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Pen and Picture Pointers

Another feature of the summertime which is more pleasant to dwell upon than the heat is the summer girl. She has gone forward in the process of evolution until she has become not only a thing of fluffiness and cool costumes, but a girl of muscles and



INEZ MOSES OF OMAHA, THE YOUNGEST OF WESTERN "COWGIRLS."

ambitions to do things. She may like to sit in a cool spot and absorb ice cream sodas or other concoctions intended to soothe, but she also likes to get out and have a good



VIOLET BRORLY OF SHENANDOAH IS A NINE-YEAR-OLD MUSICIAN.

time under the sun. So on the golf links, the tennis court, along the bank of the Troustream or the bass pond, on the lake and in the water you will find her, brown and hearty, and enjoying herself in ways that would have not only shocked but well nigh killed her predecessor of not so many years ago. Mr. Bostwick got an excellent picture of one of these summer girls just as she was bringing about the yacht she so gracefully steers over Manawa's waters.

Hot weather has its terrors for all, but the fact that it must be endured goes far to enable endurance. Probably the dwellers in the cities feel its effects more than those who live in the open country. This may be partly owing to the nature of the med-

THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

ern city, with its tremendous piles of brick, stone and iron, its paved streets and its other appointments which serve to absorb and retain the heat, thus keeping the temperature high at all times, or which reflect it and thus increase its intensity. More than this, though, is the urban suffering due to the fact that certain functions of the complex life of a city must be carried on no matter what the weather. Modern business cannot wait until Old Probabilities is ready to behave and those who find their living in connection with the various industries or occupations necessary to make a city must drive ahead unimpeded as possible of the heat. Nevertheless, life in a city is not without its compensations and there are even advantages to the existence which cannot be enjoyed in the rural precincts. Especially is this true of Omaha, where there is a never-failing supply of cool, pure water, and the thought of a water famine never entered the head of the most timid. Ice and clean water go far towards mitigating the discomforts of a torrid spell and Omaha dwellers enjoyed both insisted during the recent term of low-degree weather.

Everybody is familiar with Eugene Field's poem on "The Little Beach." Twelve years ago it was sung from one end of the country to the other with the lugubrious refrain of "Listen to My Tale of Woe." Bostwick and Morris have given this theme some uncommonly good illustrations this week. "Johnny Jones and his sister Sue" and their sad fate could hardly have been more vividly depicted by the camera.

Men who wilted down three and four collars a day and women who insisted on changing shirtwaists quite as often during the days of July gave little thought to the people who were toiling day and night in superheated rooms that the more fortunate ones might go clean and with linen unsoiled by perspiration. Mr. Bostwick and a reporter penetrated the big laundries of the city during this period and brought out some very material evidence of the rush that is in progress there. The cleaning of clothes for a community has come to be a great industry, all the more astonishing because its magnitude has never suggested itself. Individuals think only of the laundry

when they dispatch the bag or pay the bill, but the laundry goes on just the same. When the summer demand for many changes of linen daily is at hand, then the workers who keep the rest of the community looking spick and span come in for their time of tribulation.

Edna and Inez Moses, aged 13 and 11 years, respectively, are two of the brightest pupils in the Columbian school, this city. They are said by their teachers to be close students and they have developed a cleverness in book learning that is highly commendable. So much for such accomplishments. In that they are not different from many other little girls of their age, but these girls are cowboys, paradoxical as this



ADELBERT J. WHIDDEN OF OMAHA—SAVED A COMRADE'S LIFE BY READY WIT.

statement may sound. They live in Omaha in winter and go to school. In summer they ride the range on their father's big ranch in South Dakota, seventy miles from a railroad. They are reputed to be as valuable in rounding up cattle as any man and the old-timers of the range always take off

August 11, 1901.

their hats to those clever little girls. They are daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Moses.

Adelbert J. Whidden is a boy who takes notice of things he sees. His visits to the Transmississippi exposition in 1898 have just borne fruit and a boy up in Wisconsin



EDNA MOSES OF OMAHA, WHO RIDES WITH HER SISTER ON THE RANGE.

owes his life to this fact. Young Whidden, who is the son of A. J. Whidden of Omaha, is spending his summer vacation in Wisconsin. Recently while swimming a younger companion was seized by cramps and sank before anyone could reach him. Young Whidden dived and brought the unconscious boy safely to shore. Here he proceeded in the most approved manner to restore life. When asked how he knew in what manner to proceed he said he had seen the life saving crew give its exhibitions at the Transmississippi exposition and remembered what they did.

Violet Brorly is a 9-year-old girl of Shenandoah, Ia., who is attracting more than local attention by her ability as a violinist. Her parents and friends are very proud of her and expect her to develop into an artiste of excellence.

War of the Fisherman on the Sea Lion

WHETHER or not a determined effort shall be made to exterminate the sea lions along the entire Pacific coast is a question which is now being argued with the utmost vigor. The fishermen declare that the sea lions must go and contend that otherwise the fishing industry will ere long be virtually ruined. On the other hand, many scientists, naturalists and others—some of them occupying prominent positions in the governmental service—declare emphatically that the sea lion is not guilty of the crime of fish destruction charged against him, and have appealed to Secretary Gage of the Treasury department to stop the wholesale destruction of these animals, which have long been prized by lovers of nature as one of the great attractions of the coast, and which constitute one of the most interesting families in the animal kingdom.

The controversy regarding the sea lions has been in progress for a good many years, but it is only lately that it has assumed so virulent a form. Lately the fishermen of the north Pacific coast have joined their San Francisco brethren in a movement for the destruction of the sea lions, on the ground that the animals were making appreciable inroads upon the salmon in the vicinity of the Oregon and Washington coast. At the last session of the Oregon legislature a bill was passed, offering a bounty of \$2.50 for each sea lion killed in the waters of the state within a league of shore, but the appropriation is not yet available, and in the meantime the fishermen have raised a fund by private subscription and have engaged men to shoot the sea lions at their breeding grounds.

California in the Campaign.

The California State Board of Fish Commissioners has taken steps in the past two years to kill off a large number of the sea lions on the California coast, and already many have been slaughtered. In a letter to the government at Washington Mr. Alexander T. Vogelsang, the president of the California board, has explained that it is not the intention of the board to exterminate the sea lions, but merely to kill about 10,000 of the 30,000 which he claims now infest the coast. The friends of the sea lion, on the other hand, assert that the number of animals has been greatly exaggerated, and that long before the authorities of the Golden Gate state have killed the contemplated 10,000 there will not be a living sea lion remaining on the entire coast.

One of the eminent men who are making a spirited defense of the sea lions is Dr. C. Hart Merriam of the Department of Agriculture. The stand which Dr. Merriam has taken is particularly significant, since he is engaged through the Biological survey in the most elaborate study of animal foods ever made, and is, therefore, enabled to deny authoritatively the popular impression that sea lions live exclusively on fish. The contentions of Dr. Merriam are supported by the testimony of Prof. L. L. Dyche of the University of Kansas, who visited the California coast and cut open and examined the stomachs of twenty-five

sea lions which had been slaughtered in the interests of fishermen. In not one was there found so much as a trace of fish. On one occasion eight sea lions which had been shot, because, according to assertions, they were caught in the act of feeding on salmon, were cut open in the presence of fishermen and not a fish scale or bone was detected.

The assertions of the fishermen remain unshaken, however, by the testimony presented at Washington on behalf of the sea lions. They claim that hundreds of thousands of salmon are killed each year by the lions, and assert that the animals have virtually convicted themselves by their practice of taking one bite from the choicest part of a salmon, leaving the remainder of the fish to float ashore. The fishermen are rendered still more bitter and determined in their warfare by the immense amount of fishing gear destroyed every year by the sea lions. The large males play havoc with the expensive gill and trap nets, literally tearing them into shreds.

Interesting Element of Nature.

The sea lions now so seriously threatened with speedy extermination are among the most interesting representatives of brute creation to be found on the continent. Their natural home is along the entire west coast of North America, from Alaska to the southern limit of floating ice. There are in reality two species of sea lions, the lions of the California coast, which have of late years attracted so much attention, being somewhat smaller than the species found in more northerly waters. Many of these sea dwellers, particularly of the larger species, are really leonine in appearance and their majestic bearing is enhanced by their ferocity of appearance, the bulldog muzzle and the hard brightness of the vicious little eyes. A well grown bull will weigh 1,000 pounds. The sea lion has flippers, but he can not begin to make as good use of them as does the fur seal. Where the latter can crawl five or six miles in twenty-four hours, the sea lion will progress barely two miles in that length of time.

The sea lions have harems, but they are not nearly so jealous as the fur seals. They are shy and wary in the extreme and on the approach of a man stampede into the water. The bulls fight most ferociously among themselves and turn off from the breeding ground all save the largest and strongest animals. The cow sea lion is about one-half the size of the male, eight or nine feet in length and weighing upward of 500 pounds. The baby sea lions are about two feet in length and weigh perhaps twenty pounds.

Almost all the hunting of the sea lion is done at long range with guns, and is about as sportsmanlike as shooting the family cow would be. But occasionally an expedition goes forth to capture some of the animals for exhibition purposes, or to sell to some seaside hotel where the animals are wanted as the main attraction in an artificial lake. Then there is sport. The hunters usually wear bathing suits and go unshod or with rubber-soled shoes, as the clatter of soles would alarm the prey. Then they either make a wide approach by water, keeping

behind the shelter of an adjacent point, or contrive to lower themselves down the cliffs, at the base of which the quarry is sunning itself. If they can get half as near to the lion as the lion is to the water unobserved the rest is easy. They fall upon the creature with rope, tie him up and carry him in triumph. But if the capture is made at the water's edge there is likely to be trouble. Even a half-grown sea lion—and the hunters know better than to tackle an adult bull, who would probably drag them into the sea and drown them—is a hard fighter and a particularly slippery customer. He writhes, does flip-flops, strikes out with his fins, flaps his powerful propeller and tries to bite, but all the while he is edging nearer to the water. The aim of the hunter



SEA LIONS ON THE SANTA CATALINA ROCKS.

is to get the rope around his body; but, though they throw themselves upon him full length, a good grip is seldom gained and still less often maintained, on that slimy body. Knees and elbows are gashed and skinned against the sharp rocks; bodies are braced from the animal's blows, and, it may be, there are tooth marks to show. This way and that rages the battle, the lion roaring like a mad menagerie all the time. Finally one of two things happens—the men get their opponent well enmeshed in the rope or he gets them into the water. If the former happens, the sea lion is lugged off, still roaring; if the latter, he shakes his oppressors off, dives and is next seen wearing a sardonic smile several hundred yards out at sea.

Species Easily Distinguished.

It is comparatively easy to distinguish the California sea lions from the species found farther north, for the reason that the northern animal never barks or howls, as does the California lion. The Alaskan sea lions, of both sexes and all ages, have a deep, base growl and prolonged, steady roar, while those off the coast of the

Golden Gate state break out repeatedly with barks or howls and never give a call that could be mistaken for the roar of one of their northern brethren. The old males often roar so loudly as to completely drown the sound of the surf, and the sounds given forth by the pups might well be compared to the barking of dogs.

The California lions are very timid and fearful of human beings. At the approach of a man they will roll or tumble into the sea, or, if necessary, even make frightful leaps from high precipices. On one occasion a party of hunters at Santa Barbara Islands drove twenty sea lions from the brink of a precipitous cliff, and when they went to the rocks, which shelved from the beach sixty feet below, expecting to find all the lions mutilated or killed outright, they were astonished to see the last of the animals crawling off into the water.

In the interval from May to August males and females along the entire coast combine their efforts to exercise a close guard over the little pups, meanwhile teaching the youngsters how to move over the broken, slimy, rockbound shore. The pups are at first averse to the water, but after a few plunges become most active and playful in it, and take keen delight in diving and gambolling in the surf.

There is little loyalty or self-sacrifice in the sea lion's makeup. The females do show some affection for the young, but if alarmed on land the cows will instantly abandon their babies and take to the water. The cubs are fractious and savage and the males begin early training for the great battles which will come later, when they seek to secure harems in the "colony." The battles of the old males for the control of the harems have, insofar as endurance and determination are concerned, few counterparts in the animal world. Frequently the fights will last for days, the bulls desisting now and then from sheer exhaustion, only to renew the struggle as soon as they have recovered somewhat. The defeated animals slink off to some secluded spot, as though disgraced forever.

Catching the Seagulls.

At the close of the season, which lasts but three months in California, the great herds of males and females return to the sea and roam in all directions in search of food. Seagulls constitute one of the delicacies of which the sea lions are very fond, and the cunning and ingenuity displayed by the lions in capturing the birds are little short of marvelous. The animals, after sighting a gull, will dive deeply for some distance under water. Rising slowly, the lion exposes the tip of his nose and gives the water a rotary motion, as might be imparted by a fish at play. The gull, seeing this, alights to capture the supposed morsel, when the sea lion, at a bound, seizes the bird in its extended jaws and instantly devours it.

A factor which makes the present crusade against the sea lions quite expensive is found in the circumstance that there is little profit in killing the animals. They take to the water immediately upon being shot, and thus many of the carcasses are lost altogether, whereas three or four sea

lions are required to produce a barrel of oil. The only market for the skins is at the glue factories. The national government has been drawn into the present controversy in a double sense, for the reason that fishermen who are conducting the warfare are indignant because the government lighthouse reservations have not been thrown open to the slaughter. Seal Rock lighthouse, near the mouth of the Columbia river, is one of the greatest places of rendezvous for sea lions, and thousands of them gather there during the breeding season. If the hunters can secure permission to engage in an onslaught at this point the massacre will reach far greater proportions than it has yet attained.

Stranger Than Fiction

One of those contretemps which the average reader is inclined to charge to some writer's imagination actually occurred very recently in Detroit, reports the Free Press.

There were two weddings listed for the same afternoon. Of course the fathers of the respective brides had to make special preparation and the universal mischief-maker sent them to the same tailor for trousers. These necessary articles of wedding attire were sent out on the forenoon of the fateful day and both of the fathers were too busy to do more than shout an order to have the pants hung up so that they would not wrinkle.

When the tall, thin man hurried into his purchase he had to grab to locate himself. They were big enough for two of him and fit about like the skin of an emaciated hippopotamus. He rushed down to the telephone and ripped great immoral rips in the ozone when the friends of the family laughed at him. When he got through calling the tailor a blanket blank idiot he was not as far from the truth as when he started in.

The fat man dove into his trousers and found himself in tights with no chance of getting a meeting at the waistband. He violently rent the seams as he struggled out of the pants and between subsequent pants told his wife what to say to that tailor. Even the modified message was a scorcher and rendered the poor man totally helpless before he had a chance to recover from the other dressing down.

The thin man gave away his daughter in a perfectly proper pair of trousers that he happened to have in commission, but the fat man did the same service in a pair of "ice cream" pants that bagged at the knees and had a big grass stain from the last picnic. He had the tails of his frock coat gathered with a safety pin and after the reception he was busy until after midnight cleaning his revolver.

He Saved His Weight

Brooklyn Eagle: An aged Irishman walked up to a Brooklyn bridge policeman. "Is it safe?" he asked. "It is." "Bedad, I doubt it. I must cross it, but I'll not add to its load by taking wan of thin ears. I'll walk."