

OMAHA ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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Pen and Picture Pointers

This number of The Illustrated Bee shows the transition from the enthusiasm over the return of the Nebraska volunteers to the autumn festivities in which the public is celebrating the completion of the harvest with brief periods of recreation. The reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic at Lincoln a week ago, combined as it was with the reception to the members of the First Nebraska, and the final delivery of the war-stained banners into the custody of the state, marked the culmination. The Bee presents a number of pictures illustrating the incidents of this reception, the frontispiece portraying the banquet tendered the soldier organizations by the women of Lincoln. The other pictures represent views of the parades passing through the streets of Lincoln and the auxiliary associations of women growing out of the war.

The sad side of the home-coming of the volunteers was displayed anew in the return of the body of Captain Lee Forby, over which funeral exercises were held last Sunday from the Thurston Rifles armory. The outpouring of sympathetic friends was such as seldom seen before in this city, while the floral offerings banked up about the coffin half filled the armory. The remains of the brave soldier were put in their final resting place amid the grief of a host of friends and admirers.

The coming week will witness the festivities of the Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben, who have made an enviable reputation by the annual carnivals and grand pageantry which they have promoted since their organization. The first royal entry of Ak-Sar-Ben has made five years ago and each year he has returned more gorgeous and more glorious than before. The formality of choosing a king and disclosing the identity of the queen surrounds the whole feature with an



MISS JULIA HAVEN.

air of mystery and increases the curiosity aroused by the preparations. Who the king and queen will be this year is still a subject for guessing. The Bee gives the portraits of three of the former kings, Casper E. Yost, Dr. E. W. Lee and E. M. Bartlett, the fourth, Edward Porter Peck, which would go to make up the bunch, is missing, owing to that gentleman's desire to avoid publicity.

The accompanying picture of Miss Julia Haven is from a photograph loaned by Miss S. L. Hayden, who has just returned from a short visit with the accomplished portrait painter in New York. Miss Haven spent ten years in Paris, the pupil of the celebrated Benjamin-Constant and her excellent work is attracting much favorable notice in this country. She is now at work on portraits of Russell Sage, the well-known Wall street character, and Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago, to be exhibited at the Paris exposition next year. Many will recall Miss Haven's visit to Omaha and the exposition last year. There are several subjects of hers now on exhibition in the art gallery of the Greater America exposition, to which her Omaha friends have directed much attention.

The exercises attending the laying of the corner-stone of the new High school at Tekamah Saturday, September 9, are the subject of an interesting picture. The corner-stone was laid under Masonic auspices, with the personal attendance of Grand Master Keyser, whose figure is easily recognized. Some facts relating to the schools of Tekamah, and which illustrate the growth of the public schools of Nebraska, will be pertinent. The first school in Burt county was taught in Tekamah by J. S. Gibson in 1857 in an improvised room. For ten years, although there was no school building, one

term was taught each year in the upstairs room of the blockhouse or in a private home. In 1867 a new building was erected out of cottonwood lumber, which did service until 1873, when the district voted to issue \$5,000 in bonds to build a new school house. The school was organized into two departments, under two teachers who taught in in the lower room, while the upper room was rented to the Masonic order for a lodge room. The pressure for room continued to increase until a High school was organized in January, 1876. Later a new brick building was added to the equipment in another part of the city, and in 1884 an addition added to the old building. The new building is to be erected at a cost of \$25,000, and is expected to have sufficient capacity to accommodate all the departments.

About Noted People

William Klesam Vanderbilt, who has now become the head of the Vanderbilt family, will be 50 years old in December. He is essentially a man of the world; has owned a racing stable, defended the America's cup, driven a coach-and-four and cruised in almost every sea in his own steam yacht. The estimate of his present fortune varies from \$75,000,000 to \$90,000,000.

Captain "Hank" Haff, the sailing master of some of the famous America's cup defenders, is living at Islip, L. I. Advancing years caused him to be retired from the list of possible captains of the Columbia. The handling of the ninety-foot sloop needs not only skill and experience, but nerves of steel. Captain Charles Barr was selected to sail the Columbia because he is a comparatively young man and has had a great deal of experience in sailing large sloops.

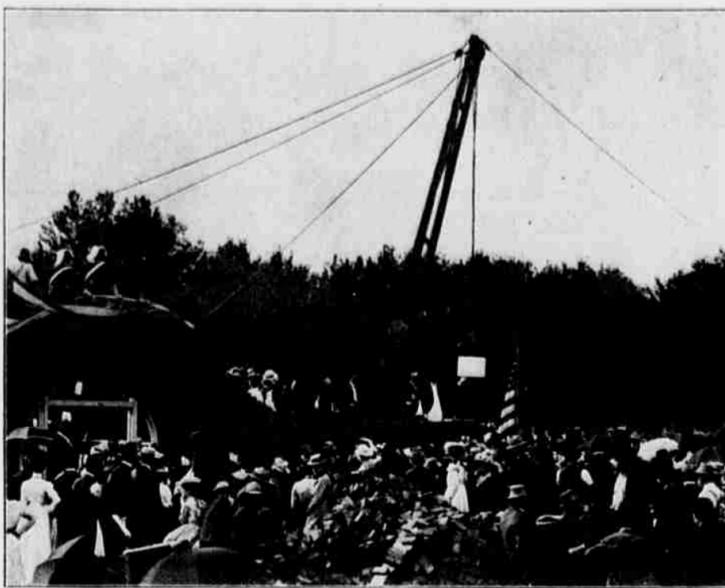
Colonel John Sobieski, who is living unpretentiously in Nevsho, Mo., is the sixth lineal descendant of King John Sobieski of Poland, the hero who became Christianity's champion when the Mohammedans were at the gates of Vienna. The colonel worked his passage to New York at the age of 12, served in the civil war and got his present rank in the Mexican army. His father led the revolt of 1846.

William Owen Smith, who is to represent Hawaii at Washington during the coming session of congress, was born in Hawaii about fifty years ago, and has for many years been one of the most prominent and influential men in the islands. Most of the meetings preliminary to the concerted movement that led to the revolution of January 17, 1893, were held in his law office. He was the first attorney general of the provisional government and was a conspicuous figure in the subsequent events that led up to the annexation of the islands by the United States.

James H. Reagan of Texas, the last of Jefferson Davis' confederate cabinet, is now in his 81st year, but a recent visitor to him says that, in spite of the signs of age in his face, his brown eyes shine lustroously, his voice is steady and his step is firm. He says he has taken great care of himself, goes to bed early and gets up at sunrise, works hard and sleeps well. Of the confederacy he says: "The cause we advocated was dear to our hearts; we worked for it, fought for it and prayed that it might be victorious, but I am not sure now that things are not better as they are."

Sir Thomas Lipton, speaking of how he won success in business, says: "I simply worked hard, devoted my whole time to my business, had my heart in it and couldn't help succeeding. But few young men are willing to work. They are too particular about the hours they spend in the store or office. Why, I often say that I have worked twenty-five hours out of twenty-four, and I do believe that I get twice as much into a day as do most men. I have never been afraid of hard work and have worked just as hard since my business has become established as I did before. I owe almost all my success to hard work and nothing else."

In connection with President McKinley's recent visit to Pittsburg, the Post of that city recalls that the most notable previous presidential visit made to Pittsburg was that of Andrew Johnson, "when he was swinging around the circle," and when a mob of intense republican partisans drove him from the balcony of the St. Charles hotel, where



LAYING CORNERSTONE HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING, TEKAMAH, NEB., SEPTEMBER 9, 1899.

he attempted to address the people. The most stinging rebuke of this disgraceful incident came from the brave and chivalrous Farragut, who, advancing to the platform as President Johnson left it, denounced the conduct of the mob as disgraceful to American citizens in dishonoring the office of president and insulting the chief magistrate personally. He then abruptly turned his back on the vast assemblage and re-entered the hotel.

Kaid Maclean, commander-in-chief of the Morocco army, and trusted friend and companion of the sultan, is son of the Maclean of Loch Bule, Scotland, who owns a great part of the Isle of Mull. The kaid is popular, in spite of the great jealousy of the Mahometans, and the tact he displays in his most difficult position is quite wonderful. He invariably travels with the sultan and exercises an immense influence over him. A few years ago, when there was a probability of trouble arising between Morocco and Great Britain, a Scotchman, hailing from Glasgow, who was in the sultan's dominions at the time, got compromised some way and was seized and cast into prison by the sultan's orders, being kept without food of any kind, as is the rule in Morocco. During the night, when the poor Scot was actually near starvation, a figure clothed in a white gown came softly to the cell and addressed the terrified prisoner in broad Scotch. He produced from the folds of his gown a bottle of real Scotch whiskey and various eatables. The two clansmen sat far into the morning talking of the old home and of their friends in bonnie Scotland. It is needless to say that in the morning the prisoner was released, and seen safely out of Morocco by his countryman, Kaid Maclean.

Told Out of Court

"Justice is Both Blind and Deaf—Cut Your Speeches Short," is the significant sign that greets the eyes of litigants in Judge Bowling's court in Kansas City, Kan. The judge is known as "Fighting Bob" Bowling, and is one of Governor Leedy's appointees. One time he made a ruling in the trial of a case that was not acceptable to the attorney on one side and he demurred to the decision of the boy judge.

"Your honor, you are overruling the supreme court," said the lawyer. "I do that every day, my friend; sit down," replied the judge, and his decision was recorded.

If there was one thing that Judge Bowling had an abhorrence for during the time that he was on the bench it was the attorney who came into a case with an armful of law books. "You don't need all of those books," said the judge to one of those lawyers once.

"I think I will satisfy the court at the proper time that I do need them," replied the attorney. "There are decisions here

handed down by the higher courts which will prove our case." "The decisions of the higher courts can't prove anything with me," replied Judge Bowling. "What you want is witnesses, and if you haven't got them you may as well quit right now."

When at Ventura, Cal., the other day ex-Senator White told this story on Lawyer Chapman of Los Angeles: Chapman is good at land and title questions and he was associated with White in a certain case. Chapman, said White, is also a great feeder, and loves a good dinner.

One day, just before the big case was to come up in court, Chapman ran against a good dinner and ate more than he ought.



FUNERAL OF CAPTAIN LEE FORBY--THE CASKET BANKED IN FLORAL EMBLEMS.

The next day he was sick and White took a doctor around to see him.

Chapman was groaning with pain and the doctor was puzzled. At last the doctor noticed a red spot on Chapman's cheek bone and came to the conclusion that Chapman needed a dentist and told him so. "You have an ulcerated tooth. That's what ails you."

Chapman quit groaning long enough to turn to his wife and say: "Just hand me my plates off the bureau, so I can see which one of those d--n teeth is aching."

At Langtry, Tex., Squire Roy Bean, who administers justice and keeps the leading saloon, had to sit in judgment on one Jim Anderson, a red-headed railroad clerk who

had killed Ah Ling, a laundryman, for, as he claimed, insulting him. Anderson was arrested and brought before Magistrate Bean, who listened to the evidence, which was given by the accused himself, and then proceeded to turn the pages of his copy of the revised statutes: "This here book, which is a Texas law book," he announced, "says thet hommy side is th' killin' of a human, male ur female. They is many kinds of hommymide—murder, manslaughter, plain hommymide, neg'gent hommymide, justiff'ble hommymide an' praiseworthy hommymide. They is three kinds of humans—white men, niggers an' Mexikins. It stan's to reason that a Chiny'm'n ain't human. Ef a Chiny'm'n was human, killin' of him wold come under th' head of praiseworthy hommymide. Th' pris'n'er is discharged, on conditions that he pays f'r havin' th' Chink buried." Since this decision the laundry work of Langtry has been done wholly by Mexicans.

The excited caller dropped into a chair, relates the Chicago Tribune. "You're a lawyer, ain't you?" he asked. "Yes, sir." "I want you to sue a feller for me." "What for?" "Damages. I want to sock him for \$5,000." "What has he done?" "Called me a 'shyster.'" "What did he do that for?" "I don't know. That's what I want to find out. I'm going to make him prove it." "And he called you a shyster, did he? Have you any witnesses to testify to that?" "More'n a dozen." "H'm! Do you know what a shyster is?" "No. I haven't the least idea." "A shyster is a cheap lawyer." "Gosh! Sue him for \$10,000!"

Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: One way to reduce rents is to sew them up.

Silence gives consent, but it doesn't give a cent.

His satanical majesty always demands more than his due.

There are two kinds of fools in this world for whom there is no earthly hope of wis-

dom. One is afraid of nothing and the other is afraid of everything.

The work of a typewriter machine is a sort of patent write.

Pride goes before a fall and ignorance before a fenderless trolley car.

The upper crust of society is usually based upon the financial dough.

The majority of men who tell you how to do a thing can't do it themselves.

Some people are like circus bills; a very little money causes them to be stuck up.

There is no greater evidence of superior intelligence than to be surprised at nothing.

If you have never been called a crank you have attracted but little attention in this world.

Some people when arrayed in fine garments are apt to remind one of a pretty label on an empty bottle.

Didn't Worry the Composer

A musical organization, intending to give a performance of an oratorio, began to be alarmed about the probable cost of the production, relates Collier's Weekly.

Accordingly the director of the chorus said to the leader of the orchestra, who was a professional musician:

"We've got to keep down our expenses, and I thought I might get you to leave out the trombones. You know, they have only four measures in the entire oratorio, and if we leave them out we can save at least \$15, and no one will be any the wiser."

The leader of the orchestra was extremely shocked. Assuming a tragic attitude, he exclaimed:

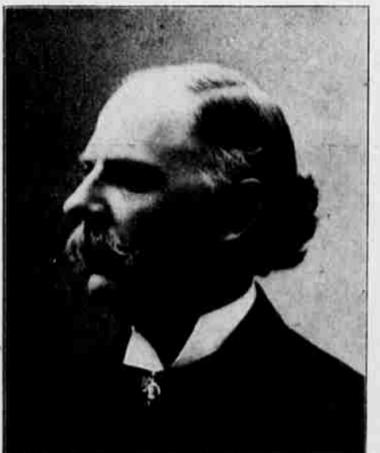
"That would be an insult to the composer!"

The chorus director reflected a moment, and then said cheerfully:

"Oh, never mind him; he's dead!"



DR. E. W. LEE.



E. M. BARTLETT.



CASPER E. YOST.

Three Past Kings of Ak-Sar-Ben