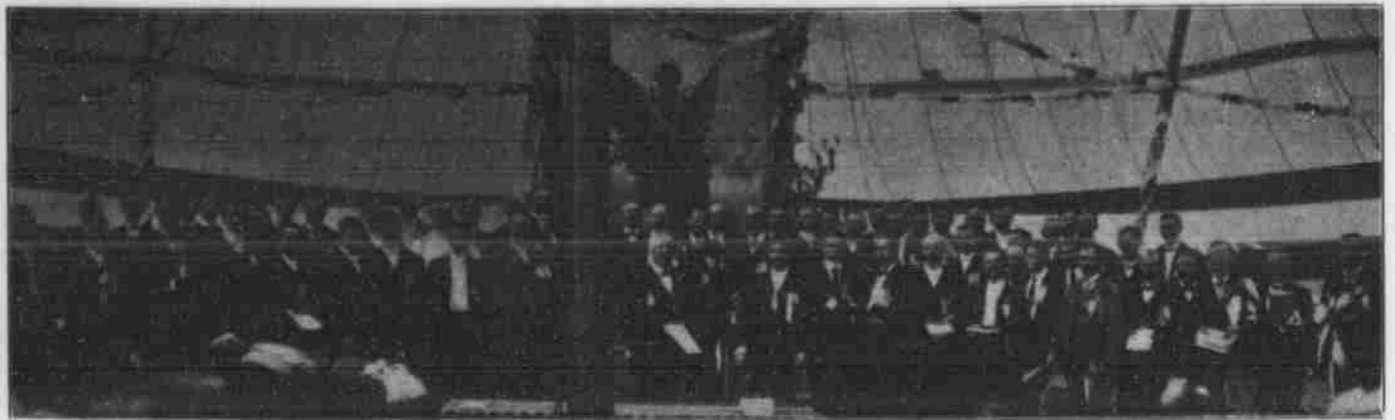


Scenes at the Nebraska Sængerfest

Photographs Taken at West Point by a Bee Staff Artist



DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT—THE PUMP WAS DRY.



SINGERS WHO TOOK PART IN THE PROGRAM.



WEST POINT ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE.



FRED SONNENSCHNEIN—BUSIEST MAN THERE.



REV. FATHER REISING, WHO LOVES A USIC.



OMAHA ORPHEUS SINGING SOCIETY.



SCENE IN PAVILION ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

Gleanings From the Story Tellers' Pack

A STORY is told of how Mrs. Caroline Corbin of Chicago became an active anti-woman suffragist. She was a school friend of Miss Susan B. Anthony. In later years the two women met in Washington.

"What have you been doing all this while?" asked Miss Anthony.
"Bringing up four boys," was the answer.
"Boys!" exclaimed the outspoken Susan.
"What under the sun is a woman like you doing with four boys?"
"I don't know. Would you expect me to strangle them?"
"Bosh!" was the reply. "You should never have had them. They will be nothing but men."

The members of the Amish, a peculiar religious sect, mostly agriculturists, notes the New York Tribune, are very numerous in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. An orator sought to impress a gathering near Paradise, in that county, with his logic, bringing himself down to the level of his listeners by a claim of rural birth. "Why I was raised between two hills of corn," he declared, "and God's sunshine has ever shone upon me." For a moment there was a pause, and the politician, fancying he had made an impression, was about to continue his harangue, when a big Amishman in the rear of the hall interrupted: "A pumpkin—I know what he mean."

As an incident of President Hadley's aptness in meeting every situation or replying to every pertinent or impertinent question, the following story is told by the New York Times:

At a reception given for him by an old friend some 500 miles from New Haven, one individual with a better memory than tact asked him what he thought of the recent base ball game. As Yale had met with a disastrous defeat, the subject might be called unpleasant. Without hesitation President Hadley said:

"There was a boy living in a village

whose uncle died. The next day a man driving along the road was surprised to find the boy working in a field. Thinking this did not show proper respect to the dead uncle, he called the lad to him and said: 'Johnny, didn't you know your uncle was dead?'

"Johnny slowly approached and drewled out:
" 'Yes, I know it—I have cried.' "

Some army officers who were in Cuba with General Shafter's army of invasion told the other day an anecdote at the expense of the commander of that expedition. The troops with all their paraphernalia of war, had landed and were awaiting the order to advance on Santiago. Staff officers were busy carrying out the details for the advance and everywhere there was hurry and bustle. Shafter was lying in a hammock in front of his headquarters at Siboney, while 100 yards down the road the men of the signal corps were inflating the war balloon preparatory to making the first ascension. Without warning, the ropes which held it captive parted, and the balloon, half inflated and looking for all the world like the body and legs of a gigantic fat man, started down the road toward Santiago. There was just enough gas in it to keep it upright without entirely clearing the ground, and it went bobbing along, up and down, as though it were walking. A negro soldier passing along at that moment saw the balloon and shouted at the top of his voice: "Hi, dar! Guess dat mus' be de ole man goin' fur de front!"

Percy Marshall, an actor of considerable renown in England, was recently in this country on a professional tour and chanced to be thrown into a Pennsylvania town where the prohibition idea was predominant. Disliking the idea of drinking in his bedroom, as if he were a half-reformed drunkard stealing an unguarded opportunity, and finding that the proprietor of

the hotel in which he was staying would on no account allow him to take refreshment in the ordinary civilized way, Mr. Marshall walked out into the street to see if it really could be true that there was no place where the absurd restriction did not operate.

In his walk he met a member of the company who had "been there before." "I know what you are looking for," said the "old hand" slyly, "a whisky and soda!" Mr. Marshall nodded. "Well," said the other, "if you go to that drug store at the corner of the street and execute a very emphatic wink while you ask for a cocoa wine you will get a whisky and soda of most excellent quality and dimensions." Mr. Marshall thought at first that a joke was being played upon him, but it was a hot day, and the thing was worth raking, and into the drug store he went, where he followed his friend's instructions to the letter. Almost folding up one side of his face in the performance of a wink, he asked for the cocoa wine and was immediately rewarded for his feat of contortion with one of the largest whisky and sodas he had ever tackled. Which just shows that there must be a good deal of winking done by the authorities as well.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, relates in the New York Tribune an experience that shows what strange freaks of chance sometimes happen. Dr. Hillis, together with a number of other American preachers and many professors, was attending an educational conference in Edinburgh, Scotland. There were visitors from all over the world. At a banquet given by the Scotchmen to their guests Dr. Hillis found himself seated next a heavy browed professor of metaphysics of one of the Scotch universities. Finding that his neighbor was from New York, the professor began to ask questions.

"I know America is quite a large coun-

try," he remarked, "and I know Chicago is a long distance from your home, but I have had some correspondence with Prof. B. of that city, and thought you may have chanced to know him. Did you ever meet him?"

"I know him very well," replied the Brooklyn preacher. "There he sits at the next table, the third man from the end of the other side."

"Well, well! How remarkable!" exclaimed the Scotchman, with a rather incredulous glance at his companion.

"I have also had some correspondence with Prof. C. of a university in Michigan," continued the metaphysician. "I guess you know nothing of him."

"On the contrary, I know him quite well. There he is over near the corner of the room, the man with whiskers and gold spectacles."

This was too much of a coincidence for the Scotchman's credulity. He was plainly suspicious, and inclined to be nettled.

"I suppose," said he rather stiffly, "that this is American humor, and you are making game of me?"

"Not at all," said Dr. Hillis; "I am giving you only facts."

"Very remarkable! very remarkable!" exclaimed the professor. "Well, sir, I have had relations with one other American, I presume you know him also?" There was a note of sarcasm in the query.

"Who is he?"

"He was a minister somewhere near New York, a certain Dr. Hillis."

"Yes," said the other, tapping himself on the breast. "I am Dr. Hillis."

With a snort of indignation the Scotchman pushed back his chair and fled the room. American humor had been carried too far.

At a suburban auction of household goods an active and successful bidder was a Montgomery county farmer, says the Philadelphia Times. His purchases were piled high

in one corner of the room, and he was still eager when a thermometer was offered. There was no bidding from any quarter, and the auctioneer, reaching it out to the farmer, said:

"Here, give me a quarter for it and take it along!"

"No! Not for me!" said the farmer, breaking away.

"Why, that's dirt cheap!" exclaimed the auctioneer. "Don't you want a thermometer?"

"Nup!" was the decided reply. "I had one a year or two ago and fooled around it an' lost time without being able to regulate it at all. 'Why, I couldn't even open the darned thing!'"

The editor of a rural newspaper was in Philadelphia during the week following the shooting of President McKinley and noted with surprise the promptness of the newspapers there to bulletinboard the hourly reports of the president's condition. He determined to adopt the idea on all important events when he should return home. Soon afterward he was told one morning by the local physician that Deacon Jones was seriously ill. The deacon was a man of some distinction in the community, so the editor posted a series of bulletins as follows:

10 a. m.—Deacon Jones no better.

11 a. m.—Deacon Jones has relapse.

12:30 p. m.—Deacon Jones weaker. Pulse falling.

1 p. m.—Deacon Jones has slight rally.

2:15 p. m.—Deacon Jones' family has been summoned.

3:10 p. m.—Deacon Jones has died and gone to heaven.

Later in the afternoon a traveling salesman happened by, stopped to read the bulletins and, going to the bulletin board, made another report concerning the deceased. It was:

4:10 p. m.—Great excitement in heaven. Deacon Jones has not yet arrived.