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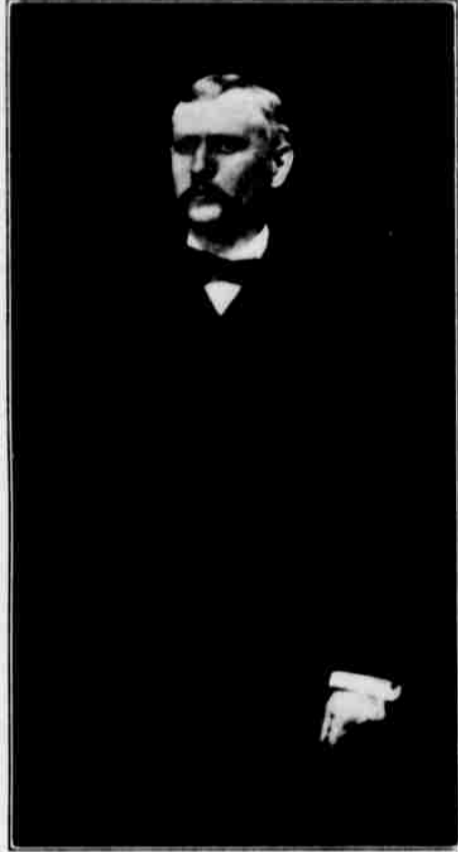
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No more striking evidence of the remarkable solidarity of the American people could be wished than that afforded during the last week incident to the attack on President McKinley by the anarchist, Czol-



J. J. LANGER, WHO HAS GONE AS UNITED STATES CONSUL TO SOLINGEN, GERMANY.

gosz. In an instant after the news had been flashed across the country by telegraph all party differences were forgotten, all divisions of race or creed fell down and 77,000,000 people as one gave voice to their grief at the striking down of their honored executive and their indignation against the criminal guilty of the murderous deed. For three days and nights these people waited anxiously for news from the bedside and were not content until the surgeons in attendance gave it as their opinion that the wounds would not prove fatal. It was not enough for the people to know that the life of the nation was in no danger. Assurance that the republic would survive



ROBERT L. PARISH OF LEON, WHO HAS JUST BEEN APPOINTED JUDGE OF THE SEVENTH DISTRICT BY GOVERNOR SHAW.

the president was not asked. In the moment of horror at the deed of a mental perversity all questions of material interest were forgotten and only one prayer was uttered—that the life of William McKinley might be spared. From the people of a great nation went up a general supplication on behalf of the nation's head.

Much has been said in the public press about the failure of crops in Nebraska and the great loss to farmers thereby. If the pessimists had attended the State fair held at Lincoln recently they would have been given sufficient evidence to induce them to seek other occasion for their lamentation. It is undeniably true that much damage was done the Nebraska corn crop by the protracted drouth and uncommonly hot weather of July, yet the crop was not totally destroyed and the conservative government estimate allows that the state will produce what a few years ago would have been considered a phenomenal crop. But the government report does not afford even an inkling of the other resources of the Nebraska farmer. In no state in the union have agriculture and its kindred arts made such advance as in Nebraska. From dependence on a single crop, the failure of which left him helpless and destitute, the Nebraska farmer has come to know better and no longer puts all his eggs in one basket. He has found that corn is not the only crop for which the soil of Nebraska is adapted, but, on the contrary, there is no grain, grass or fruit that can be raised in a temperate climate but what may be successfully cultivated in Nebraska. Diversity is now the watchword, not only in crops, but in methods among the farmers of Nebraska. It may be safely asserted that nowhere is the work of tilling the soil directed with more intelligent care than in the Antelope state. The result is that although the corn crop suffered materially and some of the other crops were failures in certain parts of the state, as a whole

the yield of all things the farm is expected to produce has not only been satisfactory, but even bountiful, and the farmer is far from being an object of commiseration. The Bee this week shows some pictures which were taken on the State fair grounds at Lincoln. It will take most careful scrutinizing to discover any evidence of impending disaster in the appearance of any of the people present, while the pictures of live stock, grains, vegetables and fruits ought to effectually answer any charge of crop failure.

Labor day echoes are still heard, and likely will be for many weeks to come. The union men of the nation never made a more creditable display than this year, and the part played by the unions of Council Bluffs, Omaha and South Omaha was certainly not insignificant. The Bee this week presents some snap shots taken by a staff photographer, showing the unions lined up ready to march and a view of the crowd at Syndicate park, while E. Rosewater was delivering his address. These views will give an excellent idea of the sort of men who make up the strength of organized labor.

On Labor day there assembled in Omaha an organization which is somewhat unique, the Nebraska Society of Labor. This is an outgrowth of the Nebraska Federation of Labor, which passed a precarious and somewhat variegated career of about four years and finally yielded up its life from inanition. The new society has been in existence a little longer than a year. It is made up of delegates from trades unions and its object is to look after matters of general interest to all trades unions, but which do not fall particularly within the scope of any. Its sessions are for the interchange of ideas and discussions of projects intended to forward the general interest of all. The Omaha meeting was well attended and full of interest for the delegates and the unions they represent. W. H. Bell of



WILLIAM H. BELL, NEWLY ELECTED PRESIDENT NEBRASKA SOCIETY OF LABOR.



MRS. IDA SAXTON MCKINLEY—Photo Copyrighted by Clinedinst, Washington.

Omaha was chosen president for the coming year.

It is not generally known that in southwestern Iowa is located the headquarters of a set of Mormons which is in many respects as unique as that which has made Salt Lake City famous throughout the world. When the Mormon stronghold at Nauvoo, Ill., was broken up after the assassination of Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother at Carthage, an hebra took place. Under Brigham Young it was determined that the valley surrounding the Great Salt Lake was the promised land, and thitherward the faithful turned. Not all had the physical courage or endurance to face the hardships of the journey across the plains and many lingered along the route across Iowa. In time these were gathered together, until they formed the nucleus of the church known as the Reformed Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. These have their headquarters at Lamoni, Ia., but their congregations are scattered up and down the Missouri valley, almost every city or town having its Mormon church. The chief point of

difference between the Missouri valley Mormons and the Utah Mormons is that the former never upheld or practiced polygamy. In this number of The Bee will be found a very interesting article describing in detail the genesis and development of the sect.

Hon. J. J. Langer of Wilber, Neb., is the latest member of Nebraska's brigade in the diplomatic service of the United States, having recently been appointed to be United States consul at Solingen, Germany. Mr. Langer's post is one of considerable commercial importance. For nearly 800 years Solingen has been celebrated for its cutlery. Among swordsmen a Solingen blade has been esteemed almost, if not quite, as highly as a Toledo, while in modern days people all over the world have become acquainted with two legends on pocket and table cutlery—"Solingen" and "Made in Germany." Mr. Langer will have much to occupy him in looking after this important post. It is a coincidence somewhat gratifying that Nebraskans should represent the United States at two of the most important centers of cutlery and light hardware in the world—Church Howe at Birmingham and J. J. Langer at Solingen.



LABOR DAY PICNIC AT SYNDICATE PARK—MR. EDWARD ROSEWATER ADDRESSING THE ASSEMBLAGE—Photographed by a Staff Artist.

## Episodes and Incidents That Enliven Court Proceedings

T IRED of the long-winded oratory of the attorney for the defense, relates the Chicago Tribune, the judge interrupted him.

"Mr. Sharke," he said, "may I ask you a question?"

"Certainly, your honor. What is it?"

"Language," said the judge, "we are told, is given to conceal thought, or words to that effect. Inasmuch as you don't seem to have any thought to conceal I would like to know why you are talking."

Sir Harry Poland recalled, in a recently published lecture, an anecdote of Maule, J. The bailiff of the court had been sworn to keep the jury locked up "without meat, drink or fire, candles only excepted." A jurymen demanded a glass of water. The bailiff, a scrupulous man, asked the judge

whether this refreshment was permissible. "Yes," said the judge, "it certainly isn't meat, and I should not call it drink."

Senator William Mason of Illinois was attorney some years ago for James McGrath of the Chicago postoffice, a Grand Army captain, who was injured by a street car. It took some considerable time to settle the suit that followed. Finally the car company compromised by paying \$2,000. McGrath endorsed the check and took it to Senator Mason, telling him to take out his fee and give the cripple the balance.

"That lot of yours will never get well, captain," inquired the senator, indifferently.

"No," replied McGrath, "I am a cripple for good, I suppose."

"And \$2,000 is a measly little bit of money for such a thing," mused the senator. Then

he looked up suddenly and asked, "Got a cigar?"

The captain had one and gave it to his lawyer. Senator Mason lighted it and began to talk about Illinois affairs in general.

"But, senator," interrupted McGrath, "how about your fee for your work for me?"

"My fee?" said the senator. "Why, this cigar's my fee."

An eminent justice who was trying a right-of-way case, relates the Boston Courier, had before him a witness, an old farmer, who was proceeding to tell the jury that he "had known the path for sixty years and my feyther told I as he heard my grandfeyther say—"

"Stop!" cried the judge. "We can't have any hearsay evidence here."

"No!" exclaimed Farmer Giles. "Then

how dost know who thy feyther was, 'cept by hearsay?"

After the laughter had subsided the judge said:

"In courts of law we can only be guided by what you have seen with your own eyes and nothing more or less."

"Oh, that be blowed for a tale!" replied the farmer. "I ha' got a bite on the back of my neck and I never seed 'un, but I be prepared to swear he's there, dang 'un!"

This second triumph on the part of the witness set in a torrent of hearsay evidence about the footpath, which obtained weight with the jury, albeit the judge told them it was not testimony of any value, and the farmer's party won.

Judge William P. Whitehouse, one of the most genial and popular members of the Maine bench, has recently been telling a reporter of the Lewiston Journal some good

stories of his early experiences as a dispenser of justice. "I once drove," he says, "across the country from Machias to Cherryfield at the close of the court. It was a bitter cold night in January and I was nearly frozen when I reached Cherryfield and drove up to the hotel kept by the famous Barney McGouldrie. As I was trying to thaw out over the open fire Barney came in and said to me: 'Judge, do you think it would be wrong for a man who had been riding such a night as this to take a drop of punch if I should mix it?'"

"I told him that I hardly thought it would be a heinous offense, if he wanted to do so, but for myself I did not care to thaw out in that way."

"Then you take no offense," said Barney. "'Oh, certainly not, certainly not,' I replied."

(Continued on Eighth Page.)