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## Pen and Picture Pointers

**K**EEPING alive the fires of '76 is not the sole mission of the Daughters of the American Revolution, but it is a very important factor. This society, like its kindred organization, the Sons, is made up of women whose ancestors at one time served in the army that won the freedom of the colonies and made possible the nation that has resulted. It is therefore somewhat exclusive in its nature, as well as limited in its object. Its existence naturally depends on a continuation of interest in the deeds of the "old Continentals," but that interest is not likely to die out or even flag. Even in our intense democracy, where every man is his own ancestor, there is a certain satisfaction in being able to trace one's lineage back as far even as the revolution, and then find a man doing a man's duty for liberty. None of the little ethical points of social distinction are allowed to enter the sacred precincts of the society's hall, al-



HARRY GRANISON HILL, NEW PASTOR FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH, OMAHA.

though cleavage may be sharply defined elsewhere. Jefferson's declaration in regard to equality is literally interpreted by the Daughters, as was most strikingly evinced by the circumstances attending the first election of Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana to be president general of the organization. At the Washington convention in 1901 it became necessary to choose a successor to Mrs. Manning, who had last held the office. Eastern Daughters naturally had their candidate, and expected to secure the election. Western Daughters had another notion. While the elections had been held strictly within the letter of the constitution an impression had gained considerable ground that the president general was the choice or rather the selection of an officeholding class that seemed to be trenching itself within the organization. To overthrow this and prevent the affairs of the Daughters from drifting into the control of the few the western delegates brought forward Mrs. Fairbanks. The contest was spirited in the extreme, and the result was as decisive. Many prominent Daughters from all parts of the union joined in the move against anything like a cut and dried slate. It was a demonstration against an "officeholding clan" and three women were named for the office, the advocates of each pledging her to be against the alleged clique. Mrs. Fairbanks was elected by a majority over all of nearly 100. Her administration of the affairs of the society was so satisfactory that at the recent convention she was chosen unanimously for another term. Mrs. Fairbanks has been prominent in the affairs of women, having held office in the General Federation of Women's Clubs, as well as the Indiana federation. She is known as a broad-minded, liberal woman, tactful and considerate, a gifted parliamentarian and exceedingly well qualified for her position.

Walter Hogan's little life of seven years has not been one of ease. Until a week ago he knew nothing of the care and comfort of a home. He was found a few days ago running barefooted over the ice and snow in East Omaha. Without covering for head or feet, and with only rags on his body, he had braved the winter's cold, sleeping alone in a fireless hovel at night and roaming listlessly about the neighborhood during the day. His food was whatever the housewives in the section provided him with. Like Dickens' Jo, he was "allers movin' on." Kind hands reached out for Walter. Some one reported his plight to the Child Saving Institute, and he was gathered into the fold. Investigation developed that his mother was dead two years, his father had abandoned him and his sister was at work down town, but only able to care for herself. Just as papers were made out granting the guardianship of little Walter to the superintendent of the institute his father turned up and demanded the boy. Before legal steps



WALTER HOGAN, SEVEN-YEAR-OLD WAIF, IN THE COSTUME HE WORE DURING THE RECENT TERRIBLE COLD SPELL.—Photo by Lancaster.

necessary to the restoration could be taken the father ended his life by suicide and Walter Hogan was left to the care of his new friends. His case is described as the most pitiable that ever came to the institute. After he had been bathed and cleanly clad in warm clothes and given the first Christian meal he had tasted in many days he was taken into the dormitory. The sight of the dainty white coats in the brightly lighted room was too much for him, and it was the work of over an hour for the matron to quiet him so he could sleep. His dread of being taken back to the hovel in East Omaha where he was found was pitiful. The photograph from which his picture in this number of The Bee was made was taken before he was cleaned up, one of the directors of the institute wishing to preserve a permanent record of what he considered the most abjectly miserable boy he ever knew.

Harry Granison Hill, the new pastor called to the First Christian church of

Omaha and who will preach his first sermon today, was born in Union City, Ind., September 15, 1874. He was educated in the public schools and graduated from the High school of his native town in 1894. He entered Bethany college and covered the prescribed four years' work in three years, dependent entirely on his own resources for college expenses. He was graduated in the classical course with degree of A. B. in 1897. He married Katherine Ralston in June, 1897. Immediately thereafter he took a pastorate of the Christian church at Hebron, Ind. The congregation was greatly increased and extensive improvements were made during his pastorate of one and one-half years. He was called to the pastorate of Fergus Street Christian church of Cincinnati in 1899. During a pastorate of less than three years the church became one of the foremost in the city. All departments were increased, extensive improvements were made and paid for. Over half the present membership have been received into the church during Mr. Hill's relation there as pastor. His work is characterized by close organization of the church forces, and the use of executive ability and large audiences are drawn to his services.

Mr. Hill has done some platform work with credit and has been a graduate student for a short time at Chicago university. He comes to Omaha highly recommended by prominent officials in the various national boards of the Disciples' church, as being eminently adapted for the pastorate of the First church of that body in its next annual convention city. He is about six feet tall and of prepossessing appearance, and is reputed to be an eloquent and forceful speaker and especially strong among the young people. He is of a studious nature, with excellent literary tastes. His wife also is a graduate of Bethany and a splendid help-mate in his work. His experience in the Disciples' Jubilee convention, held in Cincinnati a few years ago, where about 20,000 gathered, will be of much aid in the preparation and conduct of the convention which will be held in this city next October. The Disciples of this city and vicinity feel that he is the right man for the place, and look for aggressive work under his leadership.

One of the social events of the winter season in Omaha was marked by the unbending of the participants, the result being an hour or two of unalloyed fun. The occasion was the amateur minstrel performance at the Metropolitan club last Saturday night. Here the performers and the audience were on the best of terms, but that in no way figured as regards the entertainment. This was carried out on strictly conventional lines and with all proper regard for the traditions of negro minstrelsy. One of the hits of the evening was the "Wedding of the Chinese and the Coon." A flashlight picture of the young woman who took

part in this was caught by The Bee staff artist when the girls were all ready but not blacked up. This picture may assist in the identification of those who took part.

James Conkling, Jr., president of the Nebraska Real Estate Dealers' association, was born in Springfield, Ill. His father, James C. Conkling, was one of the most prominent lawyers in the state. As a young man much of Mr. Conkling's time was spent in his father's office, where the foundation was laid for future business. In early manhood he entered the mercantile and manufacturing business in New York City, but, loving the best, returned to Springfield, where soon after, his health not being good, he moved onto his farm near the city, and in 1887 moved to Franklin, Neb., entering the loan and real estate business, in which he has built up a large business in both branches, and of late years devoted much time and money toward turning immigration into the Republican river valley. Mr. Conkling has always been a strong adherent of the republican party; while never seeking any position for himself, he has always taken an active part in politics, ever ready to lend a helping hand to those of his friends who are firm believers of the doctrine of an American market for American people. Mr. Conkling believes there is no state with such a brilliant future in store for it as the state of Nebraska, agriculturally speaking, and is devoting his time and energy toward showing up this fact to the general advancement of the state.



JAMES CONKLING, JR., OF FRANKLIN, NEB., PRESIDENT STATE REAL ESTATE DEALERS' ASSOCIATION.

## Gleanings from the Story Tellers' Pack

**M**R. MARTIN was talking at the dinner table, in his usual clever manner, about the inconsistency of women.

"These young women who protest that they are never going to marry!" he broke out. "Everybody knows they will belie their own words at the very first opportunity."

He paused, and evidently hoped that Mrs. Martin would come to the rescue of her sex; but that discreet woman held her tongue.

"Why, Mary," he continued, "you remember how it was with yourself. I have heard you say more than once that you wouldn't marry the best man alive."

"Well, I didn't," said Mrs. Martin.

A man who was bicycling in southern France was pushing his machine up a steep hill when he overtook a peasant with a donkey cart, reports Youth's Companion. The patient beast was making but little progress, although it was doing its best.

The benevolent cyclist, putting his left hand against the back of the cart and guiding his machine with the other hand, pushed so hard that the donkey, taking fresh courage, pulled his load successfully up to the top.

When the summit was reached the peasant burst into thanks to his benefactor.

"It was good of you, indeed, monsieur!" he protested. "I should never in the world have got up the hill with only one donkey."

Representative Bartholdt of Missouri sat down near Representative Joy of the same state in the cloak room at Washington the other day, relates the New York Herald. Leaning back in his chair he raised his feet and placed them carelessly on the edge of Mr. Joy's chair, obscuring materially that statesman's view. Mr. Joy regarded his colleague's large brogans with aversion and mentally computed their area. "I don't see," he finally said, "why there is any necessity for including in the urgent deficiency bill an appropriation for fortifications."

Mr. Bartholdt took his feet down with a hurt look and wandered sadly away.

Several senators were discussing in the cloakroom the other day their experiences in getting rid of objectionable visitors, says the Washington Post. The talk recalled an episode in the life of the late Justice Field of the supreme court, whose temper was of the most irascible kind. He had given instructions to his servant on a certain morning that he was not to be dis-

turbed. Presently there was a ring at the door bell and an aggressive book agent appeared.

"I want to see Justice Field," he said. "You cannot see him," was the reply. "I must see him." "Impossible."

The conversation grew more emphatic, until finally the persistent book agent's demands echoed through the house. At that moment Justice Field, who had been attracted by the altercation, appeared at the head of the stairs.

"William," he said, in a fiercely angry tone, "show the brazen, infernal scoundrel up to me; if you cannot handle him, I will."

The book agent made no further effort to break into the justice's presence.

The chronicles of our vice presidents are notoriously barren of incident, relates the New York Times. This probably was the reason for the way Adlai Stevenson secured the exercise of a constitutional prerogative. It was one sleepy day toward the end of his term as vice president. The United States senate was plowing through the calendar and passing many bills. Bills are considered agreed to in the senate if no oral objection is raised after they have passed through the preliminary stages, but the usual form of asking for the yeas and nays is followed by the presiding officer. The vice president had said:

"Senators in favor of the bill will say aye." Pause. "Contrary, no."

Not a single response.

"The vote is a tie," announced Mr. Stevenson.

The senator in charge of the bill paused on his way to the cloak room and looked surprised.

"In case of a tie the vice president may cast the deciding vote. In the exercise of his constitutional privilege the vice president votes aye."

Thereupon Senator Hoar offered a peppermint drop to his neighbor, the late Senator Sherman, and the late Senator Leahm G. Harris made his way to the senate restaurant for refreshment.

General Hughes, who recently returned from the Philippines, tells a story about an Irish volunteer private who was acting as guard over a captured Spanish storehouse and had received orders to pass no one without a special order from the provost marshal of Manila. General Hughes was provost marshal at the time and when he drew near the storehouse he found his stomach very close to a triangular Spring-

field bayonet and heard, in rich Milesian brogue:

"Halt! If yez come a step furdher I'll jam this inter yez!"

"Why not?" asked the general.

"Niver moind," said the private. "I know me orders. 'Tis a pass yez must have from the provost marshal."

"Well, I'm the provost marshal," said General Hughes.

"'Tis I that don't care if yez be the president. Divil a foot y'e'll sit inside here till yez show me yer pass."

The general drew out a blankbook and scribbled a pass.

The private surveyed it and passed General Hughes with the remark:

"Why didn't yez do that without all this palaver?"

Hon. George A. Marden, assistant United States' treasurer for Boston, told an amusing story to the Young Men's league of the West Medford Baptist church the other evening, reports the Boston Herald. He said a fellow and girl came into the office one day a while ago and that substantially the following conversation ensued:

"I suppose you think the young woman is worth her weight in gold, don't you?"

"I certainly do," the young man replied, with a smile and a flush.

"How much do you weigh?" Mr. Marden asked the girl.

"A hundred and six pounds," she said.

"After a little figuring the assistant treasurer spoke up again.

"Your girl is worth just \$28,000."

"No, sir! She's worth a million!"

"The young man hasn't discounted yet," the speaker continued, "but after he has been married a few years he is liable to change his tune."

A Milwaukee divine tells this story on himself:

In a celebrated eastern theological seminary it is or was the practice of the faculty to require the students to take turns in delivering sermons, a custom, by the way, to which, as a rule, the young aspirants for ecclesiastical honors did not take kindly.

Among those who attended the school was a young man who now occupies the pulpit of a well known Methodist church on the east side, who, however, formed an exception to the rule above mentioned.

In the course of time it came his turn to speak. He prepared his discourse with great care, and, when Sunday arrived, he acquitted himself handsomely, everyone

present listening to his words with marked attention.

At the conclusion of his remarks one of the professors mounted the rostrum and announced the hymn:

"Hallelujah, 'tis Done."

It was at a certain church meeting and the good bishop was calling for reports, says Harper's Magazine. He had a rather stern, sharp manner which sometimes jarred a little on the nerves of the more timid. By-and-by he came to Brother B., a lay delegate.

"Brother B., what is the spiritual condition of your church?" demanded the bishop, briskly.

"I consider it good," said the brother.

"What makes you think it is good?" went on the bishop.

"Well, the people are religious. That's what makes me think so."

"What do you call religious? Do they have family prayer?"

"Some of them do and some do not."

"Do you mean to say that a man may be a Christian and not hold family prayer?"

"Yes, sir; I think so."

"Do you hold family prayer?"

"Yes, sir," returned the brother, quietly.

"And yet you think a man may be a Christian and not hold family prayer?"

"I have a brother who is a better man than I am who does not hold family prayer."

"What makes you think he is a better man than you are?"

"Everybody says so, and I know he is."

"Why does not your brother, if he is such a good man, hold family prayer?"

"He has no family," meekly answered the brother.

The following story is told on Colonel Henry Watterson, orator, lecturer and editor of the Courier-Journal. It happened as he was on his way from Louisville to his residence at Jeffersonton and is told by an eyewitness.

"At night, when the southern train reached Jeffersonton, the colonel got off and, walking to the baggage car, pointed to a market basket and said to one of the brakemen:

"Here, pick up that basket and bring it over to me."

"The brakeman at the time was busily engaged in helping some women with their baggage and paid no attention to Mr. Watterson.

"That gentleman again commanded the

brakeman to pick up the basket and remarked:

"If you don't bring that basket over here immediately I will see that you are removed from this run."

"The brakeman looked at Mr. Watterson a moment and replied: 'Mr. Watterson, I was not hired by the road to be your valet.' 'Somebody else moved the basket for the colonel.'"

"I don't know what to make of that boy of mine," sighed a well known minister of the gospel, quoted by the Detroit Free Press. "I have tried to bring him up in the way he should go, but he is always coming back at me in a way that destroys the value of the lessons that I try to teach him. The other day his mother informed me that he had been throwing stones at one of the neighbor's little boys and I called him into my study to question him about it.

"My son," said I sadly, "what is this I hear about your misconduct?"

"Why, papa," said he, "I haven't been doing anything that I ought not to."

"Your mother reports that you have been throwing stones at the little Jones boy."

"And so I did," he shouted defiantly.

"Do you think that is the proper thing for a little Christian boy to do?"

"Why, papa," he answered, "you said yourself that a little boy could preach sermons more powerful than those delivered from the pulpit—sermons that would sink deep into the heart and remain there forever, and that I should be constantly on the outlook for a chance to teach such lessons to my little friends."

"I remember saying something like that," I answered gravely, "but throwing stones can hardly be classed as a sermon."

"Why, papa," he flashed, "I've heard you say time and time again that there were sermons in stones, and if there were ever a kid that needed a sermon that Jones boy does!"

General O. O. Howard, in a recent interview, said that only two of the twenty-seven commanders of union armies now survived, himself and General Schofield, and that of the forty corps commanders only ten were left. On the confederate side there still survive five lieutenant generals. These are General Simon Bolivar Buckner, General James S. Longstreet, General Stephen D. Lee, General Wade Hampton and General John B. Gordon.