

# Scenes at Commercial Travelers' Picnic

Photographs Taken by The Bee Staff Artist at Council Bluffs



CLERKS OF THE COURSE LOOKING FOR STARTERS.



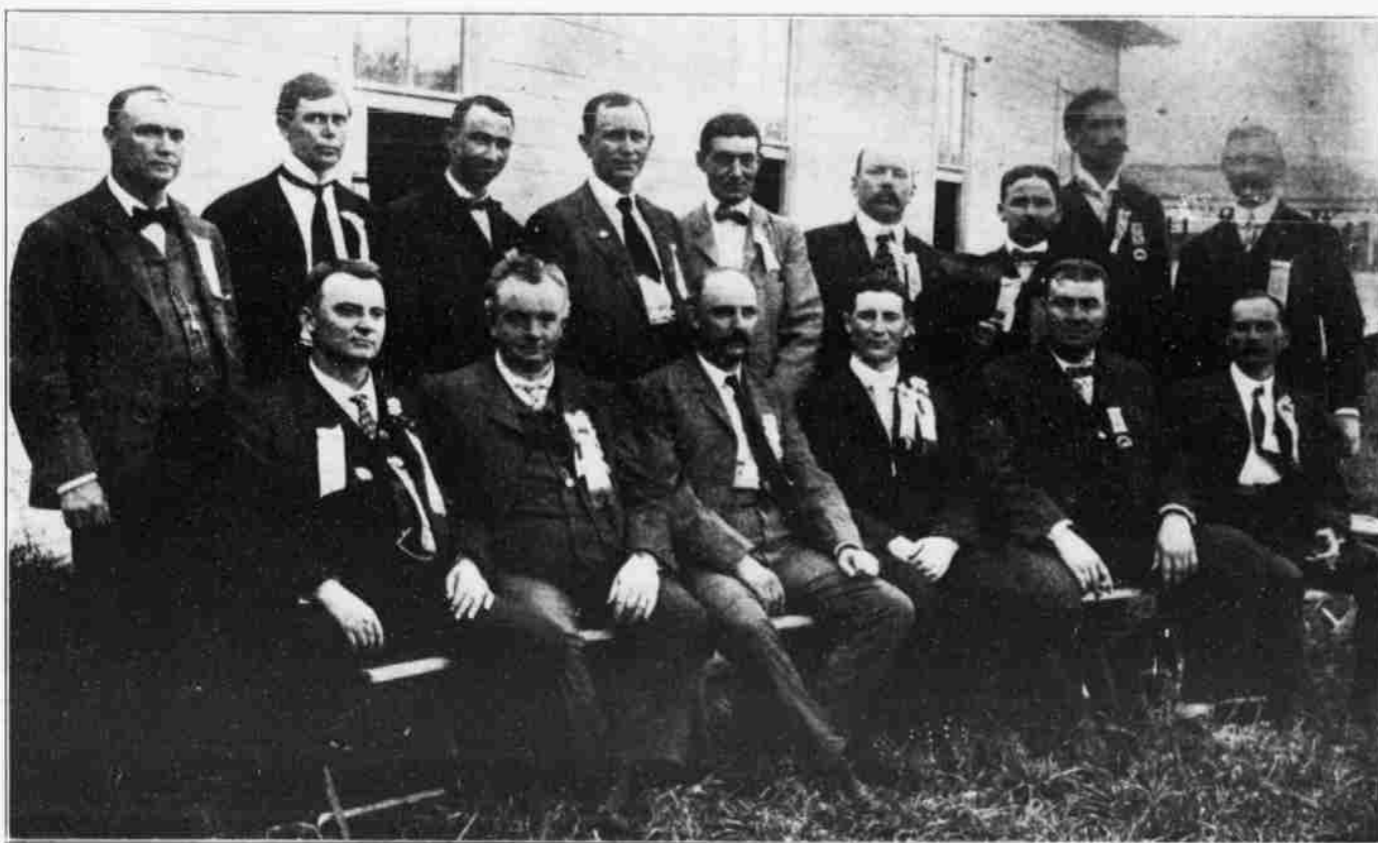
UNDER THE TREES WHERE OTHERS "SPORTED"



FAT MAN'S RACE JUST BEFORE THE FINISH.



WHEN THE MARRIED WOMEN TOED THE SCRATCH.

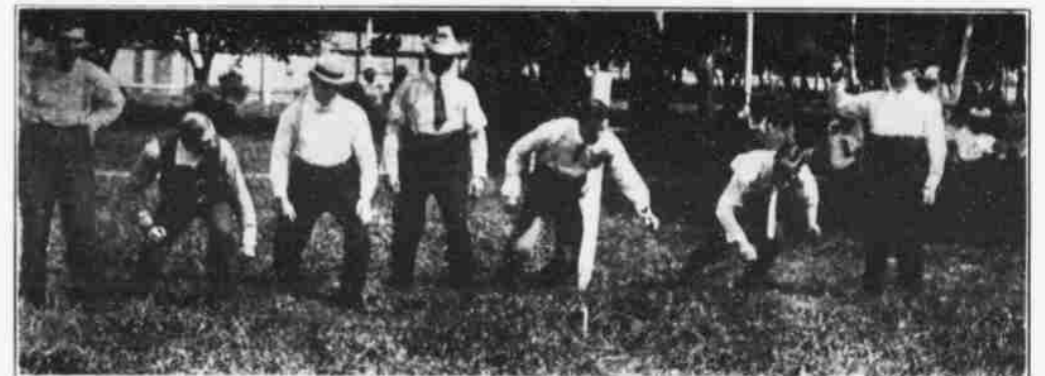


Standing—C. L. Discon, Sheldon, Ia.; A. E. Bray, Council Bluffs; T. B. Simme, Slouss City; Clay B. Platner, Council Bluffs; A. V. Weidel, Slouss City; L. Zurmuehlen, Council Bluffs; W. A. Gray, Des Moines; C. R. Rohde, Waterloo; W. N. Garretson, Mason City.  
Sitting—H. H. Smith, Des Moines, grand sentinel; M. J. Brazzell, Sheldon, grand conductor; C. R. Olmstead, Slouss City, grand secretary; J. R. Granor, Mason City, grand councillor; J. T. Helwig, Council Bluffs, grand past councillor; M. A. Struble, grand junior councillor.

OFFICERS AND DELEGATES IOWA COUNCIL U. C. T.



START OF THE GIRLS' FOOT RACE.



START OF THE MEN'S 100-YARD DASH.

## When Men of the Cloth Are in the Merry Mood

**A**n old Scottish minister gave up his toddy for the sake of example. The doctor said this change was bad for him, and suggested his taking a dose surreptitiously whenever he sent for his shaving water. Some time after the doctor called again, and the old servant met him with tears in her eyes. "Oh, doctor, doctor!" she exclaimed, "the meenister's gane clean daft, clean daft! He's sending for his shaving wather frae mornin' tae nicht!"

"My brethren," said the old colored preacher, "it was this way: When the Israelites passed over it was early in the morning, while it was cold and the ice was strong enough so that they went over all right; but when the Egyptians came along it was in the middle of the day, and the sun had thawed the ice so that it gave way under them and they were drowned." At this a young man in the congregation, who had been away to school and had come home, rose and said: "I don't see how that explanation can be right, parson. The geography that I've been studying tells us that ice never forms under the equator, and the Red Sea is nearly under the equator." "There, now," said the old preacher, "that's all right. I've been 'spectin' some of you smart Alecks would be askin' jest some such fool question. The time I was talkin' about was before they had any jogafries or 'quators, either."

Rev. Charles Dalmer, pastor of Holy Cross Catholic church at Baltimore, is a man of peculiarities in many things, but his no-

tions that strike some people as odd are generally based upon sound common sense. One of his pet aversions is the bestowal of long names upon children.

"I don't believe in them," he says. "They make me tired. Sometimes people come here with a baby to be christened. I take it in my arms and ask: 'What is her name to be?'"

"'Amelia Ella Martha Washington Jones,' they answer.

"Then I look at them in a way they don't understand and I ask: 'What are you going to call her when you want her to stop playing with the matches and go to bed?'"

"'Ella,' they answer.

"And I go on with the service and christen the child Ella. I wouldn't load the little things down with any such burden as Amelia Ella Martha Washington. The parents think she's been christened that, and if it's any comfort to them I'm satisfied. It's their fault and I didn't have any hand in it."

The late Rev. Dr. John Henry Barrows, president of Oberlin college, and formerly pastor of a Chicago congregation, used to tell a little story concerning an experience of his own that may be worth passing along. It was at the time that Dr. Barrows was making arrangements for the holding of the great congress of religions in Chicago. He had an immense correspondence to take care of and found it necessary to employ a stenographer. The young woman was pretty. It is not to be inferred that there are any but pretty women stenog-

raphers, but the one employed by Dr. Barrows was especially comely.

The doctor fitted up a workroom on the third floor of his home, where he and the stenographer toiled hard day after day, undisturbed by callers and well away from the noises of the streets.

The work of preparing for the congress was still going forward on February 14, when the doctor's little son became excited over the sending and receiving of valentines. The boy had been running about the neighborhood handing love tokens to the children he knew and many had come to him when he remembered that he had a father up on the third floor, in addition to the One in heaven. Going to his mother, he proposed that they send up a valentine.

"Well," said Mrs. Barrows, "it is very nice of you to remember your father. How would it do for me to write a valentine for him and let you take it up?"

The boy was delighted at the idea and his mother wrote upon a sheet of paper: "Please kiss the bearer."

"Please she placed in an envelope, which was properly sealed and addressed to the doctor. The boy started upstairs with his valentine, but he had been running around a good deal during the morning and his legs were weary. When he had reached the second floor he met the pretty stenographer, who had started out after postage stamps or something, and asked if she wouldn't be kind enough to hand the note to his father.

She took the envelope, gave the child a pat on the cheek and ran back upstairs,

where—perhaps promoted by female curiosity—she waited while Dr. Barrows opened his valentine and read in his wife's handwriting:

"Please kiss the bearer."  
Here is where Dr. Barrows always cut the story off.

Maine furnishes a story that illustrates the grotesque character of some prayers which are offered in entire good faith. Some time ago an earnest prohibitionist came unawares on a lone fisherman, who happened at the moment to be quietly drinking something from a black bottle. He was so much scandalized by the sight that at the prayer meeting that evening he referred to the incident as follows:

"O Lord, we ask Thee to turn from his evil ways the poor besotted sinner I seen this afternoon swigging rum from a black bottle against the peace and good order of the state."

It so happened that the sinner referred to was present at the meeting, and at the conclusion of the prayer arose and offered the following petition:

"O Lord, Thou knowest that when the brother seen me I was not drinking rum, as I don't like it, but Scotch whisky, which the doctor ordered me to take to keep away rheumatiz, and Thine be the glory forever. Amen."

Will Moody, son and successor at Northfield of the late Dwight L. Moody, tells the following story, apropos of recent theological events, about a young convert in the Salvation Army, who, earnest and zealous,

was imbued with the idea that he must speak to everyone on the subject of religion. He was especially moved one day while traveling to address a somewhat austere individual seated just in front of him. Touching him on the shoulder, he put the usual question: "My brother, are you a Christian?"

"Sir," was the reply—and perhaps with a shade of impatience—"I'm a professor in a theological seminary."

But this only seemed to call for renewed effort, and the young man was equal to it. "My dear brother," he said, "as you value your soul, don't let a thing like that stand between you and the Lord."

### Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: An irresistible impulse is one we yearn to follow.

When a man is short he is naturally more or less crusty.

Only a great man can successfully dodge undeserved glory.

Economy is the foundation on which all large fortunes are built.

If a man is unable to blush there's little hope of reforming him.

Little mice gnaw at a big cheese and little vices gnaw at a great virtue.

If the evil in man is visible it is an easy matter to overlook all the good.

The more mistakes a man makes the easier it is for him to invent excuses.

If the Creator ever made a failure it was probably due to an attempt to make a man who could please his neighbors.