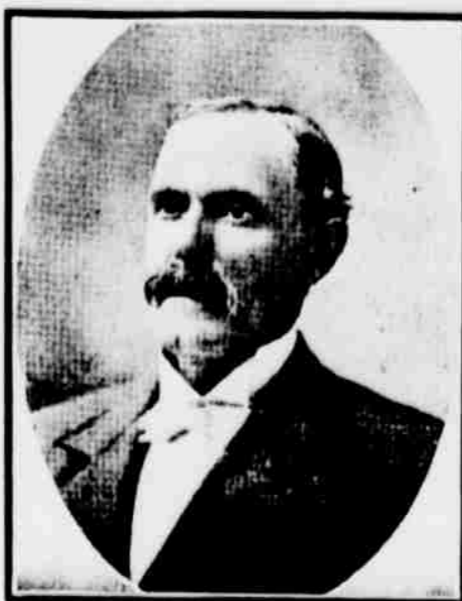


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Pen and Picture Pointers

"Labor Conquers All" has been the motto of many an aspiring High school class, planting a thought in the mind that is never quite obliterated. "Genius is hard work," said a man who had been congratulated on his success in the world. From the beginning until today there has been nothing worth while accomplished without infinite toil. From the time of what some are pleased to call the primal curse, when it was ordained of man that in the sweat of his brow should his bread be eaten, honest labor has added savor to the reward of patient effort, and the most pessimistic will admit that that fruit tastes sweetest which comes as the result of industry. Since Tubal Cain alternated his musical flights with toil at the forge, men have honored the artisan. All ages have paid deserved tribute to the craftsman, no matter toward which of the constructive arts he turned his talent. It is difficult in these days, when the voice of the agitator is so constantly heard, and the disparity between the rich and the poor is so loudly dinned at us, to realize that honest toil is still fairly requited, and that labor finds reasonable recompense. Yet tomorrow will show that there are these men who believe in themselves, who feel the dignity that comes to a workman conscious of his own



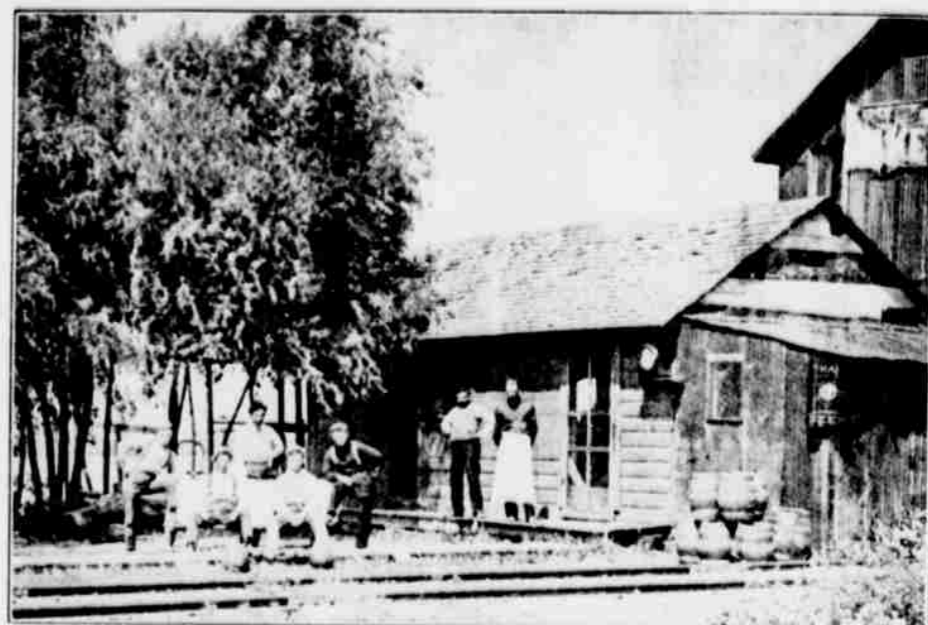
THOMAS J. PHILLIPS OF OTTUMWA—DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF IOWA.

strength and skill, and who are proud to array themselves under the banner that represents labor as the term has come to be understood in these later days. Labor day was not instituted so much for the purpose of providing a holiday for the toilers as to give them a chance to show distinctly their position in the social world. It is essentially a day for trade unions, a time when "union" men come out to give the rest of the world some notion of their strength. Not boastfully, but because people are apt to forget in the rush of existence that so much depends on the man who "pays dues." This occasion serves as a gentle reminder of the real im-

portance to civilization of the mechanic. In choosing a subject for its main illustration today, The Bee selected an honorable representative of a craft whose monuments have outlasted those of all others. For we find evidences of the stone dresser's skill before metal or woodworking was known. The young man who is shown on the front page in a graceful but characteristic pose is an Omahan by birth, and is following in the footsteps of his father, who has been known for more than a generation to the people of this city.

Thomas J. Phillips of Ottumwa, who has been selected by the democrats of Iowa to head their ticket as candidate for governor this year, is one of the younger politicians of the state. He is a coal mine operator, wealthy and connected with some of the most extensive mines in the southern part of the state. He has not been deep in politics for long, but has served as mayor of his home town for several terms. His nomination is taken as indicating the coming of a new generation of democrats in Iowa, the bitter effect of continuous defeat having discouraged the leaders who, year after year, have walked to political downfall in the Hawkeye state.

One of the most distinguished Masonic lodges in the world visited Omaha recently on its way to Louisville, where the triennial reunion of the Knights Templars has just concluded. California commandery of the order has many things to recommend it for its high station in the fraternity, but none has attracted so much attention to it as the fact that the initiation fee is \$1,000. This very naturally precludes any but a rich man joining and it is safe to assume that not one of the drill squad which marched up Farnam street is worth less than a million. It is not alone money that gives the commandery distinction, for the examination of candidates for admission is said to be most rigid and only those of absolutely fearless Masonic



LAKE CLUB AT CUT OFF LAKE WHERE GARDNER TRAINED.

records are admitted. The local commandery gave the visitors a cordial welcome to Omaha and the reception which followed was most enjoyable.

Shooting, under the restrictions of the new game law, has been going on in Nebraska for some days, the upland plover season having opened with a goodly supply of birds. Not alone have the men engaged in the sport, but, as the illustration shows, there are fair disciples of Diana in the state whose dainty 16-bores are as deadly as any "gaspipe" gun directed by the boldest of masculines. Golf and all that sort of thing are good for exercise, but the girl who knows the delight of tramping a stubblefield behind a good dog will

never exchange her gun and game bag for any milder form of amusement while the good shooting weather holds.

While the corn crop is doing quite well with its second wind there is much going on in connection with other work on the farm. Much attention is being given to threshing out the small grain just at present and in all parts of the state the puffing of the engine and the whirring of belts and wheels make music from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. Two of our pictures this week were taken in the field where the threshers were busy. They show remarkably well some features of farm life with which not everybody is familiar.

Uncommon Events and Episodes Noted in the World

WHEN the governor's coaching party drove up to the hotel in Williamstown last week, says the Boston Transcript, it naturally attracted a considerable crowd to the broad verandas. In this gathering was a colored woman, wearing a capacious smile and accompanied by a little miss 7 or 8 years old. The latter advanced as the party alighted and, holding out her hand, said: "How do you do, Governor Crane, my father is a governor, too." "Who is your father?" asked the governor. "Governor McMillin of Tennessee," was the reply. The little maid seemed to assume that the duty of entertaining devolved largely upon her and she discharged it with much sweetness and unconscious grace.

The wonderful adaptability of the Japanese to western civilization is shown once more in the person of S. Yanig Wara, who in September will become professor of chemistry in the University of Columbia, Mo. Mr. Wara has been educating himself in the United States for the last seven years. He has secured the degree of master of arts and has served as assistant to Prof. R. O. Graham, who holds the chair of chemistry at the Wesleyan university at Bloomington, Ill.

Robert M. Collins of the Associated Press writes from Peking, July 2, 1901: "I saw Adelbert Hay last in the Philippines in the spring of 1899 and he was then on the firing line with the soldiers in one of the warmest little engagements of that campaign and he was as cool and brave as any of them, indeed, seemed to enjoy it, though the bullets were much too numerous for most of the outsiders. Afterward I could easily believe the stories told of his conduct in Pretoria. When I read them it always recalled my last sight of him, tramping down the railroad track toward Manila with a blanket and a canteen over his shoulder, under a frightful tropical sun, but apparently as happy as one could be. Many of the English officers here have spoken today of the reputation which he earned in the Transvaal, not only for bravery, but for coolness and good judgment under all circumstances, most unusual in a man of his age, and their regret is as sincere as that of the Americans."

"There is an interesting story behind the special star charts which the equipment bureau of the Navy department is having printed for use in navigation," says the New York Tribune. "Miss Mary Proctor, the astronomer, daughter of the astronomer, took to a publisher in New York a plan for a child's astronomical calendar and together they worked over the plan. Finally the publisher suggested: 'Why cannot we make a simple star chart for children—not one clustered up with stars invisible almost, but one containing only the more prominent ones? And why cannot we make these charts so that the stars visible at any time during the year may be easily found by a child?' It is this chart, so simple that a child can use it, which the department has chosen."

In an address recently delivered in London Mr. Asquith, the well known member of Parliament, made felicitous use of English when pleading for better linguistic culture. He took occasion to condemn "the uncouth and pseudo-classical terminology of the men of science, the tortuous and nebulous phrases of philosophers, the pre-

tentious conventionalities of the art critic and the slipshod slapdash of the newest school of journalists."

General Wade Hampton, the one-legged hero of South Carolina, when in the United States states senate a few years ago, taught some of his colleagues how to make the campaign when the dog star is in the ascendant. General Hampton went fishing in the mountain streams of North Carolina, Tennessee or Virginia. He angled for the rainbow trout and very successfully. The instant the fish was landed it was dressed and a chunk of sweet, fresh butter, a pinch of salt, a shower of pepper and a diminutive rasber of breakfast bacon were placed inside. A fresh corn shuck, out of which the roasting ear had just been taken, was procured and the trout thus prepared put in place of the ear, the shuck smoothed down and tied at the sick end. Then this shuck, with its precious cargo, was put in the embers and covered with live coals until the fish was done to an exact turn; the roasting ear was roasted before the fire and a corn hoeecake, such as only our colored fellow citizens know how to manufacture, was brought into requisition. The fish must swim three times—once in water before he is captured, once in butter after he is roasted and again in whisky after it is eaten. No wonder General Hampton enjoys a green old age.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times tells a pretty anecdote of the Empress Frederick. Some years after the Franco-German war military maneuvers were being conducted on the other side of the frontier and on one particular day a grand review of cavalry was to be held. The troops were drawn up, awaiting the arrival of the Emperor William I, when suddenly the crown princess rode onto the ground and proceeded to the spot where the military attaches were located. This was the first occasion since the war of 1870 on which the French army had been represented at maneuvers in Germany. The delicate mission had been intrusted to Colonel Grandin, who afterward became a general of division, and who, as was but natural, was feeling rather lost amid all this assemblage. Addressing herself to the gallant soldier, the crown princess said: "Colonel, I am particularly glad to see you today," and, as he bowed low without understanding the point of the remark, she added: "Yes, this is the anniversary of the fall of Sebastopol and on that day our two armies won a great victory together."

James J. Hill's wonderful versatility and grasp upon the multitude of details of practical railroad management have been a source of much comment among railroad men in recent years. While on a tour over the Great Northern road, his train, which was going down a steep grade, became derailed. Running at a low rate of speed as the train was, no damage was sustained by the officials further than a general shaking up. Mr. Hill was the first man to alight when the train stopped after running several rods along the ties. He found that the locomotive had been thrown from the rails, and stood watching the ineffectual efforts of the train crew to place the engine back on the track. Jackscrews were used, but the men did not seem to thoroughly understand the work.

"That won't do," said Mr. Hill. "Your jacks won't lift it when in that position." But the men applied the levers, thinking they would show the president that they knew their business. The jacks slipped,

letting the ponderous machine down on the ties with a bump.

"Let me set that jack," said Mr. Hill; "I don't think it will slip then." And, grabbing the screw, he set it at an incline to his own satisfaction, and, after throwing a little sand on the top and bottom, he exclaimed, "Now go ahead." The trainmen were a little dubious at first, but they applied the levers, and the huge machine slowly lifted itself into place and slid quietly onto the rails. The delay was only twenty minutes.

Friends of the late William A. Newell, once governor of New Jersey, have recalled an old story in which he figures as the rock upon which the presidential hopes of James G. Blaine were wrecked in 1876. The ex-governor, who was a physician as well as a politician, was a delegate to the republican national convention in that year and he was prominent among the members of the New Jersey delegation who favored Mr. Blaine's nomination. While the struggle for the various aspirants was in progress, says the New York Times, the news came

that Mr. Blaine had been stricken with what was variously described as apoplexy or sunstroke. This event was eagerly seized upon by the two or three Jersey delegates who favored Mr. Conkling, and these, hearing that Dr. Newell had expressed a fear that the effects of such a "stroke" as Mr. Blaine had suffered might seriously and permanently affect his mental faculties, saw an opportunity, as they thought, to help their candidate. They secured a conference with the delegation, and, when it had met, they called upon the ex-governor to give his opinion, as a medical man, as to whether, in the circumstances, it would be prudent to nominate the Maine statesman.

The answer, given with extreme reluctance and regret, and of course, entirely sincere, was in the negative. Mr. Blaine's hold up on the New Jersey delegates was immediately broken, but their votes ultimately went, not to Mr. Conkling, but to Mr. Hayes. Those who like to ascribe great effects to small causes saw, at the same time, in the inaccurate, long-distance diagnosis of Dr. Newell the explanation of Mr. Blaine's failure to reach the presidency, 'or they

say that, though he was defeated in 1884, if he had been nominated in 1876 he would have been elected.

Anxious Querist

Chicago Tribune: It was a feminine voice that came over the telephone wire this time. "Is this the weather forecaster?" "Yes, ma'am. Can I do anything for you?" "Yes, sir. I would like to have you tell me how much longer this humidity is going to last." "Pardon me, but why do you wish to know that?" "Because I washed my hair a week ago and I want to find out how much longer I've got to wait for it to dry."

Slightly Negative

Harper's Magazine: Uncle Ephraim's rusty hat droops humbly over his black and wrinkled forehead, his coat pockets are sagging away from his coat, one knee is covered with a blue patch, the other one with a white one sewed on with black thread, his shoes are full of holes and it would puzzle anyone to declare the original color of any article of his apparel. He pulls off the drooping hat as he looks over my garden fence and gives me a smile that makes me feel better for an hour. "Miss Alice," he asks, cheerfully, "you don't know nobody that wantter hire nobody to do nothin' fer 'em dis mawnin', does you?"

Labor's Point of View

My name is Labor! And tho' some despise Me, I am proud of what I am, of what I have achieved. 'Twas God who raised me up And gave me my mighty part upon The stage of life—the same eternal God Who, not ashamed to work, was occupied, Age after age, in fashioning the earth. The universe, and all that therein is!

Behold the cities of the world—'twas I Who laid their strong foundations and who reared Their massive walls. You gaze with wonder 't'ing awe Upon the pyramids, and quite forget That I cut those huge stones and lifted them. Seest that august cathedral where, forthwith, A Carpenter is worshiped? My own hand Its arches, buttresses and soaring spire Produced—yes, and the organ whose rich tones Do make the place indeed the gate of heaven. "There go the ships." My handiwork they are; I laid their keels and formed their ribs and sent Them forth upon the deep; and who but me Constructed those fleet trains which glide across The land upon those tracks of steel which I Have placed? And who but me hath wrought and strung With varied messages from man to man? You speak of poets, painters, sculptors; yet I make the pens, the brushes and the blades With which they do their work, 'e'en as I make The swords which warriors wield, the telescopes Which wrest long-cherished secrets from the stars, And all the instruments of surgery.

I cannot tell it all, nor is there need This is enough, perchance, to make you think. Despise me if you will! I proudly stand Before the world and point to what I am. To what I have achieved from age to age. And find a keen amusement in your sneers. WILLIAM CAREY SHEPPARD. Middlesboro, Ky.



"UPLAND PLOVER"—A Snap Shot in the Field by a Bee Staff Artist.