

# Successful Yachting Season at Lake Manawa



YACHT IOLANTHE.



YACHT BUTTERCUP.



YACHT ROXANNE.

## Yachting Season At Lake Manawa



THE closing of the yachting season at Lake Manawa ends one of the jolliest and most successful years in the history of the club.

The treasurer reports debts paid in full and a small credit to the good, with \$7,200 worth of real estate clear of encumbrance and plans prepared for a new \$5,000 club house to be completed before the opening of the season of 1901. Several Wisconsin yacht builders have orders for some \$500 boats, to be delivered early next spring, while one enthusiastic member has engaged the services of an old-time ship carpenter, who is hard at work in his own back yard with forge and calking iron.

The Council Bluffs Rowing association was organized in 1887 by adoption of articles of incorporation, fixing its corporate existence to expire March 4, 1900. The incorporators of the association numbered twenty-five and were composed of such well known business and professional men as E. H. Merriam, W. F. Sapp, E. E. Hart, A. T. Elwell, Dr. F. T. Seybert, E. H. Odell, Charles R. Hannan, C. T. Stewart, C. A. Beno and others. During the season of 1897 a lot was purchased and the present club house building erected.

For the first few years Mr. C. A. Beno was secretary and treasurer of the association and to him is largely due the fact that the association is in existence today. From year to year the membership increased until now they have about 150 members actively and earnestly interested in the club. With the expiration of the corporate charter in March, 1900, the association was reorganized for the period

of twenty-five years and at the same time a resolute determination was made that before the passing of another year a new and fully equipped club house would take the place of the old one. The association found itself upon reorganization free from debt and possessed of about \$6,000 worth of property. It was necessary, however, that additional land be purchased so as to accommodate the new building and to this end, since the opening of the season of 1900, the association has invested \$1,200 in lots adjoining the present boathouse property.

### Out of Debt.

It is a matter of extreme gratification to the directors of the association that at the close of this season the association is out of debt, having fully paid for its real estate purchases and met all of the expenses of operation. Plans have been prepared for a new club house building, the estimated cost of which is about \$5,000, and from the picture shown herewith it will be seen that the proposed building will certainly meet all the demands of the association for many years to come.

It is the intention to limit the membership of the club to about 250 members, which number will be reached before the close of the present year, and from the revenue derived from the increased membership and the subscriptions to the new building already made there is certainly no doubt but that before the opening of the coming season the new building will have been finished. The membership is composed of residents of Council Bluffs and of Omaha and among the best professional and business people of both cities interested in boating and social pleasures. The present directory is made up as follows: Emmet Tinley, president; W. E. Shepard, vice president; James M. Fenton, secretary; J. T. Tidd, treasurer; F. A. Buckman, commodore; Fred D. Empkie, vice commodore; H. Z. Haas, E. A. Wickham and Victor White, directors.

### Some of the Yachts.

The Psyche, owned by Mr. Shliverick of Omaha, has been considered the fastest yacht on the lake this season. Rumor says, however, that he will have to put some lead in its keel, give it more canvas and do

some very clever work at the wheel to keep up with the procession next year.

Dr. Despecher's Buttercup is a good fair weather boat, carrying a fine spread of canvas and riding the waves beautifully. It is extra wide and deep and can load a large party. The boys say the doctor intends to have its sails whitewashed or sell it to the improvement company for an excursion steamer next summer. Both the doctor and his wife are good sailors and club members are keeping a weather eye out for a new boat in that direction.

Fred Empkie and H. Z. Haas own the Mary Ann. Mary Ann is a pretty boat and behaves splendidly in a twelve-knot breeze, but in a gale it likes to have its bottom up too well. It upset during a squall last summer and dumped into the storm-tossed waters the Empkie boys, Ned Sheppard, Harry Gleason and George Garner. The Patience happened to be near, was close-hauled and picked up the unfortunates, but during the excitement Patience shipped considerable water, and with an unusual number on board dipped its nose into a big wave and all went down together. Mrs. Despecher, closely watching the unfortunate turn of affairs from the beach at Manhattan, put off immediately in a large skiff and with two assistants breastst the angry waters and was soon to the rescue of the drowning boys.

One by one they were hauled into the boat badly frightened and nearly exhausted, but deeply grateful to the courageous woman.

The Iolanthe, owned by Potter, Clarke and Dickinson, is a fast boat and goes after some of the prize money sure enough, but the boys had put on a rider in some of the races to keep it from turning turtle on account of its lack of beam. Iolanthe gets there just the same, even if the rider is a "lectle agin the rules."

J. S. White devoted most of his time to his canoe Chum. He is a clever sailor of this "skittish" sort of craft. It takes an artist to handle a canoe and not get ducked once the whole summer through. Some of the knowing ones say Mr. White is building a yacht in his own back yard and doesn't want anyone to know it. When ready he intends to take it over to the lake some moonlight night and if it won't do he will sink the boat and keep mum.

The Lark is another white-winged beauty that glides along over the smooth lake's level's brim, but takes great pride in poking its nose to bottom when a freshet comes along. It belongs to Art and Frank Cooley of Omaha.

Frank Haskell never goes sailing without his bathing suit. He owns the Shrimp, one of the prettiest canoes in the club house, but it has sent him overboard so many times this summer with his Sunday clothes on that he is afraid of it, and shivers like an aspen leaf when they hang up more than a pocket handkerchief on its mast. Frank is a fine boy, but they say now the boat only appears in his dreams, for he is playing golf.

George Purvis owns the Roxanne. It used to be the Dean C. When he brought it down from Okobeji he said it could beat anything on the lake. He changed the name to Roxanne and since the change the boat has been hoodooed.

Myratona, owned by George Rice and George Mayne, holds up its head and cuts the swell like an ocean greyhound. The two Georges are capital sailors and all around heavyweights in business society and yachting, but during the recent races their good boat Myra strained its masthead, and now is drydocked, undergoing repairs. Yachting circles are anxiously looking for their new boat, the Bigeorgia.

LOUIS R. BOSTWICK.

## Story of Courage--- Common Life Heroism

In his brilliant apostrophe to truth, relates the Indianapolis News, Ruskin says that many a man will hold to truth at the cost of life or fortune when he will not hold to it at the cost of a little daily trouble. In that observation is sounded the keynote of real heroism and most of the sacrifice we are called on to make in this life and yet the last that we appreciate. It is not difficult to give up life or fortune on occasion. It is difficult to submit to the little daily sacrifices that an inflexible pursuit of duty entails. As we get further along in the experience of this fair but deceitful world we find that here is really where the greatest heroism is manifest. We are not called on to lead a forlorn hope or to carry a life line to a wrecked ship and it might be said that the few that are called on for such great efforts are rarely found wanting. We are called on for daily expression of self-denial for a constant cleaving to an ideal at the price of petty sacrifices, to meet which without failure, if we only knew it, is proof of heroism greater than that of him who is willing to risk his life on some occasion.

There comes from New York a story of heroism that involved both great and little sacrifice. The way in which it was made exemplifies as true a hero as ever went unsung, as most true heroes do and greater far than many who have had the world's acclaim. The man is a clerk in New York. He is forty years old, but he is gray and stooped and worn like a man of three score. He has an invalid mother. He had a wife. Fifteen years ago they were married. A year after marriage their baby died and doctors soothed the mother's grief and physical illness with opium. The grip of the drug she could never shake off. With her husband's love, with the help of sanitarians and experts, with her own efforts, she was still hopeless. She sank lower and lower as a victim of the drug. Seven years ago the best in all ways that the husband could do was to move his mother to New Jersey and to get for his wife quarters at a cheap hotel in New York, the best he could provide. He paid \$8 a week for her board and supplied regularly a sum to buy her morphine.

In all these years when he came to his work in the city in the morning he first went to see his wife. At noon he took his lunch, which he brought from his home, and ate it by his wife's bedside.

At night before he crossed the river to his invalid mother he went again to see his wife. Thus for seven years three times a day he attended to her as he could. The other day death came with its gracious relief. The woman was 33 years old and the years of her slavery to the drug had not obliterated all of her great beauty. During the time she had been kept in these apartments, poor and almost squalid as they were—"I was not able to provide better quarters," the man said in the presence of strangers who had come in at the death—she had been in almost a constant opium stupor. For the last six months she kept her bed. The world was a blank to her. Only the day before her death the watchman who had guarded over her heard loud voices in her room and going to the door with a remonstrance was met with the woman's voice: "Never mind, it is Fred, my husband, reading prayers to me and I love to hear him." "Sure enough," says the caretaker, "as I looked in he was sitting beside her on the little bed reading aloud from a little prayer book." The husband stroked the hair of the dead woman as she was put in a plain coffin. "My poor wife, how different it might have been, but it was not her fault."

Here was heroism. Here was sacrifice. Here was truth and duty followed. Here was an illustration of righteousness made part of life that makes one equal to all that can be demanded. Here is the lesson that we must learn, that our opportunities do not lie on the great stage in the sight of the world, but in the hidden avenues of dull routine.

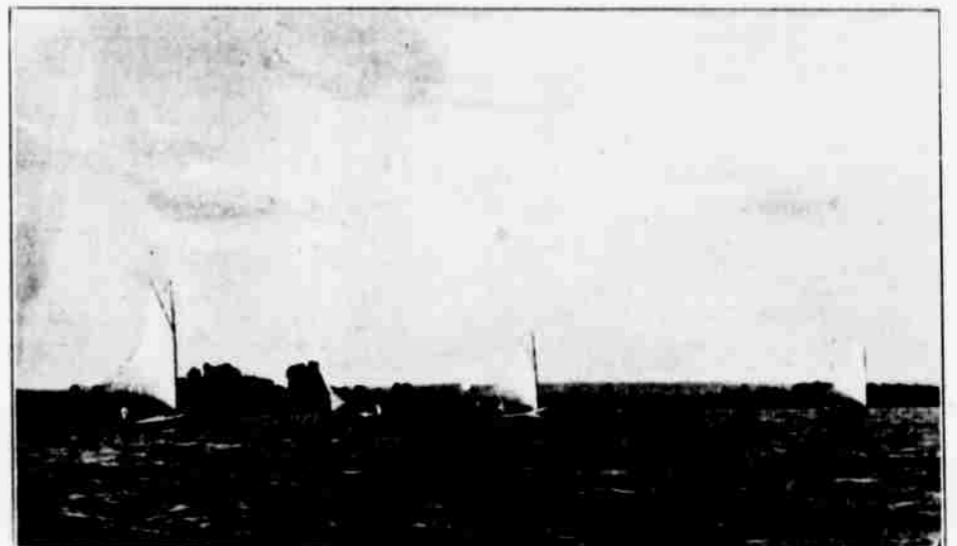
### War, Etc.

Detroit Journal: Here was a quantity of beef condemned by the inspectors. "And what becomes of this?" we asked, since it was none of our business. "It goes to the devil!" replied the packer, moodily. "Thus enabling his satanic majesty to preserve the conventional parity between war and hell!" we suggested, with unctuous humor.

Of course he did not knock us down with a cart stake. He was far too well bred for that. But we could see that he felt hurt.



NEW \$5,000 BOAT HOUSE.



THE CUP RACES.