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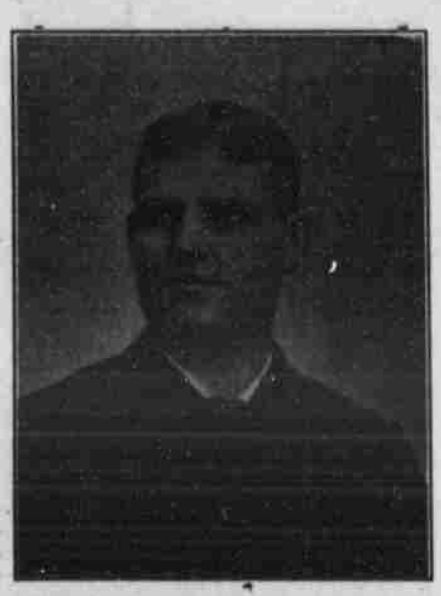
Pen and Picture Pointers

MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, who has been more in the public eye during the last few weeks than even her distinguished father, is described by those who know her best as a remarkably sensible young woman. In this respect sensible is not to be assumed as meaning affected, stuck up or intellectually bumptious. It simply means she is gifted with that good common sense that is a part of the mental equipment of well bred American men and women. Just past 18—her birthday falling on Tuesday of last week—she is the object of attention that would easily turn the head of an older and more experienced person, but she has not exhibited so far any trace of vanity or conceit in her position, traits which could



W. O. SHRUM, PRESIDENT OMAHA CENTRAL LABOR UNION.

easily be forgiven her under the circumstances. Her mother was a Miss Lee of Boston, one of the old families of Massachusetts. When left motherless Alice was given to the care of the president's sister, Mrs. Cowles, wife of a commandant in the navy, whose home is in Washington. Here the girl grew up, developing much the same as any American girl under like conditions. Between niece and aunt there is said to exist an attachment much warmer than common, their congeniality in taste and habit adding to the ties of kinship in this regard. Miss Roosevelt goes frequently to Boston, where her mother's parents still live, and where she has a large circle of friends. She is particularly popular at Harvard, having always taken a lively interest in the affairs of her father's alma mater. Her coming-out party on January 3 this year was a most notable social event and was soon followed by the invitation from Emperor William of Germany to christen his new yacht, soon to be launched. These two affairs drew to her the close attention of the whole nation and the regard of polite society all around the world. In a certain sense the affair will take an international aspect, as it is a most tangible expression of Germany's good will for America and is done with such circumstance that it must be noted by all the world.

Miss Roosevelt in personal appearance partakes of characteristics of both her father and mother. She is above the medium height, erect in her carriage and graceful in her movements. Her hair is blonde and waves back from a broad forehead that is marked by arched brows. Her features are regular, her nose being slightly "tip-tilted." Her eyes are large and blue and become animated when she engages in conversation, lighting up her whole face. Her manner is frank and open and her address is easy and pleasant. Her tastes have been developed along the lines of outdoor sport by her father, riding, rowing, tennis and golf being features of her life in season. It is admitted that Prince Henry will meet an excellent representative of American maidenhood when introduced to Miss Roosevelt.

Pile driving hasn't progressed very far in theory beyond the original methods. It is certain that the first piles driven by the ancients, after they had discovered the uses of huge timbers sunk into the ground, was sent home by heavy weights dropped from a height. That is still the custom. Here and there we are told of piles being sunk by some particular process, such as the water jet in the sand, the water loosening the sand through which the pile could not be driven and allowing it to gently settle into place, and similar stories. But the good old way of sharpening one end of a log, suspending it and then battering it down to the required depth has never been superseded. It is still in vogue, but the director of a pile driver of a few centuries ago, or even a few decades, would stand aghast at the performances of some of the moderns. For example, down in the Union Pacific shop yards one day recently a single crew of six men put down 120 piles in eight and one-half working hours. This is at the rate of one pile every four minutes. As the pile must be hoisted into place, and in this case a "follower" was used, the piles being driven in a pit four feet below the level on which the driver stood, necessitating a stop for each pile, and the machine must be moved as each pile is sunk, some notion of the speed with which the work was pushed can be obtained. The men are necessarily all experts at the business, but the engineer is the real wizard. He has the ability to hoist and drop that huge hammer almost as fast as a blacksmith could tap the pile with his forehammer. To do this he opens wide the throttle and drives his engine at top speed, sending the hammer with a rush to the top of the slide. Just as the clutch lets go and the great weight drops, the spinning drum is reversed and down goes the clutch, so quickly that frequently it catches the hammer on the rebound. Instantly the clutch is secure on the hammer the engine is hoisting it again. This takes skill almost marvelous, for the engineer must have absolute control of his machine and perfect judgment of speed and distance. Should he fail for even a second, he could wreck the machine. He doesn't fail, though, and all day long he hammers pile after pile, while the others clamber around the driver, adjusting beams, sticks, ropes and the like, and perform feats that only the constructing engineer can appreciate.

Call it what you will, sliding down a smooth track on a middling steep hill is a joy that never grows stale. It is peculiarly sacred to Young America, in fact one of the first brushes between the colonies and the king occurred over just this very thing. Troopers stationed at Boston destroyed the path on which the boys slid, and the trouble was on. General Gage—be it to his credit said—sided with the boys, and the red coats were compelled to desist in their interference with the coasters. But the incident didn't tend to make the feeling toward the soldiers any more cordial. How long before this event the coasting boys and the authorities had clashed is not known, but probably ever since the beginning. At any event, the feud has been handed down along with the custom. It is the customary thing even yet, whenever the majesty of the law is upheld by a man clothed with a little brief authority, for the wearer of the star denoting police power to interfere with the boys on the hillside. And just as regularly the boys go to the mayor and secure permission to slide on some designated hills. This permission is elastic enough to be adjusted to the boys' convenience, and the result usually is that the boys slide where they like, while the constabulary look on with what grace they may. Wherever in this country hills abound, during the last three weeks there has been coasting. Omaha has not had such a season of sliding down hill in many years. Tumultuous joy has reigned among the young people in this regard, and the bitterest blast blown by old Boreas has not served to check the sport.

Physical culture for girls has gone past the fad stage, and is admitted now to be a necessity. In some respects it is an outgrowth of our civilization. Some years ago the average girl, just as did the average boy, got enough of physical culture in the pursuit of domestic duties to develop her bones and muscles. So many phases of domestic economy have changed of late the girls of the home are in a large measure deprived of many of the opportunities their mothers had. It may be that notions have altered with the times. At any rate, it has come to be accepted that a girl is just as much entitled to muscles as to nerves, and is accordingly given every chance to develop them under the direction of someone learned in this branch of science. In the new Omaha High school the gymnasium is sacred to the girls, and the High school committee is of the opinion that the exercise should be made compulsory. Another gymnasium for girls in Omaha is that of the Young Woman's Christian association, the director of which, Miss Helen M. Woodsmall, contributes an excellent article to this number on physical culture for little girls. Miss Woodsmall's experience enables her to write knowingly as well as entertainingly on this topic.

What to devise new in the way of entertainment that will not be costly and still will serve to lure money from the pockets of otherwise reluctant people is a perennial problem with the church women. For whatever the cause, the fact is that on the women devolves in a very large measure the duty of securing the sinews of war to carry on the organized conflict against the hosts of sin. One of the methods that has proved popular in Omaha during the present winter is the "Tom Thumb Wedding." In this a suitable number of children are drilled in the details of a fashionable wedding, and when each has mastered the part assigned a public exhibition is given. Gowned and tailored in the height of fashion, with all the appointments and accompaniments prescribed by conventional custom for the occasion, the little people appear and enact the circumstances attending the ultra fashionable church wedding with a wonderful fidelity to detail. The group from which the photograph used for an illustration this week was made has had much practice, having appeared in several of the Kountze Place churches during the winter, each time with a marked degree of success.

Central Labor union is a name frequently appearing in the news columns of The Bee, and from the reports of the meetings persons unacquainted with the objects might gather the notion that it is a body organized for the purpose of wrangling. This is far from a correct conclusion. Central Labor union is made up from delegates from all the recognized bodies of organized labor in the city, no matter what occupation the members may follow. It is the embodiment of the principle of organization and the representative of the old motto that "An injury to one is the concern of all." While its meetings may not be so decorous as some, they are conducted with a spirit of sincerity that is not to be denied. Parliamentary practice is not always observed, for the members are more skilled in handling tools than juggling words, but the results aimed at are none the less effective and are achieved with a directness perfectly satisfactory to those concerned, even if they may not be brought about in strict accordance with written rules. Central Labor union represents the stalwart men and active women who compose the great army of local toilers, and to be its representative is to bear the confidence and respect of the members.

William O. Shrum, who is serving a second term as president of Central Labor union, is a member of the Plumbers' union and has been identified with Central Labor union for many years, having been a delegate from his union to the central organization through several terms. His election to the presidency first was to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of Asa Taylor, and so acceptable was his administration of the office to the majority of the members of the union that he was elected a second time, securing more than two-thirds of the total vote of the society on an informal ballot. He has been a resident of Omaha for many years and resides with his family on Lafayette avenue near Fortieth street.

"TOM THUMB" WEDDING AT A KOUNTZE PLACE (OMAHA) CHURCH—Photo by a Staff Artist.

Told About Noted People

LEWIS Nixon, the new Tammany leader, a hard worker himself, tells this story of Edison's industry: A fond parent, who was a great stickler for punctuality, took his son to visit the great electrician. Just before leaving he asked Mr. Edison to give the boy a word of advice. "My boy," said the inventor, "never look at the clock."

Lyman J. Gage, who has just relinquished the secretaryship of the treasury, served longer at the head of that department than any of the secretaries, except Alexander Hamilton and Albert Gallatin. He served for nearly five years, while Gallatin's record was nearly twelve and Hamilton's about five years and four months.

Rear Admiral Oscar H. Farenholt, United States navy, who was inspection officer at Charlestown navy up to about a year ago and who is now on the retired list, is the only officer in the service who reached the grade of rear admiral from the position of enlisted man. Admiral Farenholt is now living in Malden, Mass. His last duty was in the far east, where he commanded the double-turreted monitor Monadnock. He entered the navy first as a volunteer during the civil war and has a record of more than sixteen years' sea service.

Senator John Kean of New Jersey has become known to Washington restaurateurs as one who likes good eating. A little while ago he sought out a popular resort noted for its cooking and especially for the variety and excellence of its methods in serving up oysters. To the waiter he unburdened himself thus:

"I want you to tell the chef to take a dozen oysters and put them on a napkin to dry. Then tell him to take some cream and put it on to boil. When it boils let him drop the oysters in the dish and let them stay there until they curl up at the edges. Then I want the oysters taken out and served in a napkin. Now, you tell the chef to do exactly as I told you and I'll give you each a dollar."

And the waiter went back to the speaking tube and called up the chef. "One stew!" was all that passed down the pipe.

John Redmond's recent ironical tribute to Joseph Chamberlain in a Parliamentary debate, "You ought to be made king," recalls the fact that this is not the first time the colonial secretary has been recommended for a higher post than he seems likely to reach. The first recommendation, however, was not made in irony, but in the good faith of perfect tipsiness. It was at the time Queen Victoria visited Birmingham, fifteen years ago. Chamberlain's carriage was blocked for some minutes and he found himself the object of a fluent and somewhat disordered harangue from a member of the crowd who had fortified himself extensively against the labors of the day. "Yer ain't in office now, Joe," ran the peroration, "but I'll tell yer what I sees in the future. I sees Hengland and Hamerica unionated into one republic—yus, and you'll be the fust president."

"The family name of the new president of Cuba is Estrada, and not Palma," said a Cuban visitor to a Washington Post reporter. "Estrada was his father's family name and Palma his mother's. Following the Spanish custom he writes it Estrada Palma, but he should be addressed as President Estrada, and not as President Palma. The old-fashioned way of writing it would be Tomas Estrada y Palma, but only the highest and oldest Spanish aristocracy and the lowest and most ignorant class now use the y. The mass of Cubans have abandoned it, and those who have much business with Americans are either placing their mother's name first, according to the American custom, or dropping it entirely. Palma, by the way, is pronounced Pal-ma, with the l sounded."

JUST BEFORE THE START—TYPICAL SCENE ON OMAHA HILL STREETS DURING LAST THREE WEEKS—Photo by a Staff Artist.