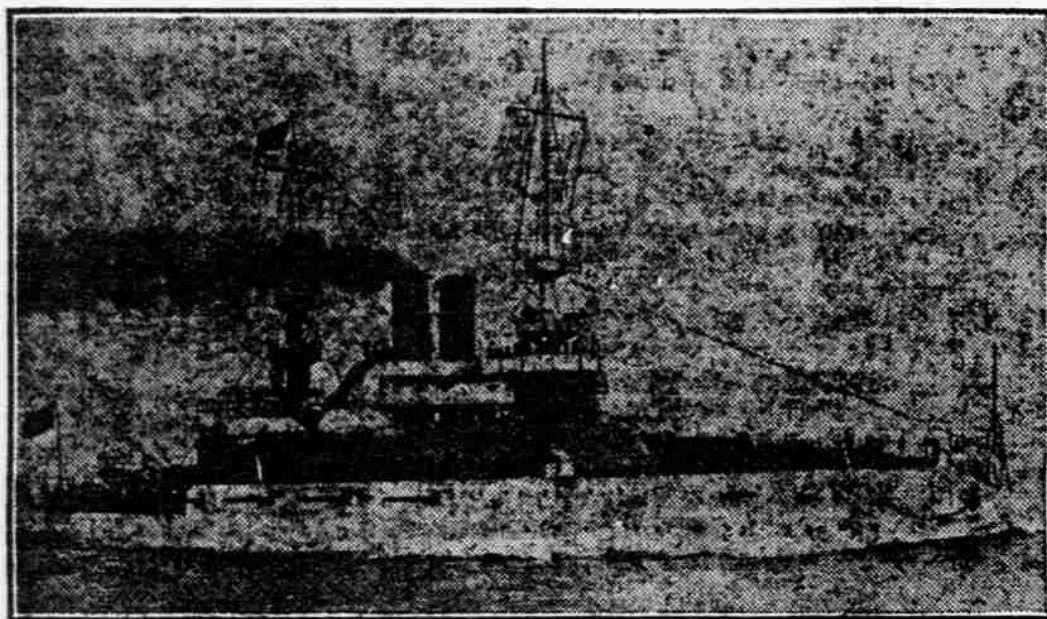


OUR NEW PACIFIC FLEET

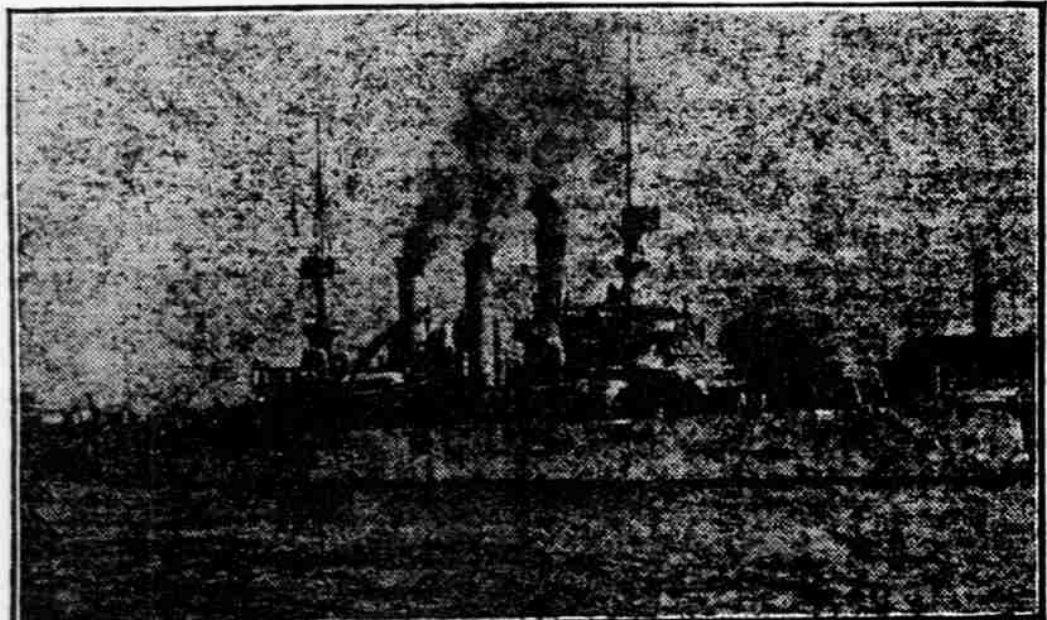
Ships Recently Ordered to the Pacific Coast under Admiral Evans.



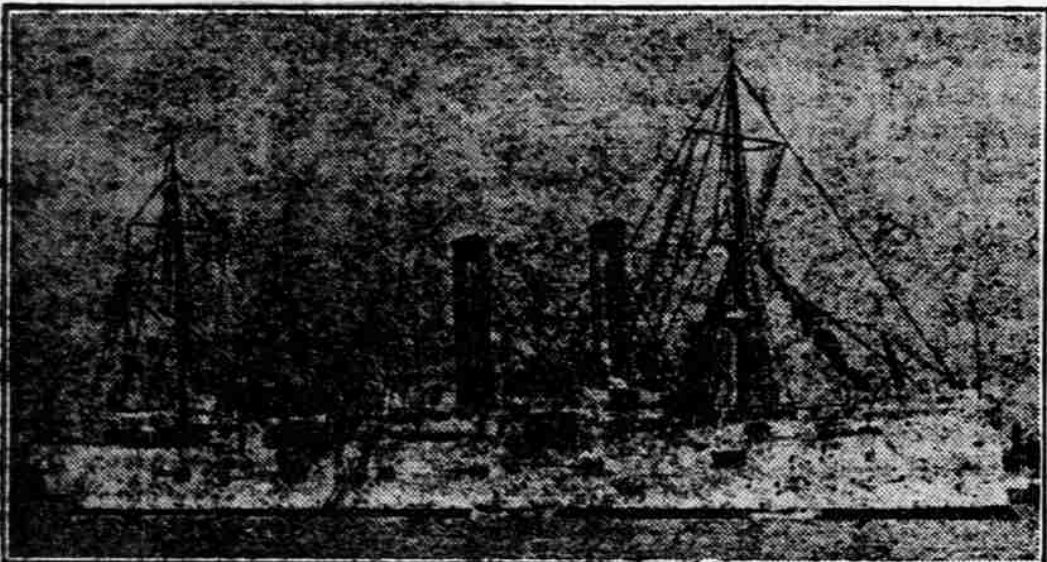
REAR ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS.



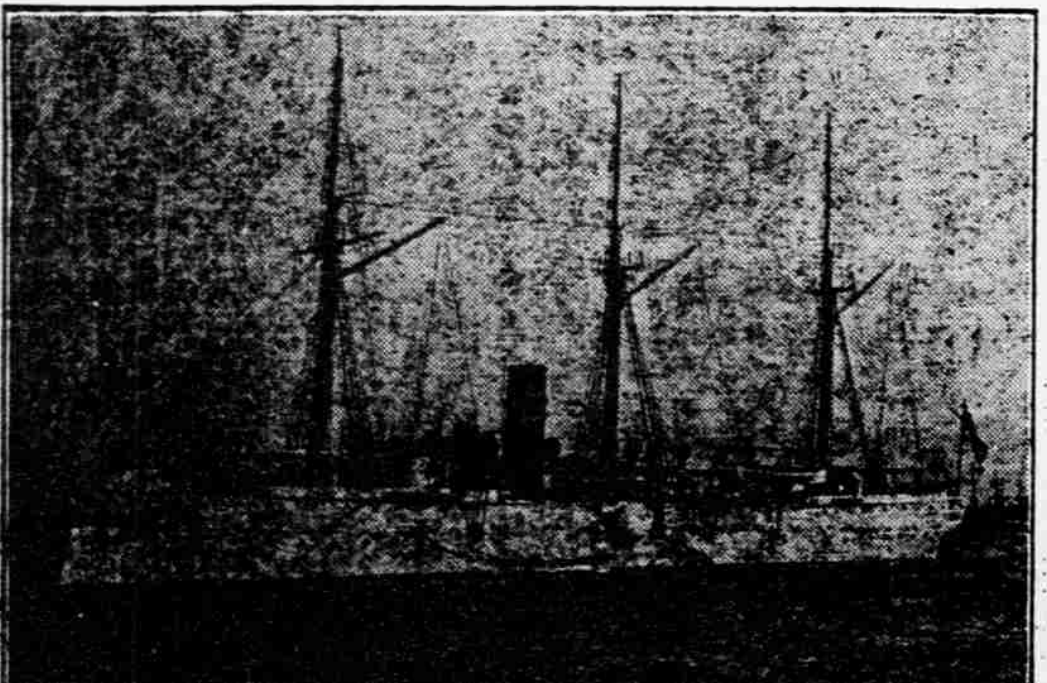
U. S. BATTLESHIP, "ILLINOIS."
Capt. Gottfried Stocklinger; tonnage, 11,525; guns, 18; speed, 17 knots.



U. S. BATTLESHIP, "LOUISIANA."
Capt. Richard Wainwright; tonnage, 16,000; guns, 24; speed, 18 knots.



U. S. PROTECTED CRUISER, "CHICAGO."
Commander Robert M. Doyle; tonnage, 4,500; guns, 18; speed, 18 knots.
Flagship of Admiral Evans.



U. S. GUNBOAT, "YORKTOWN."
Commander Richard T. Mulligan; tonnage, 1,710; guns, 6; speed, 18 knots.

Wit and Humor

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS.



THE Democratic leader of the house is one of the best story tellers at the national capital. He also has a rich vein of humor, but is rather sparing of its use in his speeches. One of the most famous examples of his irony was a satirical tribute to Admiral Crowninshield during the Sampson-Schley Inquiry. This delicious take-off was done in verse—Williams occasionally drops into poetry—and wound up by declaring that—

Great Crowninshield's the bravest tar
That always stayed ashore.

At the time Mr. Williams was mentioned as a presidential candidate he had considerable dry fun with the reporters over the matter. To one newspaper man he said: "My boom is making tremendous strides. My private secretary is unreservedly for me, and I have hopes of securing the support of Charley Edwards, the clerk of the minority room."

To a somewhat young and callow reporter John Sharp, with exceeding gravity, said he had quite some hopes of getting the nomination. Reports from Mississippi were especially encouraging.

"Toomsaba, Ofanoma, Noxopater, Nanachewaw, Toccepola, Tabbville and Grubbs Springs, I am told," he said, "are already for me, while I have every reason to believe that I shall have the undivided support of such places as Nittayuna, Wahalak, Bolatusha, Hushpukena, Ittabena, Pelahatchle, Mittayuma, Skutch, Cinquipla, Pawtickfaw, Octoc, Leggo, Yellow Rabbit, Chunkey Station, Hambone, Deovolente and Whynot."

Upon being asked to spell the names he did so with great gravity.

On a later occasion, when the newspaper men asked him concerning his candidacy, he said that Mrs. Williams had objected that with her sick headaches she never could stand the White House, so he would have to give up the presidency.

John Sharp once ran afoul of Tom Reed. This is the way he tells the story himself:

"I met Mr. Reed coming out of the cloakroom, and he said to me in that peculiar drawl of his, 'Williams, whatever makes you such a bitter partisan?'"

"Well, Mr. Speaker, that's pretty good coming from you, isn't it?" I replied.

"Never mind me," he replied. "But why are you such a bitter partisan?"

"Well, I'll tell you," I said. "You know I never saw a Republican until I was thirty-eight years old, and I can't get used to them somehow."

"He looked at me reproachfully and walked away without another word."

At a Washington banquet Mr. Williams once proposed this toast:

"Here's to President Roosevelt, whom the world has grossly overestimated as an author and whom the Democratic party grossly underestimated as a politician."

It was Williams who fastened the designation of "kid" congressmen to new members. Mr. Wharton, a boyish looking recruit from Chicago, interrupted and wanted to know what he meant by "kid" congressmen.

"Mr. Speaker," said Mr. Williams, with a wave of his hand toward the member from Chicago, "with that degree of reverence which the personal appearance of my interrogator excites in my mind I should say that he is perhaps the last person in the house who ought to ask the question," whereat Mr. Wharton subsided.

General Grosvenor was designated by Mr. Williams as "the most exuberant and unscrupulous prophet that this part of the world ever saw."

The minority leader once had a Democratic caucus called, and the reporters were wild to find out the reason. Williams was very short with them at first, but finally thawed out and said:

"Boys, I have decided to confide in you. I called that caucus for the purpose of advocating a return to government by consuls, under which system the Roman republic prospered for a thousand years."

Nobody bothered him after that.

John Sharp was once denouncing the committee on rules, popularly known as the house machine.

"The gentleman himself is a member of the committee on rules," put in a member.

"Yes," drawled Williams, "nominally."

The house recognized the thrust with a roar, but the other man persisted.

"You attend the meetings of that committee," he said.

"I am invited to the seances," returned Williams, "but I am never consulted about the spiritualistic appearances."

When Williams first ran for congress his opponent was a famous coon hunter and gained much support by the fact. Williams had never hunted coons, but saw that something had to be done. Buying a bunch of roman candles, he went out with the boys, fired the candles among the branches till he scared the coons out of the trees, made a record hunt and won the election.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Your dog never bothers any one. When the joke is "on" you it is never very funny.

There is a good deal of inhumanity in human nature.

How loud the door bangs when some one else slams it!

It is easier to keep a secret than it is to keep a promise.

Every one is superstitious enough to believe in the dollar sign.

You can't judge the speed of a locomotive by the way it whistles.

There are lots of happy people, but they are unnoticed in the noise the wretched make.

As we grow older we are all compelled to give up much of the spunk we displayed in youth.

If you think you are right, go ahead, if you want to, but don't expect every one to go with you.—Aitchison Globe.

The Muskellunge.

The Indian name of this great fighter of the fresh water lakes and tributaries is "esoxmasquinongy." Our naturalists have the word translated into about eight or nine different styles, but the correct way of spelling it in our language is undoubtedly "muskellunge." Most fishermen, however, pronounce and spell it to suit themselves, and no man seems to be an accepted authority. It is one thing in Canada, another in the St. Lawrence and another in the great lakes. The favorite among New Yorkers is "muskallonge." The fish reaches a length of seven and a half feet, and the biggest ever taken is said to have weighed ninety-two pounds. In game-ness it is said to surpass the tarpon of the Caribbean and the tuna of the Pacific.—New York Press.

The Cause of Snoring.

This is not for you, because you never snore. No one ever does snore himself. It is always the other fellow. But you can read this and then tell that guilty other fellow how to break himself of his bad habit, for snoring is merely a bad habit and as such can be overcome. It is caused primarily by improper breathing—that is breathing through the mouth instead of through the nostrils—so, first of all, care should be taken during waking hours to breathe correctly. The habit once formed of keeping the mouth as firmly closed as possible, he will be less likely to sleep with it open. Then see that your troublesome snorer has a proper pillow. He should sleep with his head as flat as possible, for if his head is pushed forward and the neck bent the tongue drops back against the soft palate and forms an obstruction which makes all the unmusical sounds we hear when the air is forced past it.—St. James' Gazette.

The Last Match Saved Them.

The ship had lain becalmed in a tropical sea for three days. Not a breath of air stirred the mirrorlike surface of the sea or the limp sails that hung from the yards like drapery carved in stone. The captain resolved to wait no longer. He piped up all hands on deck and requested the passengers to also come forward.

"I must ask all of you," he said, "to give me every match that you have."

Wonderingly the passengers and crew obeyed. The captain carefully arranged the matches in his hands as each man handed him his store until all had been collected. Then he threw them all overboard but one, drew a cigar from his pocket and, striking the solitary match on the mainmast, endeavored to light it. In an instant a furious gale swept over the deck, extinguished the match and filled the sails, and the good ship Mary Ann sped through the waves on her course.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Cod's Bill of Fare.

An interesting exhibit in the South Kensington museum, London, illustrates the omnivorous nature of the cod's diet. Among the fish falling a prey to its voracious maws we note the young of the herring, dab, whiting and sand eel. Shrimps and young lobsters also form an important item in the cod's menu. The strangest part of the cod's diet perhaps is the sea mouse, whose thick covering of bristles might be thought to render it unwelcome to any stomach. Large whelks and shells of whelks with their indwelling hermit crabs are also largely devoured. From its partiality to mollusks, in fact, the cod may become an assistant to the shell collector. Woodward in his "Manual of the Mollusca" remarks that "some good northern seashells have been rescued unbroken from the stomach of the cod."—London Globe.

Growing Flowers in Winter.

A long run of dark days in winter is bad for the florists. It matters little how cold the weather is, provided there is sunshine, for the heat can always be maintained to the proper point, and with sunshine flowers will bloom just as freely when the thermometer shows an outdoor temperature of zero as at the freezing point, though of course more money must be spent for coal. But when, day after day, for weeks at a time, clouds overhang the sky, nothing will grow as it should. The carnation buds develop slowly until they are half open and wait for sunshine, and if it does not come in four or five days the blooms decay. So also it is with callas and roses. They will open halfway, then, without sunlight, will quickly spoil.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Wanted a Better One.

Patient—When you're ill, doctor, do you treat yourself?

"No. I call in one of my colleagues." "Then can't I call in one of them—the one that cured you?"—Kurrer.

Curve Balls

The "Spit Ball," the "Rise Ball," the "Fade Away Ball" and Other Marvels of the National Game. Why a New Curve Is a Bonanza.

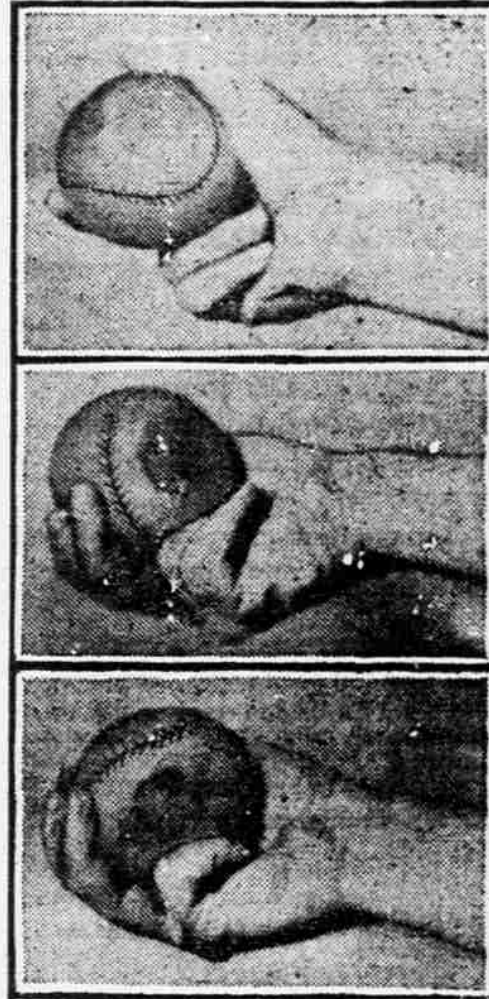
By FREDERICK R. TOOMBS.



HOW THE "SPIT BALL" IS HELD.

BASEBALL pitchers find the study of the phenomena of curve balls a most interesting as well as valuable pursuit. It was the discovery of the curve that gave baseball much of its impetus as a scientific sport, and men spend years in seeking to develop new variations of it and new possibilities. Those who successfully demonstrate a new species of curve find no difficulty in earning \$5,000 to \$8,000 or \$10,000 a year. Considering that almost any major league pitcher can, by careful living and judicious treatment of his so called "salary wing," succeed in staying in the game for ten years, it is seen that it is almost as profitable to study ball curves as it is to elect yourself president of the United States. And, so far as a corporation presidency is concerned, the clever pitcher for a big league team makes practically as much money and runs far less risk of going to jail.

Among the new curves are what have become known as the "spit ball," the "rise ball" and the "fade away ball." The "spit ball" is probably more disconcerting to batsmen than any other curve because it is said to "break" or curve in at least two different directions and in such a manner that not even the man who delivers it can accurately gauge just how it is going to act. The "spit ball" is grasped in the middle of the pitcher's palm with the



HOW PITCHERS HOLD THE BALL IN THROWING CURVES.

[At the top, ready for an incurve or shoot; in the middle, an out curve or shoot; at the bottom, a drop.]

thumb and all the fingers extended as far around it as they will go. The pitcher moistens with his tongue (hence the name of the curve) one or two of his fingers so that these fingers exert practically no pressure on the ball and then throws it with all the force that he can muster and yet be reasonably accurate. The fingers that were not moistened exert pressure on the sides of the ball so peculiarly as to make the revolutions of the ball vary in direction during its flight, and so the two different curves during one flight of the ball are produced. The "initial" cut in this column shows how the ball is held by the pitcher who delivers the "spit ball." This photograph and the others used in illustrating this article were specially posed for by Joseph McGinnity of the New York National league team.

The "rise ball" is the result of experiments of men who have for years been trying to perfect an "up curve" or "up shoot." While pitchers could produce without much difficulty "in-curves," "outs," "drops" and "out-drops," they could not for many years make a ball rise as it went over the home plate.

The inshoot is delivered by sending the ball away over the ends of the index and middle fingers.

It is the revolving of the ball on its axis that makes it curve, or, to be more accurate, that leads to its curving. The ball that revolves swiftly from left to right offers more resistance to the air on its left side than it does on its right, so the ball swerves to the right, or in toward the batsman.

The outshoot is delivered by sending the ball away over the side of the forefinger, and when the ball is released the back of the hand is turned downward. Now the ball revolves from right to left, and so it swerves to the left, or out from the batsman.

The drop can be delivered in two or three different ways, and in most cases the ball is held just as for an out-curve, but it is frequently let go with more of a snap and always with the back of the pitching hand turned to the right or partly to the front, so as to make the ball revolve away from the holder and with its axis at right angles to the course it pursues to the plate.



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