

OMAHA ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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Pen and Picture Pointers

By way of variation we print as a frontispiece a picture of a tropical plant that is growing in the palm house in Hanscom park. It is a fine specimen of the Sago palms that abound in the Philippines. We also print a fine view of the interior of the palm house taken from the south end.

Rev. R. M. Stevenson, D. D., formerly of Sacramento, Cal., was installed as pastor of the Second Presbyterian church of Omaha on May 4. This church has been without a regular pastor for over a year. Rev. Stevenson was born at Danville, Ky. He is a man in middle life, just in his prime, with a wide experience in church work. The greater part of his ministry has been spent in the west. For eight years he was engaged in work for the church in the Rocky mountains, finally locating at Sacramento, where he remained for another eight years and then moved to Madison, Ind., from which place he came to Omaha. The family of Rev. Stevenson are a wife and two daughters. Miss Rowena Stevenson, who attended Hanover college, is with her parents, while Miss Minnie, the youngest daughter, is enjoying college life in the Western college at Oxford, O. Mrs. Stevenson is a talented, educated woman and has been of great assistance to her husband in his work. For five years she was at the head of the Presbyterian Woman's home missionary work for the state of California.

Nixon Waterman is one of the rising literary geniuses who began his career in Omaha as a newspaper man. In 1889 he went in search of a broader field, finally landing in Chicago, where he met a congenial fellowship, which included such men as Eugene Field, Bill Nye, Ben King and others, whose influence undoubtedly had much to do with directing his literary efforts. He soon made a reputation as a writer of very clever verses, a reputation that has grown steadily. Mr. Waterman has been for some time associate editor of the L. A. W. Bulletin and most of his productions have appeared in that publication, from which they have been widely copied. In response to a general demand for a collection of his verse the volume is now at hand. The book possesses uncommon merit and will undoubtedly have a wide circulation. The verses are who'some, melodious and optimistic, and it might be said of them that they are written by an "every day poet" for "just common folks." Mr. Waterman when in Omaha was employed on The Bee.



NIXON WATERMAN—EDITOR OF THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN BULLETIN.

In an accompanying illustration are shown the benevolent countenances of Sheik Ak-Sar-Ben and his immediate retainers. It is not possible, of course, for the camera to catch or for the engraver to reproduce the fine frenzy of their lurid eyes when the presence of a pilgrim is announced or the beautiful malevolence that illumines their mobile faces as they pilot the neophyte in quest of knowledge of their mysteries across the desert and into all the pitfalls with which the path to learning is so thickly strewn. It will serve, however, to convey a general idea of the appearance of Ak-Sar-Ben and his minions and to demonstrate that, so far as personal characteristics go, they are about the smoothest aggregation that it would be possible to assemble this side the Missouri river. And, further, that there is nothing about them that need deter those who want to know something from making an attempt to learn. The sheik and his retinue have designated the Coliseum as their Mecca and they will be at home there every Monday night until September begins to wane. They will be glad to extend the welcoming hand to all members of the tribe who can make the journey thither and to initiate as many would-be wise men as can raise the price of admission. This has been fixed at the moderate sum of \$10 and the royal edict has gone forth that for every golden eagle dropped into the royal treasury there is to be rendered \$20 worth of royal fun. The sheik and sheiklets firmly believe that they are offering the biggest bargains that have ever been seen in the city and there are several individuals now in the city who will agree with them, if they have recovered from last Monday night's session sufficiently to do so. Incidentally, and by way of observing the old saw, that "All pay

and no work makes Jack a mere toy," the gentlemen whose pictures appear above are devoting a large part of their time to perfecting arrangements for the Ak-Sar-Ben festival this fall, which they purpose to make the most gorgeous spectacle that has ever been seen in Omaha.

As a greeting to Dr. Karl A. Connell, who returns to Omaha today for a home visit of two or three weeks, The Bee presents to his many Omaha friends his latest photograph. His success in New York in obtaining, in addition to his diploma from Columbia university, the choice of positions on the surgical staff of the New York hospital, brings Omaha new honor. This position was secured by Dr. Connell as the result of a competitive examination, in which were engaged the representatives of Harvard, Yale and Johns Hopkins, as well as Columbia. At the close of the contest Karl was in the lead of the entire procession, sixty in number, which entitled him to first choice of the three surgical positions in the New York hospital, which, with the Presbyterian hospital, ranks as one of the largest and most desirable hospitals in New York City. He enters upon the duties of his appointment about the 1st of July. He is a son of City Attorney Connell and a graduate of the Omaha High school. He is remembered by his associates as one of the brightest members of his class. He was captain of the company of cadets which the year he graduated, won the flag in competitive drill. When he went to New York, after two years' study and work in Creighton college, he made application to enter the third year of the College of Physicians and Surgeons and was the only student from an outside college who ever succeeded in passing the required examination for a third-year admission. He has now scored a second victory upon his final examinations.

This week we reproduce several snap-shot pictures of the athletic events during the Nebraska university field contest at Lincoln. We also print the photograph of Fekiah III, the university mascot.

The pugilistic instincts of Fekiah III, whose picture appears elsewhere, do not deter him from being a dog of a lovable disposition—just the sort of an animal that is most desirable and effective as a mascot. Combativeness, intelligence and kindness

participated in conflicts with both dogs and men. He attends class with his brother Phis, accompanies them on their walks and watches over them at night. Fekiah and his chum, St. Clair, the crack shortstop of the 'varsity' team, are inseparable companions, and wherever one goes the other is sure to follow.

But the atmosphere surrounding this dog is permeated with a feeling of sadness. There is a lurking fear that his relations with Phi Delta Theta are only temporary, for he is a borrowed dog. Fekiah is a pedigreed animal, the son of aristocratic parents now residing in Boston. Miss Fayette Cole of Omaha has the first claim to his allegiance and affections and it is due to her generosity that he is now the prize mascot of the university and Phi Delta Theta.

Lady Hollister hive No. 35, Ladies of the Maccabees, of Perry, Ia., was instituted April 2, 1900, by Mrs. Louise M. Bouk, deputy supreme commander, from Omaha, with a membership of twenty-eight life benefit and four social members. At a subsequent period a hive was organized at Valley Junction, Ia., the Guards represented in the photograph in this issue of The Bee attending from Perry, Ia., and at a public re-



REV. R. M. STEVENSON, D.D.—RECENTLY INSTALLED PASTOR SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, OMAHA.—Photo by Heyn.

stallation of officers gave the "Maccabee drill" in a very creditable manner, gaining considerable prominence from their military movements and faultless drill. Their uniforms were very striking in appearance, being made up of black, red and white, the emblematic colors of the order.

Told Out of Court

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a Cleveland attorney for the defense, "we will now introduce our star witness. After hearing her testimony you will never have the heart to convict my unfortunate client of burning his barn. Speak up, madam."

"For forty-three years," said the witness, "I've lived with the defendant, and commencing with the day after we was married I've built the fires regular every mornin'. Start a fire! Why, that man couldn't start a fire in a powder magazine!"

Whereupon the jury acquitted him without leaving their seats.

Jack Vance, a cowboy from the ranch of the Butte Creek Cattle company, was on trial at Alliance, Neb., reports the Denver Times, on a charge of shooting at a brakeman on the Burlington railroad with intent to kill him. He had received his pay a few days before, and was engaged at the time of the shooting in the picturesque pastime of painting the county red.

Vance vehemently denied any intent to perforate the brakeman. He told the court that while it was true that he did take out his revolver and shoot at the brakeman had pushed him off the train he was merely giving a prearranged signal. He and a friend had been down the road a few miles and wanted to ride back to the nearest station to the ranch. Realizing that if they were found by any of the train crew they would be put off they had arranged that if one was put off the train he should notify his partner by firing his revolver once.

The trainman, with visions of what he



NEW JUNGMANN SCHOOL, SOUTH OMAHA.

firmly believed was a narrow escape from death, shook his head and the judge looked unbelieving. Vance's cowboy friend corroborated the story, but, seeing that his tale failed to receive credence, the defendant asked the court to please step outside. The judge asked what for.

"I'll prove my innocence, your honor," Vance said.

The court was curious and went outside. So did the sheriff, lawyers and spectators. Vance pulled out his revolver and, holding a postage stamp between the fingers of his left hand, clipped off each corner in succession. Next he asked a spectator to suspend a hickory nut from a thread. Walking off thirty feet he wheeled and at the first shot cut the thread. Taking six tacks he placed them loosely in a piece of wood. This he placed against a post twenty-five yards away. Borrowing a watch from a bystander, he opened the case for a mirror, shot with his back to the mark and drove each tack into the wood without a miss.

The brakeman had been looking on in open-mouthed wonder. As Vance concluded the brakeman stepped up to the judge, and, tapping him on the arm, said:

"Yes—yer honor, I guess I was mistaken. That man wasn't shooting at me."

There are certain bounds which neither lawyers nor litigants can safely overstep in any of the well-regulated and self-respecting courts of record in Cook county, reports the Chicago Inter Ocean, and it is with peculiar pleasure that we find the venerable Judge Tuley administering a rebuke to and imposing a fine upon the attorney who the other day addressed a gentleman on the other side as a "lobster."

It is just possible that neither the lawyer who was so lost to professional etiquette as to use the epithet, the gentleman to whom it was addressed, nor the court who overheard it would be able to explain, if called upon to do so under oath, wherein it was offensive or insulting, but by common consent there will in all likelihood be no appeal from Judge Tuley's decision. The term does not sound well when applied to anybody anywhere; it must have sounded particularly disagreeable in a court of justice. There is no reason why the person who used it should not be rebuked and punished, even if none of us can tell the reason why.

It was not for Judge Tuley to go into fine distinctions. The courts are influenced altogether by precedents. They are careful that new ones shall not be established, except as a last resort, there being too many on the books at present. If the lawyer who called the gentleman on the other side a lobster had not been reprimanded and fined the atmosphere of our courts of justice in a short time would be polluted with other terms of a similar character, and once the precedent had been thoroughly established the gentlemen of the bar would not be content until they had run through the entire fish market vocabulary and were calling one another and the clients of one another "mackerels," "herrings," "oysters"

A Bachelor's Reflections

New York Press: Babies would seem a lot more human if they weren't so cute.

It's a funny thing that whenever there is any scandal going on it is always the married women who know all about it first. St. Paul believed the women ought to be made to keep quiet. If Paul had been a married man the bible would have been smaller.

The average man generally has from nine to fourteen letters in his pockets that he



DR. KARL A. CONNELL—OMAHA BOY WHO RECENTLY WON FIRST PLACE IN COMPETITION WITH SIXTY MEDICAL STUDENTS AT NEW YORK.

hates to burn up and doesn't care to leave around.

If a woman is pretty enough she can have nine out of ten men she meets, and if she isn't pretty enough she always wants the tenth.

Probably a woman is most ideally beautiful at the moment when she is hiding up her skirt to keep it out of the mud with one hand and waving a parasol at a cable car with the other.

Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: The optimist enjoys life whether he does or not.

A true genius imagines that people misunderstand him.

A hungry man usually disregards all rules of table etiquette.

The joys of yesterday are dead and those of tomorrow are not yet born.

Life's sincerest pleasure is found in doing your duty and doing it good.

Pride makes some people ridiculous and prevents others from becoming so.

Every man is either a hero or a coward, but the majority are never unveiled.

The trouble with many people is that they are wise today and otherwise tomorrow.

The average policeman may not be a society favorite, but he usually has taking ways.

If the average man could read the story of his life he wouldn't believe it.

A fool spends his money in dissipation and a wise man spends his for recreation.

A husband waiting for his wife at a bargain sale is about the cheapest thing in sight.

With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes silk, which in turn becomes a woman.

A married man says this would be an ideal world to live in if half the people were born dumb.

Some men can't find words for their thoughts and some women can't find thoughts for their words.

With the opening of the presidential campaign this country will probably experience another natural gas boom.

Although the stinging apparatus of a bee is less than a quarter of an inch in length, it leaves a red-hot impression about a quarter of a mile long.



GROUP OF CANDY MAKERS AT OMAHA.