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## Pen and Picture Pointers

**D**ECORATION DAY reminds us once each year at least of the sacrifice of the soldiers who made up that Grand Army of the Republic, whose deeds are blazoned upon many pages of American history. As their day recedes in the vista of years, the perspective, growing steadily longer, may render them and their cause smaller, and the haze of passing events may obscure the magnitude of their deeds, yet when we stand face to face beside the low green mounds, decked for the day with wreath and bunches of blossoms, all the mist of years is swept away and again the grandeur of these men and the principle they supported comes to us so distinctly that we are not amazed that it outshines all else. "The world will little heed nor long remember what we say here," said Lincoln at Gettysburg, long ago, "but it can never forget what they did here." Prophetic words, indeed, and finding their fulfillment annually in the offering of flowers and tears at the graves of the dead brave in whose memory the cherished chieftain gave them utterance. Each year sees the list of soldier dead grow longer, each Memorial day finds new tents spread on fame's eternal camping grounds, each year the marching line of veterans is shorter and its ranks thinner, but the work which they began has fallen into loving hands, and the nation will turn aside for one day at least each year so long as the light of liberty burns clear and bright throughout the land to pay a tribute of loving gratitude to those whose watchword was "Liberty and union—one country, one flag!"

And while the graves of the soldier dead, whose last sleep is beneath the sod of the land they loved so well, are covered with earth's brightest flowers, those "who went down to the sea in ships" and who gave up their lives for liberty on the water are to be remembered. Beautiful flowers are scattered on the waters, to be drifted by wind and tide, and finally lost on "old ocean's melancholy gray expanse." In this way loving hearts will manifest their sentiment toward the dead whose resting place is not known beyond the fact that they sank to peace at sea. It is the idea of Mrs. Armitage Forbes of Charleston, S. C., who



MRS. ARMITAGE S. C. FORBES, WHO PAYS A TRIBUTE TO THE SAILOR DEAD.

has succeeded in interesting a sufficient number of women, north and south, to make sure that the sailor dead will be remembered even as are their brothers who fought on the land. It was right they contended for, the one on land, the other on sea, and alike shall they share in the gratitude of the whole people of a united country.

Events of the last three years have brought Memorial day much nearer to the homes and hearts of the people. Many of the new graves that will be strewn with flowers on Friday are those of young men, born in most cases since the close of the tragedy that gave birth to the day. These boys, like the others, gave their lives in liberty's cause, and their comrades, kindred and friends will come to their graves with the same fresh sorrow that found its expression thirty-five years ago when the comrades, kindred and friends of the dead of the great war for the union knelt in mournful reunion at the cemeteries and consecrated a bright May day to the end that the soldier will not be forgotten in his narrow home. Still will the soldier's body be quietly lowered into the grave, still will the little spurt of flame and sharp report of the rifle announce the fact, still will the bugle sigh "go to sleep" in the sadly sweet notes of "taps," and still will posterity lovingly lay wreaths on the resting places of the soldier dead.

This determination to forever fittingly honor the soldier received a significant exemplification at Council Bluffs, when the monument to Colonel W. H. Kinsman was dedicated on May 17. Colonel Kinsman went out from Council Bluffs in 1861 in the com-



A. B. ANDERSON, M. D., PAWNEE CITY—NEWLY ELECTED PRESIDENT NEBRASKA STATE MEDICAL SOCIETY.

pany of which General G. M. Dodge was captain. He was a lawyer, just beginning his career as a practitioner, but he became a soldier of unusual excellence, as is attested by his rise through all the various grades from private in 1861 to colonel in command of the Twenty-third Iowa Infantry in 1863. He lost his life at the head of his regiment during the battle of Black Bayou in that year. When the Iowa commission to locate the positions of the Hawkeye regiments about Vicksburg during the operations of that great campaign began its work, the grave of Colonel Kinsman was located and marked. The exhumation of the remains and the reinterment at the foot of an enduring monument was a labor of love on the part of the people of Council Bluffs. The occasion was made the means of publicly expressing the feeling of gratitude and honor for a brave man nearly forty years after he had made his great sacrifice for his country. A shaft of enduring granite will hand the name of Kinsman down to generations yet to come, a tribute from those who knew him when he went to war.

Doctors of medicine realize that on the interchange of experience depends the advance of their profession in science. No other means affords such opportunity for this comparison of experience and ideas as does the meeting of the medical society. Here they report cases, giving in detail treatment and result, and listen to criticism or suggestion from their fellow practitioners. Recently the Nebraska State Medical society met in Omaha for one of these scientific sessions, interspersed with such relaxations as theater parties, seven-course dinners and the like afford. Before the adjournment officers for another year



E. B. FINNEY, M. D., LINCOLN—NEWLY ELECTED PRESIDENT OF NEBRASKA HOMEOPATHIC MEDICAL SOCIETY.

were chosen, Dr. A. B. Anderson of Pawnee City being selected for president. Dr. Anderson is a native of Illinois, 51 years old, and has practiced medicine twenty-five years at his present home. He is a member of the American Medical association and has been before honored by his brothers in the profession.

At the same time the Nebraska Homeopathic Medical association held its annual session in Omaha, for the same purposes as actuated their brethren of "the old school." At the close of two days of profitable intercourse the society elected its officers for the next year, choosing Dr. E. B. Finney of Lincoln president. Dr. Finney is a young man, being born at Weeping Water, Neb., in May, 1867. He was educated in Philadelphia and New York, taking a thorough course in medicine and surgery before he began his practice at his present home.

Rainmakers are not a new thing in the west. Carlin found them among the Mandan Indians when he visited this country in the early part of the last century, searching for material for his great ethnographical and ethnological work. Among the Pueblo Indians the Spaniards found the custom of offering prayers and sacrifices to propitiate angry gods who controlled the precipitation, and the custom prevails today among the Mexicans, Christians though they be. Nebraska, Kansas and other western states were much edified a few years ago by the work of expert dreamers, who bombarded the atmosphere through stovepipes stuck through holes in the roofs of sheds, shacks or box cars, the sides of tents and the tops of covered wagons, all making rain. This merely shows the importance which the people of this great grain-grow-



R. B. McCLELLON, WHO REPRESENTS YANKTON COLLEGE IN SOUTH DAKOTA ORATORICAL CONTEST AT HURON.

ing region attach to rain. The fact that the trip of the Omaha Commercial club members through the South Platte country was accompanied by rain brought to them the appellation of "rainmakers" is a tribute of respect and not of derision. That trip is prophetic of prosperity for the state and all its people.

One of the really important conventions held in Nebraska this year was the meeting of the Z. C. B. J. at Wilber. This was the national grand lodge session of a Bohemian benevolent society, which brought together 164 delegates, representing 7,000 members in Colorado, North Dakota, South Dakota, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Oregon, Wisconsin and Oklahoma. Frank J. Sadilek of Wilber was chosen for president. One of the important steps taken was the adoption of a by-law admitting women to membership in the order on equal footing with the men. Many visitors accompanied the delegates to Wilber and during their stay were entertained with amateur dramatics, a banquet, at which over 400 sat down, and in other ways.

Public interest has been attracted to the group of American islands known as the Lesser Antilles by reason of the terrible volcanic and seismic disturbances which have recently occurred there and the frightful loss of human life and destruction of property which have followed. The activity of the volcano Pelee continues, and there is no telling where the end will be. One of the pictures this week is of the beautiful harbor of Kingston in the island of St. Vincent, where the people have been terrified by the action of the volcano Soufriere.

## Gleanings from the Story Tellers' Pack

**T**UST discharged from the hospital, where he had been operated upon for appendicitis, reports the New York Times, a young man met a friend the other day.

"Congratulate me," said the friend. "Harvard has made me M. A."

"That's nothing," answered the ex-patient. "I've been made M. A., too."

"By whom?" asked the friend in astonishment.

"By Dr. McBurney," was the reply. "I'm minus an Appendix."

"The station at Savannah," says a traveler through the south, "is surrounded in all directions with a lot of sa'oons and cheap restaurants. In great illuminated letters over one of these sa'oons was the sign:

"Open all night."

"Next to it was a restaurant bearing with equal prominence the legend, 'We never close.'

"Third in order was a Chinese laundry in a little tumbledown hovel, and upon the front of this building was the sign in great scrawling letters: 'Me wakee, too.'"

Flippant people sometimes refer to that sedate and proper member of Yale's austere corporation, Rev. Joseph Hopkins Twichell, M. A., of Hartford, Conn., as "Joe" Twichell, reports the New York Times. This, his latest story, told by him at a St. Patrick's day dinner, may perhaps illustrate why people speak so familiarly of this loved and very lovable apostle of the Congregational faith:

"I became very much interested in a chance companion on a railway train," said Mr. Twichell. "He was plainly of Italian birth or extraction, and I so remarked to him.

"Where were you born?" I asked.

"In Genoa," replied the young man.

"And what is your name?"

"Patrick Murphy."

"How in the world did you get that name?" I asked instinctively.

"I took it," replied the young man.

"Why did you choose such a name?"

"Because I wanted people to think I was an American," was his reply.

A married woman living out at Lakeside has been having the greatest difficulty of late in inducing her husband to remember to order certain things for the household

while down town, relates the Duluth News. Every day there was something forgotten and the meals were growing more scanty as a result.

A few days ago she handed her husband a letter as he made a run for his car, saying that it was not to be opened until the afternoon. He remembered it just as he finished his luncheon that day and opening it he read:

"I am forced to tell you something that I know will trouble you, but have thought of it for some time. I feel that it is my duty to do so. My mother has been taken into the secret and she, too, John, declares that it is best that you should know. I cannot keep this to myself any longer."

Hubble's face grew ashen and his hair was taking an upright position when he turned over the page and read:

"We have not a pound of butter in the house. Send me some this afternoon."

The request was complied with.

After a large wedding in Washington the "best man" started at hardly an hour's notice for South Africa, relates the Washington Times. On his return to Washington, after an absence of some eighteen months, he received the warmest sort of welcome from his old associates. A dinner given in his honor afforded the first occasion since the wedding for donning evening dress and in the midst of the evening,

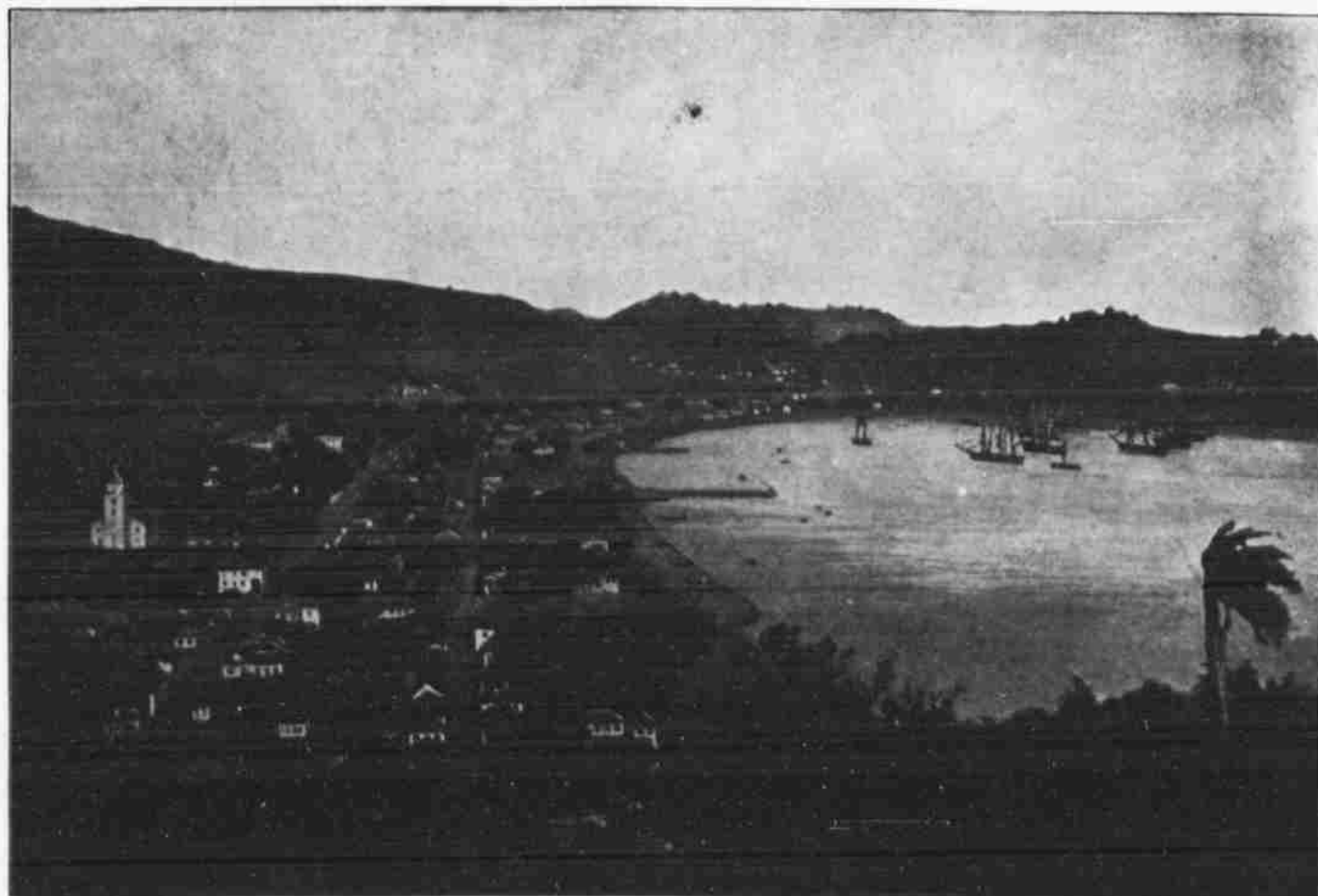
having occasion to feel in his waistcoat pocket for something, he electrified the party by drawing forth a \$100 bank note.

Where had it come from? Who had put it there? His fellow guests had all sorts of suggestions to offer, none of which seemed satisfactory.

Early the next morning the truth flashed across his mind. He called upon the clergyman who had performed the marriage ceremony.

"You remember the fact, I suppose," said the visitor, "of marrying Mr. H— and Miss G— about a year and a half ago?"

"Oh, very well," answered the clergyman. "I see them constantly. They attend my church."



KINGSTON HARBOR, ST. VINCENT. WHERE THE TERRORS OF VOLCANIC DESTRUCTION HAVE LATELY REIGNED.

"Then I hope you will pardon a rather delicate question, asked in strict confidence. How much did you receive as your fee on that occasion?"

"I will return frankness with frankness," said the clergyman smiling whimsically. "It was the strangest fee that ever came my way. After the ceremony the best man, with a profusion of thanks, slipped into my hand a small silver of plug tobacco wrapped in a wad of paraffin paper!"

"I wanted the influence of the congressman from my district in a certain matter," said a Michigan man, quoted by the Detroit Free Press, "so I hid me down to Washington to have an interview. He was boarding at a private house and had a room off the parlor. I was asked to sit down and wait while a colored man took in my card and, as the door was left ajar, I heard the congressman say as he looked at my card:

"Blank? Blank? I think I know him. Is he in liquor, James?"

"I don't think so, sir."

"Does he look shabby?"

"Well, you may call it shabby."

"Seems to be hard up, does he?"

"I think he does, sir."

"Yes, he is probably here to strike me for at least \$10, James, did you tell him that I was in?"

"No, sir, I told him I'd see if you were."

"That's right. You may return to him and say that you are sorry to announce the fact that I left for Boston this morning."

"And won't be back for ten days."

"Yes, sir."

"And meanwhile your advice to him is to drop in and see one of the other representatives from my state."

"Yes, sir."

"I was duly turned down and out," laughed the victim, "but I got even next day, when I encountered the gentleman on the street. He tried to dodge me, but I walked up and slapped him on the back and said:

"Hello, old boy! I had a little matter that would have put \$15,000 in cash into your pocket, but, not finding you at home yesterday, I turned it over to Representative —."

"The — you did!" gasped my dear old friend, as he turned all sorts of colors, and we have been as strangers since that day."