

OMAHA ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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Pen and Picture Pointers

The frontispiece of The Bee this week will readily be recognized as a striking likeness of Omaha's popular mayor, Frank E. Moores, who has been renominated for that office on the republican city ticket, which will be voted on at the election Tuesday, March 6. Mr. Moores enjoys the distinction of knowing personally more people in Omaha than any other one man. As he said in his speech of acceptance to the republican convention, he knows them not only before election, but also after election and every day in the year. He can walk down Farnam street bowing right and left to acquaintances, shaking hands with workmen and laborers, nodding to the coachman and at the same time acknowledging the recognition of the occupants of the carriage. During the exposition, by welcoming so many of the city's guests, he became almost synonymous with Omaha. While he has had to meet the vindictive attacks of bitter personal and political enemies, his administration of the city government during the three years in which he has occupied the executive office is admitted on all sides to have given more general satisfaction to all classes of the people than the mayoralty of any of his predecessors. The republicans in renominating him have simply followed the custom of presenting for second terms officers who have served creditably during their first term.

Few people realize to what extent an election such as that which is impending for Omaha becomes a center of public interest. On election day from 12,000 to 20,000 people in the city of Omaha, according to weather, go to the respective balloting places and record their votes, indicating their preferences among the various candidates for office. No other one event in the annual history of the community draws out the active personal participation of so many people. While those who are not directly interested in political matters often complain because the public press devotes so much space to politics, they too frequently forget this feature of the situation.

The present number of The Bee presents a gallery of portraits of a selected representation of Omaha's most prominent leaders in society circles as they appear in their usual street costumes. Many of our readers will thus be introduced by face-to-face photographs to the people about whom they read from week to week in the society columns of their paper. Omaha boasts a fashionable set which will compare in the matter of dress, manners and general attractiveness with that of any other progressive city. To secure a place in that society is the ambition of every woman who aspires to social recognition. Many of these women, it will be remembered, served on the woman's board of the Transmississippi Exposition and made for themselves a reputation as hospitable entertainers which extends far beyond the points of the city and state.

The little girl whose picture is herewith given is regarded by her friends and admirers as a remarkable pianist. Her name is Lizzie Drake; she resides with her parents in Council Bluffs; she is 10 years old, although small for her age, and has taken piano lessons not quite two years. Her retentive memory enables her to play difficult music without having it before her. This faculty has advanced her more in that time than is usual, and she has already appeared in a number of public entertainments. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Drake of Council Bluffs.

The usual page devoted to women and embellished with portraits of living fashion models has been dispensed with this week. The pictures of Omaha society leaders illustrating the latest fashions in women's wear present this feature as well, if not better, than those which we have been having specially posed for us.

The bloodhounds represented in the accompanying picture have figured in several recent incidents showing the sagacity of these animals in tracking people whose location was wanted. They belong to Dr. Fulton of Beatrice, Neb. The larger one is known as Miss Columbia. The animals are of purest breed and naturally are the pride of their owner.

As everybody knows, Senator Chandler's sarcasm is something to fear, relates the Washington Post. It isn't every senator who will openly acknowledge being afraid of it. Senator Money was, however, frank enough yesterday. Mr. Chandler had asked him whether they ever held elections in Mississippi. Mr. Money replied in an evasive way.

"I wish the senator would examine his mind," said Chandler, in his innocent manner, "and tell me whether he thinks that there was an election."

"Oh, yes," was the answer, "there was an election, but I didn't know what to say



LIZZIE DRAKE, A LITTLE COUNCIL BLUFFS PIANIST.

about it. I am as afraid of Senator Chandler as I would be of a monkey in a powder magazine. I have been a victim of his wit too often."

Senator Chandler chuckled. It was the highest compliment that could have been bestowed upon him.

About Noted People

Senator Vest is a Missourian almost by mistake. He was on his way to California in 1853 to practice law there, was snowbound at Georgetown, Mo., and, not being too well supplied with money, decided to practice there for the rest of the winter. He did so well that he gave up the Pacific slope plan.

In his recently published book of memoirs, entitled "That Reminds Me," Sir Edward Russell says that John Bright rarely had any differences with his wife, but that whenever the two came to a point of absolute disagreement the blunt old Quaker always threatened to ask Mr. Gladstone to make him a knight. The answer invariably was: "Oh, anything rather than that," and John had his own way.

The Iowa legislature paid an unusual compliment to ex-Governor Larrabee last week when both branches of the assembly adjourned and marched in a body to Mr. Larrabee's office, where the lieutenant governor informed him that they had come to pay him a tribute of respect upon the conclusion of his duties as a member of the State Board of Control.

The late G. W. Stevens, the English correspondent, always had twelve waifs and strays under his care—six boys and six girls. They were collected from all the dark corners of the world, from slum and alley, from workhouse and thieves' den, from parents that were drunken and from parents

that had fled. And under the care of Mr. Stevens and his wife they were trained to capacity and honesty.

One of the statues which will be placed in Copley square in Boston is of Paul Revere on his famous midnight ride at the outbreak of the revolution. He is shown just as he has reined his horse to call to a farmer that the British are coming. Those who have seen the model say that the work is most lifelike; the horse preserves some of the momentum of his dash and is full of fire, while the figure of Revere shows the intense excitement of his wild journey.

An English lady addressed our ambassador to Great Britain as Mr. Cho-a-te. He reminded her that his name was not pronounced Cho-a-te, but as if spelled Chote. She naively remarked: "I thought all Americans pronounced every letter in those old Indian names." Mr. Choate showed himself a veritable Joseph, by running away from her.

J. C. W. Beckham, who claims to be the de jure governor of Kentucky, comes of one of the oldest families in Kentucky. His father was William N. Beckham of Nelson county, and his mother is the daughter of ex-Governor Robert C. Wickliffe of Louisiana. On the first day he was eligible to hold the office he was nominated by the democrats of Nelson county to represent it in the house of representatives, where he had years before served as a page. Though the youngest member of that body, his voice was often heard in its councils. He declined to stand for re-election and was succeeded by the late Isaac Wilson, who died at Frankfort during the memorable Blackburn-Hunter senatorial race. He was elected to fill out the unexpired term and stood by Blackburn during that heated contest. He was re-elected to that body at the last session, and was made its presiding officer, being the nominee of the democratic caucus without opposition.

Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: Many a smart woman marries a worthless man.

Circumstances make some men and unmake others.

Don't worry today if you can put it off until tomorrow.

The man who sits down and hopes for the best seldom gets it.

Many a harmless-looking bottle contains a job lot of snake stories.

The more delusions some people have the more happiness they enjoy.

When a man knows he is in the right it matters not what others think.

Many a man becomes a pessimist when he begins to harvest his wild oats.

Were it not for the dentist many a long-felt want would remain unfiled.

The golden rule must be a pure one, as it is seldom made to work both ways.

A thumb on the hand is far better than three fingers of whisky in the stomach.

Every time a woman deceives a man his vanity gets a shock that puts it to sleep.

A student of human nature who knows his business never wastes much time in society.

What a jolly old world this would be if others would share your opinion of yourself.

Every man may have his price, but the majority are willing to allow a discount for cash.

Whenever a man is browbeaten it is usually by the gray matter behind some other fellow's brow.

An Entering Wedge

Puck: He—I don't think card-parties for church purposes are quite proper.

She—Oh! progressive eucbre isn't any harm.

He—Perhaps not; but it may be only a question of time when they'll be holding poker games with a kitty for the benefit of the heathen in foreign lands.

Mayor Frank E. Moores

Frank E. Moores, who has been renominated for mayor of Omaha on the republican ticket, is an Ohio man by birth, and his Ohio nativity may in a measure account for the prominence he has attained in political circles.

Mayor Moores' life has now covered fifty-nine years, twenty-five of which have been passed in Omaha. He came to this city from St. Joseph, Mo., to take charge of the Omaha ticket office of the Kansas City, St. Joseph & Council Bluffs railway, then located at the northeast corner of Tenth and Farnam streets. It was during his location at this point that that particular spot became known as "Benevolent Corner," as any old-timer will tell you to-day. The two-story building in which the office existed disappeared long ago, to give place to the present stately structure, but the memories of "Benevolent Corner" remain as a distinguishing mark in the history of Omaha.

The corner took its name from the many benevolent acts and many kind deeds performed by the railroad men who had their headquarters in that vicinity, foremost among whom was Frank E. Moores. To "Benevolent Corner" every traveler in distress made his way, and rarely did he appeal for help without some substantial result. While Mr. Moores was not in a position to dispense benevolence on an extensive scale, in conjunction with his associates he managed to maintain the well earned reputation of the corner, so that a really worthy applicant was seldom turned away.

This sympathetic feeling for his fellows, and particularly those in distress, is one of the most notable characteristics of Omaha's present mayor and served to make him popular during his career as a railroad man. When he left the agency of the Kansas City, St. Joseph & Council Bluffs road he became the city agent for the Wabash railway, whose office was located at the corner of Fifteenth and Farnam streets. One side of the building was embellished with a huge map of the United States with the Wabash railroad lines marked on it as if they formed the only means of transportation around the country and all centering in Omaha. But whether or not the Wabash map really represented actual conditions of railroad transportation, it is certain that it formed a center of attraction for innumerable friends of the popular ticket agent. Farnam and Fifteenth was better known as the "Wabash Corner" than by any other name, and the office was the most popular "drop-in place" in the city, to which many of the old customers of "Benevolent Corner" translated their affections.

Another direction in which Mayor Moores has always had a particular leaning is that toward the soldiers—old and new. He himself had served four years in the war, having enlisted with an Ohio regiment when scarcely of age and re-enlisted twice at the expiration of his term. He was incarcerated later in Libby prison and liberated towards the close of the fighting. His associations with war veterans were always kept up and when the war with Spain broke out in 1898 he knew from experience how to speed the departure of the soldier boys and how to welcome them on their home-coming. The part he took in encouraging Omaha's regiments as they responded to their country's call and in caring for them on their return after having been mustered out will never be forgotten by those who shared in his enthusiastic patriotism.

Mayor Moores' jovial spirit and entertaining manners were never put so much to the test as during the trying period of the Transmississippi exposition, when he did the honors for the city, entertaining its innumerable guests from abroad and welcoming a succession of conventions, congresses and conferences held in the city in conjunction with the great fair. The exacting and arduous duties attaching to the office by reason of the visiting guests were performed in a way that made every stranger feel that he was among friends and im-

pressed him upon his departure with the hospitality of the Omaha people.

In politics Mr. Moores has always been an ardent republican. For years he has given his services to the cause. At caucuses, conventions, ratification meetings and rallies his entertaining faculties were always in evidence, with pointed remarks and timely stories. In every torchlight procession, especially in presidential campaigns, Mr. Moores could always be found "at the head of the procession" with the ambition to make his torch appear the brightest. While working constantly in the ranks he was never an aspirant for office until 1887, when he was made the candidate of the party for the office of clerk of the district court, and triumphantly elected and re-elected in 1891. At the expiration of his second term he retired to private life. He was elevated to the office of mayor in April, 1897, as the candidate of the republican party.

His energies, however, were not confined to the political field. Public-spirited in the highest degree, no enterprise that promised good to Omaha failed to count him amongst its supporters. Although not a rich man, he has been active with the promoters of our public enterprises and institutions. He built a family residence on Capitol avenue near Twentieth, and later his present residence on Eighteenth street near Jackson.

The mayor and his family are regular attendants at All Saints' Episcopal church.

Told Out of Court

A certain well known British treasury counsel was driving over Blackfriars bridge one day on his way to Surrey sessions. Noticing Sir Peter Edlin trudging along in the mud and rain he instantly stopped his hansom and offered the judge a "lift." It was accepted and the pair proceeded to Newington in great amity. Arriving, the learned counsel hurried in, as he had an important application to make on the sitting of the court. To his horror and surprise the said application was curtly refused. He was dumfounded at the sudden change in the demeanor of the judge, until the usher, in a husky whisper, said: "Do you know what you've done?" "No! What is it?" "Why, you ran in and left the judge to pay for your cab."

"A Washington police court," says the Green Bag, "had occasion recently to pass upon the momentous question whether the proprietor of a monkey can be compelled to furnish it with shoes. On the complaint of some benevolent idiot, Pietro Florello, by profession a hand organist, was hauled into the temple of justice to answer a charge of cruelty to animals, in that he was utilizing a barefooted monkey in the collection of his precarious income. After a careful research into the law of domestic relations the court reached the conclusion that Signor Florello was under no legal obligation to furnish his friend with footwear and the case was accordingly dismissed."

"Wellington Wells, clerk of the equity session," says the Boston Record, "is a Latin scholar of no mean attainments. Owing to exceptional circumstances the equity merit list for the next sitting was ordered printed and Mr. Wells sent the 'copy' to the printer with the ancient and time-honored heading: 'Coram Hardy, J.'"

"Unfortunately, the printer is not so profound a scholar as Mr. Wells and, accustomed to seeing more than the justice's name at the head of court lists, leaped to the conclusion that a new member of the bench had been appointed. Coram by name, so he followed his logic to legitimate conclusion and the new list appears adorned with the cabalistic head: 'Coram, J.'"

In respect to the claim of a barber to an exemption of his mirror and chair as tools of a mechanic Judge Wilkes of Tennessee says: "It is argued that no one is a mechanic except a person who works on wood or metal; but it is replied the barber works upon the head and upon the cheek, so that, while there is a distinction between the two, it seems to be a distinction without any material difference. Attention is called to the fact also that frequently the impression made on the customer's face is similar to that made by a carpenter with his saw. . . . The argument is that, if a man who spreads paint on a board and makes it more attractive is a mechanic and laboring man, another man who spreads soap on the face and makes it more presentable is likewise a mechanic and laboring man. We must confess that we are not able to answer such logic as this. To look at him the barber appears to be a professional gentleman and we feel much hesitation in classing him with mechanics except upon his own request. . . . At his request he must be classed as a mechanic and laborer as well as orator and news agent."

A Hint

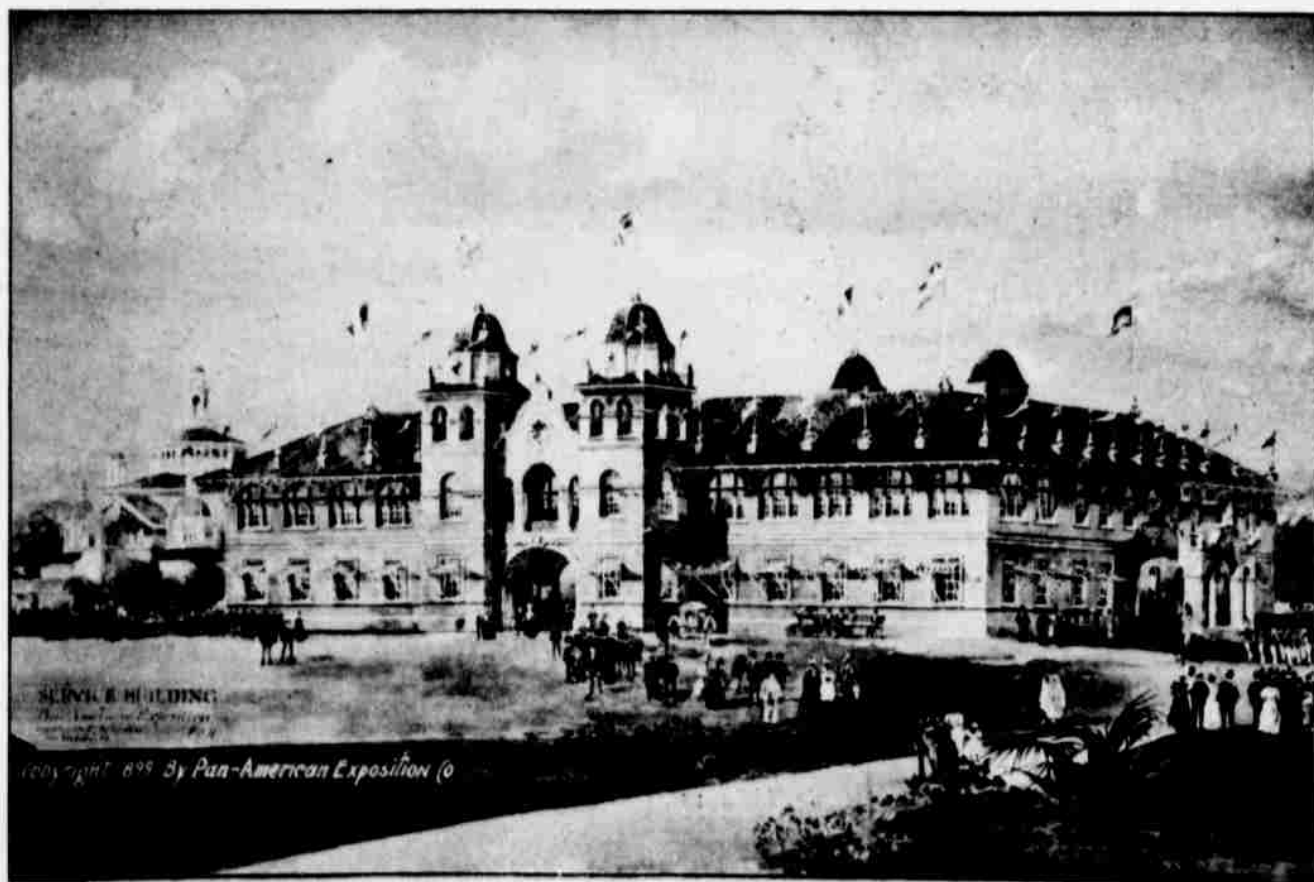
Detroit Journal: She wrote to him, and closed her letter with these meaning words: "I remain

"GLADYS FITZMAURICE."

She sighed deeply as she wiped her pen upon her hair.

"How long shall I remain this?" she asked herself, in much agony of spirit.

Then she folded the missive and sealed it with the ancient crest of the house of Fitzmaurice.



EXPOSITION BUILDING
Photographed by Pan-American Exposition Co.