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Pen and Picture Pointers

Robert J. Thompson, who originated the idea of the Lafayette monument in Paris, as a gift from the children of the United States to France, has recently returned to the United States from France and is now living in Washington, although his home has been in Laporte City, Ia., of which town he is a native. He has been decorated with the order of the Legion of Honor on account of his work for the Lafayette monument. He went to Paris as a special commissioner from the United States to France for the special purpose of presenting to the president of France the first Lafayette coin struck at the mint in Philadelphia. Since his return to the United States he has received notice of his decoration in a letter from M. Jules Cambon, ambassador of France to the United States, as follows:
"The French government has conferred upon you the decoration of the National Order of the Legion of Honor, and has charged me to announce to you the distinction of which you are the object. The government wishes in this manner to give evidence of deep sympathy toward you and to thank you for your efforts to render yet more intimate the ancient friendship which united the two nations, and notably for what was done on the occasion of the Lafayette monument and the memorial dollar struck in commemoration thereof. I am happy to be the intermediary of my government in this circumstance, and at the same time extend to you my personal felicitations. Receive, I beg you, the assurance of my high consideration."

The design of the South Omaha High school building is classical and of the Ionic order and is a model of completeness and elegance. Twenty rooms of convenient size have been planned by the architect, also a large assembly room and gymnasium. The gymnasium is in the basement, with a street entrance on Twenty-third street. The library and assembly rooms are on the first floor, where they are easy of access. The lighting and heating will be the most modern, as well as the ventilating. From the design shown the structure will have an imposing appearance. It will be constructed of buff-colored brick, with stone trimmings and red tile roof. There will be an east and south frontage and it is expected that work on the building will commence about the middle of April. The building will cost in the neighborhood of \$110,000.

Mrs. Stephen B. Pound, now serving her third term as state regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution, has resided in Lincoln for thirty-two years. She is a native of New York state, where she was born in 1848. Mrs. Pound received a classical education in Lombard university in Galesburg, Ill. She came to Nebraska in 1869. Her great-grandfather was a private in the revolutionary army and was confined for several months in a prison ship at Halifax, Nova Scotia. The ancestors of Mrs. Pound were among the early Boston colonists.

The University of Nebraska has arranged for a series of meetings for ten days during the early part of March to discuss moral and religious questions. Charles C. Michener, the field secretary of the Young Men's Christian association for the west, will be in charge of these meetings. He has been wonderfully successful in college work. The most notable meetings held by Mr. Michener were those conducted at the Leland Stanford and the University of California last year. Mr. Michener's home is at Evanston, Ill. He is an Iowa by birth. His parents were Quakers and he received his early training and instruction in that faith. He is a graduate of the Penn college at Oskaloosa, Ia. While in college he was converted and began his Christian life, at once actively taking up the work of the Young Men's Christian association. When he left college he became secretary of the association at Oskaloosa, from which he was called to the position of assistant state secretary for Iowa and had special supervision of the college work. In two or three years he was made college secretary by the international committee, his territory extending from Ohio to the Pacific coast. He was eminently successful in this work and had a share in establishing and developing the students' conference held each year at Lake Geneva, Wis. He was founder of the students' conference on the Pacific coast.

Mr. Michener has been selected by the international committee to arrange the program for the international Young Men's Christian association convention, which will meet in June at Boston.

Breezy and Brief

Senator Gallinger has a very bald head and a face that is the embodiment of good nature, relates the Washington Post. He was walking bareheaded through the senate corridor yesterday when he was observed by two strangers.
"Gee!" said one of them to the other, "that man must have seen a good time in his life."
But Senator Gallinger passed on, all unconscious of the tribute to his very bald head.

A story of Cecil Rhodes and General Dewet is told by the Kimberley correspondent of the Glasgow Herald: "How you must



ROBERT J. THOMPSON, LAPORTE CITY, Ia.—ORIGINATOR OF IDEA OF LAFAYETTE MONUMENT TO BE BUILT BY CHILDREN OF THE UNITED STATES.

hate Rhodes!" a burgher on parole remarked to Christian Dewet not long ago. "Not at all," the intrepid raider is credibly reported to have cried. "He tried to patch up matters as long as he could, but when things got to a head he sided with his own country, and I should have despised him if he had done otherwise. I, too, have sided with my country and when it is all over I shall not mind shaking him by the hand." This anecdote was carried to Mr. Rhodes, who replied promptly: "I think Dewet must be a very fine fellow."

Doing business on a certain upper Broadway corner are two crippled newsboys, relates the New York Post. One lacks a leg only from the knee down, but the other has had use for double crutches. They both came to the stand at about the same time and, in the natural order of things, one would expect them to be bitter rivals. Yet, to judge by the answer made by one of them a few evenings ago, it would seem not. The lad with the double crutches was heard to ask the other: "Why is it yer don't seem to be doin' yer limit to shout up de trade now, Silppy?" "Silppy" replied, wriggling shyly: "Ah, cheese it, chummy, I on'y got to holler for one leg."

"A friend came to me once completely heartbroken," says James Whitcomb Riley in Success, "saying that his manuscripts were constantly returned, and that he was the most miserable wretch alive. I asked him how long he had been trying. 'Three years,' he said. 'My dear man,' I answered, laughing, 'go on; keep on trying till you have spent as many years at it as I did.' 'As many as you did!' he exclaimed. 'Yes, as long as I did.' 'What you—James Whitcomb Riley—struggled for years?' 'Yes, sir, through years, through sleepless nights, through almost hopeless days. For twenty years I tried to get into one magazine; back came my manuscripts eternally. I kept on. In the twentieth year that magazine accepted one of my articles.'

"I was not a believer in the theory that one man does a thing much easier than any other man. Continuous, unflinching effort, persistence and determination will win. Let not the man be discouraged who has these."

On his last trip to Florida Senator Vest was fishing with his friend, Amos J. Cummings, of the lower house of congress, reports the Washington Post. They were after channel bass for chowder. Cummings got a stinger and was making so much fuss about it as a respectable man should. Vest sung out from the bow of the naphtha launch and asked him what the matter was. After Cummings told him Vest said: "Haul him in. I want his tail."
Cummings did as requested, cutting off the tail with his jack-knife. The stinger was thrown on the bank, where it lay flopping in its death agony. As the naphtha came back on its homeward trip the stinger lay flopping on the bank and a buzzard had perched above it. The bird was scrooching up its shoulders in the ungainly way which buzzards have and

was waiting for its supper to quit kicking. Suddenly Vest began laughing with high glee. He was slapping his knees with delight, and when Cummings demanded to know what was so funny it was a few moments before he could answer. Finally he cackled out in dry, high pitched tones:
"I know a buzzard down in Missouri waiting for me to die just like this buzzard is waiting for this stinger."

This was a delicate reference to William Joel Stone, a candidate to succeed Vest. Mr. Vest announced last winter that he would not be a candidate and Stone became one.

Told Out of Court

A diligent student of law books recently came upon a curious thing in a volume of United States supreme court decisions. The case was not one of very grave importance. Mr. Chief Justice Fuller had written the opinion of the court. He concluded about as follows: "In this case the court has adopted the line of argument laid down in an opinion rendered by Justice Harlan." Then followed the number of the precedent case, the volume of the report and the page, so that anyone who desired might read in detail what Justice Harlan had said on the former occasion. But appended to this later opinion rendered by the chief justice was the following: "Mr. Justice Harlan dissents." The stalwart Kentuckian was recorded in all of the formality of the official report as having squarely reversed himself. What did Justice Harlan say when his attention was called to the report? "My! My! That oughtn't to have gone in that way. It will bring the court into contempt." And the justice's eyes twinkled.

In the administration of President Harrison, Senator Clark of Wyoming, then a practicing lawyer in the territory, as it was in those days, was appointed a judge of the territorial court. He was not certain about accepting the position, and he went over to have a talk with Judge Corn, the democratic incumbent.

"Hello, Clark," said the judge. "Have you come over to be sworn in?"
"No," said Clark. "I have not yet made up my mind to take the place."
"Oh, take it by all manner of means," said Judge Corn. "It is a pleasant job and I think you will like it."
"But," said Clark, "I have a good many private matters to attend to and I cannot accept for some time yet anyway. If I conclude to take the place I will let you know."
"All right," said Judge Corn. "Come over and I will swear you in, but," he added, with a laugh, "while I can swear you in, all creation cannot qualify you."

She was on the witness stand in her own behalf, being also defendant in the action, relates the Detroit Free Press. She was a sturdy widow, hard working, shrewd in a deal and garrulous. A landlord was suing for back rent on a little farm she had abandoned.

"You say that the land was hard and sour and sterile," suggested the attorney for the plaintiff.
"That's what I said, only I wasn't so persnickify about it, and I'll say more—"
"Just a moment, please. We want evidence, not opinions. Did you raise anything on this land of ours?"
"Land of ours!" with a sniff. "You never



CHARLES C. MICHENER—FIELD SECRETARY OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE.

owned a thimbleful of it. Yes, I did raise things on it. It took two hills to raise a bean and a whole row of corn to raise a nubbun. I raised a cabin; I raised a pigpen, and I tried to raise a goat, but it starved to death, poor thing. That ground wouldn't raise dog fennel or even Canada thistles."

"Don't exaggerate, please. You say the soil was sour?"
"I couldn't exaggerate about that ground if I was a lawyer. In the morning when the dew was steamin' off in the sunshine you'd think you was livin' next door to a pickle factory. I kept my sugar in an airtight jar."
"Pshaw! That's ridiculous. I suppose the ground was so hard you couldn't blast it."
"Nuthin' of the kind. I'm here to tell the truth. But I'll tell you how hard that ground was. I had to chop my set onions out with a hatchet, and a big gander I bought broke his neck tryin' to pull a tuft of spear grass."
The landlord did not recover.

New President of The "Q" Railroad,

George Harris had been in the land department of the "Q" road at Burlington before he came to Nebraska in 1873. His first work here was as secretary of the South Platte Land company, which later became the Lincoln Land company, and he assisted much in the development of the new country along the Burlington lines. The salary of the position was not munificent and he made a short experiment in politics along about 1877 to see if he could not better his condition. He was a candidate for county clerk of Lancaster county and was defeated for the nomination. The clerkship which he did not get was worth \$1,000 or \$1,200. So far as is known, this was his last political experiment.

the brothers and sisters still consult him as they would a father.

George Harris is described by his friends as distinctly "a man's man." He is quiet and reserved, and is cheerful under circumstances where others would be worried. He enjoys the telling of a good story and is a good imitator of dialects. Every year he goes to the Isles of Shoals, off the coast of New England, where he fishes for days at a time, always selecting the same rocks and always selecting as companions some of the quaint old fishermen, and from these he learns many good stories. He often visits his boyhood home at Hannibal, Mo., another place where good old stories grow, and he is never tired of talking over old times with the inhabitants of the old Missouri town. He has been known to drop business or forego a pleasure trip in Chicago to spend an hour or two with some man from Hannibal.

A prominent Nebraskan who has had a long acquaintance with him says of George Harris: "He is the whitest man I ever knew. His strict sense of honor and his discretion are responsible for his rise in the business world. He is a man whom I would trust with the administration of my property for my wife and children and never ask for a bond." It is thus he is regarded by all his relatives and by all his associates. In Chicago he has the same old cronies with whom he visits every Sunday when he is in the city. At a regular hour every Sunday he writes a letter to his mother, takes it



MRS. STEPHEN B. POUND, LINCOLN—NEBRASKA REGENT OF DAUGHTERS OF AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Harris filled a variety of positions with the Burlington. He was assistant general freight agent at Omaha for a time and was purchasing agent for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy. Then he became vice president and finally general manager of the Burlington & Northern. It was said that he was the only man connected with the Burlington system who was capable of filling any position in any department and that it was the purpose of the company to try him in all of them. At one time he got tired of the railroad work, resigned and engaged in the iron business in Chicago, but soon came back to the road.

Along about 1883 Harris was with the Santa Fe system, and became their agent in Mexico, where he looked after large land grants and other interests belonging to the company. Just prior to this date some of his Lincoln friends, including Judge O. P. Mason, Lou Cropsey, Trickey, Phillips and others had been caught in a sort of gold brick deal. They had bought an interest in a scheme to manufacture gold out of sand, and had put up \$600 to pay the expenses of Cropsey to California to investigate the new wealth-making machine. Cropsey had while on the coast bought the right to operate the machine in Mexico, and the privilege was divided up among the ten partners. Judge Mason thus owned one-tenth of Mexico on paper, and secured from his life insurance company a permit to travel through the country down there and look after his interests. In 1883 the swindle had exploded, and the ten Lincoln men were out all their money, but they still owned the right to manufacture gold in Mexico, and Mason still had the permit to travel. This led to much facetious correspondence with George Harris, and copies of the letters are still in existence in Lincoln. He was asked to notify the Mexican people that Judge Mason would soon be down there to travel over the country on his permit and to lay claim to his one-tenth interest to the republic. In the meantime Charley Harris, a brother of George, who had been in Mason's law office, went to San Diego, Cal., for the Santa Fe company, and while there pasted one of the Mexican gold shares on the monument which stands near the boundary line of Mexico.

Speaks Spanish Fluently.

While with the Santa Fe George Harris' official position was that of assistant to the general manager, and most of his work was among the Mexicans, so that he learned to speak the Spanish language fluently. By the time he became tired of the southern country he was offered an attractive position with the Burlington and came back to that road.

The parents of George Harris bought a home in Lincoln in 1872, at 1616 K street, where his mother, Mrs. Sarah P. Harris, still lives. Mr. Harris owned the property at the northeast corner of Sixteenth and L streets during his residence in the capital city. On the death of his father, twenty or more years ago, he practically took the place as head of the Harris family, a place which he retains today. The mother and

down the street to the letterbox and then goes to meet Tripp and two or three other quiet friends, where the afternoon is spent in rehearsing new and quaint stories. It is in this way the new president of the Burlington seeks relief from his business cares.

Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: Tears are the diamond chips of sorrow.
A pessimist is never happy unless he is unhappy.
The fewer steps a man takes the longer his shoes last.
Things are usually what they seem to be to the dressmaker.
Good talkers are plentiful, but good listeners are hard to find.
Some young men dress so loud they can't hear themselves think.
A bad horse is like a poor play; it can't run and it won't draw.
An extravagant man is always preaching economy to his wife.
You can't always judge a man by the cigars he gives to his friends.
Some vocalists on the stage are guilty of murder on the high C's.
A small boy is never so full of emotion that he has no room for dinner.
Honesty is undoubtedly the best policy, but it keeps many a man poor.
When a girl tells a young man to take heart is sounds suspiciously like a hint.
After a brawl is over the weary father may have a chance to get a little sleep.
A dog's bark is often worse than his bite—but his bark is preferable just the same.
A woman who has no mind of her own to speak of is the first to give others a piece of it.
The man who tries to live beyond his means usually winds up by having to live without his friends.
It is only after the school girl adds the letter "e" to the word "love" that the spell begins to work.
There is no law to prevent a woman from planting herself in front of a milliner's show window and wishing she had a bank account of her own.

The Resemblance

Indianapolis Sun: They watched little Eva pass away for the millionth time and then resumed their cooing, much to the disgust of the bald-headed man, who sat behind.
"What beautiful hair the child has!" the girl rattled on.
"Yes," answered the pale young man, "and do you know, dear, your hair reminds me so much of little Eva's."
"Really! You think it does? Why so?" gurgled the girl.
At this juncture the bald-headed man leaned forward.
"Because little Evass dye so many times," he hoarsely whispered.