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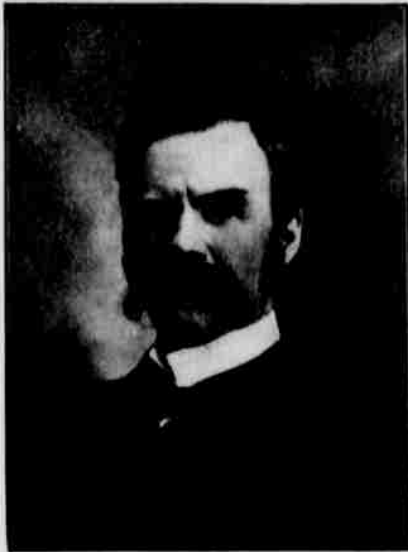
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Pen and Picture Pointers

MUCH has been said recently about Iowa's position in national affairs. The appointment of a second member of the president's cabinet from this state drew general attention, and some writers have debated the fact as though it were a real discovery. As a matter of fact, the Hawkeye state has always had a remarkably prominent position in matters of national moment. Iowa men haven't made quite as much fuss as some others, but they have a faculty of doing their work just as effectively. Eastern people who have been accustomed to look on everything this side of the Alleghanies as being "cut west" are just awakening to a realization of what has long been known in the Mississippi valley, that Iowa is the home of an energetic, intelligent, thrifty and conservative people.



S. P. DAVIDSON OF TECUMSEH, PRESIDENT NEBRASKA STATE BAR ASSOCIATION.

who love free institutions and vote the republican ticket as naturally as they breathe. Since being admitted to the union Iowa has been represented in congress continuously by men who took a large part in shaping the destiny of the nation so far as it might be affected by legislation. Iowa has given several cabinet officers to the country, men who won distinction by their quiet and effective administration of the affairs entrusted to them. Soldiers, statesmen, men of letters, men of business, men



E. B. TAINTER, CARROLL, Ia., PRESIDENT IOWA PHARMACEUTICAL ASSOCIATION.

who have risen to eminence in every walk of life have come from Iowa during the fifty-five years of its existence as a state. The apparent tardiness of recognition has not worried the Hawkeyes. They have gone steadily along, doing what seems to them right and reaping the reward that comes from such conduct.

As an example of Iowa's steadfastness may be cited its representation in congress. William Boyd Allison has been in congress thirty-eight years, having served four terms in the house and five in the senate, and has just been re-elected senator for the sixth consecutive time, an honor conferred on but one other American statesman, the venerable Justin S. Morrill of Vermont. Jonathan Prentice Dolliver, Senator Allison's colleague, had five terms in the lower house before he was called to the senate by the death of Hon. John H. Gear. Speaker David B. Henderson has been twenty years in Washington, being elected ten times from the same district. Robert G. Cousins has been elected five times from one district; John F. Lacey, six times; John A. T. Hull, six times, and W. P. Hepburn, eight times. With men of this caliber and experience at Washington, it is no wonder that Iowa has weight in the affairs of the nation. Iowans are as careful in the selection of their legislators, too, and while none can point to such years of service as their national lawmaking brethren, yet each can safely assert that he has been chosen because the people of his district believe that he will honestly, wisely and prudently represent them in the state lawmaking body. These are the things that have made Iowa great politically.

When Captain Sam G. Couch of Omaha goes down to Atlanta, Ga., next month to visit Captain R. O. Douglas, whose hospitable plantation is four miles out of the southern city, there will be another reunion of the blue and the gray, another clasping of hands once raised against each other.

THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

another evidence of the brotherly spirit that now effaces Mason and Dixon's line and leaves no north, no south. On July 4, 1863, General John C. Pemberton finally gave up his unequal struggle in Vicksburg against the indomitable Grant, after months of defensive maneuver and weeks of crucial siege. Among the 32,000 soldiers Pemberton surrendered was a boy of 18, proud and defiant, but gaunt with hunger. For thirty days his rations had been less than enough to sustain life long and had consisted in part of rodents palatable only in such times of extreme distress. This boy became the prisoner of another lad, no older than himself and just as proud and true to his cause, but prompted by such humane instincts that captor and captive became firm friends, and from the frugal supply of the former the distress of the latter was relieved. At the parting, a week later, the northern boy unstrapped from his shoulders his new knapsack, filled with the dubious delicacies of the commissary, and strapped it on the southern boy's shoulders. That was the climax. The captive's eyes were filled with tears as he started off and he said:

"I hope to God you may never be taken captive, but if you are I want to take you."
"And if I am I want you to," was the prompt response.

That happened in July, 1863. In July, 1898, Captain Sam G. Couch, no longer a boy and no longer a soldier, but with the image of his southern prisoner still in mind, went to the Georgia building at the Trans-mississippi grounds and there learned from former Governor Northen that a Captain R. O. Douglas was living near Atlanta. That same night a letter went to the address given and very promptly came an answer that confirmed Captain Couch's joyous expectations. The interchange continued until one day this winter and then Captain Douglas came himself and for the avowed purpose of surrounding, besieging and capturing Captain Couch. In this he was successful, and for a week they were together arranging the peace terms. When finally agreed upon, the treaty stipulated that the former captor should consent to be the captive for an indefinite time and that the old ground shall all be gone over again that he who was then the captive may return in part the kindness shown.

The newly elected president of the Iowa State Pharmaceutical association, E. B. Tainter of Carroll, is a native of Iowa, and 35 years old. He was born on a farm in Fayette county and in young life graduated from the Upper Iowa university. He studied pharmacy in Chicago and secured certificates of examination in both Iowa and Illinois. He was employed in Waterloo and Sioux City and then engaged in business for himself in Grundy Center and Peterson, but for the last five years has been located at Carroll. He was elected president of the state association at the Stern Lake convention. He is well known among the pharmacists of the state and quite prominent at their state conventions.

Nebraska people take a pardonable pride in their educational institutions, especially the public schools. Many articles have been published concerning these schools and all



CAPTAIN COUCH OF OMAHA AND CAPTAIN DOUGLAS OF ATLANTA, Ga., WHO HAVE A LITTLE WAR ROMANCE BETWEEN THEM.

in praise. Each individual community through the state has its share in the general effort to maintain the reputation of the commonwealth in this regard, and is on the alert always to see that there is no lagging. One of the latest contributions is the addition of a handsome and substantial brick school building which has just been dedicated at Table Rock. This structure is modern in every respect, and is fully up to all the requirements of a model school. It would be deemed a credit in any city and the people of Table Rock are justly proud of it.

S. P. Davidson of Tecumseh, the new president of the Nebraska Bar association, is a native of Illinois, but has been a resident of Nebraska for twenty years. Before

coming to Nebraska he read law in the office of William E. Nelson, a judge of the district court, who was considered one of the strongest members of the Illinois bar. He was graduated from Lincoln university, Lincoln, Ill., in 1869, and after completing his legal studies was admitted to the bar of that state. He practiced law for two years in Lincoln, Ill., and then came to Nebraska, settling in Tecumseh, where he has established more than a local reputation as a general practitioner. He was selected to the bench to fill the vacancy caused by the election of Judge Weaver to congress. Aside from this he has held no public office, but has twice been a candidate for the nomination for supreme judge of the state, developing considerable strength in the conventions.

Gleanings from the Story Tellers' Pack

SECRETARY LONG is one of the most democratic citizens on earth. Every time he gets a chance, reports the Washington Times, he goes back to his old home in Massachusetts, where he is regarded as one of themselves by the simple inhabitants. One day, on one of these vacations, Mr. Long took his laundry under his arm and carried it around to the local laundry. A day or two later, feeling the need of a clean collar and shirt, he trotted around to the laundry to find out if it was ready. Entering the little shop he made his inquiry of the man in charge.

"Is my laundry ready?"
"I'll see," replied the man. Then, turning toward the back room, where his wife was, he shouted:
"Hey, Mary! Is Johnny's laundry done yet?"

Here is the latest story about Thomas W. Lawson, which Boston is chuckling over: Late last summer a young woman who is described as fresh was sitting on the deck of a yacht in Marblehead harbor, when Mr. Lawson came floating in on the Dreamer. The young woman knew the copper man slightly, and she took advantage of the acquaintance to pick up a megaphone which was beside her, train it on the Dreamer and shout:

"Hello, Mr. Lawson, how's copper?"
It is related that, without an instant's hesitation, Mr. Lawson picked up a megaphone in turn and thundered back:
"Hello, Miss Blank, how's brass?"

Clinton Fiske has a friend, an Englishman by birth and an American by force of circumstances, who has been in this country long enough to absorb the American idea of humor. Last summer he was in London on a visit, relates the New York Times, and happening to have business with a man on an upper floor of a tall building, took the "lift" to reach his office. The elevator was one of those excessively deliberate British affairs, and its snail-like progress annoyed the Americanized Briton. The other occupant of the car was a middle-aged Englishman, with a manner of

peculiarly English seriousness. The man from America ventured to address him:

"I think I could make a great improvement in this lift," he said.
The Englishman looked seriously interested. "How?" he asked.
"Why," the other man went on, "I'd make it go faster by a simple little arrangement. I'd stop the lift altogether and move the building up and down."
The Englishman looked slightly more interested.
"How?" he asked.

Two prominent Wall street brokers, while at luncheon at the Hoffman house one day last week, reports the New York Tribune, indulged in a series of good-natured recriminations about the tendencies of each to refrain from spending money. One said to the other:

"I don't blame you for being close. It is in the family. Why, I remember your father when he ran a grocery store. He was so close that if a fly settled in the sugar barrel he used to catch the fly, dust its feet off with a broom and let it go."
"So?" said the other. "You needn't get chesty. Your father was a farmer. I can remember when he raised bees. He made those poor bees work hard all day, and, not satisfied with that, he crossed them with lightning bugs and made them work nights."
"That's right," said the first, good-humoredly. "The old man was a thrifty chap. Why, I remember when he crossed strawberry plants and milkweed and got strawberries and cream."
Then they had a drink.

"I carried a green flag," said the sergeant in the Chicago Inter Ocean. "In a good many battles of the civil war. In most cases the regimental or state flag carried with the colors or the Stars and Stripes was solid blue. The Irish regiments, from some of the states at least, carried green flags instead of blue, and it always made my heart swell with pride to see that the green flags in the charging line never lagged behind. Nearly every Irish regiment in the union army made a good record, and I have always been sorry that so many of the anecdotes of every day experi-

ence have not found a permanent place in the war literature.

"For example, there was an Irishman of the Thirty-sixth Indiana who while on the skirmish line at Dallas saw a good chance to capture a rebel. He availed himself of the opportunity, captured his man and was passing to the rear with his prisoner, when one of the boys called out to him, 'Pat, let me have that man. I will take him over to General Grosse, our brigade commander.' 'Niver mind, me boy,' replied Pat. 'I left a million back over the hill there. Go yourself and fetch one of the lads over and take him to General Grosse.'

"A member of the Chicago Irish regiment, which at the time was in the Fifteenth corps, became very much excited because he couldn't force a cartridge into his musket, fouled by continuous firing. He tried and tried again, and at last called out to his colonel explaining why he could not load. It was in the midst of a furious engagement, and the colonel advised him to try again. Pat tried again, failed, and then facing the enemy, came to an order arms and stood like a statue. The colonel asked him what he meant, and Pat replied, 'Shure, I'm jist waitin' for a Johnny to come up till I can knock his brains out with me musket. I am waitin' for him,' and in the midst of the hottest posse a fire he waited until the regiment charged forward."

"I remember a case," said the captain, "in which an Irishman named Casey, a little mite of a man, distinguished himself at Bull Run. After everybody had been withdrawn from our line Casey remained loading and firing, unconscious of the fact that the regiment had retired and that he alone was holding the advanced line. Finally he was surrounded, and a rebel grappled with him, ordering him to surrender. Casey caught his man and shouted back to the regiment reforming the rear, 'Colonel, Oi have a prisoner here, but he won't let me bring him in.' Casey was rescued, but he left his prisoner."

The Englishman recently over from England had been reading an American morning paper with much the same religiousness that he devoted to the London Times when lingering over tea and crumpets at home.

A puzzled look stole over his face, relates the New York Commercial Advertiser, and he went over to an American and said with the air of one who has newly discovered this continent:

"Tell me, old chap, does your president have to take a bawth when he assumes his office? It seems blooming odd."
"Bawth?" said the American. "Take a bath? The president? What are you talking about?"
"Yes, take a bawth!"
"Where did you get that idea? It's a peach."

"Why, dear boy, it's in the newspaper, don-cher-know. Here's what it says: 'In a private house, without pomp and ceremony, and surrounded only by a few friends, Theodore Roosevelt took his simple bath to defend and carry out our constitution.'"

"Let's see it," said the American. Sure enough, in an article contrasting the pomp of the coming coronation of King Edward VII, with President Roosevelt's assumption of office was the assertion as to the bath. Of course, it was a typographical error for cath.

Dr. J. L. M. Curry of Washington has been selected by President Roosevelt to represent the United States at Madrid at the ceremonies attending the "coming of age" of the young King Alfonso XIII, on May 17. Dr. Curry was United States minister to Spain during the first administration of President Cleveland and was present in his official capacity at the palace when the king was born.

People in Tampa, Fla., tell a story at the expense of ex-Governor Northen of Georgia. The genial Georgian has a beautiful home at Clearwater, on the bay, where he enjoys freedom from the political strife of his own state. The governor's place fronts on the bay, where there is a considerable rise and fall of the tide. As the house was ready furnished, the first thing the governor did this year when he came down was to open the building and air it and its contents thoroughly. The bedding came in for especial attention and it struck him that the smooth, white, sandy beach in front of the

house was just the place on which to spread the mattresses for a sun bath. He came from a region where the vagaries of old ocean was not known and the question of tides was something new to him. Acting upon his thought of a sun bath for the bedding, the governor gathered up seven or eight big mattresses and spread them out on the sand for a nice sun bath. Going back into the house and pursuing his labors, he forgot all about the mattresses. When he came out several hours later he was paralyzed to find that the incoming tide had floated off his fine bedding. Reports from Clearwater do not state what the governor said, but possibly his thoughts were too vivid for words.

Mayor Low of New York has been nicknamed "His Smiles" because of his constantly beaming countenance. It seems imperative that the mayor of New York shall have a nickname, complimentary or otherwise. Mr. Van Wyck was called the "Ice Wagon," through his unfortunate connection with a local monopoly. Before his time Mayor Strong used to be known as "Hyson" in allusion to his fondness for tea.

Dr. George Eitel of Clanhassen, Carver county, Minn., who has just taken his degrees at the University of Berlin, already had diplomas from the universities of Minnesota, Oregon, California, Pennsylvania, Washington, Idaho and Montana—probably the record in the medical profession. The Berlin press good naturedly banters him, hoping that before long he will be able to celebrate a silver jubilee commemorating his twenty-fifth passing of examinations. Eitel is 43 years old. He began his medical studies sixteen years ago.

"I tell you," says a Kansas boy who has been serving in the Philippines, "there is no country like America when one has been in an uncivilized country for two years and a half and then plunges right into New York City. I don't believe in yattering and yelling the way the majority of soldiers do, but when I was sailing up New York harbor and passed the Statue of Liberty I threw my hat in the air and yelled until I was hoarse."