

## THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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## Pen and Picture Pointers

**D**R. WILLIAM STEVENS PERRY, bishop of Iowa of the Episcopal church, came of distinguished ancestors and he had as a helpmeet one not less distinguished. When Elliot, the famous missionary to the Indians, came over to New England in 1636 he had as a fellow passenger on the ship one John Perry, whom he referred to as cousin, and from him was Bishop Perry descended. His mother was descended from William Stevens of Falmouth, a privateer on the Boston during the revolution, and his son of the same name fought in the second war against Great Britain. William Stevens Perry was born in Providence, R. I., January 22, 1832, and after attending the Providence High school he entered Brown university and was graduated from Harvard in 1854. He spent some time in the Virginia Theological seminary and then returned to his family at Watertown, Mass., where he busied himself founding the parish of Newton in an adjoining town. He was advanced to the priesthood of the church in Boston, April 7, 1858. From this time on he led a busy life, first as an assistant rector in Boston, then in Nashua, N. H., in Portland, Me., Litchfield, Conn., and Geneva, N. Y. Early in 1876, after having declined the foreign secretaryship of the Board of Missions, he was tendered the presidency of Kenyon college, which he refused, but later he accepted the presidency of Hobart college, Geneva, N. Y. He remained here and also continued as rector of Trinity church, Geneva, until he was consecrated to the episcopate.

He was unanimously elected bishop of Iowa in May, 1876, and received the unanimous confirmation of the standing committees and bishops of the church. During his twenty-two years as bishop of Iowa he saw the numbers of his clergy, churches and congregations increase nearly or quite threefold. He consecrated over fifty churches and held over 100 ordinations. He

founded two large church schools and established a church hospital and he accumulated property for his church worth more than \$500,000.

Bishop Perry was a learned man, a deep scholar and a true patriot. Recognition of his great learning came early. He received numerous degrees from various colleges in the United States and in Europe. He was early selected to represent his church in the councils, for he was sent as a deputy from the diocese of New Hampshire to the general convention of the church at Richmond in 1859, and as a deputy, an officer or a bishop he attended every subsequent general convention. The convention of 1869 selected him to be the associate of the celebrated Dr. Francis Hawks in the preparation of an annotated edition of the early records of the general convention, and the work was finally issued in 1874 by Bishop Perry alone. In 1868, on the death of Dr. Hawks, he was made historiographer of the American church.

But he did not confine his writings to this general history. A list of his various publications as contained in the bibliography of the American Historical association occupies a dozen pages, including a score of volumes in quarto, octavo and duodecimo, comprising fully 125 separate titles. His writings are chiefly historical, although he published sermons delivered in churches and cathedrals abroad, and sketches of travel and general literature. He received the thanks of the authorities of Virginia for his "Papers Relating to the History of the Church in Virginia." He was a member of a large number of historical and other societies.

Bishop Perry was a patriotic American. He was by virtue of the revolutionary services of his great-grandfather a member of the Society of Cincinnati and he was for several years a chaplain general of the order. As such he preached the sermon before the society in St. Paul's church, New York City, on the occasion of the centennial observance of the inauguration of Washington as president. He was also president of the Iowa State Society of the Sons of the Revolution, a member of the Society of the War of 1812 and of the Naval Order of the United States, and while he cherished a great admiration for all things American and dearly loved the free institutions under which he lived, he was not insensible of the fact that there is much to be admired in English public affairs. He always looked back to England as the mother country and to her institutions with respect. On one occasion he delivered a notable address in St. Paul's church, London, on the Fourth of July, in which he boldly voiced the sentiments of

patriotism of an American before the representatives of the haughtiest aristocracy of England. An unusual honor was conferred on him at one time by being unanimously elected to be "lord bishop of Nova Scotia," the oldest British colonial see. He declined the honor.

While Bishop Perry was a great student and a great worker in literary lines, he was painstaking in his church work and devoted much of his time to the upbuilding of the church in Iowa. The demands upon him were great, but he was a hard worker. As the diocese grew in wealth and population his labors increased and in the later years of his life he was compelled by failing health to give up much of the work and leave it to others.

Bishop Perry was happy in the choice of a wife. Mrs. Perry was a daughter of Thomas Mather Smith, president of Kenyon college, and she was descended from John Cotton Smith and through him from John Cotton, the Puritan vicar of St. Botolph's church, Boston, and Increase Mather, the president of Harvard. She died only a few months before the demise of Bishop Perry, at Dubuque, May 13, 1898.

One of the lessons taught in the Omaha public schools is that it is more blessed to give than receive: "The poor ye have always with you" is soon learned by the children, as all classes are brought into close contact in the daily routine of the public school work. The democracy of childhood cannot understand the unequal distribution of wealth in the world's economy, and it requires little urging on part of teachers to induce the boys and girls to bring each their mite to be added to the general store for distribution on the day before Thanksgiving. One of the oldest principals in the city schools, in speaking of this phase of the school life, says: "It is most encouraging to see the cheerful but unselfish rivalry which marks these annual collections. The rooms vie with each other in a good-natured way, but to prove that the practical lesson sought to be inculcated is in no degree wasted, we find that the most generous sentiments actuate the rivalry, and that there is no boasting of one room or class that it has done more than another. And the bright faces, beaming with the thought that each is adding in some way to the comfort of less fortunate mortals are a recompense to the teacher for many days of weary effort to control the animal natures of the little folks." This week The Bee gives three pictures made from photographs of the city on the day before Thanksgiving. The schools are not designated because the principals modestly but insistently declined

to allow their names to be mentioned. It is enough that the scenes are but typical of what could have been seen at any school in Omaha on that day.

Hon. John A. Horbach, who was quietly interred in one of the Omaha cemeteries last Sunday, was one of the pioneers of the west. He had aided materially in the building up of Omaha, having been closely connected with the business interests of the city from the very first until his failing health a few years ago forced his retirement from active life. The last few months he had spent on his ranch in Wyoming, where he sought in quiet for restoration to health. His life work was confined to commercial pursuits, although he was actively connected with the live stock industry, and in the early days with the overland transportation enterprises. He had the distinction of laying out the first addition to the original plat of the town site of Omaha.



THE LATE JOHN A. HORBACH OF OMAHA.

What is known as Horbach's First addition is now compactly built up and one of the most valuable sections of the city. This fact alone assures the handing down of his name to the future by historians of Omaha.

Thayer county is another of the Nebraska political organizations which finds it necessary to keep abreast with progress and prosperity and therefore has to build a new court house. In a measure this move was forced on the county by a calamity, fire having destroyed the former county building, but the people of the county were able to meet the emergency with good grace. They had no trouble in securing the money to construct another handsome building for the county's headquarters and last month the cornerstone was laid with appropriate ceremonies.

Royalty as a rule attracts much attention

even in a republic, but several days ago a genuine queen, last of a long line of rulers, passed through Omaha and stayed here several hours, and people hardly seemed to know it. Queen Liliuokalani, the deposed monarch of the Hawaiian Islands, is a very gracious old lady who has made up her mind to accept the inevitable and end her days in what peace she may without stirring up political strife. She is now traveling through the United States for pleasure solely, accompanied by her maid and two young men, one her secretary and the other a student whom she intends to place in an eastern educational institution. At the Omaha depot she was met by Colonel J. J. Dickey and W. W. Umsted, who enjoy the personal friendship of her majesty. After a drive about the city the party took dinner at the Omaha club. The photograph from which The Bee's picture was made was taken at the Union depot.

## Quaint Bits of Real Life Veraciously Set Forth

**J**OHAN E. DARIS, a policeman at Winsted, Conn., saw snow falling the other morning and put on a pair of heavy trousers. He had a hurry summons downstairs and jumped into the trousers and left the house on a run. He had not gone far, however, before something began to sting, and he stopped in a clothing store to investigate. A number of hornets had built a nest in one leg of his winter trousers and resented his intrusion.

"Some years ago," says the Kansas City Journal, "a Kansas farmer concluded to put out a crop of broomcorn. He wrote to the secretary of the Kansas Board of Agriculture asking what kind of broomcorn seed he ought to sow to reap the best results. 'I haven't given the broomcorn question much thought,' replied the secretary, 'but I would advise you to plant the striped handle brand, as that seems to be the best seller.'"

Angry over an insult passed at a ball Jennie Frylinck and Cora Leens, two young girls of Passaic, N. J., withdrew to a secluded corner in the shadow of a church at 3 o'clock in the morning, and, doffing hats and cloaks, went at one another with bare fists. The girls hammered one another, amid the cries of their friends, and blood was flowing, when the clergyman,

who lives nearby, aroused by the screams, rushed out and separated the principals and dismissed the crowd with threats of arrest.

This bit of oldtime southern rhetoric about the orange is found in the Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union: "The oranges are moving, and the good times must come again. Let others take their gold from the gloomy depths of the earth; Florida gathers hers under God's own heaven, and finds it colored by the royal sun himself, flavored by the dew and blessed by the stars. Watch the stands at the fair, and see if oranges were ever fairer or sweeter: lift your faces as the freight cars pass and then wonder whether ambrosia ever gave such promise of the gladness of heavens as these long trains leave on the perfume laden air."

A precocious youth of 14 attracted much attention in the office of one of the Jefferson City (Mo.) hotels the other day. He entered with a brisk, business-like step, the Tribune says, and, walking up to the first guest he met, addressed him thus: "My name is

I have here a fine perfume which I will sell for 10 cents a bottle or three bottles for a quarter, and with every quarter's worth I tell one of my famous funny political stories." He generally sold the perfume. After selling nearly every bottle

of his "everlasting arome," as he called it, he put up a bottle and raffled it off, and he made 55 cents by the deal. After transacting his business he went into the billiard room and played several games of pool. He proved to be a "little wizard of the cue."

"From a mining camp with a reputation for bloodshed that extended to the oceans," says the Leadville (Colo.) Democrat, "Leadville has developed into one of the most upright cities of the country, as free from violence and crime of any kind as a New England village. This result has been brought about through the influence of the good women of the community. They worked for the election of officials who could be trusted to enforce the laws and make the city and country a most undesirable place for lawbreakers and vagrants and their moral influence throughout the years has been most beneficial in this respect. They have evolved a city of homes and good government from a mining camp with a record."

"When I go to the theater," says a churchman quoted in the Philadelphia Record, "I sit in a finely upholstered seat. Underneath is a rack for my hat, and on the back of the seat ahead is a place to hang my overcoat. In the church where I

attend every Sunday is an uncomfortable, straight backed pew, into which the ushers always insist upon crowding visitors after my wife and I are seated, until sometimes six persons are seated in a space scarcely large enough for four to sit comfortably. Hats and wraps must look out for themselves. Of course, when I go to the theater I pay for my seat, but, in spite of the fact that salvation is free, I also pay pew rent in church. I might also enter a protest against women wearing their hats in church, but I won't. Sometimes it's a relief to retire behind one."

Georgia has a stringent law forbidding its citizens to carry pistols on pain of forfeiting the weapons and paying a fine of \$50 or being imprisoned for thirty days. Shortly after the passage of this enactment, relates the New England Magazine, Judge Lester was holding court in a little town, when suddenly he suspended the trial of a case by ordering the sheriff to lock the doors of the court house.

"Gentlemen," said the judge, when the doors were closed, "I have just seen a pistol on a man in this room, and I cannot reconcile it to my sense of duty to let such a violation of the law pass unnoticed. I ought, perhaps, to go before the grand jury and indict him, but if that man will walk up to this stand and lay his pistol and a fine

of \$1 down here I will let him off this time." The judge paused, and a lawyer sitting just before him got up, slipped his hand into a hip pocket, drew out a neat, ivory-handled six-shooter and laid it with \$1 down upon the stand.

"This is all right," said the judge, "but you are not the man I saw with the pistol." Upon this another lawyer arose and laid down a Colt's revolver and a dollar bill before the judge, who repeated his former observation. The process went on until nineteen pistols of all kinds and sizes and shapes lay upon the stand, together with \$19 by their side. The judge laughed as he complimented the nineteen delinquents upon being men of business, but added that the man whom he had seen with the pistol had not yet come up, and, glancing at the far side of the court, he continued:

"I'll give him one minute to accept my proposition, and if he fails I will hand him over to the sheriff."

Immediately two men from the back of the court arose and began to move toward the judge's stand. Once they stopped to look at each other, and then, coming slowly forward, laid down their pistols and their dollars. As they turned their backs the judge said:

"This man with the black whiskers is the one that I originally saw."



LAYING THE CORNERSTONE OF THE NEW THAYER COUNTY COURT HOUSE AT HEBRON, Neb.—LOWERING THE STONE INTO PLACE—Photo by E. A. Elder.



LAYING THE CORNERSTONE OF THE NEW THAYER COUNTY COURT HOUSE AT HEBRON, Neb.—PRAYER AFTER THE STONE IS IN PLACE—Photo by E. A. Elder.