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Pen and Picture Pointers

WITH THE coming of the rural free delivery of mail by the general government came the development of a number of collateral features of which the original promoters of the scheme probably did not

dream. Not the least among these is the National Association of Rural Free Delivery Carriers. As soon as the service was gotten into good working order the carriers began to see points in which it could be improved, especially those affecting the carrier himself. These details had not been carefully worked out in the original plan, and needed attention. Soon local associations were formed, and finally, in September, at a convention held in Washington, a national organization was effected. It aims to look after the interests of the country mail carrier exclusively and will work to secure him better pay and such other advantages as rightfully belong to him. Frank R. Cunningham of South Omaha, who in June was active in securing the convention of Nebraska rural free delivery carriers, which met at Lincoln, was made president of the national organization, and is now engaged in its business in addition to looking after the affairs of the government along his route. He has opened headquarters in South Omaha and

for a year at least will direct the national organization from that point.

Nebraska's citizen-soldiers come back from the mimic warfare in which they were engaged at Fort Riley covered with glory, just as Nebraska's citizen soldiers came back from actual warfare, followed by the highest of praise. The National Guard of the state has surely won its right to the respect of the people of the state. In whatever place the guardsmen have been found, or whatever duty they have been called on to perform, they have acquitted themselves with credit. The praises of general officers of the United States army follows them on their return from the field, whether of actual or imitation warfare. Omaha's share in this is not small; the three companies of infantry here being among the most efficient of the organization, and that means that they take high rank in the National Guard of the United States. It is not so very many years since the Thurston Rifles held one emblem of the national championship, won

in competitive drill, and the Omaha Guards held another, probably the only instance in which two military companies in one city held both national championships at the same time. The third company, the Millard Rifles, is the youngest, but under the efficient direction of Captain Sues is fast following in the wake of its older comrades and is making great headway as a military organization. Omaha is always willing to welcome home its soldiers from camp or battlefield, for the people know they will come back with glory.

Sacred Heart academy students scatter throughout the central west, but they still recall the days spent within the gentle restraint of this institution of polite and religious instruction and welcome the opportunity that permits them to gather there for a reunion. Such an occasion was recently celebrated, a number of young women and some who have taken on the cares and responsibilities of matrons, meeting for a day of reminiscent pleasure and reunion.

Episodes and Incidents in Lives of Noted People

HUGH McLAUGHLIN has been a powerful politician for more than a generation, but has rarely endeavored to make himself felt outside of Brooklyn. During that time Tammany has seen numerous leaders come and go, but has never seen the day when McLaughlin was not supreme in his party, so far as concerns Brooklyn. He is now over 70 years old, with white hair and countenance seamed by age, but he is hale and vigorous, bright of eye and naturally alert as of yore.

President Roosevelt has broken another record by sending to a candidate of the opposite party a "good luck" message. The candidate in question is Mitchell L. Erlanger, nominated by Tammany for sheriff in New York. The president and Mr. Erlanger were classmates in the Columbia law school, and have been warm friends ever since. In 1888, when Mr. Roosevelt was running for governor, the Tammany man sent him a "good luck" telegram, repeating it in the campaign when his old classmate was elected vice president. In complimentary return for these good wishes the president sent the message in question.

Major Elijah Alliger, formerly a wealthy resident of New York, died in St. Louis the other day in abject poverty. Before the war he was reputed to be worth nearly a million dollars, and was a leader in social and business circles. He was one of the companions of the prince of Wales, now King Edward, on his western hunting trip, and served with distinction in the union army during the war of the rebellion. He lost his fortune in backing a patent air brake, was deserted by his wife and daughter, went west to Denver, where he led a precarious existence for several years, and a few months ago made his way to St. Louis, where he died in a charitable institution.

The young duchess of Manchester, says

M. A. P., the daughter of Eugene Zimmerman of Cincinnati, was brought up fairly, quietly and simply, in spite of her father's wealth. She has little love of show, but a great idea of the deference due to an English duchess. Not long ago she was standing in the hall of an Irish hotel, waiting for the duke, when an excited American rushed up and inquired if she was Miss —, a lady for whom she was waiting. The duchess drew herself up and replied, stiffly enough: "I am the duchess of Manchester." "Oh-h," replied her compatriot, "I'm from Cincinnati, too."

Abe Gruber, the New York lawyer, was cross-examining a witness in a country town not long ago. The man appeared to be abnormally stupid, but in fact he was determined that the New York lawyer should get no information that could be kept from him. At length Mr. Gruber said: "Well, at least you can surely tell the jury how this road runs." The witness appeared to think intently for a few moments. Then he said: "Well, when I'm coming to town it runs up, and when I'm going home it runs down." "That will be about all," said the little lawyer with a big sigh.

On account of his peculiar methods of work considerable notoriety falls to the lot of Stephen Ronan, leader of the chancery bar in Ireland. On leaving the courts in the afternoon he goes home and dons an old suit of clothes, lights a large pipe and buries himself in briefs until 6 o'clock, when he takes a short walk. Then comes dinner, a chat with some neighbors and to bed at 10. Promptly at midnight he gets up and into his old suit, lights his pipe and strolls about the streets until 1, when he returns and works until 6 in the morning. This is followed by a cold bath and bed until 10, when he gulps down a light breakfast and hurries off to court again.

One of the most eloquent republicans in New York state is ex-Governor Frank S. Black, who recently told some friends

how he acquired his ability as a speaker. "When I was a young man," he said, "I went down from Troy to New England to make my fortune. I soon found that fortune was not running after me and when my funds ran low I took the only job in sight, that of agent for a sewing machine. I traveled through the country districts selling machines and in that way built up whatever eloquence I possess. You have no idea how hard it was to sell a machine in the backwoods in those days. Some of the farmers thought they were inventions of the devil, while others regarded them as a swindling device. Holding a convention spell-bound is a cinch compared to the difficulty I had in convincing a farmer that a sewing machine is a good thing."

Senator Zeb Vance of North Carolina, a famous raconteur, told Senator Sherman and myself of his having recently purchased a yoke of oxen to be used in clearing his mountain farm, from which he had just come, relates Senator Vest in the Saturday Evening Post. "I had some difficulty," said Vance, "in finding a pair of oxen that suited me, but finally succeeded in purchasing two oxen exactly matched and thoroughly broken. After paying for them, I inquired of the seller what were their names and he replied that the oxen were full brothers and had been raised by him. The off ox," he said, "I named Pete and have never named his brother, because he does exactly what is done by Pete, and when I speak to Pete they move together." When I found this to be the case," said Vance, "I named the nameless ox myself and now call them Pete and Repeat." Senator Sherman looked at Vance and said: "Vance, you have made a mistake. These names are too much alike and the oxen will be confused by the similarity of sound."

Daniel Leroy Dresser, whose testimony in the Shipbuilding company's case at New York has attracted much attention, was the organizer, president and managing

owner of the Narragansett Web company, which has also failed, carrying with it a large amount of Newport money. Mr. Dresser's family and connections are millionaires many times over. Mrs. John Nicholas Brown is his sister, and George W. Vanderbilt his brother-in-law. He is the grandson of one of the merchant princes of New York, and made a brilliant marriage in his alliance with Miss Burnham.

A junior officer on the flagship commanded by Admiral "Fighting Bob" Evans writes to a friend, saying that the chaplain on one or two occasions took Evans to task because of the profanity in which the latter so frequently indulges. The admiral took these rebukes good-naturedly, but did not seem to have profited greatly thereby. One day the chaplain found him reading the "Sermon on the Mount," and made the somewhat ungracious comment: "Glad to see you doing that, admiral. I shall tell the men of it, to offset the oaths you utter." "All right, chaplain," said the admiral, "and while you are about it, tell them that my profanity is like your piety—only skin deep."

The Roma Tribuna recently related that, contrary to report, Pope Pius did not on his election as pope put his cardinal's cap on Mgr. Merry del Val's head as a sign that the monsignor would soon be made a cardinal. Instead, his hollars folded the cap up and put it in his pocket. When reminded that he had not followed the usual custom in regard to the secretary of the conclave, the pope, according to the Tribuna, replied: "He will receive something else before the purple." The new state secretary is quite a young man for the post. He is about 41 years old, and is the son of Don Merry del Val, who was at one time Spanish ambassador at the court of St. James. He speaks fluently, besides English, French, Spanish and Italian; is well known as a preacher, and is an expert in ecclesiastical law. In 1887 he was appointed papal delegate to Canada.

Gleanings From the Story Tellers' Pack

A SPELLBINDER of more than local repute was holding forth in a hall on the north side one night last week. He had pulled off the customary hot air exordium about the accomplishments of his party, its deeds in war and peace, and had drawn the oriflamme lib-er-tee across "the azure sky" until it shadowed the earth from Manila to San Juan and from Nome to Timbuctoo. "Now, my friends," he exclaimed, placing his foot on the tremolo pedal, "what is the question confronting us in this campaign?"

"How old is Ann," piped the unpatriotic partisan. Then the lights went out.

Among Lawyer "Abe" Hummel's recent clients was a well-groomed, stylish young lady, relates the New York Times. "I am in great distress, Mr. Hummel, and I seek your advice," she began.

"Well, madam, please state your case." "I have received four proposals of marriage and I don't know which one to accept."

"Which man has the most money?" inquired Hummel, with a smile that spoke volumes.

"Why, if I was sure I knew, do you suppose I would come to you or any other lawyer for advice?"

John C. Sheehan employs a large number of laborers, reports the New York Times. Most of his foremen are Irishmen, but the underlings embrace men of all nationalities. The other day one of the foremen had use for a maul on a certain piece of work. He said to a green Irish laborer who was near:

"Go up where that other gang is working and bring the maul."

In a few minutes the Irishman returned with about twenty-five laborers.

"What did you bring these men here for?" asked the foreman.

"Sure, you told me to bring 'thim all,' and I brought every mother's son of thim I could find," was the reply.

The late James Abbott McNeill Whistler, though expatriated so long, numbered many Americans among his friends—especially Americans who stayed at home most of the time and so stood less chance of becoming a target for one of his friendship-destroying remarks. Mr. Royal Cortissoz, the art critic of the New York Tribune, was one of these, and among other reminiscences he is fond of referring to the artist's queer habit of wearing an utterly untethered single eyeglass; if by unlucky chance this optical organ dropped out he would calmly take another from his waistcoat pocket and deftly slip it into place.

"I'm afraid I could never entirely sympathize with Whistler's belligerent attitude toward the whole world," says Mr. Cortissoz, "much as I enjoyed the actual incidents of the warfare. One day I said to him, after he had made some unusually cutting remarks about certain contemporaries:

"But it seems with you there is never a time to bury the hatchet."

"You are mistaken," came in his softest manner, "there is often a time to bury the hatchet—in the side of the enemy, and to think of him no more."

"Many men have fads," said Mark Twain the other day. "Some collect one thing and some another. Among the most curious is that of a man near my summer home at Elmira, who has a collection of snakes. They are of many varieties. The man who has them thinks a great deal of them, and, in fact, would not take

anything for them. The other day, however, his physician told him that if he did not take something for them he would die."

As one of the very few occasions when the wit of Rufus Choate was foiled, an incident is recalled when that brilliant lawyer was examining one Dick Barton, chief mate of the ship Challenge, relates Success. Choate had cross-examined him for over an hour, hurling questions with the speed of a rapid-fire gun.

"Was there a moon that night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see it?"

"No, sir."

"Then how did you know there was a moon?"

"The Nautical Almanac said so, and I'll believe that sooner than any lawyer in the world."

"Be civil, sir. And now tell me in what latitude and longitude you crossed the equator?"

"Ah, you are joking."

"No, sir, I'm in earnest and I desire an answer."

"That's more than I can give."

"Indeed! You a chief mate and unable to answer so simple a question!"

"Yes, the simplest question I ever was asked. I thought even a fool of a lawyer knew there's no latitude at the equator."

Colonel Henry Waterson, the editor, believes in good English, and not only writes it himself, but tries to get his young men to write it also, relates the Saturday Evening Post.

A bright young fellow who went to report a national convention with Colonel Waterson turned in an article one night that was loosely written and somewhat slangy.

The colonel read it with portentous frowns. "Here, here, young man," he said, "this will never do. You must improve your style."

"What can I do to improve it, colonel?" the young man asked.

"Read, sir, read; read books."

"Yes, colonel, but what books?"

"Read Thackeray; start with 'Pendennis.'"

That night there was much excitement. Important news developed. Colonel Waterson waited for his young man's report. It came to be 11 o'clock at night and he had not submitted a line. The colonel started on a search and found the young man in his room with his feet on a table, smoking a cigar and reading a book.

"Here, sir, shouted the colonel, 'what are you doing? Where is your article? You have written nothing that I can find. What are you doing here loafing in this manner while the paper is waiting for the news?'"

"Why, colonel," the young man replied with pained surprise, "I am carrying out your orders. I am reading 'Pendennis' to improve my style."

George Ade attended recently a dinner of theatrical people in Boston. The stage folk sang songs and told stories, but Mr. Ade, who is very quiet and retiring, would neither sing nor speak. He was, he said, no good at anything of that kind.

Finally, though, the calls for Mr. Ade became too vehement. The young man had to yield. He rose and said:

"I will tell you of an excellent trick in parlor magic. You take a tumbler and fill it two-thirds full of filtered water. Then you insert in the water a lump of sugar, and a spoon, and you begin to stir. In a few minutes the sugar will become invisible."