

OMAHA ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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Pen and Picture Pointers

The frontispiece of The Bee this week, which is significant of the coming St. Valentine's day, is, we believe, one of the most striking we have ever presented. The little girl who figures in the design is Florence Edna Rosenzweig, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rosenzweig, a popular little Omaha miss for whom her parents have reason to anticipate a bright future. Everyone will agree that as a typical example of the intelligent child who makes up the coming generation in Omaha no better choice could be made than of this little girl.

St. Valentine's day anyway is a children's festival, and the joy and gladness brought to the little ones by the pretty pictures and attractive verses that embellish the Valentine missive always form tender spots in the recollections of childhood. The advance in the art of the valentine maker is also something most noticeable to those who look back upon the holiday as it was years ago. Formerly the so-called comic valentine, with its hideous caricatures, was all that was within the reach of the ordinary child, but today the handsome souvenirs turned out for a few cents each as the product of the printer's art compare with the most expensive valentines of a decade ago. We may be sure that there will be great glee in all the various nurseries and school rooms in which the valentine box will be a feature this week.

The article printed in this issue on the Nebraska schools closes the series which we have been running on that subject. Nothing that has been given a place in these columns has excited so much and as general interest as these Illustrated school articles. We have communications from a number of thriving and progressive Nebraska towns asking whether they might have representation with pictures of their school work, and, while some of these have been accommodated, a number have come too late to give them a place in the present series. It is possible another series of articles on similar topics may be given at some later time, in which case cities and towns that have not figured yet will be given preference.

The Bee is glad to know that the renewal of Carpenter's letters has met with such universal approval. Many of our readers have been waiting for weeks for Mr. Carpenter to resume his writing for The Bee, and we feel sure that they will not be disappointed in the letters which he is sending from his eastern travels. The Carpenter letters are to cover a field which is uppermost in the public mind, namely, the conditions and prospects in the Philippine Islands, acquired by the United States through its treaty with Spain. Mr. Carpenter is sure to give information and open up points of view that will enable us to understand the Philippine question better.

In some reminiscences of Gladstone, published in Chambers' Journal, occurs this passage: "The late Mr. Charles Bradlaugh— incredible as it may seem—exercised a



Prince Augustus. Emperor William. The Empress. Prince Oscar. LATEST PHOTOGRAPHS OF GERMANY'S IMPERIAL FAMILY.

strange fascination over Mr. Gladstone, for which no satisfactory explanation has hitherto been given. When the honorable member rose to address the house the aged statesman would leave his seat in order to get nearer to the speaker, and if Mr. Bradlaugh unexpectedly took part in a debate during the temporary absence of Mr. Gladstone the latter would almost invariably enter the house a few minutes later, as if he had come specially from his private room to hear the speech, and it seemed as if he had made arrangements to be informed immediately Mr. Bradlaugh 'caught the speaker's eye.' Some time after the death of Mr. Bradlaugh there was a debate in the House of Commons as to the advisableness of allowing a Roman Catholic to become lord chancellor. Mr. Gladstone delivered a most eloquent speech in favor of the proposal, and in the course of his remarks he incidentally paid a tribute to 'that distinguished man, Mr. Bradlaugh.'

About Noted People

President Angell of Ann Arbor university says that when traveling up the Nile some years ago he was seated on a donkey approaching the ancient ruins of Abydos when he engaged his Egyptian guide in conversation as well as his western Arabic would permit. "Do you give names to your donkeys?" asked the professor. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "This one is called Kalamazoo."

General Theodore Schwan, who is distinguishing himself in the Philippines, has worked his way up the military ladder from the very bottom. He enlisted as a private in 1857 and quickly rose through the grades of corporal, sergeant, first sergeant and quartermaster sergeant, which latter grade he got in 1863. A year later he won his lieutenantcy by meritorious service, and in 1866 was made a captain. For his services in the civil war he was brevetted captain and major.

General Henderson's private secretary, J. W. Richards, says that the speaker's friends and admirers in all parts of the country are sending him gavels in almost every mail. Many of these official mallets are valuable for their historical associations, and others have intrinsic worth owing to the fine materials of which they are made. One of the former class recently received was made from the wood of the Spanish cruiser Cristobal Colon, and was sent to the speaker by W. L. Hill, chief boatswain of the navy yard at Portsmouth, Va.

Governor Aaron V. Brown of Tennessee was a Chesterfield for politeness and a Talleyrand for wit. When he, a much-admired widower, was paying his addresses—as yet unavowed—to an attractive young

widow, relates Collier's Weekly, he called at her house one day and was ushered into a room darkened to the degree which the prevailing fashion of those days declared to be elegant, and before the governor had familiarized himself with the surrounding objects in the gloom the young widow entered the room. With enthusiastic devotion he advanced to meet her hastily, not noticing a low stool directly in his pathway; unhappily, he stumbled over it and plumped upon his knees directly at the feet of the object of his affections. Before she could utter a word of apology or sympathy the adroit governor, seizing her hand, exclaimed: "Madam, a happy accident has brought me where inclination has long led me." The formal declaration which followed was of course successful, for such ready gallantry could not be resisted.

A London paper says that General Buller was once in company with Lord Charles Beresford coming down the Nile, and as their boat approached the first cataract a sharp discussion arose as to which was the proper channel to take. The soldier advised one, the sailor another, but in the end Buller's channel was followed, with perfect success. "You see, I was right," the general exclaimed, exultingly. "What of that?" retorted Beresford; "I knew it was the right one myself, and I only recommended the other because I knew you would oppose whatever I said."

Prof. S. B. Platner of the Latin department of Western Reserve university, who is this year at the head of the American School of Classical Studies at Rome, in writing home of the work of excavating the old Roman Forum, says: "That work is going on as fast as 150 Italian workmen can carry it along, which is about equal to what ten able-bodied Irishmen would accomplish. It is most interesting to watch what they call work. However, something appears at last, and only the other day they dug up 400 gold coins of the fourth and fifth centuries."

New and Striking Imperial Portraits

The accompanying portraits of the German emperor and empress, from the latest photographs taken of their imperial highnesses, possess a special attraction of their own by reason of the costumes worn. In nearly all other portraits of William and his spouse they are attired in garb that proclaims their rank—either the dress of the court bedecked with glittering orders, or, in the case of the emperor frequently, and sometimes even in the case of the empress in the uniform of some military organization.

A loyal German subject who saw these

photographs a day or two ago and remarked the civilian dress of the emperor drew special attention to the fact that they were taken in London.

"The emperor never appears in public in plain citizen's clothing at home," said the German, "unless he does not wish to be recognized, and the reason for this ought to be obvious. There he is the personal embodiment of the German system of government, and there, under no ordinary circumstances, would it be advisable for him to step from the high level of distinction, even in what you might consider so comparatively unimportant a matter as dress. For a similar reason, he very properly prefers his military uniform to court dress when he is to appear in public. He is not only the personal embodiment of the government and its power, but he is the living

portraits of the heads of official, military and social life in Germany, unreinforced by the opera bouffe like tinsel and glitter of official dress are usually illuminating. Clad in the simple morning dress of the English gentleman, Emperor William looks more like a hard-headed, progressive banker or high class business man than anything else, and the clean cut lines of his face, the resolute poise of his head, show more real dignity than is apparent in any of his official portraits. The impression produced by the empress' portrait is equally novel. It has often been stated that she is a simple German "hausfrau" at heart despite her imperial position; this trait of her character never shows in the ordinary portrait, but in this one the "hausfrau," dressed for public appearance, is clearly dominant.

To the American eye, both emperor and empress appear far more human and real in these portraits than in any previously given to the public.

Prince Augustus and Prince Oscar, whose portraits are also from their latest photographs and taken in England, are 13 and 12 respectively. They seem to be bright, clean lads without any nonsense such as you might expect in young princes of the imperial line about them. There are three other sons and a daughter.

Pointed Paragraphs

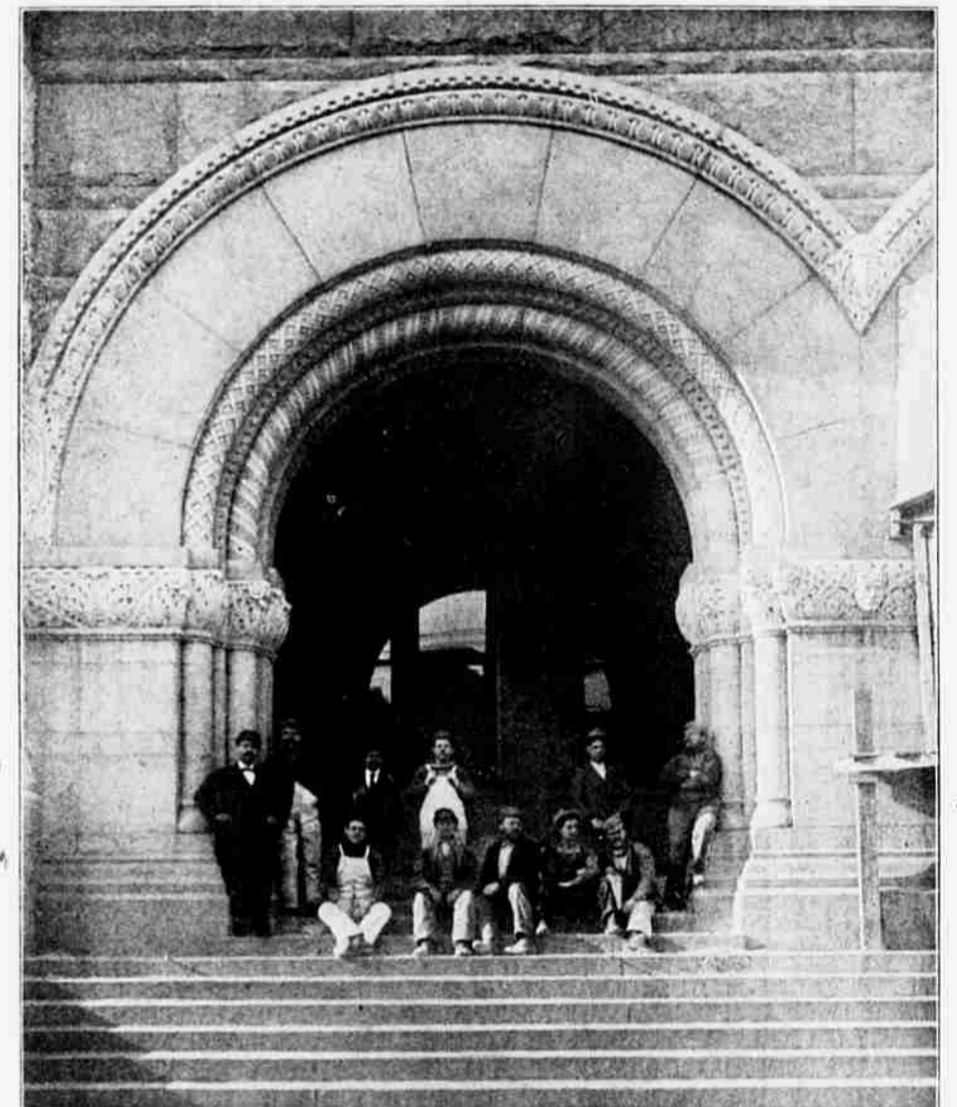
Chicago News: The best household jewel is a good cook.

Unrequited love must be a species of heart failure.

A heart that has often been tendered becomes tough.

But few men are proof against the flattery of a pretty woman.

If the truth about everything were known



GRANITE CARVING ON THE NEW OMAHA POSTOFFICE BUILDING AND THE CARVERS.

personation of the military idea—the idea to which the German empire, as it is, owes its very existence.

"You may very naturally ask why he would more readily appear in civilian dress abroad than at home, and to this I answer that he wouldn't, save in a so-called Anglo-Saxon country, like England or the United States, supposing he were to do such an unlikely thing as to visit America. There are the most important reasons why he should not publicly appear in plain clothes anywhere in Europe. Every European country is a military country, a land of the soldier. In Russia, France, Austria, Belgium, Holland, even in the comparatively unmilitary Scandinavian countries, the soldier's uniform is the ever present index of the powers that be, and in none of these countries could William I, the war lord of Germany, the most military of all countries, think of being seen by the masses without displaying the sartorial insignia of the military idea, though to this as to most rules, there is an exception. Hunting dress is perfectly proper for a public appearance of the emperor in appropriate circumstances and photographs of his highness in that garb are popular in Germany.

"It might be explained that the English photographs of the emperor and empress without imperial or military dress will undoubtedly be sold in Germany. It will be rather flattering to the Germans, who, though very respectful with regard to the British navy, think little of the British army, to reflect that their emperor considered civilian's dress good enough for public appearance in England, whereas he wouldn't think of such a thing anywhere in continental Europe."

Considered as human documents, these

to everybody this would be a mighty uncomfortable world for most people to live in.

The skeleton in a woman's closet is usually some other female.

The wife of a policeman should not expect him to give up his club.

The blot on a man's good name may often be traced to a poor fountain pen.

It is thought women wear shoes too small because the right size is too large.

You can never get the best of a chemist in an argument; he always has a retort.

The woman who doesn't care for dress—well, it's either a mistake or a misstatement.

Flying machine inventors may be strictly temperate, but they often take a drop too much.

The under dog in the scrap may be in the right, but that doesn't rattle any bones with the dog on top.

There is always a chance of reforming a bad man, but if he is a hypocrite his case is absolutely hopeless.

Some men say nothing and saw wood, but when a man's wife is compelled to do the sawing the neighbors soon hear about it.

His Paternal Ancestor

Chicago Tribune: Being a patriotic boy Ben bought with his own money a lead-pencil painted red, white and blue.

"Now, father," he said, exhibiting his purchase with a flourish, "what color do you want me to write?"

"White," replied the parent, with a wink at the other parent.

And Ben sat down and wrote in large letters the word "WHITE"—in black—to the total overthrow and confusion of the other party concerned.



ZETA PROVINCE CONVENTION OF THE PHI DELTA THETA AT LINCOLN.