

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

CONSIDER the lilies, how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like unto one of these." When Christ spake these words it is not at all likely that he reflected that in so doing he was giving to those who should follow him an emblem for what they have made their gladdest feast. Eastertide has been celebrated from time immemorial; by the earlier races because of the fact that it came with the return of spring; it marks the breaking of the bonds of death and the resurrection of the flowers and the fruits and the grains and grasses. Its later significance has been engrafted on the pagan festival by Christian teaching, and while none of the original meaning of the feast has been lost, it now has the additional importance of typifying not alone the resurrection of inanimate things, but of the vanquishing of death and the triumph of the soul over the grave. "If a man die, shall he live again?" asked Job in the extremity of his affliction, and Paul the tentmaker centuries after answered the patriarch: "For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." In his argument to support this point, the great apostle-preacher uses the simile of grain that is sown, and which is not quickened until it dies. It is his joyous outburst. "Oh, death, where is thy sting!

Oh, grave, where is thy victory?" that still rings in the Easter anthem and the glad "Alleluia. He is risen," only echoes the thought of the early Christian who received from the apostles the hope of a life everlasting, when his corruption shall have put on the incorruptible, and this mortal shall have become immortal. It is only meet that the lily, everywhere accepted as a symbol of purity, should be adopted as the particular floral emblem of Easter.

Children who grow up on the farm have to become men and women before they begin to appreciate what advantages they really enjoy. It may seem to the boy or girl who lives in the country that many glorious opportunities are denied them, because they are not continually surrounded by the sights of the city, which so easily dazzle and often bewilder little folks unaccustomed to them. Association with the homely things that make up life on the farm, and accustomed to the freedom of action that there exists, they know nothing of how the boys and girls of the city really live, of summer days spent on sun-baked streets, of games confined to the narrow sphere of a vacant lot, and of what is the greatest loss of all, the inability to learn nature's secrets from nature. Childhood in the country is generally a happy round of acquiring knowledge the town-bred child can never obtain. With the cows, the pigs, the chickens, the horses, with the bees and the birds, the youngsters live and move. Their pleasures are necessarily such as come from association with nature, but are none the less wholesome and enjoyable for that reason. In these days neighbors are close enough to allow of ample social intercourse between the children, and the little folks grow up with a health of body and mind that can only be found in the country. It may be that they do not learn all they might of the world and its devious ways of wickedness, and it is well that they do not. All that is good for them to learn along this line, and frequently much more, will be taught them later in life, when they have already a good moral foundation on which to base resistance to evil. In the mean-

time they are storing away knowledge that will always be useful to them, no matter in what walk of life their mature years may find them, knowledge that can not be gained in a city. And many and many a tired city man at times looks blankly at the desk where he drudges away his strenuous life in a city office and regrets the carefree days he spent on the farm.

This is the season of the year for oratorical contests among the high school students. Easter holidays are generally spent, or a portion of the season at least, in series of tests of declamatory competitions, to determine the advance and ability of the representatives of the several schools united in one or another of the divisions into which the high schools are formed. At Columbus on April 1 the annual competition of the North Nebraska High School Declamatory association was held, and Miss Hilda Condon of South Omaha won first in the oratorical class and Miss Mabel Coleman of Fullerton was first in the dramatic class. The week before at Corning, Ia., the Southwestern Iowa association met, and there again the girls won all the prizes. Miss Ethyl Martin of Winteret was first in the oratorical class, Miss Goldie Green of Centerville won the honors in the dramatic class and Miss Grace Clark of Corning was first in the humorous class.

The fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Ross of Tecumseh occurred February 8 and was celebrated in a fitting manner. Of the eleven living children, ten were in attendance. James M. Ross and Miss Elizabeth A. Saunders were married in Macoupin county, Illinois, near the village of Palmyra, fifty years ago. They have since resided in a number of states and territories and have been residents of this county for a great many years. They now live in the city. Mr. Ross is a farmer by vocation. Naming their eleven children now living in the order of their ages they are: William H. Ross of Salt Lake, Utah; Mrs. D. R. Bush of Tecumseh, Jefferson Ross of Madison,

Wis.; Mrs. A. J. Conlee of Fairfield, Ia.; James Ross and Mrs. L. V. Hunt of Johnson county, Nebraska, Samuel Ross of Falls City; Walter Ross and Mrs. Elsie Neeson of Tecumseh; Charles Ross of Madison, Wis., and Warren Ross of Tecumseh. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ross are in excellent health and promise to live to celebrate many anniversaries of their marriage.

"The flowers that bloom in the spring" not only "breathe a promise of merry sunshine," but also mean a lot of work for the dweller in the city. When man makes up his mind to improve on nature and put up a town where only hills and hollows and glades and running brooks existed before he came, he usually effaces all evidence of growing things as an essential condition for his enterprise. Then he proceeds to repair, according to his fancy or whim, the damage done. Strange as may seem, this not infrequently results in a decided improvement, even from an esthetic viewpoint. Here in Omaha many instances may be found to support this assertion. Beautiful lawns abound, and well kept avenues of shade trees, and flower beds that delight the eye. But all of this is the result of much patient effort and continual work. Among the earlier signs of spring, even antedating the bluebird and the robin, is the city dweller, clearing his lawn of the dead grass and leaves of the last fall, and the sometimes remarkable collection of winter's fotsam; the preparing of outdoor beds for plants that have prospered in pots all winter; the planting of new seeds and bulbs, and not the least important of all, the preparation of a bit of garden wherein lettuce and onions and radishes, and other things that are good to eat on a hot day in the summer, may be raised. There are certain signs of spring in a city. And another is the appearance of the streets in the shopping district. Warm days bring out people who have avoided the streets for many weeks, and no matter how lively the thoroughfares may be during the winter shopping hours, the early days of the spring see the crowds augmented until they sometimes amount to a jam.

Account of Post-Mortem Held on President Lincoln

(Copyright, 1903, by Edward Curtis, M. D.)

IS the stirring days of a generation ago settle quietly into their place in history, the roster of the only authentic chronicler of their scenes—the actors or eye-witnesses therein—grows shorter and shorter. It is well, then, for all surviving participants in the historic events of those times to tell, while yet opportunity permits, such of their experiences as possibly may be of interest.

This thought was brought home to me recently by the chance perusal of an old letter of my own, written thirty-five years ago. I realized suddenly that of the staff of surgeons who had to do with the post-mortem examination in the case of President Lincoln, I was the sole survivor, and that, apart from the official report of the findings, the yellowed manuscript now before me was probably the only narrative extant, written at the time, of the incidents of that solemn scene in the drama of the assassination.

The evening of Good Friday, the 14th of April, in the year 1865, was in Washington warm and balmy. I was then an assistant surgeon in the medical corps of the regular army and stationed in Washington, on duty in the office of the surgeon general. At 10 o'clock in the evening of that historic day I was sitting with my young wife on the stoop of our boarding house, one of two fine old mansions situate on the first block of Vermont avenue, just off from Lafayette Square, to the north. Facing the square on the east, one block away, was the residence of Secretary Seward, and beyond on the south was the White House.

We were proposing a stroll down Pennsylvania avenue, when from the direction of the Seward mansion came a sudden clattering of horse hoofs, and in an instant a horse, bearing a tall rider, hatless and bending low over the bridle, dashed by us at a gallop. A runner afoot followed at a short distance behind, but soon stopped, turned and disappeared whence he came.

Little did we suspect the horseman to be a foiled assassin, fleeing for his life after a desperate attempt to stab to death the secretary of state in his house near by; and still less did we dream that at the same moment, at a theater half a mile away, a fellow conspirator in a comprehensive murder plot, only too successful in his assigned part, was shouting his bombast of sic semper tyrannis as he, too, made a dash for escape from the scene of his awful crime.

We set forth calmly on our stroll, passing the Seward house on our way with no thought of the commotion within. But when, after a short walk, we boarded a horse car to return we found ourselves among pale-faced passengers, who, coming from Ford's theater, bore the shocking news of the shooting of the president, and on reaching home we were met by tidings that also Secretary Seward's throat had been cut.

Aghast at this revelation of a plot for multiple murder, I set forth again at once by myself for the surgeon general's office to meet any possible official summons for

professional service. But the place was closed and dark. Then I went to the White House, but only to find already a cordon of sentries guarding the grounds from all intruders, and to learn from a bystander that the president was not there, but was lying in some private house near the theater where he had been shot. Under these circumstances the only place where I could be sure of promptly meeting a call for duty was my own quarters, so I turned my steps homeward again.

And even now, though but a short time had elapsed since the public alarm, the very atmosphere of the streets seemed changed. Where, half an hour before, the faces of wayfarers had reflected joy over thoughts of Appomattox, the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Johnston, now all was blanched horror, while in the roadways horses' hoofs rang and sabres clanked as squads of galloping troopers patrolled the streets in the sudden stern assumption of martial law against a plot of murder whose scope was unknown.

No summons came to me through that feverish night, but morning brought the news of the president dead and the secretary of state, with his son and others of his household, grievously wounded.

I went early to my post of duty, and soon after arrival received instructions to accompany a colleague to the White House at 11 o'clock for service in making, under the direction of the surgeon general, such post-mortem examination of the remains, in the president's case, as might be necessary to establish officially the fact of death by homicide.

The incidents of the autopsy thus undertaken, together with the thoughts engendered by the same, are best told in the words of my home letter, already referred to, written one week after the events, as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 22, 1865.—Dear Mother: . . . A week ago today Dr. Woodward and myself were ordered by the surgeon general to make a post-mortem examination, in his presence, on the body of the president. Accordingly, at 11 o'clock, we assembled at the White House in the room where the body lay. The room has been described. It contained but little furniture, a large heavily-curtained bed, a sofa or two, bureau, wardrobe and chairs comprised all there was. Seated around the room were several general officers and some civilians, silent or conversing in whispers, and to one side, stretched upon a rough framework of boards and covered only with sheets and towels, lay, cold and immovable, what but a few hours before was the soul of a great nation. The surgeon general was waiving up and down the room when I arrived and detailed to me the history of the case. He said that the president showed most wonderful tenacity of life, and had not his wound been necessarily mortal, might have survived an injury to which most men would succumb.

Upon the arrival of Drs. Crane, Stone (private physician to the president), Woodward and Notson, Dr. Woodward and I proceeded to open the head and remove the brain down to the track of the ball. The latter had entered a little to the left of the median line at the back of the head, had passed almost directly forward through the center of the brain and lodged. Not finding it readily, we proceeded to remove the entire brain; when, as I was lifting the latter from the cavity of the skull, suddenly the bullet dropped out through my fingers and fell breaking the solemn silence of the room, with its clatter, into an empty basin that was standing beneath. There it

lay upon the white china, a little black mass no bigger than the end of my finger—dull, motionless and harmless, yet the cause of such mighty changes in the world's history as we may perhaps never realize.

Our examination over, I proposed to the surgeon general to weigh the brain, since the comparative weight of the brains of men distinguished for intellect is a matter of great scientific interest. He directed me to do so, and then, with the rest of the surgeons, took his departure.

Accordingly I remained and, while the embalmers were working over the body, silently, in one corner of the room, I prepared the brain for weighing. As I looked at the mass of soft gray and white substance that I was carefully washing, it was impossible to realize that it was that mere clay upon whose workings, but the day before, rested the hopes of the nation. I felt more profoundly impressed than ever with the mystery of that unknown something which may be named "vital spark" as well as anything else, whose absence or presence makes an inert mass of matter owing obedience to no laws but those governing the physical and chemical forces of the universe, and, on the other hand, a living brain by whose silent, subtle machinery a world may be ruled. . . . EDWARD CURTIS.

The physicians thus named in my letter were the surgeon general, Joseph K. Barnes, U. S. A., who had been in attendance upon Mr. Lincoln during the night of his death; Assistant Surgeon General Charles H. Crane, U. S. A.; Dr. Robert K. Stone of Washington, D. C.; Assistant Surgeon J. Janvier Woodward, U. S. A., and Assistant Surgeon William M. Notson, U. S. A.

The weighing of the brain mentioned in the letter gave approximate results only, since there had been some loss of brain substance, in consequence of the wound, during the hours of life after the shooting. But the figures, such as they were, seemed to show that the brain weight was not above the ordinary for a man of Mr. Lincoln's size. No official record was made of the finding, since the same was necessarily inexact.

The general physique was remarkable. As seen in life, the gaunt face and spare, slightly stooping figure of the president gave the impression of a man tall, to be sure (Lincoln was about six feet four inches in stature), but not especially muscular. Familiar then as I was with the appearance of the living man, I was simply astonished at the showing of the nude remains, where well-rounded muscles, built upon strong bones, told the powerful athlete. Now did I understand the deeds of prowess recorded of the president's early days.

Mr. Lincoln's case thus affords a striking illustration of the fact so observable in history, viz., that those who achieve greatness by reason of intellectual and moral force are, more often than not, men of well-developed, powerful physique, with a brain of proper proportion only. They are not monstrosities of big head on little body, where an over-restless brain consumes the energies of a puny frame. The unusual stature in Lincoln's case is also in keeping with observation.

Dr. Titus Munson Coan tells me that he has made researches on the stature of distinguished men and finds, from a comparison of the data in all obtainable cases—quite a large number—that the average

stature of men eminent for intellectual achievements in modern times is five feet ten and a half inches, a figure considerably above that of the average for civilized man generally. Mr. Lincoln far exceeded this average, and it is interesting to note that the two "fathers" of our country—Washington and Lincoln—as they were giants in mind, were also giants in body, both having been men of towering stature and great physical strength.

The Airless Sleeping Car

There is always something the matter with the atmosphere of a sleeping car; one would say without a moment's reflection that what chiefly ails it is its meagerness. When we consider what an enormous quantity of air there is immediately outside the sleeper it is surprising that there is not more inside. If this continued withdrawal of air is kept up the sides and roof of these cars are bound to be some day crushed in like eggshells, with the result of damage suits from all the passengers therein traveling or their heirs or assigns. The design may be to gradually reduce the quantity of air in sleeping cars until passengers will pay an additional price for more of it, and thus make each car pay its entire cost of construction in one trip instead of two. But it was not the insufficiency of the air that caused suit to be brought at Belleville yesterday against the company by a young woman who traveled in one from Omaha to Kansas City. It was the fact that it was cold. Here again we have cause for some wonder, for sleeping cars are, to most travelers, intolerably hot, though, of course, if not hot they must be insufferably cold, since whatever they are it is in the superlative degree. And suits would be brought much more often if the cars were not so generally empty, being run on many roads purely for ornament. It appears to be preferable to make a through trip with one lonesome old party in a black skull cap and a bridal couple, who resent even the presence of the old party, at a net income to the company of \$5, rather than have all the berths filled at a dollar a night and \$24 in hand. But it is alarming to think of what might happen should the car carry a full cargo and only have on board the usual quantity of air, either cold or hot.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Reflections of a Bachelor

Easy go, hard to come back.

Girls would get a lot more fun out of crying if it did not make their eyes red and their noses snuffy.

Some people seem to think they have to quarrel so as to show how much they love each other making it up.

A man would almost as soon have business relations with a woman as get his arms tangled up with a buzz-saw.

When a chap goes home with a girl and she gets up on the second step to say good night it's curious how nearly on a level it always makes their faces.—New York Press.