

Four Honor Graduates of Omaha High School



JEANETTE NEWLEAN.



WILLARD LAMPE.



W. DWIGHT PIERCE.



MARY J. EDHOLM.

Character Sketch Of Bishop McCabe

There are few names in Methodism which are so esteemed and beloved by the rank and file of the church as that of Charles C. McCabe. Although he has now received the highest honor and the choicest gift of his organization and is properly spoken of as Bishop McCabe, there are thousands of people who today call him by his more democratic and his former title of "chaplain."

Chaplain McCabe had an eventful history in war times, having passed through the dark days and the history-making nights of the early '60s as chaplain of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Ohio. Who has not heard the warrior-chaplain deliver his celebrated lecture on "The Bright Side of Life at Libby Prison?" It is a lecture which seems to be rejuvenated every time it is heard. The chaplain has a graphic way of describing scenes and events and his audience, when under the spell of his eloquence, weeps and laughs alternately. The story of his blanket and how he recovered it has been well worn in travel and it is doubtful if the chaplain would recognize it if he saw its many versions.

Story of the Chaplain's Blanket.

The way in which the story is told by its originator adds to the charm of the situation as one imagines the reverend gentleman leaving his blanket with an army comrade just as a hot fire has suddenly arrived in their direction. The chaplain, deciding that discretion was the better part of valor, beat a hasty retreat around a tree (as he says), and his friend, hastening in another direction, they became, of course, separated. It was not until long years had passed that the chaplain again met his friend in a town in Iowa, hurrying to catch a train. The chaplain is said to have stopped him for the purpose of asking two questions, the first being a query as to whether the man had been running ever since and the other what had he done with the chaplain's blanket. The scenes of suffering which the clergyman witnessed had much to do in developing the great-hearted sympathy for which he is famous. In his lecture the speaker proves to the people that there were many phases of life in Libby prison which had some brightness and that the outside of the prison was not the only bright side.

When the war was over the church extension board secured the services of the chaplain for the arduous labors of a secretaryship and on this board he served with marked distinction for sixteen years. His principal act in this connection was the raising of a loan fund, which grew to immense proportions. In explanation of this loan fund it may be stated, in passing, that the fund is supported by donation and the scheme appeals to men of business, inasmuch as their donations keep on doing good for an interminable length of time. The reason is obvious. A church is in need of money and appeals to the Church Extension society, which relieves the temporary embarrassment by loaning the church the requisite sum on good security and at a nominal rate of interest, if any.

Ingersoll Provokes a Hymn.

When Chaplain McCabe was working on this scheme of building new churches on money loaned by this easy method Ingersoll was denouncing the church in his usual forcible manner and declaring that the power of the church was waning, the end of all churches being not far off. This provoked the hymn which thousands of people have heard Chaplain and Bishop McCabe sing, "We're building three a day, dear Bob; we're building three a day." On good authority it is stated that the loan fund of the Methodist Episcopal church today is close to \$800,000.

On a recent visit here Bishop McCabe was sitting on the porch of a private residence and while in conversation with a local musician about church music and some of the McCabe publications there passed a fine-

looking old gentleman with streaming white hair and a very dignified presence. "What a fine-looking old fellow that is," interrupted the bishop. "Who is he?" The reply was given that the center of attraction was Jules Lombard.

"Jules Lombard! Jules Lombard! and Frank, his brother, the Lombard brothers!"—and the bishop seemed to be living in a past—"so that's Jules Lombard. Many a night have I heard them sing when we did not know where we would be the next day. I must meet him." Hastening down the steps, Jules Lombard was hailed and the two distinguished men were introduced. The scene was not soon to be forgotten.

The residence of Bishop McCabe has been officially Fort Worth, Tex., during the last quadrennium, but he has spent most of his time at Evanston, Ill. He comes to Omaha largely by his own desire and he will be greeted with open arms and loyal hearts by the people called Methodists. He will be an inspiration to his church, an honor to the community and an ornament to society.

T. J. K.

Graveyard Epitaphy

On a headstone in a cemetery at Burlington, Vt., are these lines:
She lived with her husband fifty years,
And died in the blessed hope of a better life.

Another, equally ambiguous, is found in Marshfield, Mass.:

Here lie the bodies of
Obediah Wilkinson
and
Ruth Wilkinson, his wife.
Their warfare is accomplished.

Rutland, Vt., furnishes another specimen of the dubious epitaph, as follows:

William Wilson,
Died Oct. 4, 1896.
Aged 85 years.
The good die young.

Speaking of ambiguous epitaphs, a Chicago paper reports there are three in an old cemetery near New London, Conn., which are

considered satirical. They are at least subject to a double construction. The first expresses the sentiments of a sea captain upon the death of his fourth wife, as follows:

Behold, ye living mortals passing by,
How thick the partners of one husband lie;
Vast and unsearchable the ways of God,
Just, but severe, His chastening rod.

These lines, however, are not quite so clear as two couplets from the scriptures which were engraved by another deceased widower upon the tombs of his deceased partners. Under the epitaph of the first wife was:

The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away;
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

On the tombstone of the second wife, which stands beside the other, is this:
I called upon the Lord and he heard me,
And delivered me out of all my troubles.

People who visit the ancient "public burying ground" beside the Old Concord school house, in Germantown, Pa., reports the Philadelphia North American, are apt to receive a shock; that is, if they fall to reading the epitaphs, as visitors in a graveyard usually do.

Concealed in a modest, unfrequented corner is a grave which, half hidden in tangled grass, seems in no wise different from its sunken fellows. It is only when the eye of the explorer falls upon the tombstone at its head that the shock is received. For the inscription, in time-worn letters, reads:

IN MEMORY OF
ADAM SHISLER,
WHO DEPARTED THIS
LIFE DECEMBER THE
22, 1777, AGED 969
YEARS.

Luckily the oldest inhabitant is usually near at hand to explain the situation and chuckle anew over an ancient joke. Adam Shisler, so he explains, was gathered to his fathers at the age of 69 years. The stone-cutter mistook his directions and had already cut 96 years upon the stone when he discovered his mistake. Thrifty, unwilling to lose his hours of toil, he covered up the first 9 with cement and added another after the six. In the course of years the cement wore away and some ghoulish wag with a pocket knife did the rest.

Some Queer Stories Of Coincidences

"Luck and coincidence explain many a mystery," said one of a group of late workers to a New Orleans Times man. "I remember a queer story along that line," he continued, "which I once heard from the elder Herrmann. In his earlier performances, as you can recall, he made a great feature of a very clever 'second call,' or mind-reading act. He would request people in the audience to select small articles, which would then be described by a blindfolded assistant on the stage. As a matter of fact, Herrmann really gave the cue to the description in the way he framed his questions, but it was very dexterously done and not one person out of a thousand 'caught on.'"

"One evening, as he told the story, he was giving an entertainment in an Ohio city and was just returning to the stage after the mind-reading specialty when an elderly man suddenly jumped up at the other end of the house. 'If this thing is genuine,' he called out in a loud voice, 'I want you to tell me what card I am thinking about at this moment.' The man was a wealthy merchant and known as somewhat of a crank on spiritualism. Of course, Herrmann had no idea what he was thinking about, but he replied without hesitation, 'It is the deuce of clubs,' his intention being to turn the laugh on the old fellow by some bit of repartee when he declared that the guess was wrong. But, to the magician's intense amazement the man raised both hands in the air and bellowed, 'Correct! by thunder!' This miraculously lucky and wholly unexpected hit made a profound impression on the audience and no doubt converted many people to a belief in the reality of mind-reading. Herrmann told me that the proprietor of the theater, who was an old personal friend, was very curious to know how the thing was done, and when he was finally informed in confidence that it was mere luck, he declined to credit the explanation. It was too simple to suit him."

"Coincidences certainly do play an important part in everyday life," commented

another in the party, "and I daresay they have been the pivot on which many an event of the first magnitude has turned. One case of the kind came under my personal observation when I first went into business in New Orleans. At that time there was a large mercantile house, located on the same block, that did an extensive business with planters up the river. As usual in that trade, they operated on a credit basis, and occasionally they carried some formidable accounts. The largest of these at the period of which I speak was against a planter who had latterly pleaded bad luck and allowed the majority of his bills to run over for several seasons. The firm believed him to be good and although the amount involved mounted away up into the thousands they decided not to press him, in full confidence that the money would ultimately be paid.

"One day the planter came to New Orleans on some business, and while he was still in town a member of the firm chanced to go over to a notary's office to get an acknowledgment on some local papers. As he entered the office he overheard one of the clerks in an adjoining room ask another whether he had completed 'that plantation transfer' to Colonel —'s mother. 'You know he wants to take it up with him when he goes home tonight,' he added. Colonel — was the delinquent debtor, and the accidental remark was like the revelation of a flash of lightning on a dark night. The merchant said nothing, but transacted his own business as speedily as possible and hurried back. Then he wired his local attorney to institute proceedings, and when the planter arrived home he found everything tied up with an attachment. He was forced to make a settlement in full, and doesn't know to this day how his plans were so suddenly check-mated. Five seconds sooner or later in that visit to the notary's would have made a difference of many thousands of dollars to the firm."

"I think I can tie that story myself," said one of the party. "Do you remember the recent death of Lewis Redwine, a noted bank defaulter of Atlanta, Ga., whose case created an immense sensation some years ago? Well, when he was placed on trial Redwine maintained a stubborn silence, and he was convicted and sentenced to five years in the federal penitentiary at Columbus, O. It was generally believed that he would break down when he actually started for prison and implicate some people who stood high socially, and the papers decided to send reporters with him to the train. For some reason the authorities didn't approve of the plan and arranged to slip him out of town a day in advance of the time officially given out. The train was to leave at noon, and about twenty minutes before that hour a reporter, out on other business, happened to use a telephone in a downtown store. While he was talking the wires became crossed and he heard a voice say: 'We have arranged for the train to stop at the outskirts of town today to take on Redwine.' He recognized the voice as that of a deputy marshal talking to the jailer, and realized in a flash that a scheme was on foot to get the noted prisoner out of the city twenty-four hours ahead of time. He dashed away from the store, got to his office in time to draw some money and caught the train. Redwine didn't confess, after all, but that doesn't affect the marvelous luck or coincidence of the 'phone episode."

Mistaken for Daily

Marcus Daly, the copper king, tells several amusing stories about a man in New York bearing the same name. The other day this person went to a real estate agent in search of a house, was treated to champagne and expensive cigars, and, after being shown only the most luxurious houses, explained that he wanted something a little cheaper, as he was making only \$25 a week.



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