

## THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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## Pen and Picture Pointers

**A**BOUT ten inches high, with neither top nor bottom, called a cup for want of a better name, and containing bullion to the amount of about \$50, the America's cup represents an actual expenditure of millions in money and the best efforts of the most noted designers of sailing vessels, not to speak of the care and attention of the experts in matters marine, of the two leading nations of the world's history. It is the sentiment involved, the supremacy of the world in seamanship in all its branches, that is involved in that bit of silverware. Nearly fifty-two years ago it was offered by the Royal Yacht Squadron of England as a trophy to be sailed for in the regatta off Cowes. A noble fleet of English yachts proposed to contest for its possession. It was then dubbed the Queen's cup, and any loyal Briton would have felt himself more than repaid for his outlay had he been able to add this to his collection of trophies. It so happened that about this time there was a Yankee-built schooner in English waters, trying for a race for "money, marbles or chalk," as the sports phrase runs. Numerous challenges being broadcast by Commodore Stevens, its chief owner, had failed to get any response, and finally he notified the committee of his intention to enter in the Royal Yacht Squadron's race, although, he added, "If the winds be light it may not start." On the morning of August 22, 1851, fourteen of the best yachts of England and the one little Yankee boat started on the fifty-four-mile course around the Isle of Wight. Even the London Times condemns the course as unfair, for the currents are such as to make a race over it rather a matter of local knowledge than a test of seamanship. That evening Queen Victoria, sitting under an awning on the royal yacht, Albert and Victoria, called: "Say, Mr. Sailing Master, is there a yacht in sight?" "May it please your majesty, yes," he responded. "Which?" "The America." "What yacht is second?" "Alas, there is no second, your majesty." Which statement was literally and exactly true. The Yankee schooner had outsailed its British rivals so completely that there was no second. And that is how the cup came to America.

For six years the four gentlemen who owned America kept the cup as a trophy, although they had sold the yacht. It finally fell into the hands of Commodore Schuyler, one of the four, and he set it up as a perpetual challenge cup. For eighteen years no attempt was made by the English to recover the trophy, but since 1870 eleven races have been sailed between yachts representing the two sides to the question, and only twice has a challenger won a heat; once was when Valkyrie III fouled Defender at the start and carried away part of her rigging, and then finished less than a minute to the good. This heat was awarded Defender on a foul, and so enraged Lord Dunraven, the challenger, that he refused to race any further. He afterward made such a fuss that he lost support on both sides of the water. The story of cup racing is too long to be even summarized here. It has developed into a game in which the people of both

countries are interested, but one in which only millionaires can take part. It is estimated to cost more than a million dollars to build, equip and maintain a cup challenger or defender during the racing period. Sir Thomas Lipton, it has been said, will have expended nearly \$1,000,000 in his attempts to "lift" the cup by the end of the series of races which will soon begin.

Sir Thomas Lipton has challenged for the cup three times, his boat being each time called Shamrock. Twice Columbia has defended America's cup against a Shamrock, but this year Reliance was chosen after a series of competitive trial races in which Columbia took part, and nearly won. The frontispiece of this number is an excellent picture of Reliance as she appears under full sail, although it was taken before the yacht was "tuned up" to racing trim. It gives an excellent idea of the nature of these great racing boats as they appear on the water. Reliance has been brought to a con Lion quite satisfactory to those who have her in charge, and is confidently expected to make the retention of the cup in America a certainty. On the other hand, Sir Thomas Lipton and his friends have the greatest faith in Shamrock III, and unprejudiced judges admit that with his present boat Sir Thomas has the best chance he ever has had to take home with him the trophy so long envied by the British yachtsmen. This is not to be taken as an admission that he will win, though, for these same judges insist on the general superiority of the defender, while American seamanship has in former races more than offset any advantage the British may have had in the construction of the boat.

The first race for the cup after it had been devoted to its present condition as a perpetual challenge cup, was in 1870, when James W. Ashbury, an Englishman of wealth, challenged on behalf of the Cambria, and sailed against a fleet of fifteen, among which was the America. The race was on August 8, 1870, and Cambria finished eighth. America was seventh. The winner was Magic. In 1871 Mr. Ashbury again challenged on behalf of Livonia, and sailed that boat three heats against Columbia, winning one, and two heats against Sapho, losing both. In 1876 the challenge came from Canada, and Countess of Dufferin was defeated by Madeline. In 1881 Canada again challenged on behalf of Atlanta, and Mischief defended, winning easily. In 1885 Geneva challenged and Puritan defended; in 1888 Galatea was beaten by Mayflower; in 1887 Thistle came across and was shown a clean pair of heels by Volunteer; in 1893 Lord Dunraven came with his Valkyrie II, and was beaten by Vigilant; in 1896 he came across again with Valkyrie III, and Defender proved worthy of the name, although the series was never finished, owing to Lord Dunraven's withdrawal after the second heat had been awarded Defender on a palpable and apparently inexcusable foul; in 1898 Sir Thomas Lipton came with Shamrock I, and met Columbia, with the result that he returned in 1901 with Shamrock II, and again met Columbia, the sequel to which visit will be the series of races between Shamrock III, and Reliance.

It is interesting to note that America was sold to a noble Englishman, who raced her for a few years and then gave up the sport. During the war she was used as a privateer and when the port of Savannah was opened was found sunk some miles up the river. After being raised she was taken north and sold, General Benjamin F. Butler bidding her in. He used America as a private yacht for a number of years, entering her in a number of

races with varying success. Today the old boat is lying at a dock in Boston, and is likely to be broken up for junk.

Wausa, like other Nebraska towns, is proud of its public schools, and the citizens delight to give credit to the men who have pushed the common schools to the front and made them what they are, a credit to the community and a not inconsiderable part of the great whole that enables Nebraska to keep its place at the front of all the states of the union in the matter of general education and enlightenment. The three men who are responsible for the thrifty and advanced position of the Wausa public schools are Professors Preston, Malone and White, who are pictured in a group in this number.

General Nelson A. Miles was given a very definite notion of the place he holds in the hearts of the Omaha people on Tuesday when he passed through this city on his way to San Francisco. He had often been here during the time of his active connection with the army, twice at least since he succeeded to its command with the rank of lieutenant general. In all his personal and official acts he had shown himself to be very friendly toward the Gate City, and even in his retirement he feels the same kindly disposition. It was only natural, then, that a number of distinguished citizens and personal friends should meet him at the depot, where he was welcomed by a crowd of several thousand people, who cheered him and shook his hand during his stay of less than an hour. General Miles was too intimately associated with the settlement of the west to be easily forgotten by the men who have outlived the days of alarms and privations on the frontier. In the throng that greeted him at the Omaha Union depot were many who had served under him, both during the rebellion and in the Indian wars that followed, and there were many others who know the value of the services rendered in the west by such soldiers as Miles and Crook. These men will follow the general into his retirement with as keen an interest as they have watched his course through the army to the time when he was retired from its active service by the operation of law.

It so fell out that Clan Gordon of the Order of Scottish Clans and the Royal Arcanum councils of Omaha, Council Bluffs and South Omaha gave their picnics on the same day at local parks, but this did not in any way tend to detract from either. Each had a throng of merrymakers and each throng had a good time of the sort that is only to be enjoyed at a well regulated picnic. Staff photographers were busy at both gatherings, and the results shown in the pictures indicate that the enjoyment of the crowds was unlimited.

The Omaha Bowling club, twice winner of the handsome silver trophy, emblematic of the championship in the local bowling league, is getting itself into condition to begin the coming season in good form. If the team wins the championship the third time the trophy becomes its property. The team was organized a little longer ago than three years, when bowling first gained a strong foothold in Omaha, and has been at the forefront in the game ever since, taking a prominent part in all the league races, tournaments, match games and contests since. In the first season of the league the Omahas finished second; in the second season the team was first, and last season it finished first again with a fine margin. The members are proud of this record, and hope to hold their place again during the coming winter. The last spring and summer has developed a number of young players, who are showing surprising form as experts, and this means that the

league race this winter is to be one of more than ordinary interest and probably the most successful in the history of the league.

The location of another normal school for Nebraska teachers is the source of a great deal of rivalry between Nebraska towns just now. Many of them have made tempting offers to the board having it in charge of sites, buildings and bonuses. Hastings has offered a fine building, erected for the uses of a Catholic academy, and \$25,000 in cash for the normal school.

Wabash Beau is a dog of many parts, and is possessed of a number of headstrong traits. In appearance he is nothing but a fox terrier, with a singular, quizzical look of curiosity peering out of his brown eyes and from under the shadow of his twitching ears. He is old, too, so far as a dog's age may be considered, for ten years have gone by since his puppyhood, but there is nothing reminiscent about him. He lives in the present, and acquires new traits and habits with each year. Harry G. Moores of the Wabash reared him through the earlier stages of his overcrowded life, and then ownership passed to Will Davison, also of the Wabash. With his change in masters "Bummer," which is his nickname, changed his home to Walnut Hill. It was a long journey to town from there, and he gradually conceived the idea of using the street car as a means to the end of reaching the Wabash office. It worked, and so he extended his knowledge of the car lines of the city, until he knows all of the lines and the points of transfer thoroughly. On the Walnut Hill line the conductors know him, too, and they tuck a transfer under his collar when he rides with them. At Twenty-fourth he transfers, or, when the conductors keep him from getting off, at Webster street. Sometimes he is carried beyond Webster street, and then he rides through to Farnam street and comes up to the Wabash office on the Farnam car. For a purely pleasure jaunt Bummer takes the Cannon Ball out to Council Bluffs and comes back on the motor. He has the leaving time of the Wabash trains down pat, and never fails to catch his train to the Bluffs. A letter tucked under his collar and addressed to the conductor of the Wabash Cannon Ball will reach its address just as surely as if sent through the mails. When the Wabash added some new chair cars to the train lately an attempt was made to fool Bummer on it, but it didn't work. He went down and looked over the trains for a minute, and then climbed into a sleeper on the Wabash train and stayed on until he got to Council Bluffs. This desire to ride in public conveyances is an ingrown trait of Bummer's, and he took hold of the plan years ago in a slight degree. When he was marooned in Blair for the summer, several years ago, he came into Omaha on the train of his own volition several times, and had to be taken back each time.

Hon. F. M. Molsberry, elected grand chancellor of the Knights of Pythias of Iowa at the meeting of the grand lodge in Council Bluffs, is state senator from the Twentieth senatorial district. His home is in Columbus Junction, where he is a practicing attorney. He was graduated from the law department of the Iowa State university and served as county attorney of Louisa county for six years. Grand Chancellor Molsberry has been a member of Liberty lodge, No. 22, Columbus Junction, for ten years, during which time he has filled all the offices. He attended his first grand lodge at Davenport in 1899, when he was appointed on the judiciary committee and served continuously until last year, when he was promoted to the grand tribunal.

## Gleanings From the Story Tellers' Pack



**I**N 1900 the Southern Music Teachers' association held a convention at Atlanta. Governor Chanler of Georgia enjoyed the recitals and lectures and did all in his power to encourage the movement. The governor also held a brilliant reception and at the conclusion of a musical number the governor exclaimed with much enthusiasm, "What is heaven's loss is our gain." "Just the reverse, Governor," corrected a young lady; "you mean our loss is heaven's gain."

"No," said the governor, bowing gallantly, "it is heaven's loss until you are all dead, then it is our loss."

An Irish barrister named Sidney is fond of telling this story of the days of his early practice. He was defending a boy who was suspected of having entered a house through a window in order to open the door and admit a couple of burglars. The evidence against him was a hat found on the floor below the window—a hat which the police declared the boy had been in the habit of wearing and which he could not produce when called upon to do so. Sidney in his defense explained to the jury that there were thousands of those hats worn daily. A verdict of not guilty was returned and Sidney turned to his client. "Go home

to your mother, my poor boy," he said. But the boy lingered. "If ye please, sorr—" "Go home, my boy," repeated Sidney with emphasis. But the boy had something to say and meant to say it. "Please, sorr," he cried at the top of his voice, as he pointed to the incriminating hat covering, which lay on the solicitor's table—"please, sorr, may I have my hat now?"

A man who knew John A. Logan in southern Illinois before the Civil war recently told me that on a certain occasion young Logan found it necessary to doubt the veracity of a man considerably older than himself, and told him so without any circumlocution.

"Don't you call me a liar, sir," said the man excitedly. "I have a reputation to maintain and I mean to maintain it if I have to do it at the point of a pistol."

"Oh," said Logan calmly, "that won't be necessary. 'You maintain your reputation all right every time you tell a lie.'"

Some Philadelphians visited Richmond, Va., and asking as to the use of this and that large building, were told in every case that it was a tobacco factory. An aged negro gave them the information, and they, tiring of the monotony of the reply, pointed to a white frame building on a hill and

asked whose tobacco factory that was. The old fellow replied:

"Dat, sah, am no fac'ry. Dat am S'n John's Piscopical church, where Marse Patrick Henry done get up an' ax de Lawd to gib him liberty or gib him deaf."

"Well, Uncle," asked one of the trio, "which did the Lord give him?"

"Pears to me yo' must be strangers hereabouts," he answered; "else yo'd all know dat, in due time, de Lawd gabe Marse Henry bofe."

Mr. Gourley, a member of the Canadian House of Commons, is noted for his intense hatred of the United States, relates the Boston Post. Only a few weeks ago he made utterance that "the United States is a greater tyranny than Algiers."

Last summer, while a number of Americans were enjoying a trolley ride in a Canadian city, Gourley and an acquaintance happened to be on board. The meager criticisms which the Americans bestowed on things Canadian nettled the vitriolic statesman. An Italian entered the car. He carried in his arms a large papier mache lion, which he placed on the seat beside him.

"Represents the strength and power of the greatest nation on earth," said Gourley loudly, pointing to the lion.

"The creature which makes all others crouch and grovel," added the acquaintance.

"I should like to see any foreigner attempt to twist—"

Here the conductor interrupted the patriot's declaration, and drew from the Americans peals of derisive laughter, when he addressed the Italian brusquely:

"Say, what do you think this is—a cattle car?"

A New Mexico correspondent sends to Case and Comment the following letter, written by a newly elected justice of the peace in that territory some twenty years ago, when conditions were somewhat more primitive than now:

"I wish you would send me a fee bill for justices and constables. I have but one law book in my office and that is a last year's almanac and does not contain a fee bill.

"I had my first case yesterday and the jury promptly found a verdict for the plaintiff and I charged the defendant \$20 and costs. He kicked and I reduced it to \$15, which he paid. I ther, 'whacked up' with the constable, which I thought would be about right. If I don't hear from you before the next case comes on the costs will be \$25. This thing has got to pay."