

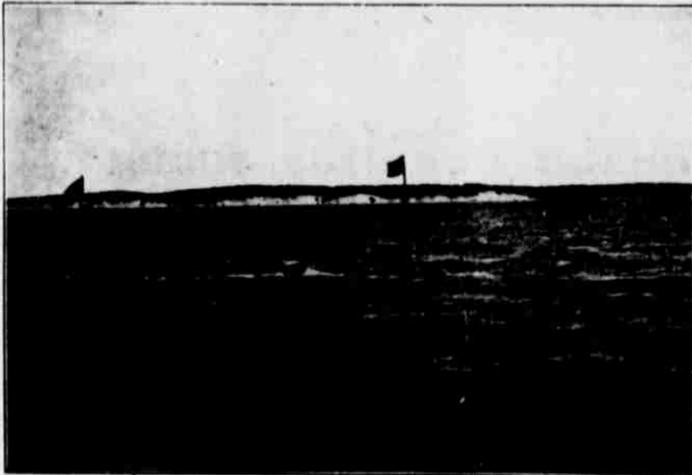
Holland Submarine Boat-- Little Terror of the Seas

The United States has just acquired through purchase the most formidable war vessel, according to experts, which ever "ploughed" the salt seas. Some months ago the Holland Torpedo Boat company brought to Washington a little vessel which had been talked of in every newspaper in the United States almost and which was looked upon during the early days of the war with Spain as a "likely-to-be" important factor in that contest. The vessel was the submarine torpedo boat Holland. For weeks past two yachts have been lying at the wharf in the navy yard prepared at all times to make a trip down the Potomac as far as Alexandria, where the powers and prowess of the Holland would be demonstrated at any time. Members of the cabinet, senators, congressmen, army officers, navy officers, justices of the supreme court, officials of every degree and people without official title were taken to the ex-

hibition and every one agreed after seeing what the Holland can do in the way of existing under water that at least the problem of submarine navigation, first dreamed of by Jules Verne in his novel, "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," had been solved.

under way made it necessary for the word to be passed by several men, but at no time was there the slightest confusion or hesitation in obeying orders. When submerged the boat was kept at the chosen depth without any difficulty by means of the horizontal rudder. The evenness of the immersion was well shown by the depth gauges, but must also have been apparent from the other vessels from the positions of the flags.

Another vessel of somewhat similar type, known as the Plunger, is being constructed at the yards of the Triggs Shipbuilding company in Richmond, and will shortly be added to the navy as a sort of sister ship to the Holland. With these two powerful sub-



SUBMARINE BOAT HOLLAND—NEARLY SUBMERGED, NOTHING SHOWING BUT ITS CONNING TOWER.

marine vessels in commission the United States will be supplied as no other navy in the world is equipped for offensive warfare against a hostile fleet.

Bunch of Short Stories

"A Colorado millionaire—extremely millionaire—one who is getting up an art gallery, went to Whistler's studio in the Rue du Bac," says Vance Thompson in his Paris letter to the Saturday Evening Post. "He glanced casually at the pictures on the walls—'symphonies' in rose and gold, in blue and gray, in brown and green.

"How much for the lot?" he asked, with the confidence of one who owns gold mines.

"Four millions," said Whistler.

"What?"

"My posthumous prices." And the painter added, "Good morning."

H. C. Barnabee tells a story about a baby which made the hit of the evening at a certain performance of "Patience" in which he took part:

"There was a young couple up in the gallery, and they had the baby contingent along. My thunderous tones repeating my lines, 'Where the duet of an earthy today is the earth of a dusty tomorrow,' awakened the baby, and it began to cry loud and long. Then came my lines, 'It's a little thing of

my own.' I made the most of them and the house caught on and yelled itself hoarse. At a later performance another baby made an unconscious hit. He made such a noise crying that he had the 'middle of the stage' for about five minutes; then came my lines, 'Oh, hollow, hollow, hollow!'—which he probably was."

In western Kansas there is a well known politician who has a brother in Montana, relates the Kansas City Journal. A number of years ago this Montana brother borrowed \$250 from his Kansas kinsman, and up to a very recent date had neglected to pay it back. During the hearing of the Clark bribery case before the United States senate there was some testimony which indicated that the Montana brother, who is a member of the state senate, had received \$10,000 from one of the agents of Clark. When this came to the knowledge of the Kansas brother he wrote to the Montana brother as follows:

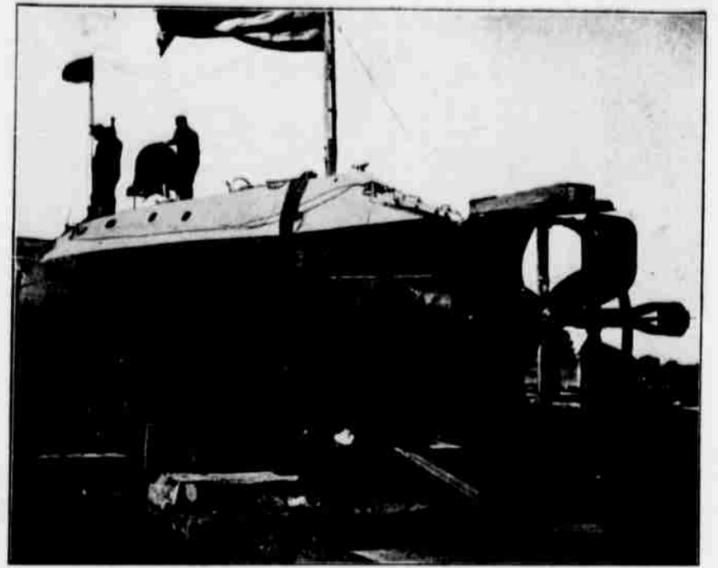
—Kan., March 19, 1900—My Dear Jim: I see by the papers that you are alleged to have received \$10,000 for voting for Senator Clark. If it is true, I suppose you must be in funds and I wish you would send me that \$250. Wouldn't have dunned you, old boy, if I didn't think you were flush. Yours,
ROBERT."

By almost return mail the Kansas man received the following reply:

"HELENA, Mont., March 25, 1900.—Dear Robert: I enclose you draft on New York for the \$250. You must forgive me for not sending it before. I have tried to spare it for several years back, but never was able to get that much ahead. Love to all,
"JIM."

Megargee relates in the Philadelphia Times a story about Louis Harrison, a noted comedian and mimic, and his dog, Zab. Zab was the ugliest canine on four legs, but Harrison's love for him was boundless. Once while Harrison was playing in Philadelphia Zab strayed away from his master and was gathered in by the dog catcher. Harrison found him in the pound with 300 other prisoners. "I plunged my hands into my pockets to redeem him," Harrison said. "When, to my horror, I discovered that I had brought no money with me. The dogs were to be drowned in twenty minutes. What was I to do? I explained the circumstances to the warden, who smiled an East river smile and said: 'I don't know you and can't allow you to have the dog unless you give me \$3.' I told him I was Louis Harrison, the comedian, and asked if he had ever heard of me. He said he had frequently, but he would require positive proof that I was the man. Here was my chance to have my ability as a mimic recognized in a field never worked by a living actor, if the dogs would only allow my voice to be heard—that was my only fear. They kept up a steady stream of Wagnerian choruses without intermission. I said: 'Warden, if I give you some imitations of celebrated actors will you believe I'm Harrison?' He said he certainly would, at which the dogs set up another howl of agony. Well, I struck a tragic attitude and began to imitate Henry Irving as Hamlet. As I proceeded the howls grew fainter and fainter and when I had finished the pound was as still as death. The warden, with tears in his eyes, admitted that I was the man, but could not account for the strange silence in the pound. He looked into the pen and was surprised to find every dog stone dead but Zab. He alone had been able to stand it. He had been there before.

"He released Zab and as we reached the door said: 'Mr. Harrison, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals thinks drowning a very cruel way of killing the dogs. If you will allow me I will suggest that they give you \$2,000 a year to come here four times a week and give imitations of Irving.' I thanked him and said it would be impossible, as my business compelled me to leave the city."



SUBMARINE BOAT HOLLAND ON THE WAVES.

Founder of the Graded School System in Omaha

Some thirty years ago Samuel DeWitt Beals was principal of the Pacific street school in Omaha. His charge was a motley crowd of youngsters ranging in age from 8 to 12 years. Those early days of third-readers would long have passed into oblivion were it not for the picture of that dignified school teacher indelibly impressed upon the memory of his boys and girls. The spare, erect frame, the somber garb of broadcloth, the snow-white head, the long, silvery beard, the mobile face, the brilliant, kindly eye, the sympathetic smile, the gentle yet firm voice, all combined in his personality to command respect of those careless, mischievous barbarians. What did they know of Latin, of Cicero, of the orations against Catiline? And yet on occasions like a Friday afternoon that scholar, as if inspired, would deliver in purest Latin before his school Cicero's philippic against Catiline. The effect was electrifying. Some sat dumbfounded, with eyes and mouth wide open; others, astonished at the unexpected scene, shouted with laughter. Through all the commotion the teacher, now transfused into the Roman orator, forgot the frouzy school room and saw before him only the tumultuous benches of the senate house filled with the turbulent Romans. These boys and girls have long since grown to manhood and womanhood. To many their acquaintance with the classics began and closed with their short tutelage under Samuel D. Beals at the old Pacific street school, just abandoned. But they will carry to their dying day the recollections of the kindly old man who loved nature and books as well as his boys and girls.

Samuel D. Beals was a rare teacher. He represented the highest type of the cultured gentleman. He was a scholar who loved learning for learning's sake. His methods of teaching long ago were those of the most advanced followed in the elementary schools today. He understood what education meant and taught his youngest pupils to observe the things about them by relying on their own powers of discrimination and reasoning. The best there was in the individual was drawn out and developed. He introduced into the grades—for he was the father of the graded school system in Omaha—at

an early day object lesson study. The leaf of the tree, the berry, the fruit, the piece of chalk were the common objects handed to the child for examination. The pupil was required to exercise his faculties for personal investigation of form, color, test and distinguishing characteristics of the particular object under scrutiny. From simple objects the lessons progressed to more complex. The result of each analytical examination was required to be written. Under such process the child expanded. He could not fail to grow observant and discriminative, and become independent in thought and self-reliant. By this method Samuel D. Beals believed the highest purpose of education was served and the foundation for good citizenship was laid.

As an instructor in the High school, which began in the early '80s and extended for almost twenty years, Samuel D. Beals was in his element. Latin was his delight, but philosophy was nearest his heart. He gave the best he had out of the treasure of his mind to the young men and women who sat at his feet as chosen disciples. At the time when the classes were small the intimate relationship which sprang up between master and pupils grew stronger with the years. Those were days of happiness for him. Surrounded by his senior class of not more than eight or ten members in the little east room on the second floor of the High school building he would discourse on the relation of the good, the true and the beautiful and hold the attention of his listeners with his eloquent disquisitions on metaphysics.

That Samuel D. Beals was known to few, that he mingled little with men or in society was due not so much to disinclination, but to the deep-seated malady which made him a life-long invalid. By nature he was of a sunny disposition. Gentleness was his predominant trait. But behind the control of a well balanced mind lay the courage and strong will of a man that would neither bend nor break to bodily infirmities. He went through life with the patience of a Stoic, and with the calmness of a philosopher he lay down to sleep only when his work was done.

CHARLES S. ELGUTTER.

A Thrifty Habit

"Stinginess is one thing and an observance of excessive nicety in financial details is another," said a western man who is worth a good deal of money. "As an example I will cite a rich old uncle I once had. He was a millionaire and not stingy, but he watched the pennies like a hawk, and he was so exacting that everybody said he was the meanest man in the county; but he wasn't, for he gave away \$10,000 a year in various charities that he would not let the recipients mention. But to the case in point. One day I asked him for a nickel for car fare, telling him I would return it when I got some change, but I forgot all about it. Three months after that it occurred to the old gentleman to be very nice to his five nephews and nieces, and at Christmas four of them received checks for \$5,000 each, while mine was for \$4,999.95. It was just his way, don't you see? I owed him that nickel and he wanted it."

Criticism is Easy

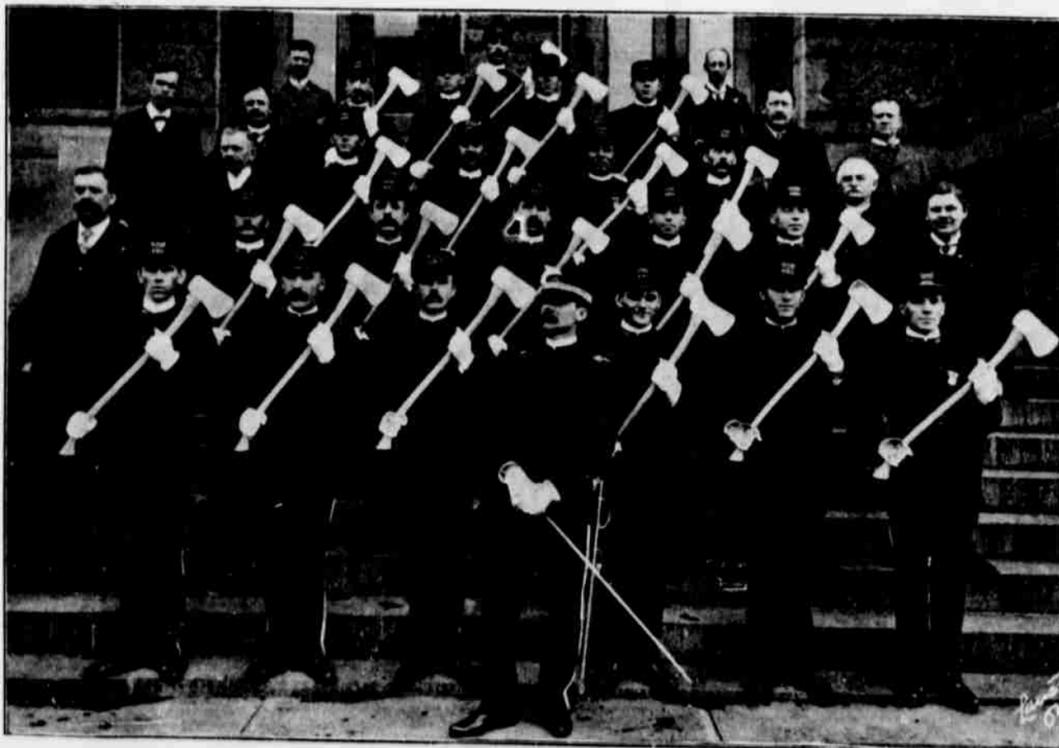
"Chicago Post: 'We have come,' they said to the great war critic, 'to offer you the command of the army.'"

"Why, really," he expostulated. "I have not had the experience to exactly qualify me for so great a responsibility. I—"

"For months," they urged, "you have been explaining just what the various generals ought to do and pointing out the errors they have made."

"Yes, yes, of course," he admitted, "but that's different, you know."

Of course they knew, but the astonishing feature was that he should admit it.



OFFICERS AND FORESTERS OF OMAHA CAMP NO. 120, MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA—BANNER CAMP OF NEBRASKA—Photo by Lancaster, Omaha.

Throughout the performances there was no accident or hitch of any sort and the ease with which either part of the mechanism was manipulated was particularly impressive. Each member of the crew had a special station where he remained during the runs. Although these men were all highly skilled and showed a confidence due to their long service in the boat, I think the duties could be easily performed by the petty officers of the navy after a short trial. The boat did not roll and it only pitched slightly at the time of diving and it righted immediately after attaining the required depth. The torpedo was discharged with the greatest ease. Only a very slight shock occurred when the torpedo was fired.

Easily Kept a Required Depth.

"The captain gave orders to the engineer by the ordinary method of bells and to the torpedo men and pump men by the word of mouth. The loud noise made by the gearing of the propelling engine at all times when