

OMAHA ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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Pen and Picture Pointers

The recent visit of Rear Admiral Schley to Omaha and the west has awakened the interest of the people of the state in the navy. In its handsome frontpiece of this issue The Bee presents a likeness of Nebraska's first admiral, Bartlett J. Cromwell. Admiral Cromwell has represented this state in the navy for more than forty years and his record is one of which all Nebraskans may well be proud. It does not detract from the interest of the reader to know that for a time Admiral, then Lieutenant Commander Cromwell, commanded the United States ship Omaha in the Asiatic squadron. Two fine views of the Omaha are shown in this number. The photographs were taken in San Francisco some years ago before the vessel went out of commission. The Omaha is now a member of the naval hospital corps.

The decision of Rev. S. Wright Butler to remove from Omaha to the east was sorrowfully received by his many friends, who were nevertheless quick to recognize that with his well known superiority as a pulpit orator and a lecturer it could not be expected that he would remain here any great length of time. As an evidence of the great and lasting friendships made by Mr. Butler during his sojourn in this city it is only necessary to recall the reception tendered him by the Commercial club a few days ago, when representatives of almost all divisions of civic and social life gathered to express their



REV. S. WRIGHT BUTLER.

gret at his departure and bid him a hearty Godspeed.

For many years Dr. Butler has been the pastor of the St. Mary's Avenue Congregational church and has succeeded in a remarkable degree in his duties along that line. Nor has his work been confined to his duties as pastor. He has always been found foremost among those eager for the advancement and welfare of Omaha and his faith in the future of the city has never faltered.

As yet Dr. Butler has accepted no call to an eastern church, but it is understood that two or three excellent offers have been made and are being considered.

An Omaha young woman who has attracted considerable attention in musical circles during the past year or two is Mrs. Grace Cameron. Mrs. Cameron came here from Falls City, Neb., and immediately set about the cultivation of her voice under the direction of Mrs. Cotton of this city. Though but three short years under the tuition of

Mrs. Cotton, the success of Mrs. Cameron has been but little short of phenomenal. Last winter she made a short but none the less successful tour through the east in company with some other Omaha artists, and on her return last month she was asked to sing for the managers of the Bostonian company, which was at that time in the

Photo by Heyn
MRS. GRACE CAMERON.

city. The result of this trial has been that Mrs. Cameron has been engaged for the opera of that company next year, and her friends are accordingly jubilant.

Mrs. Cameron is a charming brunette and her many friends have not been won by her voice alone.

The swellest thing in bachelorhood this year is the Oriental room. Some years back it was the Chinese room, but the rich draperies and ornaments of the followers of Mahomet under the soft, subdued luster of the occidental electric lamp have banished the furnishings of the more eastern country and the luxurious surroundings of the Turk are at present in high favor. The wealthy bachelor of today fills his apartments with handsome rugs of the Orient and his bedroom is such a luxurious palace as only the sensuous inhabitants of the east can design. Above all things it is never complete without the inevitable hookah and the well-filled jar of Turkish tobacco.

The photograph reproduced in this issue shows the interior of the apartments of Mr. Hugo Brandeis of this city and is a model of correctness and comfort. Most of the furnishings were selected by Mr. Brandeis himself while in the Orient some years ago and the remainder he secured through a New York importer and the Syrian colony of this city.

The Broker's Reply

A youthful looking broker, relates the New York Tribune, went into a Broadway store the other day to buy a new hat, and laid his old one on the counter while waiting for the clerk to wait upon him. He happened to turn around as a Quaker came in in the garb unusual even in this cosmopolitan city, and smiled involuntarily at the odd sight. The Quaker took the broker for a salesman, and, taking off his broad hat, held it out to the young man, saying:

"Hast thou a hat like this, my friend?"

"No," replied the broker, "and if I had I would not wear it."

Then, noticing the look of surprise on the face of the grave old Quaker, he explained that he dealt in stocks, not in hats.

Suburban Joys

Detroit Journal: "But it is not difficult to keep hens in the suburbs."

The pale, gaunt man with the hollow eyes gestured deprecatingly.

"Oh, no," he replied, "not since the invention of quinine capsules in the form of kernels of corn."

Of course, now and then a hen with a weak heart or something would succumb to malaria, but only now and then.

The Late Bishop

John P. Newman

Omaha has rarely witnessed a spectacle more impressive than when last Sunday the Methodists of the city gathered at the First Methodist church to do honor to the memory of their late bishop, John P. Newman. It was fitting that the services should be held in the magnificent structure which he worked so long and earnestly to make a reality, and that friends of a lifetime should pay tribute to his memory. Few churches in the city have ever held such an audience and no more impressive scene has ever been enacted in our theaters. The tributes paid were eloquent and sincere, made so by the memory of him who as an orator had won the admiration of the country.

"Bishop Newman was essentially an aristocrat in the best sense of the term," said one who was in close touch with the bishop's private life. "I mean that he was an aristocrat in the sense that he demanded the best of everything. Mediocrity had no place in his creed, and failure he only looked upon as an additional reason for never ceasing to try. He could not and would not tolerate anything common. With his wonderful ability he succeeded in a remarkable degree in whatever he undertook and he looked for the same spirit of perseverance and persistence in others. He refused to see failure when it came to him, and it was this that made him such a leader among his people.

and won him many enemies. He was the lifelong friend of General Grant, and it is undoubted that the immense influence of the Grant family had a great deal to do with his election to the bishopric. As the friend of the dead general, he was at his deathbed, and it was fitting that when his own last hours were few there should be with him the wife and daughter of that departed hero. For this friendship he has been severely criticised, and none the less stoutly defended. He was ever loyal to his friends and held friendship as a sacred thing. Once given, his friendship could be depended upon no matter how severe the test to which it was put.

"As a churchman he was heroic in the discharge of every duty and imperious in his demands upon his flock. He would do nothing by halves. When he first came to Omaha the First Methodist church was located in what is now the headquarters for the Salvation army. Immediately he began a crusade for the erection of a suitable building, and the present magnificent structure is the result. It has been said of him that he at times used means to obtain an end that were not always justifiable. This, however, cannot be substantiated. No matter how deep was his devotion to a cause, his conception of right and wrong never allowed him to be influenced into



THE LATE BISHOP JOHN P. NEWMAN.

"As a pulpit orator he had no peer in the country. With his beautiful classic features, his commanding presence, and magnificent physique he impressed one as a sort of a demigod when he was in the pulpit. The range of his voice was wonderful, though in late years it lost some of its strength because of a throat affection. Undoubtedly the greatest sermon he ever delivered in Omaha was on the four religions of the world. He took up the religions of Confucius, Brahma, Mohammed and Christ and compared them in his masterful way. This I think was his greatest oratorical effort in the pulpit, and the hundreds of Omahans who heard him will long remember his passionate utterances on the occasion of his last visit to this city.

"Probably no man in the history of Methodism in this country ever had more firm friends and more bitter enemies. It has been said that his election to the bishopric was obtained through questionable means and that he went too far in bringing about certain ends for which he was striving. I have heard men refer to his speeches as fawning and servile. To me, with my knowledge of the man and his sturdy independence, this was altogether unimaginable. He was an intense partisan, and after his loyalty to the church came his loyalty to the principles of the republican party. He could see no good in anything or any one who opposed these principles, but no man could speak the naked truth more boldly than the bishop when he was roused. His steadfast adherence to republican principles caused him many a bitter controversy

doing a petty or a dishonorable thing. It was beneath him utterly.

"His devotion to the cause of the young and striving ministers of his diocese was well known. 'Ah, he remarked to a friend one evening, 'Methodism is making thousands of heroes in every little country town in the United States. We have there men with the ability and perseverance to make themselves heard of and famous. They have the ambitions that come to every man of ability and yet it is all stifled for a country pastorate with all its trials and temptations. They are heroes, God bless them.'

"In late years his friends had some fear that his age might be offered as an excuse for his retirement from his office, as was done with the aged bishop of St. Louis some years ago. The question never worried him. When it was once mentioned in his presence he drew himself up to his magnificent height and declared in his imperious way: 'Retire me? No, my son, never. I shall die a bishop.' He had no fear of retirement, though there seems to be some foundation to the rumor that at one time such a step was contemplated. No one dared, however, to face a conference with the suggestion.

"He often laughingly said that the hardest struggle of his life was when he decided on the ministry instead of politics. He was an intense partisan and often engaged in political controversies. For this he has been both praised and condemned, but he cared not for public opinion so long as he believed himself in the right. Once

convinced of the righteousness of his cause no length was too great for him to go to further it.

"In church matters many years ago he was considered too broad in his beliefs, but at his death the church had broadened so that he was at times apt to complain on that score. His heart was in his work and he felt deeply the loss of many of his old-time friends within the last three years. No better or fitter sentiment can be expressed than his own upon the death of John McQuoid a few weeks ago: 'Heaven richer, earth poorer.'

About Noted People

Captain Clifford Anderson of Boston has in his possession the first letter written by Zachary Taylor to his daughter after her marriage. This daughter eloped with Jefferson Davis. Captain Anderson came across the letter in an autograph dealer's stock and will return it to Mrs. Davis. Zachary Taylor was a colonel at the time of writing.

It is expected that the State department will refuse to permit Minister Buchanan, who represents this country at Buenos Ayres, to accept the \$100,000 which Argentina and Chili desire to present to him for his services in arbitrating the boundary dispute between them. Such a proceeding is considered undesirable, if not illegal, and there is a precedent for the refusal. If, however, the money is tendered after Mr. Buchanan's retirement he will of course be at liberty to accept it.

Erik Skram of Copenhagen, a secretary of the Danish Legislature and a well known novelist, is in Chicago on a semi-official mission. He is commissioned by his government to investigate the condition of the Danes in America, and will later make a report of his observations. The Danish government is paying the expenses of Mr. Skram's trip through the United States. Besides his work of investigation he is trying to interest his countrymen in a society formed in Denmark for the purpose of promoting commercial ties between the two countries. Mr. Skram will visit Omaha, and from here will journey to the Pacific coast.

Edison used to be a great lover of pie, but on account of impaired digestion he eats less of it than formerly. He tells the story of how he once went to London on an important mission. The chief thing they gave him to eat was roast beef. Mr. Edison finally rebelled. He declared his brain was becoming roast-beefy and his thoughts were as clear as an ocean fog. In sheer despair he ran out of the restaurant one evening and sought far and near for a piece of good Yankee pie. He found it shortly and ate several pieces. His brain cleared as if by magic. He quickly and successfully finished his business and returned home a happy and pie-loving man.

Tanu, the present king of Samoa, is quite a boy, still in his teens, and the affairs of state sit quite as lightly on his shoulders as they weighed heavily on Mataafa's during his brief reign as Samoan head of the provisional government. You may see him any day in Mulinuu, says a correspondent of Harper's Weekly, playing marbles with the lads of the village, or even with some of the chiefs of his kingdom. But he has the blood of kings in his veins, for he is a son of Malletoa, the late ruler of the islands, and, whatever may be said to the contrary, he has been duly elected king according to the laws and customs of Samoa and in accordance with the Berlin treaty. He is a quiet-spoken, pleasant lad, with not a great deal of character in his face, but it is possible that, though there is nothing of the warrior about him, he may develop into a man of good discretion and sound judgment. But in any case the kingship of Samoa is only a farce. The spectacle of a German president of a petty municipality drawing \$4,000 a year and of a king with an allowance of only \$500 is ludicrous in the extreme.

Pointed Paragraphs

It is no snap to make a time exposure with a camera.

An all-round writer ought to be able to get up a good circular.

The silent watchees of the night hang in front of jewelry stores.

Hunger is a terrible thing, but some men consider thirst more so.

Only a strong-minded woman can keep her calendar torn off up to date.

The good may die young, but the bad nearly always outlive their usefulness.

The crooked horse race is the result of a lack of straightness in the human race.

If an orator is a word painter a lecturer in a deaf and dumb institute must be a sign painter.

An umbrella offers a good opening for people who have laid away money for a rainy day.

It might be well for the conceited man to remember that the smallest onion is stronger than the largest pumpkin.

Capital and labor go well enough together, but the trouble is too many men are trying to get capital without labor.

The tandem cycle is all right in its way, but it will never see the day when it can supplant the hammock built for two.

Not Ready to Accept

Chicago Post: "Are the conditions for the proposed fight satisfactory?" asked the reporter.

"Perfectly," replied the pugilist.

"Then you will accept?"

"Not now. We couldn't think of doing it now. We wouldn't have anything to talk about if we accepted the conditions right away."

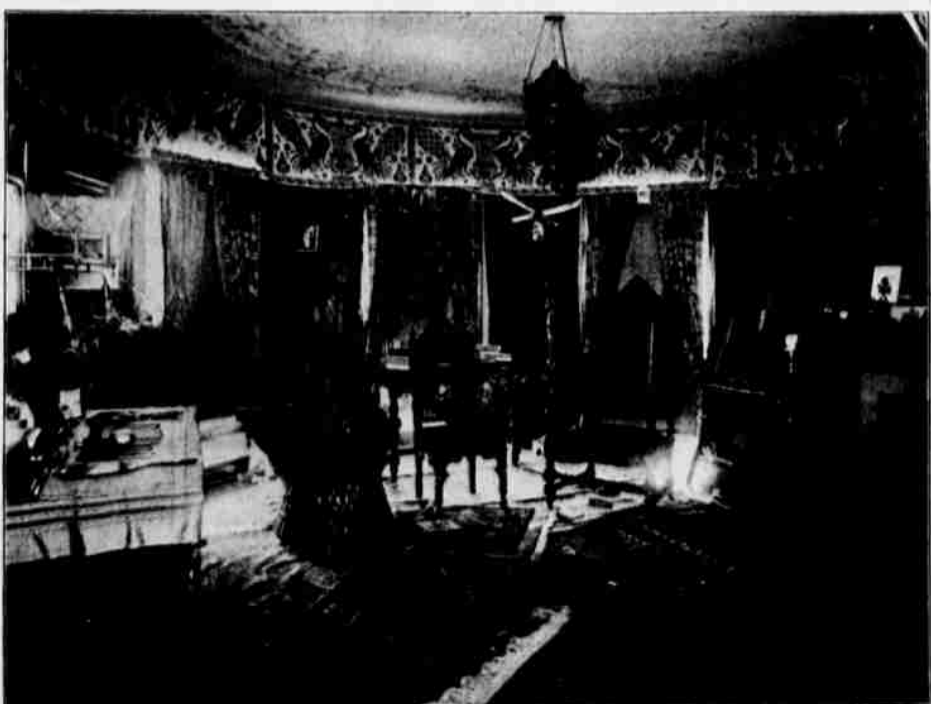


Photo by Heyn.

AN ORIENTAL ROOM.