

OMAHA ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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Pen and Picture Pointers

The frontispiece of this number of The Illustrated Bee is a striking portrait of Rt. Rev. Richard Scannell, bishop of the Catholic diocese of Nebraska and thus the recognized head of the church for this district. The particular timeliness of the sketch and portrait of the bishop arises from the fact that he is directly in line for promotion to the position of archbishop should the present illness of Archbishop Hennessy continue so as to prevent his recovery. As a churchman Bishop Scannell devotes himself exclusively to the work appertaining to his office and is not greatly in evidence outside of these lines, but within the church his influence and power as a minister are recognized by all.

Several interesting group pictures are presented representing recent conventions. One of these shows the executive committee and officers of the organization of Nebraska retail lumber dealers, which held its sessions in Omaha, and another the attendance at the national convention of buttermakers at Lincoln a week ago. The others show conspicuous figures at the meeting of the populist national committee at Lincoln that decided upon the time and place of their national convention—or rather two national conventions—putting in nomination the presidential ticket for the impending campaign.

The late D. C. Bloomer, who was buried at Council Bluffs this week, was one of the oldest and best known residents of that city. He was 83 years of age at the time of his death, having been born at Cayuga, in Cayuga county, New York, where he was



THE LATE D. C. BLOOMER, PIONEER OF COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia.

educated in the common schools, and later became editor of a newspaper at Seneca Falls. He entered politics early in life, holding a number of local offices. He was appointed postmaster under President Taylor. He started west in 1853, locating first at Mount Vernon, O., but remained there only two years, after which he came to Council Bluffs. He was appointed receiver of public moneys by Lincoln in 1861, a position which he held through Grant's two terms and until the office was abolished. He also served on the school board and as mayor. It was his wife who, as a pioneer in dress reform, gave the name of "bloomers" to the garment which has since been adopted, in various modifications, by modern women, and at the celebration of their golden wedding in 1890 congratulatory telegrams were received from many of the most prominent leaders in the suffrage movement. His death removes a notable figure from the public life of Council Bluffs.

The accompanying picture is a photograph of Elisabeth Franziska, Frau Karl Salvator, Hubert Salvator and Hedwig Maria Immaculata, the four children of Archduke Franz Salvator and Archduchess Marie Valerie of Austria. Archduchess Marie Valerie is the youngest and favorite daughter of Emperor Francis Joseph I, who, although she could have married almost any of the Catholic princes of the world, in 1890 fell in love with and gave her hand and enormous wealth to a poor second cousin of hers, the third son of the grand duke of Toscana, belonging to the non-reigning branch of the house of Hapsburg. Since the

sudden and horrible death of his only son (Crown Prince Rudolph) and his wife (Empress Elisabeth) Emperor Francis Joseph seeks frequently solace in the company of his favorite daughter and finds his chief pleasure in playing with these four little children.

An entertainment given in Omaha last week, under the auspices of a number of society women, directed by Miss Daisy Doane and Miss Blanche McKenna, furnishes the subjects for us for a number of clever pictures. The entertainment consisted—besides musical numbers—of a minuet danced by juvenile performers, children of leading people of the city, and some comic mummery, by well known society men and women, who were dressed in costume with caricature masks on the backs of their heads and went through amusing antics with their faces turned toward the wall. We are sure that were it not for the names with which the pictures are labeled none of their friends would recognize these new stars of the local dramatic firmament.

In response to the interest taken in the municipal campaign now being waged in Omaha The Bee prints some more portraits of the two candidates for mayor. Mr. Moore's face presents the same smiling, jovial countenance with which he greets every one who comes to see him on private or official business, while that of Candidate Poppleton shows him to be a stern-visaged man, apparently feeling the responsibility of the great burden resting upon him. One of the pictures, which is reprinted from The Christmas Bee, discloses Mayor Moore in the roll of Santa Claus leaving the city hall in company with a messenger boy and various packages representing his Christmas shopping. The mayor is known to be one of the most extensive distributors of Christmas gifts, among his intimate friends, of any in the city, and with the children he has the reputation of being Santa Claus himself. The election, which occurs next Tuesday, will decide which of these two men is to occupy the chief executive position of Omaha's municipal government for the next three years.

About Noted People

When Dan Rice was at the Walnut Street theater, Philadelphia, in 1860 he sent passes one night to 300 young men, and when they arrived to see the show he appeared without his make-up and read them a lecture condemning the outbursts which had been made in favor of the south and secession at a time when the fate of the nation hung in the balance.

Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton of New York, in a lecture on "Ruskin as a Social Reformer," recalls the fact that the great critic and philosopher, after giving away most of the fortune of \$1,000,000 left to him by his father, as well as most of the big royalties on his books, finally let it all go, reserving for himself only a competence of \$1,500 a year for his old age.

Mark Twain related in a recent address that he once set out to ride from Hartford to Boston on a bicycle, got tired of it after five miles and took an express train. "What time did you leave Hartford?" asked a friend in Boston. "About seven." "What!" And you don't mean you've ridden all the way on your bicycle." "Enough of it," said Twain, "to prove it could be done."

Ex-Speaker Reed was a guest at the recent banquet in New York of the American Paper and Pulp association. In the course of his remarks he fired this shot at McKinley's administration: "Few people, I fancy, realize the growth of the dinner habit among us. You will notice that I use the words 'I fancy' instead of 'I guess' out of respect for the English alliance, which does us so much credit and honor." This was greeted with a hearty round of applause.

It is not generally known that the late marquis of Queensberry, although an agnostic himself, had a brother at the opposite pole of belief, a priest of the Roman Catholic church. Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas is well known in Southwark, where he was attached to St. George's cathedral for several years, and where he devoted himself in particular to the rescue and redemption of Catholic boys from the dangers of the slums and the streets. He



EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE AND OFFICERS NEBRASKA RETAIL LUMBERMEN, RECENTLY IN SESSION IN OMAHA—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

sent scores to situations in Canada, and he has crossed the Atlantic several times in charge of them.

A few years ago a large party, headed by the duke of Norfolk, went on a tour through the continent. The duke busied himself very much on the journey in a kind-hearted way about the welfare of every one in the party. At every station he used to get out and go round to see if he could do anything for any one. One old woman, who did not know him, when she arrived at last in Rome, tired and hot, found great difficulty in getting a porter. So she seized on the duke. "Now, my good man," she said, "I've noticed you at all these stations loafing about. Just make yourself useful for once in your life. Take my bag and find me a cab." The duke mildly did as he was bid and was rewarded with a sixpence. "Thank you, madam," he said. "I shall prize this, indeed! It is the first coin I have ever earned in my life."

On Washington's birthday the Woglums and the Waglums held a family reunion in Brooklyn. The Woglums and the Waglums are not, as might be supposed by the cursory western reader, new additions to a Jabberwock menagerie; they are twin branches of the Van Wogglum parent stem, a low Dutch family of high degree. The founder of the house, Jan Van Wogglum of Wogglum, in the land of dykes and voluminous breeches, was a man of sterling character, whom his descendants, the Woglums and the Waglums of today, delight to honor. They feel so strongly on the subject that the object of the gathering was to consider the idea of giving up the Woglum and Waglum cognomens and going back to the original Van Wogglum of the Wogglum fountain head. No doubt they realize that there would be no great loss in either euphony or harmony in making the change, and yet you can't tell how a Waglum or a Woglum might look upon it. Of course, female Waglums and Woglums can be expected to welcome a change of name, but the male Wags and Wags may prove stubborn.

Princely Wedding Gifts

Washington papers give detailed accounts of the wedding gifts received by the British ambassador's daughter, Miss Lillian Pauncefoot, whose marriage to Hon. Robert Bromley of England took place in Washington at noon Saturday. The gifts received in advance of the wedding were arranged in a room in the ambassador's residence, guarded by policemen. A large cabinet was filled with gems that resembled a collection of crown jewels far more than the gifts of such kinds usually bestowed upon a youthful bride. The silver occupied one side of the apartment, with china, glass and bric-a-brac on the opposite side.

The Rothschilds sent a princely gift of a necklace of pearls and diamonds, with heart-shaped brooch. Lady Bromley's gift is a necklace of five rows of solitaire diamonds, with pearl and diamond bracelet to match. Countess de Lichterfelde, wife of the Belgian minister, sent an ornate fan. Baroness von Hengelmuller, wife of the Austrian minister, a silver tea kettle; Mr. Carnegie, a wonderful silver tankard several feet high,

enriched with finely engraved silver repousse figures; Mr. Choate, the American ambassador to England, a pair of ornate silver candelabra; Secretary Long, a large silver pitcher of classic shape; Senator McMillan's gift is a duplicate of that of the secretary of the navy. Mr. and Mrs. Calderon Carlisle sent a repousse silver paper case and portfolio; Mrs. Nicholas Anderson, a large silver-framed mirror; Miss Glover, a somewhat smaller duplicate of the above; Mr. and Mrs. William Boardman, a pair of silver dishes in the newest shade of gray; Colonel and Mrs. Arthur Lee, of the embassy, a large



FOUR CHILDREN OF ARCHDUCHESS VALERIE.

silver dish in the same shade; Miss Riggs, antique silver and glass flower vase; Mrs. Frederick McGuire, a large flower vase in openwork silver; Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, gold repousse paper case and portfolio; Mrs. Stanley Matthews, white vellum and silver portfolio.

General and Mrs. Ernst sent a most unique and valuable as well as historic present. This was a large white kid case containing six rare old books and a collection of cut-glass wine glasses purchased 100 years ago at a Bromley sale by Mrs. Ernst's ancestor, General Amory. Mrs. and Miss Warder sent a diamond and sapphire crescent brooch; Mrs. Bancroft Davis, a silver fruit dish; the Miseses Patten, a polished silver loving cup with bride's monogram in ribbon lettering. Mrs. Cowles, wife of Commander Cowles, and sister of Governor Roosevelt, a Dutch repousse silver box; Mrs. and Miss Kohl of California, an openwork net gold purse and chatelaine; the secretaries and attaches of the British embassy sent a half dozen silver dishes with openwork edges.

Mr. and Miss Curzon of England, who were of the wedding party, brought with

them a present, the duplicate of that always bestowed by royalty on such happy occasions, a heavily-mounted silver dressing case, completely equipped with jeweled bottles.

A Princess' Cast-Off Hats

The collecting of lace is not the only hobby of the princess of Wales. She has a remarkable lot of hats and bonnets, consisting of all those she has worn during the thirty years she has led London fashions. Each hat or bonnet, carefully put away, bears the date of the season of its use.

Perfumery bottles of all kinds and descriptions—of silver, gold, cut glass, uncut jewelry, gold encrusted with jewels and the like—are collected by the Crown Princess Marie of Roumania. The grandmother of the present czar of Russia had a similar collection which was valued at \$20,000.

Immense sums are spent in adding to his vast assortment of watches by the nawab of Bahawalpur, a high and mighty East Indian potentate. He has about 1,800 and is constantly acquiring more. He usually wears three or four watches and repeaters, changing them from day to day. His set of fifteen uncut rubies is historic; they measure about one and one-half inches in diameter and are engraved with the names of the Mogul emperors. This royal personage's crown is a mass of diamonds set in silver, and his sword of state is valued at \$500,000.

The mikado of Japan's hobby takes the form of palaces, of which he owns acres—a vast establishment in the heart of Tokio. His estate, in the center of the city, is made up of hill and valley, containing lakes and woods and enormous one-story palaces. The place is surrounded by moats, crossed

by marble bridges. The palaces cost a fabulous sum. The walls of many are of immense plate glass doors in lacquered frames, so arranged that a great number of rooms can be thrown into one. Some of the sliding doors are covered with gold leaf and the ceilings with magnificent embroideries.

King Menelik's hobby is thrones, and he has just ordered a new one. It was made at the studio of a French artist in Paris and is a truly gorgeous affair of heavily carved and gilded wood, decorated in shades of red and green, the colors of Ethiopia. There is the royal crown surmounting the throne, which is fourteen feet high, and the monogram of his majesty in Ethiopian characters.

A gruesome collection is that of Toffa, the king of Dahomey—the skulls of his enemies, which decorate the walls of the royal palace and pave the floor of his bedroom. If any king dares to oppose him and to claim his skull is made into a cup, out of which Toffa drinks to the gods.

Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: A clear conscience makes a good pillow.

A full moment is just as small as a spare moment.

Gold dust has ruined the eyesight of many a good man.

Always take sufficient time to consider; then decide quickly.

The best way to fill your cup of joy is by making others happy.

You can't always measure a widow's grief by the length of her veil.

The latest thing in dress goods is the girl who lies in bed the longest.

Gratitude is a sublime passion, but like all other sublime things it is rare.

Many a man gives a promise simply because he doesn't want to keep it.

A mad dog never takes a drink. Some men get mad if they are refused a drink.

It's unwise to judge a man by the umbrella he carries until you find out who owns it.

You have doubtless observed that when a boy reaches the age of indiscretion he tackles cigarettes.

A man's idea of true politeness is to refrain from consulting his watch during a tedious sermon.



NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BUTTERMAKERS AT LINCOLN, Neb.—Photo by U. G. Cornell.