

OMAHA ILLUSTRATED BEE

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Pen and Picture Pointers

The end of winter and the approach of spring has been heralded on every side by signs that cannot be mistaken—the spring rains, the budding trees, the flight of the birds all indicating the change of the season. For the frontispiece of The Bee this week we have a picture symbolical of the month itself, entitled "April Showers." It represents two little girls on their way to school, sheltered by a big umbrella. The little misses who posed for the camera are Nellie Elgutter and Blanche Deuel, who attend the sessions of the Central school, and will doubtless enjoy themselves many a day throughout the coming month trundling through rain storms over wet pavements on their way to and from their lessons.

Next week's issue of The Illustrated Bee will be a double Easter number with a handsome colored cover designed specially for the occasion. Like the several former holiday editions this issue will be full of special features particularly timely and sure to please all classes of readers. These special numbers of The Illustrated Bee have come to be looked forward to by our readers as part and parcel with the holidays which they typify and we can promise that the coming Easter number will excel all previous efforts.

The National Association of Letter Carriers, which is one of the strongest organizations in the nature of trades unions in the country, is actively engaged in efforts to better the condition of the letter carriers. The head of the association at present is John N. Parsons, who is a New York man, born in that city in 1856. On account of his father's absence from home during the war, in which he had enlisted, young Parsons had little opportunity to secure an education, being compelled to work to help support the family. He became a machinist and was active in the organization of his trade, being for four consecutive terms its president. He entered the postal service as a carrier in 1889 and became prominent in the councils of that organization, serving on many important committees and for four years as president of the New York Carriers' association. He was a delegate to the national association several times and was made president at its last meeting.

One of the pictures we give today reproduces a snap-shot taken at Osceola, Neb., of the last sad rites at the grave of William Lewis, one of the fallen First Nebraskans, and the only member of the regiment who was killed during the war with Spain and before the Filipino insurrection. The picture shows Chaplain Mailley in the center of the group pronouncing the benediction, the funeral being particularly solemn and impressive. Private Lewis was killed on the 23 day of August, 1898, and was buried temporarily in the Philippines on a little knoll just west of the river that ran by Camp Dewey outside of Manila. By a coincidence Chaplain Mailley officiated at the funeral in Manila on August 3, 1898, as well as at the funeral at Osceola on March 21, 1900.

The two Omaha school children whose essays were read as specially meritorious at the recent meeting at which prizes were awarded in the Home Industry essay contest are introduced to our readers by their portraits.

One of them, Master Ray Coffin, was a pupil of the Saratoga school, of which Miss Robinson is principal. Young Coffin has attended the public schools of this city three and a half years and is at present a member of the Seventh A class under Miss Godso as his teacher. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Coffin of 2504 Taylor street, and he is now 12 years of age.

The other honored essayist is Mamie E. Shrum, who is 14 years of age and an Omaha girl. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Shrum, residing at 2613 Hamilton street, and has always attended the Long school, where she is popular with both teachers and pupils. She is a member of Eighth grade, class B, taught by Miss Kennedy.

Another sign of spring is the reappearance of the athletes who participate in outdoor sports. The Young Men's Christian association of this city has already organized its base ball team, of which a group picture



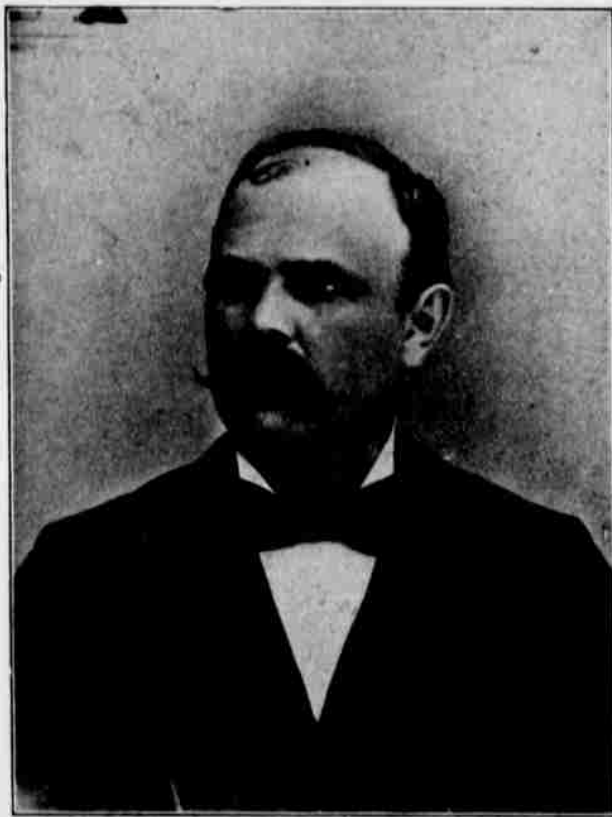
PRIZE ESSAYIST IN OMAHA SCHOOLS—MAMIE E. SHRUM, EIGHTH GRADE—Photo by Rinehart.



PRIZE ESSAYIST IN OMAHA SCHOOLS—RAY COFFIN—Photo by Rinehart.

is reproduced, through which the association expects to add to its long list of triumphs in athletic fields.

The incoming of the new city administration marked the installation last week of Omaha's newly elected city officials, whose portraits are given on another page. One of them, Comptroller Westberg, has been re-elected. The new clerk, Mr. Elbourn, was formerly connected with the street railway company as timekeeper and foreman, while the new city treasurer, Mr. A. H. Hennings, was at the head of the shipping department



JOHN N. PARSONS, PRESIDENT NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF LETTER CARRIERS.

of a large wholesale mercantile establishment. The mayor, who took a new oath of office on entering his second term, has been pictured in The Bee before.

About Noted People

Major General Wheeler said recently of his life in the Philippines: "Hard as it was, I enjoyed it. Indeed, I missed only one thing, but that I missed badly. It was my evening game of chess. There was not a chessboard to be had in the islands."

Among the most abstemious men in New York state are three of its leading politicians—David B. Hill, Richard Croker and Louis F. Payn, Hill taking the palm. None of the three touches wine or liquor. Croker and Payn occasionally smoke a cigar, but the ex-governor does not know the taste of tobacco.

William Dean Howells, the author, was recently asked by the Anti-Death Penalty league of Massachusetts to give his opinion regarding capital punishment, and gave this answer: "I think it is a legal atrocity and one of the most useless pieces of wickedness in the world. It is more cruel than most private murders, because the victim is always kept long in suspense."

Probably the biggest fee earned by a lawyer or promoter, in the history of big transactions, will be paid to James B. Dill, who, since he engineered a settlement between the Carnegie-Frick factions, has been termed the "Peacemaker," says the Washington Post. The combination in the company with \$160,000,000 capital was formed last Wednesday, and Mr. Dill, who is widely

known as an organizer and promoter, was called in to bring the two factions together, if possible. This he did successfully in one morning, where everyone and everything else had failed. The parties to the huge deal dined together, and Mr. Dill had earned, it is reported, a cool \$1,000,000 fee. He has been selected to secure the incorporation of the company and is now in Pittsburgh for that purpose. Mr. Dill is president of the New Jersey Registration and Trust company and a director in a number of banks in New York and in New Jersey. He has never been a candidate for public office, but he is not unknown in New Jersey politics. He began life as a newspaper man.

Some astonishment has been aroused in the Blue Grass state at the discovery that Senator Joe Blackburn, a Kentuckian of Kentuckians, has not for eighteen months past tasted liquor; moreover, he declares that he will never take another drink. He never drank to excess, but the idea of his becoming an absolute teetotaler has staggered many of his acquaintances.

Nearly fifty years ago Longfellow visited the Ojibway tribe of Indians in the land of Hiawatha, on the shores of Lake Superior, and was the guest of the chief, Bukwujinene. On Monday Wabunosa, the grandson of the chief, and Kabaosoa his nephew, visited the home of Longfellow in Cambridge, Mass., and were the guests of the poet's daughters, Mrs. Dana, Mrs. Thorp and Miss Longfellow. Kabaosoa sang two Indian songs for his hostesses, one a love song and the other a war song, which his grandfather had composed after the victory which his tribe, as allies of the British, gained over another tribe allied with the colonists at the battle of Queenstown Heights in the war of 1812.

This is a translation of an invitation which they extended to their hostesses: "Ladies: We loved your father. The memory of our people will never die as long as your father's song lives, and that will live forever.

"Will you and your husbands and Miss Longfellow come and see us and stay in our royal wigwams on an island in Hiawatha's playground. In the land of the Ojibways? The friend who came with us, whose address you have, will make all the arrangements. We want you to see us live over again the life of Hiawatha in his own country.

"KABAOSOA. "WABUNOSA. "Boston (Omaha)negrices), the Month of Crusts on the Snow."

Told Out of Court

"Prisoner," said a Maryland justice, "you have been found guilty of stealing a pig belonging to Colonel Childers. Have you anything to say before I pass sentence?" "I has, sah," answered the prisoner, as he rose up. "It's all a mistake, jedge—all a mistake. I didn't dun reckon to steal no pig from Kurnel Childers. What I was arter was a hawg belongin' to Majah Dawson, an' how dem two animals got mixed up an' de constable found de meat in my cabin am gwine to bodder me till I come out o' jail an' lick de ole woman fur not keepin' better watch at de doah!"

Daniel C. Pomeroy, once a prominent New York criminal lawyer, in his early life was a stage driver on the old Butterfield line, relates the Philadelphia Post, and gleaned his legal education largely upon the box seat of his coach, or while change of horses was being made at the stations. He was associated with others in the defense of one Mrs. McCarthy on her trial at Utica for the murder of a man named Hall of Ogdensburg, who was killed by a bullet from her revolver, which was aimed at another man. Judge Doolittle presided at the trial and seemed to believe in the prisoner's guilt. The judge was bitter—and so was

Pomeroy. The latter made an objection and insisted upon it rather strenuously. "Mr. Pomeroy," said the judge, "I am not a horse and can't be driven." "Well, your honor, I learned in my early experience to drive mules and I will try to keep up my former reputation."

Justice Brewer the other day told a story of an Indiana justice of the peace who owned a farm. One line of his fence formed the boundary of the states of Indiana and Ohio. Like others in rural districts who hold that office he had an abnormal appreciation of the responsibility of the office and never lost an opportunity to exercise his prerogative of demanding that the peace be preserved. One day his son and his hired man got to fighting on a stretch of the farm near the boundary line fence and the justice of the peace rushed out and mounted the fence. Then, with head cocked high and the air of one who has but to command, he shouted: "In the name of the state of Indiana I demand the preservation of the

\$600,000. The grounds included the whole square bounded by Fargo and West avenues and Jersey and Pennsylvania streets; and even these five and one-half acres were not enough, for Mr. Fargo bought the blocks opposite on Fargo and West avenues and kept them from being built up during his lifetime.

The house has a massiveness suggestive of a public building rather than a house. It is remarkable for its lavish use of beautiful and rare woods. It was furnished with the same disregard of expense. It contained many beautiful pictures and much fine statuary, and bronze figures were scattered about the lawn. The seated figure of Charlotte Corday came from the Paris exposition of 1867. It was valued at \$5,000 when the treasures were dispersed by sale after Mr. Fargo's death. The great onyx clock surmounted by a bronze figure from whose hand swung the pendulum was valued at \$3,000. For a hall light at the foot of the stairway there stood a bronze Indian girl. Hanging throughout the house were paintings by Verboeckhoven, De Haas and other famous painters, and among them was the "Barroom Politician," by Mr. Beard. The great crystal chandelier in the drawing room weighed 1,150 pounds and contained 3,684 separate pieces.

Mr. Fargo was a generous host and many distinguished men were entertained in the old house. General Grant was entertained there once, with incidents which are still mentioned in whispers. Mr. Fargo died in 1881. Mrs. Fargo died in July, 1890, and it was her will that the furniture and articles of vertu be sold. Since September, 1890, the house has been unoccupied, except for a caretaker, and only the walls are now left, stripped of all the monuments that once made the mansion so beautiful.

Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: Our troubles are never so black as our fancy paints them.

When it comes to taking a drink any canine is a lap dog.

It takes a wise man to pick out a fool whose money he can spend.

Thought is company only for those who are capable of entertaining it.

About the only difference between matrimony and alimony is a divorce.

Baby talk is the kind of talk mothers use in repeating things the baby doesn't say.

Wisdom is one of the things that don't come to the man who sits down and waits.

The injuries you do others and those others do you are never weighed in the same balance.

The average man imagines good judgment is synonymous with his own personal opinion.

When a man's hair is an ashy gray it may be owing to the fact that he had money to burn and burned it.

At the age of 21 a man thinks he knows



BURIAL OF A FALLEN FIRST NEBRASKAN—AT THE GRAVE OF PRIVATE LEWIS, OSCEOLA, NEB.—Photo by Mrs. E. D. Bucker.

peace!" Just then the fence gave under his weight and as he went down with the fence toppling over to the Ohio side he shouted to his son: "Give him the mischief, Jim; I've lost my jurisdiction!"

Old Fargo Mansion

The old Fargo mansion, in Buffalo, N. Y., famous a quarter of a century ago for its magnificence and its splendid hospitality, will be sold at public auction on March 30, along with other property belonging to the Fargo estate. This does not necessarily mean the end of the house, says the Buffalo Express, but at least it concludes one period of its history.

The house was built by William G. Fargo, former mayor of Buffalo, a pioneer in the development of the express business of the country. It was completed in 1872, after having been building since 1867. It was put up in the days of war prices, and was said, with its wide grounds, to be, all told, the finest mansion on this side of the Atlantic. So it is not surprising that it cost a fortune. On the building alone, without furniture, it is said that Mr. Fargo spent \$500,000, and the house and barn together cost

more than he ever will know at any subsequent period of his existence.

There is a crying need for more of the kind of charity that doesn't have to go a thousand miles from home to begin work.

There are but two periods in a man's life when he doesn't understand a woman. One is before marriage and the other after.

Some Spring Items

Atlanta Constitution: We find these interesting spring items in the columns of the Whitsett Courier:

"The whole town went fishing yesterday—the first holiday our citizens have had since the sheriff's funeral."

"The postoffice has been closed for five days. Fact is, the postmaster has been having such good luck with catfish he can't quit."

"Our venerable and enterprising coroner reports four lively funerals on Tuesday last."

"The town library needs replenishing, and we have just had two prize fights for its benefit."

"Our notes at the bank fall more due than falls on the flowers."