

THE ILLUSTRATED BEE

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

Price, 5c Per Copy--Per Year, \$2.00.

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

WILLIAM McCORMACK, a former resident of Lancaster county, Nebraska, at present a clerk in the bond division of the Treasury department at Washington, has drawn the first claim for settlement on the Rosebud lands in South Dakota. Mr. McCormack is a veteran of the Spanish-American war and during that brief struggle served as a private in the Second Nebraska volunteers, but got no nearer the front than the great camp at Chickamauga. He was taken ill, suffering an attack of typhoid, and was eventually mustered out of the service at Omaha. McCormack was born in Philadelphia in 1876. In 1890 his parents removed with him to Clay county, Nebraska. There he lived on a farm until 1893, when he enlisted in the Second Nebraska for service in the Spanish-American war. In 1899 he entered the Lincoln Business college and, after working as a clerk for a while in the office of the Cudahy Packing company in Omaha, took a civil service examination and secured a position as a clerk, being assigned to the Treasury department.

Mr. McCormack is 27 years of age and unmarried. He was induced to take a chance of winning something in the lottery of Rosebud lands purely through an alluring circular which was sent to him in company with many other veterans of the Spanish-American and civil wars by a firm of local attorneys. Mr. McCormack is now awaiting to hear from his attorney, who is on the ground at Chamberlain, S. D., to ascertain as to what shall now be the method of procedure. He will probably start west within a few days to perfect his title to such land as he may select.

The interest in the Rosebud drawing exceeded the expectations of any of the parties concerned. Over 100,000 names were registered for an opportunity of filing a homestead entry on one of the farms embraced in the land opened for settlement. Only about 2,000 of the applicants will receive homesteads under this distribution, but it is now believed that the state of South Dakota will draw an immense indirect benefit from the lottery. Thousands of homeseekers paid their first visit to South Dakota and were so much impressed with the country that they will likely make their homes there. It has been estimated that South Dakota will gain 10,000 farmers through the medium of this giving out of land. Nebraska, too, got a partial looking over by people who had never been in the state, and the inquiry for lands in this state has been greatly stimulated.

Native Born Sailors

It is both significant and encouraging that the enlisted force of the navy is coming more and more largely from the great body of native born American citizens. In 1890 only about 50 per cent of the enlisted men in the navy were natives of the United States, but in 1903 the proportion of natives had risen to more than 80 per cent, and the chances are that the current fiscal year will see an advance in excess of 95 per cent. These figures not only afford a sufficient answer to the stupid assertion sometimes heard in certain European quarters that the enlisted force of the United States navy is an incongruous assemblage of aliens, but they show that it is perhaps more largely made up of natives of the nation it represents than is to be found in any other navy in the world. Another suggestive fact is that most of our naval recruits nowadays come from the inland states, and on this point a navy officer is quoted by the Baltimore Sun as saying: "We are getting the best men of the navy from the farms of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Kansas. We are training them ourselves and don't need to take foreigners, as we did ten years ago when we had no men trained for the sea in our land."—Army and Navy Journal.

Unbridled Luxury

Pat—Ef I lived at the Walledoff-Astoria I'd order boiled bacon for dinner. Mike—You're a fool! Yes gets boiled bacon for dinner now. Pat—Ef I lived at the Walledoff-Astoria I'd order boiled bacon for dinner, and when they brought it I'd throw it away and I'd say: "T-ell wid the beef trust! Bring me a fried porterhouse steak, with smothered onions." Mike—Tis a king yea ought to be, Pat, yea has such mighty grand ideas!—Town Topics.

Story of Thomas Henry Tibbles

FOUNDING out a life unusually adventurous and full of incident by running for the office of vice president on the populist ticket, Thomas Henry Tibbles of Lincoln, Neb., just at present, can look back from his present eminent position on the editorial tripod to a career as checkered as that of any hero of romance. He is essentially a product of the west, and of the west at its formative period. Hardship and adversity have been constant attendants of his career, and the reward he has reaped from a life of toil is not so great, measured in dollars and cents, as would make an ordinary man envious of him. But in the point of personal satisfaction derived from distinct achievements; from victories won against overwhelming odds, and from defeats that were more than half victories, he is richer beyond the dreams of avarice.

Mr. Tibbles is now a little past 64 years of age, and all his life he has been engaged in fighting what seemed hopeless battles for an idea, first one and then another, but all such as appealed to him as leading in the direction of greater freedom and more happiness for the race. It is, therefore, the most natural thing in the world that he should be at the forefront of the populist fight, with an uncompromising attitude against fusion with either of the older parties, the policies of both of which he rejects as pernicious. He has led forlorn hopes so long that he would hardly know how to conduct himself were he suddenly placed at the head of a movement that promised success.

Thomas Henry Tibbles was born in Washington county, Ohio, on May 22, 1840. His father belonged, as had his forebears long before him, to that restless class of American citizens, now extinct, who thought the country was getting crowded when their nearest neighbor was less than two miles away. Ohio was being comfortably settled by that time, and the elder Tibbles soon pitched his habitation in Illinois. Here the wave of immigration was rising, and the Tibbles family moved across the Mississippi into Iowa, and out of the reach of white neighbors. Iowa was Indian country then, and the soldiers moved the tribe of Tibbles back to Illinois. Here the father settled on a claim, and soon after died. The elder brother of the family had joined an expedition to California, and at the age of 5 Tommy found himself the "head" of a family. The farm they were occupying was taken from them through some legal technicality, and Tommy proceeded to rent a farm and install himself, his mother and two younger brothers thereon. Sickness and similar misfortunes followed, and the county authorities determined to break up the family. Thomas Henry was bound out to a farmer who had seven girls and no boy. According to the tale that comes down, this master undertook to make the youngster do the work that seven boys might find sufficient to occupy them, and besides did not live up to the terms of his indenture. The result was that young Tibbles took French leave, and brought up at Warsaw, where he took a steamboat ride of sufficient length to remove him from the jurisdiction of the Illinois court. He worked in a candy factory for a time, and wandered again, fetching up in Iowa on the limit of settlement. Here he fell in with the first Indians he had encountered, and laid the foundation of what was afterwards to become his chief work in life.

In this Iowa town he gained a livelihood by doing chores at a lawyer's office, and read some of the law books. It was too tame, and he drifted to Kansas, where the war between the free soil and slavery men was, at its height. He joined Jim Lane's army and narrowly missed getting killed a time or two in the battles that followed. Here he met John Brown, and the two became warm friends. Tibbles was then 16 years of age. After peace had been declared in Kansas young Tibbles went on a hunting expedition and got in with some Omaha Indians. A fight with a war party of Sioux occurred and in this the boy distinguished himself so markedly that the Omaha made him a member of the "soldier" lodge, the highest distinction they could confer on him and one which but two white men ever attained, General Crook and Tibbles. After parting with the Indians Tibbles returned to Iowa and was enlisted by the sheriff to assist in breaking up a gang of horse thieves. Tibbles went into the camp of the thieves to secure information for the sheriff, and while there was given a dose of strychnine, from the effects of which he still suffers.

During all this time young Tibbles was ambitious to acquire an education. In his early boyhood he had two three months' terms at a frontier school; when he was working in the candy shop he was under a foreman who had been educated for the priesthood, and who advised him to learn Latin. The boy secured a Latin grammar and committed it to memory without understanding a word of it. While in Kansas he secured an English grammar and committed it to memory also. After his ex-

perience with the horse thieves he decided to go to school, and started east on foot. While crossing Iowa he delivered lectures on his life in Kansas and among the Indians and thus acquired quite a little cash. He attended Mount Vernon college in Ohio and secured a certificate. In 1861 he was married to his first wife. When the war broke out he was not allowed to enlist, owing to the physical condition in which he had been left by the poison, but he managed to get into the service in the capacity of a civilian and served as a scout and otherwise until the close of the war. After the war he was licensed as a Methodist preacher and assigned to Platte county, Missouri where he had a number of rough and exciting experiences with the lawless characters who then infested that section. From Missouri he made his way across into Kansas and Nebraska again. Here he was soon brought in to active service again by the grasshopper plague. His efforts to secure relief for the suffering people brought on him much condemnation, and he finally gave up his task. At Omaha he entered on a journalistic career and was for sometime employed on The Bee, the Republican and the Herald.

While working on the Herald, and while General Crook was in command of the Department of the Platte, with headquarters at Omaha, occurred the incident that turned the channel of Tibbles' life, if, indeed, his wandering career may be said to have had any channel. Standing Bear, a Ponca chief, and some of his people had come from the Indian Territory to bury a child of the old chief's on the old reservation in Nebraska. General Crook had received orders from Washington to turn the Indians back, and then had them under arrest at Fort Omaha. Crook did not want to execute the orders he had received and sought Tibbles' assistance. After a long consultation Tibbles gave over his newspaper career and entered on what proved a long and often disappointing campaign in behalf of the Indian. His first step was an application for a writ of habeas corpus before Judge Dundy, in behalf of Standing Bear. Although not considering the issues raised, Judge Dundy granted the writ and gave the Indian chief his liberty. The right of the Indian to vote and to hold land in severalty was next tested, and the Dawes law and the clothing of Indians with citizenship came next. Mrs. Tibbles had died some years before, and during his work among the Indians Mr. Tibbles met Bright Eyes (Susette LaFlesche), whom he married. The pair made a tour of the east and of England and Scotland, lecturing, where they were handsomely received. After leaving newspaper work Mr. Tibbles had taken a claim near Bancroft, which he still owns. Here he and Bright Eyes made their home and, although no children were born to them, they gave careful training to Mr. Tibbles' two daughters by his first wife.

In 1889, when the hard times began to be felt in Nebraska, and the Farmers' Alliance movement was taking on growth, Tibbles left the farm and again entered newspaper work as an editorial writer on the Omaha World-Herald. From here he and his wife went to Washington, where they wrote for a syndicate of papers of the new faith. Finally Mr. Tibbles became editor of the

Independent at Lincoln, where he still is engaged. His second wife died in 1903.

Like Judge Parker, Mr. Tibbles has grand children and if the democratic nominee has more pleasure in his little relatives or has more stories to tell of them, then history has not been kind in recording these things told by the Nebraskan. In New York City Mr. Tibbles has a daughter, Mrs. Butes, who in the mother of a young hopeful, and it is about this youngster that Mr. Tibbles talks whenever the opportunity presents itself. A few days ago in his office he stopped pounding his typewriter, kept the copy-boy waiting while he told this story of the little fellow:

"My daughter's family lives in a flat and her son has a playmate with whom he is continually fighting. One day the little fellow asked his mother if he might play with Johnny and he was granted permission after first promising that under no circumstances would he strike the neighbor boy. In the course of time he came home and the first thing he said was 'Mama, I didn't hit Johnny a single time.' His mother complimented him, and as the boy walked off he said to himself: 'But I kicked the stuffing out of him.'"

And then the venerable candidate sways back in his chair and lets out a burst of laughter that is good to hear. It displays a row of teeth that attracts more attention than President Roosevelt's ever dare to attract, and he straightway goes off into another story about that beloved grandchild or about Mrs. Allen Harris, his daughter, who has attracted much attention as a soprano, and whose husband is a railroad contractor. He is particularly proud of this family at this time for they have removed west and both have announced that the east has no more charms for them. The family lives in Council Bluffs.

Mr. Tibbles' friends are telling a little story on him that happened while he was in New York last summer. He had, just before going there, taken up about a page of the Independent in a vitriolic attack on yellow journalism and the Hearst newspapers were among the examples he cited. While in New York his daughter persuaded him to set for a magnificent photograph and she desired that he be "took" in his role as a newspaper writer, and so the accommodating photographer squared him around at a table and firmly encased in his hands a newspaper. In a few days proof of the picture was sent to the house. The Honorable Mr. Tibbles, a stickler for nonsensational newspapers who depicted clutching a copy of the Chicago American with head lines in red clear across the front page. It is needless to say he had another setting.

This distinguished Nebraskan has always been original, too, and it was he that demonstrated that the scientists of the country were "mullet heads" when it came to grasshopper education. The pests were going over Nebraska as thoroughly as the revenue law and scientists were telling that they worked during the day and remained still at night. Tibbles thought they were always on the go and said so to the amusement of the scientists. So one night he dabbed tar on a kite and sent it up. When it came down there were stuck in the tar hundreds of grasshoppers, that had been caught on the wing. H. H. P.

Carrying Sweetheart's Picture

A GIRL who earns \$7 a week in a shirt waist factory and a girl who has \$7 a week ten times over to spend for herself sat opposite each other on the ferry boat.

The first girl had for a brooch at her throat a colored button showing a picture of a pleasant looking young man with his hair parted in the middle and tinted to a beautiful shade of yellow. The button was gaudily framed in near-gold.

The second girl, from under her double veil, peered out at this obvious brooch and thought how very funny it was for a girl to wear her heart on her stock instead of on her sleeve. Then when she had left the ferry-boat and taken her seat in the drawing-room of the parlor car with her maid in attendance, she snapped a spring in her bracelet. What looked like a small seal bearing her birth-flower in jewels sprang up to disclose the face of a young man with pale yellow hair that was not parted in the middle.

The difference between the ways in which the two girls carried their sweethearts around with them was just about the same difference between being born with a golden spoon in your mouth and a pewter one. The rich girl knows it is not good form to let anyone know that she is really in love. Sometimes she doesn't even want the man to know it too well. So she invents all sorts of ways of carrying "his" picture around with her.

Just now the favorite hiding place for the picture of the "onliest" man is in the vanity bag. Sometimes it is set medallion fashion into the lining of the bag; sometimes, in delicate miniature, it forms the top of her silver of gold powder box; or it is fitted into the inner flap of her card case, secure from the vulgar gaze.

Many a rich girl wears "his" picture at

her throat, though it is not exposed to public view. It may be veiled by delicate filigree or lattice work, or it may be set under the brooch proper. It may be a single flower in gold or silver. When the girl is powdering the tip of her nose, as girls often will, or is making sure that her hat is on straight, she has only to snap a catch in her brooch and she looks straight into the face of her well-beloved.

The girl of 1904 is fortunate who can count among her family heirlooms an old-fashioned ring with a medallion setting showing glass over a bit of hair cut from the head of some ancestor and handed down from generation to generation. She may have the hair removed and her sweetheart's face on porcelain reduced from a photograph until it is less than half an inch in diameter set into the ring and covered with chased gold or a filigree cap, which, of course, opens with a screw and hinge.

The oddest hiding place for a photograph is in the garter clasp. It is a circular silver or gold case with the porcelain miniature fitted under the metal.

A girl whose desk is finished in delicate Dresden china has her fiancee's photograph set into the calendar. The man is abroad and the girl feels that when his face is on her desk in this particular position he is in her presence every day in the week.

Women are not alone in the passion for hiding a sweetheart's picture. Men have caught the fever and no longer consider it good form to carry the photograph in the front case of their watch. Sometimes it is printed right on the dial, but so small that it attracts no attention. More generally it is carried in the back of the case and opened only when the watch is wound or adjusted, or the man is alone and wishes to feast his eyes on her features.