

THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

Published Weekly by The Bee Publishing Company, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

Price, 5c per copy—per year, \$2.00.

Entered at the Omaha Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter.

For advertising rates address publisher.

Communications relating to photographs or articles for publication should be addressed, "Editor The Illustrated Bee, Omaha."

Pen and Picture Pointers

Of all the charitable work of Omaha probably none is better known among the poorer districts and the places where want and trouble are most often felt than that of the Visiting Nurses' association. It is also probable that there is no other work of which so little is known among the people generally or that is brought before them less frequently for assistance. The association was organized in 1896 by one of Omaha's best known and best loved young women, who, in devoting her skilled professional knowledge of nursing to a wide personal charity, realized the necessity of some systematic provision for professional care for the city's poor aside from that provided by the city and county physicians, and determined to secure it. Accordingly a meeting was called of women from among her personal friends, all the denominations of the city being represented that no feeling of sectarianism might hinder the usefulness of the organization she hoped they might effect. Twelve women responded to her call and so successful has become the organization that its membership now numbers between 300 and 400. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me" is the spirit which actuates the organization and which maintains it and every patient is treated as a friend, confidence is respected and no red tape required or allowed. Realizing that to few is given the talent of ministering to the needy the main effort of the membership has been devoted to securing funds necessary for the proper maintenance of the work and to providing the necessary clothing, food and other essentials to supplement the work of the professional nurses. So quietly and systematically has the work been done that few even of the association have known the identity of those for whom they have worked. The funds have been raised largely through securing \$1 memberships in the association and by the many other means employed by women in the maintenance of such work.

Necessarily the expense has been considerable, but the responsibility has been greater, and for the first two years the best effort of the women was taxed to continue it. It was about this time that a name was added to the membership list



MRS. W. R. ADAMS, WHO HAS MANAGED THE OMAHA VISITING NURSES' ASSOCIATION.

that has since become synonymous with the name of the organization and is known throughout the poorer district; that of Mrs. W. R. Adams. Being so situated as to make it possible, Mrs. Adams assumed the position as superintendent of nurses, in which capacity she has for the last five years devoted her entire time to visiting and investigating wherever a needy case has been reported, doing inestimable good and winning the gratitude and confidence of scores who through misfortune, temporary or otherwise, have been reduced to the necessity of aid. During these years Mrs. Adams has refused all remuneration for her efforts, which she gives for the love of humanity alone and so made it possible for the association to accomplish what it has with the small resources that have been at its command. Early in May Mrs. Adams gave up her chosen work to return to her former home in Ireland for an indefinite visit, the report she submitted for the April work showing the greatest results that have yet been accomplished. Seventy-two patients were cared for, 597 visits made, five patients sent to the hospital and three to friends and burial provided in four cases. During Mrs. Adams' absence the work will be continued by members of the association and an effort will also be made to increase the membership to 1,000, the women believing that with this annual income the work could be made entirely self-supporting.

Miss Louise Ormsby of Central City, Neb., who is studying music in Paris, is making a most enviable name for herself in the French capital. The June number of the Paris World, an illustrated English magazine published in Paris, has this to say of Miss Ormsby and her attainments:

An American girl who has surely a brilliant career before her is Miss Louise Ormsby, dramatic soprano, who has just



EDWARD S. LORIMER OF BROOKINGS, S. D., GRAND COMMANDER SOUTH DAKOTA KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

completed her three years' course in Paris. Miss Ormsby has everything in her favor, youth, a fine figure, fire and enthusiasm. Her voice is harmoniously developed, is of fine timbre and quality, and her French is perfect.

She came from Nebraska three years ago and went at once to live in a private French family, with the advantage that the lady of the house was also her diction teacher. Miss Ormsby has plenty of good common sense, which, it is beginning to be understood, is of immense value even to a prima donna. She has never allowed herself to become enamored of social life in the gay American colony in Paris, and so has lived entirely among French people, with the magnificent result that she speaks French without accent, an accomplishment so necessary to a successful career in opera, and one very seldom attained by American students.

Miss Ormsby is a hard worker. She has a repertoire of fifteen operas, in any of which she can appear within twenty-four hours' notice. She sings Marguerite in "Faust," Elsa in "Lohengrin," Elizabeth in "Tannhauser" and La Reine in "Hamlet." Before coming abroad she was a graduate of the New England conservatory of Boston, so that the basis of her musical education is laid on a good solid foundation.

She has been a popular drawing-room singer in exclusive French circles during the past winter, one of her recent successes being chez la Baronne Decezes.

Miss Ormsby has received special praise and encouragement from Massenet, Saint-Saens and from Faure of the Opera. Happily, she has not caught the American mania to sing at the Opera or the Opera-Comique, and die—artistically, what happens for so many. Miss Ormsby very sensibly plans to go to Rouen, to Brussels, or some of the other provincial cities, or else to America, where real talent is appreciated and applauded. She will certainly be some day a great and well known artist, and I predict for her a success attained only by the few.

The celebration by the five Ingwersen brothers at Clinton, Ia., of the fiftieth anniversary of their arrival in America was a notable occasion. They have been not merely the witnesses but active participants in the developments and achieve-



THREE GRADUATES FROM ST. CATHERINE'S ACADEMY—Photo by a Staff Artist.

ments of the most wonderful half century in history. From the day they first crossed the Father of Waters in 1852 until now, they have seen the expansion of a nation, then almost ready to be embroiled in a struggle for existence, into the most magnificent the world ever knew; they have seen the opening up of a wilderness and its growth into an agricultural empire the like of which is nowhere else to be found; they have seen industry in all its branches take the impetus of the vigorous life on all sides and expand with wonderful results. Millions of people have made their homes west of the Mississippi river since the five Ingwersen brothers came, young and lusty emigrants from Germany, to make their homes in a new world. In the prosperity of all these brothers have shared, and their old age, which is like Macbeth's winter, "frosty but kindly," finds them surrounded by all the Scottish thanes missed in true friends and loving descendants. Their celebration at Clinton was an affair entirely unique in its way, but one that serves to point a useful moral, as showing the great reward which comes to crown a well spent, useful life.



MISS LOUISE ORMSBY OF CENTRAL CITY, Neb., WHO HAS WON DISTINCTION IN PARIS.

Mirthful Moods of Bench and Bar

THOMAS BARRY, a Boston lawyer, was recently examining a Celtic witness in the Boston municipal court in a suit having to do with an accident on the street cars. Here is a fragment of the information elicited by Lawyer Barry's advice that the witness tell the story in his own words: "Well, the man fell in th' street as the car-r passed; thin th' car-r stopped, an' we all ran out. The cr-rowd gathered ar-round th' man and shouted, 'He's kilt! He's kilt. Thin Ol jumped in, pulled a dozen of the spalpeens out uv th' way, and yells at 'em, 'Yez thick heads, yez! If th' man's kilt, why in hivvin's name don't yez stand to wan side an' let him have a breath of air-r!'"

During the trial of a street railway damage suit in one of the circuit branches of the supreme court of the District of Columbia a few days ago, relates the Washington Star, an important eyewitness of the accident took the stand in the person of an elderly colored man. The plaintiff had been injured while the car was at a street crossing, and one of the attorneys was endeavoring to elicit from the witness just where the latter was standing at the moment the plaintiff was struck by the car.

"As I understand you," remarked the attorney, after a number of questions had been asked, "you were standing at the street corner diagonally opposite the point where the accident occurred."

"No, sir, I wasn't," declared the witness. "I guess I was standing kinder sort er on the bias from the spot."

It was while Judge Celora E. Martin of the New York state court of appeals was on the supreme court bench that a self-important young lawyer was arguing a motion before him. Tiring of the attorney's grandiloquence, reports the New York Times, Justice Martin interrupted him and started to render an adverse decision.

"But your honor does not understand the case," still urged the attorney, who saw that things were not coming his way. "Permit me to explain the law. I have

here some of the latest decisions of the court of appeals, in which it is held—"

"Motion is denied with costs," again interrupted the justice. "Have you any later decision than that?"

In a Texas case two men went to a house, where one of them was introduced under a false name, and succeeded in getting up a difficulty with some of the family. One of them said he came for a fuss and, by —, he was going to have it, and that he could kill four or five people before they could stop him. In the row which followed he drew his gun upon a son of the family, and, as the mother partly opened a door at that moment, he turned it upon her and fired. He was charged with assault with intent to kill. The defense was that the shooting was accidental. In addition to the above facts, it was proved that the accused was at the time armed with a Winchester gun, a Remington six-shooter and a box of cartridges, while his companion was armed with a Smith & Wesson 22-caliber pistol and a Colt six-shooter, and was also wearing a breast-plate of iron made of an old plowshare and tied on his body with ropes. By reason of this very unusual combination of circumstances the theory of accident was urged unsuccessfully.

Justice Marean of the supreme court, Second district, is a tall man with a tender heart, relates the New York Tribune. Not long ago he caught an impostor just as the fellow was performing the last act of a swindling trick on him. The Brooklyn judges tell the story as follows:

One day a shabby and loquacious individual walked into the office of Judge Marean and said:

"Judge, I'm in hard luck. I want a couple of dollars to get a Turkish bath, a meal and a shave, and then I'll be in decent condition to visit my friends."

The money was handed over at once, with the courtesy that distinguishes the judge in his dealings with his fellow men. Then it occurred to the judge that perhaps he had been a bit hasty in giving the visitor money. He looked out of the win-

dow and saw the man heading for Court street. Grabbing his hat, he followed him straight into a saloon and heard the fellow say with a wave of the hand:

"Come on, men. Drink with me."

Down went the two-dollar bill on the counter. Forward surged eight or ten loungers. Just as the hobo's words of invitation were getting cold a long arm circled over the shoulders of the thirsty, and Judge Marean said quietly but firmly, as he picked up the bill:

"Not with my money."

Senator Debus of Kentucky tells a story of an episode in Bourbon county, in his state. A worthless, drunken fellow, who was a common nuisance, was arrested and brought into court. He demanded a trial by jury, and the court ordered that a jury be impaneled. On the next day, when the court met, there were gathered in the jury box twelve of the hardest, most disreputable characters in the county.

"What does this mean?" asked the judge.

"Well," said the sheriff, "I knew that the prisoner was entitled to be tried by a

jury of his peers. It was pretty hard work to get them, but in case any of these won't do, I have a few more hovering around a whisky barrel outside."

The court looked at the prisoner and at the jury.

"The case is dismissed," was all he said.

When Lord Chief Justice Holt presided in the court of the King's Bench, relates the Mirror, a poor, decrepit old creature was brought before him, charged as a criminal, on whom the full severity of the law ought to be visited with exemplary effect.

"What is her crime?" asked his lordship.

"Witchcraft."

"How is it proved?"

"She has a powerful spell."

"Let me see it."

The spell was handed to the bench. It appeared a small ball of variously colored rags of silk, bound with threads of as many different hues. These were unwound and unfolded, until there appeared a scrap of parchment, on which were written cer-

tain characters now nearly illegible from much use.

The judge, after looking at this paper charm a few minutes, addressed himself to the terrified prisoner, "Prisoner, how came you by this?"

"A young gentleman, m'lord, gave it to me, to cure my child's ague."

"How long since?"

"Thirty years, my lord."

"And did it cure her?"

"O, yes, and many others."

The judge paused a few moments, and then addressed himself to the jury. "Gentlemen of the jury, thirty years ago I and some companions, as thoughtless as myself, went to this woman's dwelling, then a public house, and, after enjoying ourselves, found we had no means to discharge the reckoning. Observing a child ill of an ague, I pretended I had a spell to cure her. I wrote the classic line you see on a scrap of parchment, and was discharged of the demand on me by the gratitude of the poor woman before us, for the supposed benefit."



GIRLS WHO TOOK PART IN THE FLOWER PLAY AT ST. CATHERINE'S ACADEMY—Photo by a Staff Artist.