

THE ILLUSTRATED BEE

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Pen and Picture Pointers

Easter is associated inseparably with the idea of the resurrection. It is the day on which the Christian world celebrates the empty sepulcher. On a similar occasion the pagan world celebrated the return of spring. From time immemorial people of the northern world have observed with festival and religious service the passage of the vernal equinox, as heralding the return of spring. It is a feast of new life that has been celebrated ever since men knew enough of mathematics and astronomy to separate the course of the earth on its orbit into days and seasons. Easter essentially typifies the breaking of the bonds of death in which winter has held the earth and the promise of new life which the springtime holds. In this broad empire of agriculture this can hardly be better or more fittingly illustrated than by the picture. The Bee presents on its first page this morning.

It was a mighty bad day the Fremont school teachers struck when they came to visit their Omaha fellows. They did not allow the heavy snow to dampen their ardor, however, but took in several of the city schools and visited the Board of Education rooms, where an informal reception was held. The Bee artist found them at the depot, lined up under the dripping porch, awaiting the train that was to bear them home. There is nothing in the expressions of the faces to show that the stress of the weather in any way interfered with their enjoyment of the visit.

Many Nebraska women find it convenient to come to Omaha to shop. Their course in this respect is hardly approved by the local dealers, who insist, with some logic and much vigor, that the way to build up a community is to patronize home institutions. It rarely is the case, though, that the store of the country town contains the articles exactly fancied and it is a physical impossibility that the country dealer can carry the stock whose extent and variety are designed to dazzle and engage the feminine eye. So the female dwellers in the interior towns make their occasional pilgrimages to Omaha, where the metropolitan emporiums give a chance for the expression of fancy in the purchase of raiment and articles for personal adornment. Such a group is shown in one of the illustrations today. The artist secured a snap at a bevy of young women from Sidney, who were waiting for a car to go to the depot after making purchases to be turned, during Lent, into finery for the parade today.

One of the most notable social gatherings assembled in Omaha recently was that which sat down in the dining room of the Omaha club on the last Saturday night in March. General Fitzhugh Lee, U. S. A. (retired), was the guest of the occasion and Dr. George L. Miller was the host. Among the list of those who were around the board are found names well known in every walk of the business and professional world of the west. The snapshots taken by flashlight for The Bee show many faces that are familiar to the readers.

One of the interesting features of Omaha life, to a visitor at least, is the sudden population of the streets about the hour for concluding church services on Sunday. Omaha people are essentially churchgoers, and while the streets may for an



First on left, Judge Munger, Dr. Miller, J. Sterling Morton, Gov. Shaw of Iowa, Fitzhugh Lee, Henry W. Yates.

hour or so about noon on Sunday appear to be deserted, when the services are concluded and the doors of the sanctuary open to allow the worshippers egress there is a most noticeable addition to the moving people on the streets. The Bee artist has given this week a snapshot taken in front of St. John's Catholic church on Palm Sunday.

About Noted People

August Strindberg, the Swedish author, is known as a fanatical woman hater. He divorced his first and second wives. It may be known to some readers that his novel bearing the title "Confession of a Fool" is a history of his second marriage. A Berlin correspondent says that the alleged misogynist is about to marry Harriet Bosse, a Swedish actress.

Mme. Patti called with her husband on her old friend and maestro, Signor Ardit, on her way through London a few days ago to congratulate him on his recovery from a severe illness, during which time she had sent many letters and anxious inquiries. At the end of her visit she gave the prettiest practical illustration possible, as one of those present put it afterward, of Ardit's famous valse song, "Il Bacio," leaving the aged composer in a decidedly happy frame of mind.

Najib Taky-Uddeen, the assistant surgeon whose assignment to Columbus barracks was announced recently, is a Syrian 23 years old. He studied with American missionaries in Beirut, came to this country, filed papers for citizenship and completed his education at the University of Maryland, studying medicine there. He served as hospital steward in the war with Spain and upon examination passed with an unusually high average.

Edwin Reynolds, second vice president of the Edwin P. Allis company of Milwaukee and one of the most prominent mechanical engineers and inventors in the west, celebrated his 70th birthday on last Saturday. Mr. Reynolds has invented many improvements in steam engines, and twenty years ago, in competition with engineers of this and foreign countries, he submitted designs for a blowing engine for steel furnaces. His design was accepted and has been in use without material improvements ever since. The adoption of the engine by the Carnegie company led to the placing of over \$5,000,000 worth of business.

After April 29, on which date President McKinley will leave Washington for the Pacific slope, he will spend very little time in the capital till next fall. The western



First sitting, Frank Murphy, Judge Doane, J. S. H. Patrick, General Cowin, Judge Wakeley, J. R. Buchanan.

First standing, A. J. Sawyer, Geo. F. Bidwell, G. W. Holdrege, W. D. McHugh, E. A. Cudahy, Casper E. Yost, Charles J. Greene.

Trip will occupy six weeks, and after his return the president will almost immediately go to New England to attend the commencements of Wellesley and Harvard universities and to be the guest of Senator Hoar. After a sojourn of three days at Mr. Hoar's home in Worcester, Mass., Mr. McKinley will visit Senator McMillan at Manchester-by-the-Sea, and later will go to Hingham, the home of Secretary Long, where he will spend the Fourth of July. He will pass the remainder of the summer at Canton.

The late Commodore Vanderbilt discovered in James H. Rutter, then in the employ of the Erie railroad, a man he believed the freight department of the Central needed. It is related that some time after he took charge of the Central's traffic office Rutter called on the commodore to submit a plan for improvement. When he had stated the case the president looked at him sharply and asked: "Rutter, what does the New York Central pay you \$15,000 a year for?" The reply was, "For managing the freight traffic department." And then the commodore said, "Well, you don't expect me to earn your salary for you, do you?" Rutter went out and carried through his plan on his own judgment. The result was highly satisfactory. Rutter became president of the Central.

Colonel Mosby, the famous confederate raider, of San Francisco, who is visiting friends in Baltimore, denounces as a hoax the story that the late Baron Massow left several millions of dollars to the members of his command. "Baron Massow," he says, "was a Prussian officer, the son of the chamberlain to the king of Prussia. He obtained leave of absence during the war from the Prussian army, in which he was an officer, and came to America to see some fighting. He thought that my command

would furnish enough excitement and he joined us. He was never enlisted, but fought whenever he had the chance, and was a most excellent soldier. He was a handsome man and an ideal soldier in appearance and action. He was with us for several months, but was shot at Dranesville, Fairfax county, Va., on February 22, 1864."

A railroad attorney went to South Carolina on the same train with Senator Tillman and Mrs. Tillman a few days ago. "We had seats in a parlor car," said the attorney, "and were comfortable if not luxurious. I knew Tillman to be such an outspoken advocate of the 'plain people



First on left, J. J. Dickey, Robert Patrick, J. G. Martin, Benjamin Wood.

that I was surprised, but I decided he had come to the conclusion after serving six years in Washington that parlor cars were not against the principles of true democracy. However, I found that that was not the case, for when the train reached the South Carolina line Senator Tillman and his wife gathered up their belongings and moved forward to a plain, ordinary day coach. They were too wise to ride through their own state in an expensive upholstered car."

To the Easter Hat

New York Herald. O scrumptious dream! O symphony of bliss! You wake a thrill of pleasure as you shine And flutter while you tilt to dip, and kiss. The zephyrs that upon your blossoms dine; You make the maid diviner than divine, As daintily she smiles and trips along. The avenues, a vision superlative, Amid the brazen clatter and ding dong, A nimble nymph that fills the atmosphere with song.

O airy structure, delicate and frail, E'en as the snowy blossom flake about To prouette along the balmy gale. That agitates the whiskers of the goat. That scents the can upon the hill remote—Are you of moonbeams builded by the spray. Fairy of gnome unto the bulb's note In gardens of eternal bloom where fly Wood dove and bee unto a silvern melody?

And yet, methinks, your sweet elusive grace Of color and of madcap fantasy Is half reflected from the dimpling face O'er which you hang and toss your wings care free. You're lovelier upon the lovely she Than in the window set to coyly lure. The dimesel hysterical in gloe, Or in her quick joy skittish or demure, And be of all the glad mad eyes the cynosure.

Therefore, O Hat, yours is a happy fate To bob akimbo on her golden head And make her gentle spirit as elate As if you were a corsinet instead. Happy the man who for you laid his red, Red gold upon the counter 'neath a spell—Today he's more than happy, be it said—He sees Her gliding in the serge and swell In all her gracious charm outbelleing belle on belle.

O bright creation, it may e'er be said That woman's crowning glory is her hat; And thus are you the glory of the maid, Be she a dove of sunshine or a cat. Though decorated with the bee, the bat, The butterfly or daisy of the dell, You are so very gay and lovely that Your praises we today most fondly kneel And say you are as blithe as any Easter bell.

Honest Labor

Indianapolis Press: "Look at those, these, them!" said Weary Watkins, proudly showing two dollars. "I hope you ain't been workin'!" exclaimed his friend and partner, Hungry Higgins. "No, not 'aely; been posin' as a horrible example." "Temperance spieler?" "Naw. Soap fakir."

Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: Wedlock often turns out to be a padlock. Mistakes are the milestones in a man's life. It's impossible to kill suspicion begotten of deceit. Some men impose on themselves when they tax their memory. If you would be happy you must learn to live a day at a time. It is never too late to mend, but sometimes it is time wasted. Sorrow, like the age of a woman, grows less every time it is told. A camel isn't necessarily irascible because he always has his back up. The average girl finds it much easier to get married than to keep house. "Every woman can venture to be saucy if she pleases—but not if she displeases. The woman who listens to flattery not only fools herself but the flatterer as well. Don't think because a man is in touch with the toothache that he's in sympathy with it. A reader asks: "Can a young man marry on \$7 a week?" He probably can—if the girl in the case doesn't suspect it. Some men think less about missing their



First on right, Stockton Beth, Walter T. Page, John C. Wharton.

aim in life than they do about missing a train in the morning. There's nothing more heroic than the ability to say no to yourself occasionally. When some people cast their bread upon the waters they expect it to return spread with butter and jam. The individual who sits down and waits for the world to appreciate him will discover after the race that he was left at the post.

GUESTS AT THE LEE BANQUET.



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PALM SUNDAY AT ST. JOHN'S—Snapshot by Bostwick.