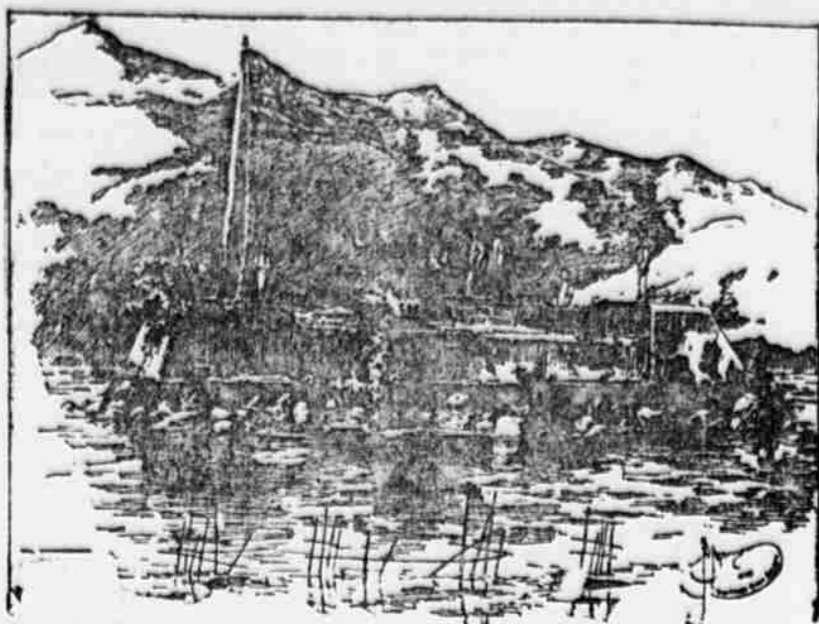


# ON TO MANILA

an illustrated, true and concise history of the  
**Philippine Campaign**



Raising "Old Glory" at Fort Santa Cruz, Ladrones Islands. Reproduced from an illustration in "On to Manila."

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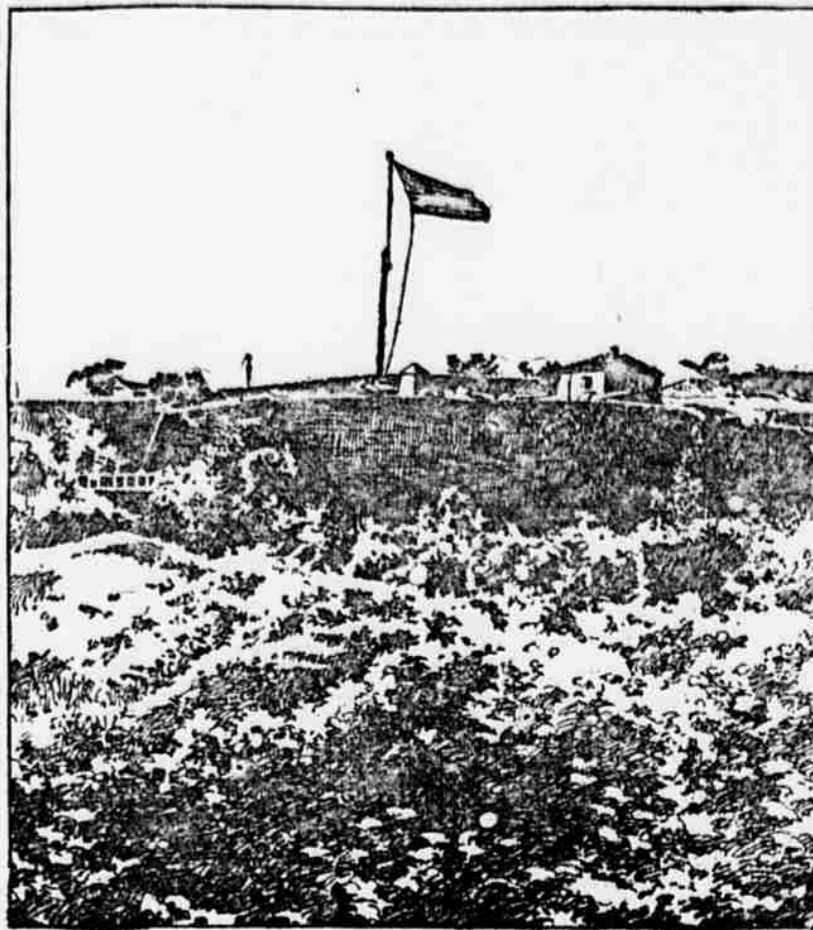
illustrations taken at the time by Douglas White, the war correspondent of the San Francisco Examiner.



The Old Bell at Sumaya, Ladrones Islands. Cast in 1680. Reproduced from an illustration in "On to Manila."

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### THE CREW OF YAWL THREE.

A LOVE STORY OF THE SEA.

This is a Charming Bit of Romance, Dealing with Jealousy, Heroism, Sacrifice and Love Stronger Than Death.

By W. BERT FOSTER.

Through the fog which lay a dead weight upon the water, the outline of a great sail grew slowly. The fog made it loom into fairly gigantic proportions, for there was little wind stirring, and it crept up in ghostly fashion.

Suddenly the blocks rattled, the boom cracked and groaned as it swung about. For a moment the craft hung in the wind's eye. There was a clatter of feet; a yawl towing astern was pulled up under the rail, and three men in yellow oilskins and varnished sea boots tumbled into her.

"Good-day to ye, ladst! Drop down with the tide tonight and we'll pick ye up off the Hook," he throbbed.

The hoarse voice of a broad-shouldered man belted this through the fog as he leaned over the rail. The yawl had been cast off and dropped astern. The boom cracked again, the sail flapped sharply, displaying a huge "S," and the pilot boat melted into the fog once more, leaving the yawl courtesying on the gray waves.

Mitchell, the pilot in charge of the yawl, sat squarely in the sternsheets, a tiller rope in each hand. "Give way, you fellows," he said, "if you want to get to Gurnett's time enough to have a yarn with that girl."

"How in blazes can we know where Gurnett is in this fog?" growled one of them, bending his back to the ash.

The bow oar laughed. "Terry's sulky," he said, keeping stroke while he talked. "Mina didn't care much to see him last time he was there—eh, Terry?"

"That's a lie!" declared stroke, roughly. "She was just as glad to see me as you."

"Shut up, Carl! Don't tease the fellow," admonished Mitchell. "And you needn't be so touchy, Terry."

clear the ice drift with his oar so that they could get in without injuring the yawl. It was after noon when they landed at the pier.

"Now we haven't more than an hour to waste here," said Mitchell, settling his hat more firmly upon his head. "If you go to see that girl, Terry, don't ye forget. Be back here in an hour. I'll go along up street and buy the provisions we was sent for."

"And I'll go along with you," said Carl with a wink. "Then I'll keep out of temptation, eh?"

"Just as well you do," growled Mitchell. "I don't want you fellows to get to fighting," now mind that."

He and the Swede moved away, and after a moment, their companion followed them. But at the end of the pier he turned into a side street—a street which fronted the water, with wharves and shipping on one hand and a row of little shops and shipchandler's warehouses on the other. In this neighborhood, over the shops and warehouses, and in the courts and lanes behind them, lived seafaring folk, many of them of foreign extraction.

Terry turned into one of the little shops where a big Swede stood behind the counter. After greetings had passed between them, Terry looked around as though he missed something or somebody out of the shop.

"You lookin' for Mina, eh?" said the Swede. "She was just gone to de kitchen. She back will be in a minute."

But the girl did not come in a minute, nor in several. Terry talked at random, listening for the girl's step or voice. Somebody came into the room directly behind the shop; but it was Mina's aunt, the big Swede's wife. He asked a question in his own language, and at her reply turned to the sailor again.

"She has company in de kitchen," he said. "I guess she visit de back soon. I'll hat de wife tell her you was here."

cially known as Pilot boat 8, was tied, he found Terry there before him. The sailor stood like a statue on the string piece of the wharf, looking off into the fog. Mitchell had to speak to him twice before he could arouse him.

Then the provisions came down on a truck, they put them aboard, distributing them so that the yawl rode evenly, and then Carl appeared. Terry took his oar with a set, white face and waited for the pilot's word to give way.

"We've a nasty job before us," said Mitchell, gloomily, casting off. "I hear there's a lot of loose ice coming down the bay. Tend right to business, boys, and don't have any such skylarking as you did coming over. Are you ready?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" from Carl. Terry was silent, but dipped his oar deeply and in an instant the pier was out of sight. It seemed as though it had drifted away from them, and had been smothered by the fog, not that they had been swept away from it.

The tide had turned and was running out through a little lee drift. "Look alive, boys," said Mitchell. "Be ready to 'back water' on the instant if I tell you. Some of these cakes we pass might smash 'awl' I like an egg-shell, if we give 'em the chance."

Mitchell bent low, his seawater shading his eyes, striving to peer ahead. But it was all he could do to see the boat's nose. Beyond was a blinding curtain of fog.

The wind, too, had increased. The tide was with them, but the wind drove across the yawl's bows and sometimes made her stagger. The fog signals of the few craft belated in the outer bay sounded as though from a great distance. The only other sound beside the splash of the choppy waves was a low, crooning noise, which seemed to grow momentarily.

"What is that?" shouted Carl, still tugging at his oar. Mitchell's face, such of it as was not covered by beard, was white.

"That is ice, boys!" he exclaimed. "I've heard it like that up north. It must be a big jam coming down the bay."

Terry did not appear to hear him; his face was set and his thoughts seemed far away. "Are we in de way?" he asked Carl.

and fell into silence again. Suddenly there was a shout from the bow and almost instantly the yawl crashed into a huge cake and was driven back by the force of the collision. As though it was a signal for a general attack, the ice advanced upon the doomed boat upon either side. It was crushed between two grinding, shouldering walls of driving cakes and the sea began to spurt between the strained seams.

"We was lost!" cried Carl, leaping up. The shock which followed threw him upon the ice pack.

"Overboard with you!" sang out Mitchell. "She'll sink in a minute. Get on a big cake, boys."

But only Terry heard him. Carl had disappeared. The pilot and stroke of the wrecked yawl found themselves clinging side by side upon a huge cake of ice.

"Where is he? Where is he?" gasped the sailor, at last aroused. "Poor Carl! Poor boy!" growled the pilot. "He musn't drown!" cried Terry, standing upright upon the tetering ice. "He must be saved! Mina—"

The yawl disappeared, sucked under by the tide. In the swirl of gray water where it went down was a man's upraised arm. The hand clung an instant to the ragged edge of the ice.

Terry sank down upon it instantly. He caught the rough coat sleeve just as the hand slipped and with a mighty heave brought Carl's head and shoulders out of the icy water. In a breath they had dragged their comrade out of the jaws of death.

"The Swede spit out the water he had swallowed and recovered his breath. "That was noble of you, old man," he said to Terry.

"Stow that!" was the rough reply. Carl's teeth began to chatter and Terry and Mitchell hugged him up between them, that the warmth of their bodies might in some measure counteract the chill he had received. The snow, which still fell, packed around and over them until they might have been a part of the ice cake to which they clung. Mitchell raised his head occasionally the better to listen.

"Can't hear a single horn," he declared. "We might as well be in the middle of the Atlantic Inlet of a mile or so off shore. I dunno how we'd better about."

A man stood upright in the boat, a coil of rope in his hand. Instantly the rope was flung there, and by its aid all three were drawn into the lifeboat.

"So this is the way you go ashore for provisions, is it?" growled the captain of the Halcyon, as the yawl's crew scrambled aboard.

"Well, cap, you come darn near losin' us as well as the yawl and the store truck," remarked Mitchell, calmly taking the tiller and steering unerringly for the pilot boat, whose fog horn growled at intervals to guide them.

But Terry put his lips close to the Swede's ear and asked: "Is it true?" "Is that true?" "Is that true?" "That about Mina?"

"Of course it is. An' if you a chump don't be, you'll marry her when I marry Sophie next morn'—eh."

**CANALS COST MONEY.** But Their Profits Are Very Large Whenever They Prove Successful.

The Manchester ship canal, connecting Manchester and Liverpool, cost \$50,000,000, or \$15,000,000 more than the original estimate, relates the New York Sun. The cost of the Nicaragua canal, to connect the Atlantic and the Pacific through Central America and thereby shorten the distance between New York and San Francisco from 15,000 to 4,000 miles is variously estimated at from \$100,000,000 to \$200,000,000, according to the route adopted. The Suez canal cost \$100,000,000. The North sea canal in Germany cost \$37,500,000. The Holland and the Corinth canal \$15,000,000 each and the Panama canal has cost to date \$200,000,000.

Canals when successful are generously so. The khedive's shares in the Suez canal, purchased by the British government in 1875 for \$20,000,000 are now worth more than \$120,000,000 and there are many indications that the future value of the Suez canal shares will be even greater. In view of the fact that this canal enjoys a peculiar monopoly of business which enables it, without danger from competition, to charge very heavy tolls and to enforce their collection without danger of government interference, the canal being practically owned by the English government, which is administering the financial affairs of Egypt.

Another country in which the canal system is a source of large profit is Holland. Holland has nine miles of canal for every 100 square miles of area, a proportion equalled elsewhere and four times as great as in the United Kingdom. The Dutch canals have an aggregate length of 1,820 miles and for their maintenance the state expends \$5,000,000 yearly. The Heider, begun in 1819 and completed six years later, is sixty miles long, 120 feet wide and twenty feet deep, allowing two merchantmen to pass abreast and navigable for the largest vessels. The North sea canal, built in 1862-74, is 240 feet wide and twenty-three deep and brings Amsterdam within fifteen miles of the sea; length, fourteen miles; cost, \$10,000,000.

The success of the Kiel canal, connecting the Baltic with the North sea, has led to increased popularity for canals in general and there has been organized in that country a company, the German canal system, which is constructing Germany with European canals connecting Germany with European Turkey. The proposed new route uses the existing connections between the navigable river and canal systems of Germany and the Danube in Austria. There are now nearly 9,000 miles of waterways in Germany, of which 67 per cent are rivers and 33 per cent canals, and while the proposed extension of the German canal system to Austria would entail a large expenditure, the benefits of it in a commercial way would be considerable. Unlike railroads, the revenues from the operation of which can be estimated in advance with some approach to accuracy, canals are constructed without any assurance of repayment to projectors. The Erie canal, the chief canal in the United States, the construction of which cost about \$100,000,000, has paid in tolls collected \$130,000,000, regardless of the fact that a number of years ago the canal was made free and all toll charges were removed. In the general opinion the success of the Nicaragua canal

will be as great in a pecuniary way as that of the Suez canal.

**Suicide with a Weight.** MARYVILLE, Mo., Sept. 6.—(Special Telegram.)—The body of Mark E. Wilkinson, aged 25, oldest son of Rector Wilkinson of St. Paul's Episcopal church, was found in the Nodaway river near Skidmore. Wilkinson had engaged to teach the West Point school near Skidmore and was to have begun yesterday. He had a stone about his neck

and removed his coat before leaping in. A letter, in which he bade good-bye to his mother, was found in one of the pockets. He was last seen in Skidmore Sunday.

**No Alaskan Modus Vivendi.** LONDON, Sept. 6.—The officials of the foreign office say they have not officially acquiesced in any modus vivendi in the matter of the Alaskan boundary dispute and that no recent negotiations have been under consideration here.



LIGHT WEIGHT CLOTH JACKET FROM HARPER'S BAZAR

A very light garment for light autumn wear is the pattern jacket design shown on this page. The garment is simple in form, the chief requisite for its success consisting of a careful observance of the rules given for the use of Bazar patterns and care-taking. The jacket has center, side back and under-arm seams, and an acute dart in the front piece that curves prettily to the form. The side-back seams are left free from the waist-line, and lap toward the center seam. The fronts are finished with long stole ends, extending eight inches below the waist line. The garment is stitched about the edges, and lined throughout with checked silk, which is also used for the facing of the collar. Straps of the same trim the close sleeve diagonally to the waist, and a wide stretched strap fastens at each side of the front by means of a large lacquered button. The lines of this design are also adaptable for an in-door tea-jacket, if made of bright silk, and the asels elaborated with fine lace trimmings, and the good home dress-maker will find in this design a charming model for the black silk jackets that are to worn throughout the coming season. To make this garment in standard size of broadcloth, kersey, homespun or other 54-inch goods one and one-half yards will be required. Of silk, twenty inches wide, four yards will prove sufficient. A similar amount of lining-silk will also be required.