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Fourth of July only comes once a year, and probably it is well that this is so, especially for those of us whose patriotic ardor can find an outlet through some channel less nerve-racking than that through which the love of country customarily finds vent on the nation's birthday. Not that our zeal has slackened or that we halt in our devotion to our country, but many of us can find other ways of blowing off the pent up enthusiasm engen-



CHARLES HILL, SPRINGFIELD, S. D.—GRAND MASTER SOUTH DAKOTA MASONS.

dered during a twelvemonth of silent contemplation of our national greatness.



A PRAIRIE FLOWER AND HER PETS—Photo for The Bee by Morris.

Young America, however, has not yet learned this lesson, and must have his noise accompanied by fire, and amid the fizzing and banging of all sorts of fireworks give expression to his sentiments in regard to the screaming eagle and the all-pervading superiority of Old Glory as an emblem of freedom. Aside from this, the return of the day necessarily attracts attention to the event which has occasioned the great national outburst of joy and fervent exemplification of devotion to country once each year for longer than a century and a quarter. The thinking mind turns back to that scene in the "quaint old Quaker town," when the people, mad with the fire of liberty, ran in joyous riot through the streets,

while the old bell in the tower obeyed the injunction of its legend to "proclaim liberty throughout the land," and announced that the Continental Congress had signed the Declaration of Independence. That first Fourth of July celebration has had many imitators, but no counterpart, although the sentiment awakened on that day is as lively now as ever. Rockets may scream, candles sputter and pop, pinwheels fizzle and sizz and crackers go bang in all directions, yet underneath all is the steady burning fire of patriotism, in which all party differences melt away, leaving only the pure gold of devotion to the country. The smoke of powder on July 4 is but the odor of incense burned at the shrine of liberty.

Whether the constitution follows the flag may still be debatable, but there is no room to doubt that the Fourth of July goes wherever Old Glory waves. We have become more or less accustomed to reading on the morning of the 5th of how a few Americans gathered together in one or another of the European capitals and toasted the flag in honor of the day. Nowadays these will not be the only ones beyond seas who will give homage to the Stars and Stripes on the Fourth. The sun



PETER STRAUSBAUGH, PRESIDENT NEBRASKA PHARMACEUTICAL ASSOCIATION.

never sets on American soil now. The echo of the shot which was heard around the world is now found in the bugle note

which calls the American soldiers to another day's duty. Uncle Sam's dominion now extends from what used to be the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, and over a territory that extends more than half way around this terrestrial ball will salute us up to the most beautiful banner ever kissed by the breeze or saluted by the sun. Great changes have been made in the boundary lines since July 4, 1776, and not one of them but has been the setting forward of the stakes by humanity under the protection of the great American people, whose nationality is made homogeneous by the love of liberty.

Fourth of July will go on long after we have given over its observation to those who must come after us, and when the boys who make the noise today will have put on the soberer aspect of tomorrow. Human liberty as a divine right is a sentiment that can neither be crushed or syndicated. If the uproar of the day annoys you, try to remember that you were once a boy.

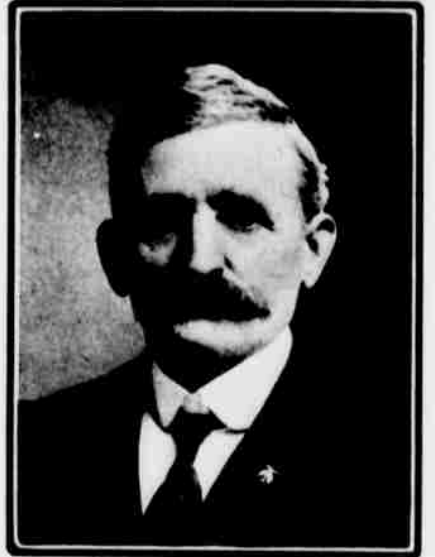
Springfield, S. D., is furnishing its share of chief officers for the several secret and patriotic orders of the state. When the Grand Army of the Republic elected officers recently George W. Snow of Springfield, a well known veteran, was chosen to be department commander.

Charles Hill of Springfield, who at the recent grand lodge meeting was elected grand master of the grand lodge of South Dakota Masons, was born near Toronto, Canada. His parents, however, were citizens of the United States. Mr. Hill came west in 1873 and since that time has been closely identified with the development and progress of the territory of Dakota and the state of South Dakota. For many years he filled the position of United States Indian agent at Santee agency, Neb., and as such also had charge of the Flandreau and Ponca sub-agencies. In 1890 Mr. Hill abandoned the Indian service and purchased an interest in the Bank of Springfield, entering the institution as its cashier. This position he still holds. He is now serving his fourth term as mayor of Springfield. Mr. Hill was for ten years a member of the Board of Education of Springfield. At the present time he is secretary for the regents of education for the Springfield State Normal school, one of the leading institutions of learning in the state.

Life on a farm brings as much freedom to a girl as to a boy and many a proud matron can look from her present social eminence back to the days when she ran barefoot through the bush grass in the old

orchard and took liberties with the live stock. One of these embryo queens of Nebraska stood for a moment in front of a Bee camera last week and forced a pair of pigs to be taken at the same time. Her face shows how much she enjoyed the situation, while the expression of one of the pigs is such that you can almost hear his vocal objection to the process. Nebraska girls are like all other products of the state, the best there is to be had.

That children who do not spend their lives on the farm also have a bit of fun is attested by the group photographed at St. Catherine's academy last week. These merry little ones were taken while tripping gracefully through the stately minuet. Under the care of the sisters in charge of



GEORGE W. SNOW OF SPRINGFIELD, S. D.—COMMANDER DEPARTMENT OF SOUTH DAKOTA GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

the academy they have been trained in the little social arts and graces that go so far to adorn life and make the path seem smooth.

P. Strausbaugh, president of the Nebraska State Pharmaceutical association, has been a resident of Omaha since 1887, when he came from Ohio, his native state, to engage in the drug business with a brother-in-law. He took a course in pharmacy at the Omaha Medical college, was registered in 1888 and was vice president of the association a year before his election to the higher office.

Preachers and Lawyers Are Fair Game for Story Tellers

Dr. Joseph Parker, the noted London preacher, was recently lecturing on "Eternity" in a provincial town and was much annoyed by a young dandy who was seated near the platform. The youth, proud of a new watch, was continually pulling it out to see what time it was. Finally the lecturer could stand it no longer. Looking full at the offender he said: "Put up your watch, young man. We are considering eternity, not time."

Colonel John S. Mosby, the famous confederate ranger whose command was for years a menace to the northern armies, was in the east recently and one of his friends was reminded of a characteristic story concerning the famous fighter.

Shortly after General Grant's election the former ranger chief was sent as consul to Hong Kong. Here he remained a great many years. On his return to America he settled in San Francisco, where he is now practicing law. After a lengthy absence he visited his old home in the Shenandoah valley and was heartily greeted by all his former friends and neighbors. Naturally, his greatest interest centered in the members of his old command and he made it his business to hunt up as many of them as he could trace.

The first one whom he found lived in a little parsonage just out of Charlestown. The former trooper had experienced religion and embraced the ministry. Pursuing his inquiries, Colonel Mosby found another of his troopers. To his astonishment he, too, was serving in the Lord's vineyard. The colonel was surprised, but he didn't say anything. The next one whom he found was running a grocery store, but the fourth man was a preacher also, and so were the fifth and sixth and seventh. It appeared, in fact, that a perfect epidemic of religion had swept over the old command and that nearly 50 per cent of those who remained alive had taken to preaching the gospel.

The colonel, who is himself a religious man, was very much gratified at this exhibition, and, coming upon a group of the ex-troopers, all in ministerial garb, he complimented them most heartily, adding:

"Well, boys, if you fight the devil like you fought the Yankees, there will be something to record on judgment day."

A graduating class in a private school in New York City recently came very near losing such words of wisdom and advice as are usually included in a prosy and dignified commencement address. The pastor of a prominent church had consented to speak to the graduates. He is a methodic man, but for some reason this engagement was not placed on his daily calendar. After dinner he breathed a sigh of relief as he discovered no evening appointment.

"A whole evening to myself," he exclaimed, "what a treat." With slippers, an easy chair and a good book his enjoyment was soon complete. Just before 9 o'clock

the doorbell rang loudly and a moment later there came in a young man, breathless from running, who gasped out:

"Why, doctor, aren't you going to address our class? The hall is crowded and the chairman has been talking for half an hour, expecting you every minute."

"Dear me, I had almost forgotten it," ejaculated the clergyman, "but I'll be there in a few minutes."

Making a lightning change of apparel, the minister entered the hall fifteen minutes later, trying to look cool. Thinking of nothing better, on the spur of the moment, he launched upon his victims a serious address on the necessity of promptness in the keeping of engagements to insure success in life.

A would-be smart commercial traveler on an English train the other day, thinking to tease a Salvation Army girl, asked her if she believed the story of Jonah and the whale.

"I don't know," she said, "but when I get to heaven I'll ask Jonah if it occurred."

"But," said the funny man, "supposing he isn't there?"

"Then," said the girl promptly, "you can ask him."

Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale tells how a curious error crept into the translation of the Lord's prayer into the Delaware Indian tongue. The English translator had as an assistant an Indian who knew English. "What is 'hallow' in Delaware?" asked the translator. The Indian thought he said "halloo," and gave him the equivalent. Therefore, the Delaware version of the Lord's prayer reads to this day, "Our Father, who art in heaven, halloooed be thy name!"

Judge Jenks of the New York supreme court told the New York law school the other day that "the man with the furrows on his brow wins against the man with the creases in his trousers every time." Yet it frequently happens that the man with creases in his trousers doesn't have to put furrows in his brow.

"I don't know much German," remarked Speaker Henderson to a New York reporter, "but enough to have saved me one of my first lawsuits. The case, although not very important from a monetary point of view, was to me of tremendous import. My client, who was the plaintiff, was a war comrade, and I felt in fighting for him as I did when we were in the war together. He was suing for \$800. Well, one of the witnesses was a German woman, a hag, as far as her exterior went, but withal a good woman. Nevertheless, the fact that she was a good woman did not seem to offset in many minds her ugliness of face and uncouth manners. The interpreter, like some others whom I have known, was not altogether accurate, and, what was more, this fellow happened to be an out and out

scoundrel as well. I was keeping one eye on the witness and the other on the interpreter, and between the two it is a wonder I am not cross-eyed now.

"I had about made up my mind to call the judge's attention to the sly work of the interpreter, when the witness answered the most important question of all. The question required simply an answer in the affirmative or the negative, and what did that scoundrel do but tell the jury she had said 'Yes,' when she had said 'No.' It didn't take much German, to be sure, to know that the interpreter had lied, but I had German enough to know that. 'Judge,' I shouted, 'this interpreter is a scoundrel and I won't put up with his lies any further.' The judge had gone dead asleep and at my yell came together with a jump. I was not at all quiet those days, and believed that as a new member of the bar the more of a storm I raised the better the effect and the more rapid would be my advancement. After the judge was fully awake I questioned the old woman again and interpreted her answers myself. I so fully exposed the iniquity of the interpreter that he was summarily discharged, and my knowledge of the modern languages so impressed the judge that I won my case."

The sons of the German emperor are being brought up in a strict school. While

the crown prince is being initiated into the student life at Bonn his three younger brothers—Eitel Fritz, August Wilhelm and Oscar—are hard at work at Pleon, where they are subjected to a daily routine stricter than that to which they are accustomed at home.

Judge E. H. Gary, before whom the Chicago anarchists of 1886 were tried, recently said to an audience of young collegians: "When I was admitted to the bar, about fifty-seven years ago, I thought I knew something about law. I have spent that fifty-seven years forgetting what I knew then and learning it all anew again."

Although, as befits a man who believes in the divine right of kings, the kaiser shows a stern front to the public when he drives about the streets, in private there is no monarch so easy, so frank and full of fun. When he met Lord Salisbury during his first visit to Cowes sometime ago he told that august man some stories which made him split his sides. He even dug the premier in the ribs when his grandmother was not by, and then apologized for the indiscretion.

The little king of Spain is guarded every night by a body of picked men, who are natives of Espinosa and have served with distinction in the army. It is by them the



"THE MINUET" BY CHILDREN AT ST. CATHERINE'S ACADEMY—Photo for The Bee by Bostwick.