a crisp burk he dropped it, turned once to me, then shot upward and outward into the black shadows of the tropical foliage. He was gone.

I examined the thing I held in my hand. It was a black waterproof cloth hatband. Attached to it was a three-cornered piece of brass, with cloth trimmings like a rosette. It looked familiar. I had seen something similar before. I tried to remember. Then I knew.

It took me less than two minutes to reach the major's quarters, and in another I had him up and he was looking at what the corporal had given me. On the black band, in big yellow letters, we read: "Brigada de Tino."

It is a fine sight to see men respond to a

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