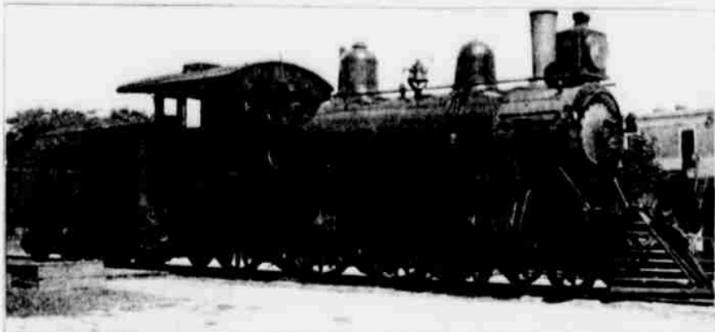


Launching a Leviathan on the Great Lakes

SHIPBUILDERS of the great lakes have devised the most ingenious scheme in use anywhere for shoving a great, ponderous steel vessel into the water when it is well-nigh completed. These inland vessel constructors, who turn out craft as big as ocean liners in the very heart of the country and most of whose employes never saw salt water, did not devise this method of giving a ship its initial baptism because they considered it superior to the plan which has always been in vogue on the coast; they merely made a virtue out of necessity. The shipyards of the Great Lakes are not located on the banks of the fresh water seas, but upon contributory rivers or artificial slips. None of these waterways is more than half as wide as a modern lake cargo carrier is long, and so, instead of sliding the vessel into the water endwise, as is the custom all over the world, these giant leviathans toboggan down a monster slide and take the water broadside on.

To say that the launch of a big vessel on the Great Lakes is a more picturesque spectacle than a similar event at a shipyard on the seaboard would be perhaps rather a rash assertion, but assuredly it is more suggestive of the immensity of the work. First one sees the broad, high wall of the steel slipping with accelerating



ENGINE EQUIPPED WITH APPARATUS FOR MAKING TESTS OF POWER

the," as the marine men say, were it not for the ropes, as large around as a man's arm, which extend from the shore to stem and stern and bring the rampant ship up short when gravity would cause it to overstep the bounds of safety. Then with a sudden revulsion of energy the new mistress of the seas pitches violently in the other direction and thus it remains for a time rocking heavily this way and that, as if chafing under the bondage of the

vessel rocks to and fro in mid-stream billows are pushed alternately to one shore and then the other with gradually diminishing force. People who have not calculated the force of the onrushing water or have not been informed of the prospective invasion are often drenched and sometimes injured by the sudden flood.

It is the custom at the launching of great ocean-going vessels to make a gala occasion of the event, and usually a large

number of guests are invited to take their places on board in order to go down to the sea with the ship when it takes its first dip. Not so on the Great Lakes, however. No one is permitted on board save a few workmen necessary to the carrying out of the operation and an occasional venturesome individual of unmistakably reckless propensities.

There appears to be no limit to the size of the vessel which may be successfully launched in the manner followed in the plants along the northern boundary of the United States. A dozen years ago, when the largest ships on the inland seas were not 300 feet in length, many wisacres declared that the acme of lake shipbuilding had been reached, since it would be impracticable to launch broadside vessels of greater length and weight, but now steamers 500 feet in length are placed in the water by this ingenious method as satisfactorily as were the craft not more than half as long.

Many of the vessels which are set all out on the Great Lakes in accordance with the practice outlined are tumbled into the water when they are not more than two-thirds finished and none of the machinery has been placed aboard, but others are launched with engines, boilers and every little detail of equipment complete, so that the vessel may sail away on its maiden voyage within a very few hours after it first touches the water.

That this is possible might appear all the more strange when there is taken into consideration the rather peculiar arrangement of a lake steamer of the present day. Long, lanky craft they are by reason of the narrow channels through which they must pick their way. In order to give uninterrupted play down through the center of the boat to the machinery which leads or unloads the coal or iron with amazing rapidity, the naval architects and the shipbuilders shoved their engines and boilers compactly together at the stern of the boat and perched the pilot house and deckhouse at the extreme forward end of the ship. Doubtless the weights are distributed evenly enough when the vessel has digested several thousand tons of cargo, but there is, of course, no cargo aboard when the vessel is launched, and the uninitiated spectator is very apt to harbor a suspicion that it will be pure luck if the craft does not break in two or if the heavy rear end does not gather greater momentum than the other portion.

The plan of christening a new vessel as followed on the Great Lakes necessarily presents some modification of the custom in vogue elsewhere. The young woman who smashes the significant bottle of champagne over the bow of a vessel, launched in the ordinary manner, must wield her ribbon-wrapped souvenir as the hull slides away from her. She who christens a lake ship must, on the other hand, spill the sparkling liquid over the prow as the vessel moves past her, just as though she were stationed part way down the toboggan slide and were extending a salute to a party speeding past. There is just a tinge of excitement in the performance, too, for although the big fresh water traveler moves very slowly for a second or two after the last blocks have been cut away, it gathers speed rapidly and a nervous girl is likely to allow the craft to slip past without the all-important bestowal of good wishes. One young woman who was some time ago placed in such a predicament recovered herself in time to hurl the bottle after the departing ship with such an excellent aim that the vessel's stem was heftily baptized. The Japanese custom of releasing doves with bright-hued ribbons attached has also been followed to some extent in the launching of lake vessels.



HEADGATE ON THE PLATTE RIVER, SHOWING HOW THE WATER IS DIVERTED INTO MAIN CANAL.

speed downward, then comes the crash of splintering timber as the ponderous mass tumbles from the easy incline, followed by the tremendous splash of the water dividing under its hull.

Dangerous in Several Ways.

The impetus of the plunge from the launching "ways," which look for all the world like a bather's running board magnified a thousand times, hurls the topheavy vessel over with tremendous force. Often it would turn completely over, "turn tur-

breaking cables which bind it to the shore. The original plunge of the vessel into the water has an effect such as might be expected were a gigantic hand of Heracles strength to suddenly scoop the liquid and hurl it forward in the form of a great tidal wave. Very frequently the breastwork of water which a big lake vessel throws up at launching will climb the opposite bank to a point thirty to sixty feet beyond the regular water boundary. The receding wave plays the same prank of course on the opposite bank, and as the

number of guests are invited to take their places on board in order to go down to the sea with the ship when it takes its first dip. Not so on the Great Lakes, however. No one is permitted on board save a few workmen necessary to the carrying out of the operation and an occasional venturesome individual of unmistakably reckless propensities.

See Place to Ride.

No person who has ever witnessed a lake launching at close range will be at all sur-

tributed evenly enough when the vessel has digested several thousand tons of cargo, but there is, of course, no cargo aboard when the vessel is launched, and the uninitiated spectator is very apt to harbor a suspicion that it will be pure luck if the craft does not break in two or if the heavy rear end does not gather greater momentum than the other portion.

In a Glass of Water.

Put a handful of *glazed coffee* in a glass of water, wash off the coating, look at it; smell it! Is it fit to drink? Give

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the same test. It leaves the water bright and clear, because it's just pure coffee.

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Stories Told of Judge and Jury

Lawyer—You would say, then, that Mr. Whyte is a gentleman of unimpeachable veracity?

Witness—Yes, sir, I presume that if anybody asked me to, I should; but I have known him to lie sometimes.

Judge Lindley of the St. Louis circuit court is fond of a quiet joke. A raw German, summoned for jury duty, desired to be relieved. "Schudge," he said, "I can nicht understand English koot." Looking over the crowded bar, his eye filled with humor, the judge replied: "Oh, you can serve! You won't have to understand good English. You won't hear any here."

There is no more distinguished advocate at the Virginia bar than Senator John W. Daniel. His eloquence is known the country over and he is as famous for his wit as for his great legal attainments. Shortly after the war he was prosecuting a mountaineer in one of the western counties for forgery. The court rules at the time were very lax, and it was common for lawyers to comment openly in court concerning the cases of their colleagues. On this special occasion Mr. Daniel had just asked the prisoner a very pointed question concerning another shady transaction, other than the one for which he was being tried, when a lawyer for whom the attorney did not have the kindest feelings arose and remarked: "May it please your honor, I would like to state for the benefit of the state that the defendant on one occasion tried to forge my name to a check, but—"

Turning quickly around Senator Daniel gave the lawyer a searching look, and then turning to the judge, remarked: "If the court please, I would like to say that I am not trying to prove the prisoner insane."

A noted judge in Scotland recently interrupted a barrister in his court to ask the meaning of the word "jockeying," which the lawyer had used in his address. In this the judge was only following in the footsteps of Justice Hawkins, now Lord Brampton, who on one occasion, it is said, inquired what a jockey might be. Perhaps the question was put on the morning of the Derby day, when Sir Henry used to adjourn early in order to allow the counsel and jury

in the case to attend the national festival. Always thoughtful for others, Sir Henry never forgot this pleasing little attention.

In the matter of judicial innocence Justice Day will take a good deal of beating. It was not very long ago that he blandly inquired of a barrister fond of literary allusions, "And who is Sherlock Holmes?" following up the clue when it was given him with that quiet persistence which is the glory of his bench, "Yes, and who is Conan Doyle?"

Hans Jensen, a Dane, recently appeared before the magistrate of the district court held in Garnett, Kan., to be naturalized. At the close of the usual examination the judge asked the applicant: "Hans, are you satisfied with the general conditions in this country? Does this government suit you entirely?" "Yes, yes," answered Hans, "only I would like to see more rain." "You may be sworn," said the judge, "I perceive you already have the Kansas idea."

The following is a copy of a warrant recently issued by an Alabama justice of the peace: "To any lawful officer of the State (complaint on oath having been made before me that the offense of a Busing E. J. Wholer By Coming in Hear Hous Cursing Hear and threatening to Knos her down & for her to sheat her mouth & drawed Back his arm and Sead he wold Knock hell out of her & then jump on Chappel and got out Dors Dis appeared for one hour and Come Back a ginc & did Kick her Dors & Brock the lock and Busted the Dore in ton Places & Sead if She did not open the dore he wold Brake hit Down to any lawful officer of the State you are Commanded to Bring frank Stevens Before me this April the 13, 1898. F. M. Price Justice of the Peace."

Among the members of the New York court of appeals when that body was first elected by the people at a spring election in 1870 was Judge Martin Grover, a quaint and curious old man, whose eccentricities attracted attention wherever he was known, but whose robust mind, judicial fairness and intellectual capacity compelled respect. That he was an exceedingly odd old fellow may be gathered from the following anecdotes by him told by the Utica Observer: "When I was a young man," he said, "I used to take 'The Gospel Herald and Evan-

gelical Magazine,' as it was called. It was published in Utica and was edited by Rev. A. B. Grosh, assisted by Rev. Dolphus Skinner. That paper saved me hundreds of dollars."

"How?" he was asked. "I'll tell you," answered the judge. "Up at Angelica, Allegheny county, where I live, the Methodists, the Presbyterians and the Baptists used to get up frequent revivals of religion. They weren't satisfied to have a nice revival among themselves—they wanted to get me in. When they found they couldn't they insisted that I should help pay the expenses of converting the other sinners. There's where the Herald came in. I could see 'em coming toward my office 'way up the street. And then I'd get out my Universalist papers and when a party of 'em entered I'd appear to be very much engrossed in studying my Herald. 'Good morning, Brother Grover,' they'd say. Then I'd look up in apparent surprise and return their greetin', still holdin' onto my Universalist paper. You oughter see the looks of those good deacons! They'd hem and haw and glance about my office and finally go away without asking me to subscribe. If one was bolder than the others and demanded a subscription, I shut him up pretty quick by offerin' to lend him some back numbers of my Universalist Herald. 'But you don't believe that stuff,' he'd say sadly. 'No, not exactly,' I'd answer him; 'only I'm doubtin' in my mind if it ain't true.' 'Good mornin', Brother Grover,' he'd say and go out. And when he'd gone I'd put up my papers and buckle down to law again until the next deacon came. It saved me hundreds of dollars," chuckled the judge, "and it only cost \$1 a year."

Not to Be Mentioned

New York Marine Journal: "I notice," said one of the mermaids, "that there is a heated controversy in the Navy department as to who wrote the order to Dewey to proceed to Manila and destroy the Spanish fleet."

"Just so," replied Neptune, dryly. "Of course, the fact that Dewey went to Manila and destroyed the fleet is a little thing of secondary importance."

And Neptune, by way of giving further expression to his views, kicked a dogfish in the ribs until he ki-kled.

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