

OMAHA ILLUSTRATED BEE.

Published Weekly by The Bee Publishing Company, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

Price, 5 cents per copy—per year, \$2.00.

Entered at the Omaha Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter.

For advertising rates address Publisher.

Communications relating to photographs or articles for publication should be addressed "Editor Omaha Illustrated Bee, Omaha."

Pen and Picture Pointers

The Bee extends a hearty Easter greeting to all its readers through this, its special Easter number. The Eastertide is recognized in all the Christian world as the omen of new life, the springtime of the year. While originally a church festival, it has come to be more than that and its significance is understood and appreciated by the people both within and without the church. The emblems of Easter, like the folklore of Christmas, have been worked out with particular reference to the children and young people, the Easter egg and the lily corresponding with Santa Claus and his reindeers, and the day is a special holiday for the juvenile world. From this standpoint the frontispiece of the present number of The Bee is particularly appropriate, reproducing as it does a most artistic photograph of a beautiful child clasping a bunch of Easter lilies in her arms. The photograph is designed and made for The Bee by Rinehart, who has posed his own little girl for the occasion. No more striking or beautiful illustration could have been accepted for this purpose.

The present number of The Illustrated Bee is the third special double number which has been prepared for the notable holiday events with characteristic colored covers. The first was issued as a Thanksgiving number last year, followed during the Christmas holidays with an edition suitable to the Christmas festival. Each of these has been a marked improvement upon the one before.



CHARACTERISTIC FIGURE IN DOWNTOWN OMAHA—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

at least so the verdict of the public has said, and we feel sure that the same encomiums will be passed upon the present effort.

Odd characters about town are met with daily without impressing themselves upon the spectator, who seldom grasps the picturesque side of the personage. It is only when the features are caught by the camera that the artistic side of these well known inhabitants becomes fixed. This was brought out some time ago when The Bee printed the picture of the old apple woman who frequents the big office buildings in the heart of the city. A significant showing is the picture here given of an Italian woman who is also a familiar figure in the downtown district. These odd types are part of every great city and are noticeable particularly by the contrast they form with the everyday inhabitants engaged in the ordinary vocations.

A great many Omaha people spend part of their vacations, either in winter or summer, visiting out-of-the-way places rich in historic interest and their friends are always interested in their experiences. The Bee presents two unique pictures of a party of western tourists who have been making a Mediterranean trip with a background as striking as it is rare. In one of them we have an excursion up the Nile showing the vessel gaily attired with its passengers aboard, and the other an expedition to the Pyramids with the Sphinx standing out in bold relief at one side. The scenery alone

would make an attractive picture, but its interest is enhanced by including with it people who are widely known in a circle of acquaintances throughout this city and state.

Attention is called to the photographs which accompany our article on "Night Scenes in Omaha," as fine examples of amateur photography. Night photography, while not an unusual practice, encounters many difficulties and obstructions not met with in making day pictures. Night photography has developed to a remarkable degree in Omaha during the last two years by those who took pictures of the beautiful illuminations at the exposition, where the light and dark effects were so artistically worked out. The effect of the exposition is still seen in Omaha in the matter of night illuminations, some of the best being caught by our artist's camera.

The leaders of Omaha's younger society set are introduced to our readers today by snap-shot portraits presenting them in street costumes as they are known to their friends and acquaintances. The young women are representative of the best social circles in this city and their names are to be found every week in the reports of the social happenings. That Omaha society leaders may be counted with the best-dressed women and compare favorably with those of any other city, will be readily realized at a glance. As a bevy of beauty the collection of portraits could not well be improved upon.

South Omaha, through Homer Payton, has won the state oratorical championship in the interscholastic contest, which, for seven years past, has been held by Fremont. Young Payton's declamation was the arena scene from "Quo Vadis" and he had ten competitors against him. His friends and admirers are naturally elated at his achievement.

About Noted People

The death of former Congressman John A. Bingham of Ohio leaves former Governor George S. Boutwell the last of the managers who conducted the prosecution of President Johnson in the impeachment proceedings. The other members were Thaddeus Stevens and Benjamin F. Butler.

Senator Bate of Tennessee enjoys the all too rare distinction of never having accepted a railroad pass in his life. He is one of those old-fashioned statesmen who believe that legislators should never receive favors from corporations. He even pays for his telegrams, never taking advantage of government rates.

D. K. Pearson of Chicago has declined to serve on the reception committee for the Dewey day celebration because it would cause him to miss his regular after-dinner nap. Mr. Pearson, who is 80 years old, is the philanthropist who has given his entire fortune of \$3,500,000 to colleges, reserving only a modest life annuity for himself.

Mr. H. H. Vreeland of New York, president of all the traction surface roads of Manhattan, was a brakeman on the New York & Northern railroad eight years ago. Today he is perhaps the foremost man of the minute and his life motto is: "Always do the best there is in you with the means at your command, and, above all, don't worry."

Tom Watson, who recently announced that he would not accept the populist nomination for vice president, has a law practice which is netting him close to \$20,000 a year and is working for an independence so that he can devote his entire time to literature. For some time he has been collecting material for a history of the American revolution. His extraordinary aptitude for homely metaphor won him much of his success at law, this making him a powerful jury lawyer.

Senator Hoar's comment on Senator Pettigrew's pronunciation of Latin has been widely repeated as one of the brightest hits of the season. Mr. Pettigrew, who is a tireless talker, insisted on using the phrase "ad infinitum" with great frequency, pronouncing the longer word with an accent on the second syllable. Finally one of his associates corrected him, saying: "Give it the long 'i,' senator," which Mr. Hoar, overhearing, promptly remarked: "The senator is probably making the 'i' short to save the time of the senate."

Senator Pettus of Alabama, who is heralded as an old new wit of the senate, is regarded as the most owl-like member of the upper house. He is so ponderously solemn that he is unconsciously humorous. Mr. Pettus will be 80 years old next July. He belongs to the old school of southern statesmen now fast disappearing. It is easy to see, in the dogmatic manner in which he lays down the law to his senatorial colleagues, that he has been a judge. When he opens his mouth he is Sir Oracle. He speaks with great deliberation, at the rate of about six words a minute, and each word is emphasized by the waving of his chin whiskers. His gestures are confined to a wide sweep of his arm from his body and an inverse motion that is irresistibly comic.

"I remember seeing Barbara Fritchie," said Senator McComas of Maryland to a Washington reporter. Mr. McComas lives in Hagerstown, which is near Frederick. "She was quite an old woman when I saw her," continued the senator, "and was, as she always had been, an intensely loyal woman. I have always had some doubt about the flag story, although the window from which the flag is said to have been displayed is still shown as evidence that the episode occurred. As I heard the story,



READY FOR SPRING PLOWING—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

when I was a boy, it was that Mrs. Fritchie came out of her house and found some confederate soldiers on the porch. 'Get out of here, you rebel rascals,' she said to them, striking at them with the cane she always carried. This may or may not be the true story, but there is certainly no doubt that she was a loyal woman."

Told Out of Court

"As the court understands it," said a Chicago judge, "the defendant here began the quarrel because the plaintiff hurled an epithet at him. Was that the way of it?" "No, yer anner," the witness explained; "they're both liars. Ol seen it all meself. Nobody thru an epithet. Moike—that's him over there—called Jawn something, and Jawn—that's him over here—heaved a brick. Nobody hurled nothin' else."

"Will you please, suh, lemme know," wrote a colored prisoner to a Georgia judge, "des w'en my case'll come up fer conviction? I been in jail, suh, 'bout eight months ez de crow fly, en I hez a sorter restless feelin' er wantin' ter know des w'en my conviction'll come off. I writes dis, suh, kaze I feels it in my j'intz dat de spring season is comin' on, en hit come ter me dat you might go fishin' en fergit de time fer my conviction. Do, ef you please, suh, keep me in min', en do by me ez you 'spects ter be did by."

The legal lights were discussing disappointments with which they had met, relates the



HOMER PAYTON OF SOUTH OMAHA—WINNER IN STATE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

Detroit Free Press, and this is the story that one of them told:

"The greatest disappointment that I ever met with happened at the beginning of my career. I was young at the time and inclined to hold my parents responsible for this handicap which was keeping me from the fame and glory that I thought was my due.

"My bright new shingle was somewhat

weather-beaten and my office desk had two holes worn in it by my heels before my first client came.

"But come he did one day, charging into my office like a mad bull. Glaring at me and throwing down a roll of bills as large as my fist, he shouted:

"I want to see Mr. Blank!"

"I am Mr. Blank, the lawyer," edging up to the roll.

"Good Lord, sonny," he roared, "I want to see your father, the lawyer!"

"I am Mr. Blank, the lawyer," I answered, with all the dignity I could muster.

"Oh, Christmas!" he yelled, as he seized his roll and put it in his pocket.

"What have I been retained on?" I asked, making a bluff at the roll.

"He stared at me for a moment and then said:

"See here, sonny, I've got an important engagement to meet. I'll be back in an hour. Here's your retainer," he added, throwing down a quarter."

"But he never came back. I was looking at my picture the other day, taken about that time, and I cannot say that I blame him."

In a murder trial in Dallas, Tex., the counsel for the defense was examining a venieman regarding his qualifications to serve, an objection having been raised on the ground of the juror's prejudice against negroes.

The man admitted that he had once been a member of a jury which tried a negro for murder.

It is not permissible in such cases to ask the result of the trial, so, in the hope of eliciting information, the counsel said: "Where is that negro now?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "The sheriff hanged him at the appointed time!"

"Prepare ter Meet Yer God!"

Much has been written of the religious spirit in which the Boers do battle. That the Boer has no monopoly of this spirit is shown by the following sketch written at Enslin (Gras Pan) battlefield by a correspondent of the London Daily News:

"He was standing at eventide facing the rough and rugged heights of Enslin. The crimson-tinted clouds that emblazoned the sky cast a ruddy radiance round his head and face, making him appear like one of those ancient martyrs one is apt to see on stained glass windows in old world churches in Rome or Venice. His feet were firmly planted close to the graves of the British soldiers and sailors who had fallen when we beat the Boers and drove them back upon Modder river.

"In one hand he held a little, well-worn

bible; his other hand was raised high above his close-cropped head, while his voice rang out on the sultry, storm-laden air like the clang of steel on steel: 'Prepare ter meet yer God.'

"No one who looked at the neat, strong figure arrayed in the plain khaki uniform of a private soldier, at the clean shaven, square-jawed face, at the fearless, gray-blue eyes, could doubt either his honesty or earnestness. Courage was imprinted by nature's never-erring hand on every lineament of his Saxon features. So might one of Cromwell's stern-browed warriors have stood on the eve of Marston Moor.

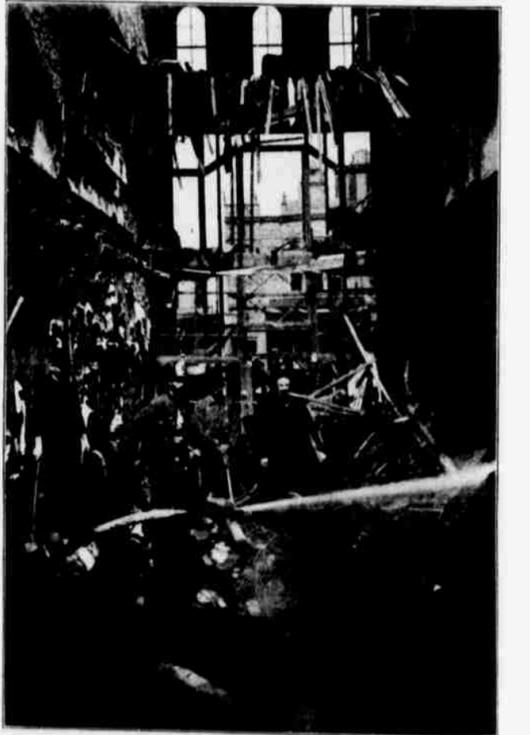
"Prepare ter meet yer God."

"To the right of him the long lines of the tents spread upward toward the kopje; to the left the veldt, with its wealth of gray green grass, sown by the bounteous hand of the Great Harvester; all around him, excepting where the graves raised their red brown furrows, rows of soldiers lounged, listening to the old, old story of man's weakness and eternal shame and Christ's love and everlasting pity. On the soldier preacher's breast a long row of decorations gleamed, telling of honorable service of queen and country.

"Before a man could wear those ribbons he must have faced death as brave men face it on many a battlefield. He must have known the agonies of thirst, the dull, dead pain of sleepless nights, and midnight marches; the tireless watching at the sentry's post and the onward rush of armed men up heights almost unscalable. On Egypt's sun-scorched plains he must have faced the mad onslaughts of the dervish hosts and rallied with the men who held the lines of Abou Klea wells, where gallant Burnaby was slain. The hills of Afghanistan must have re-echoed to his tread, else why the green and crimson ribbon that mingled with the rest? His eyes had flashed along the advancing lines of charging impi, led by Zulu chiefs. Yet never had they flashed with braver light than now, when, facing that half mocking, half reckless crowd, he cried, 'Prepare ter meet yer God.'

"Rough as the thrust of a broken bayonet was his speech, unskilled in rhetoric his tongue, his periods unrounded as flying fragments of shrapnel shell; yet all who listened knew that every word came from the speaker's soul, from the magazine of truth.

"Some London slum had been his cradle, the gutters of the great city the only university his feet had ever known. The coster's dialect was native to his tongue, yet no smug churchman crowned with the laurels of the schools could so have stirred the blood of those wild lads, fresh from the boundless bush and lawless mining camps beneath Australian suns. "Prepare ter meet yer God."



WORK OF FIRE THAT DESTROYED OMAHA TENT AND AWNING COMPANY'S STORE—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

"And even as he spoke, we, who listened, plainly heard the rolling thunder of our guns as they spoke in sterner tones to the nation's foe from Modder river. It was no new figure that the soldier-preacher placed before us. It was the same indignant Christ that swept the rabble from the temple; the same great Christ who calmly faced the seething mob in Pilate's judgment hall; the same sweet Christ who took the babies upon his knee; the same divine Christ who, with hyssop and gall, and mingled blood and tears, passed death's dread portals on the dark brow of Calvary. The same grand figure, but quaintly dressed in words that savored of the London slums and of the soldier's camp, and yet so hedged around with earnest love and childlike faith that all its grossest trappings fell away and left us nothing but the ideal Christ.

"Once more we heard the distinct batteries speak to those whose hands had rudely grasped the empire's flag, and every rock, and hill, and crag, and stony height took up the echo, like a lion's roar, until the whispering wind was tremulous with sound. Then all was hushed except the preacher's voice. "Prepare ter meet yer God!"