

THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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Pen and Picture Pointers

UNE brides have been celebrated in song and prose since that time when no man's mind runneth to the contrary; but brides are always in season, and will be so long as there is marriage and giving in marriage, and no particular reason exists why the bride of June should be exalted over her sister of any other time of the year. As a matter of fact, society is changing now in some of its usages, so that the bride of autumn is becoming fully as much of a feature as the bride of June. Disclaiming any intention of instituting comparisons, and again expressing its interest in the bride of any season of the year, The Bee this week presents a picture of the Autumn Bride, and submits that she looks, with her bouquet of fall flowers and bridal robes of lace, as sweet and winsome as she who was led up the church aisle to the chancel rail in the time of early summer.

The new army post at Fort Des Moines was formally dedicated Saturday, November 14, the principal participants in the ceremonies being Generals Bates, Corbin and Young. The event was marked by a big barbecue provided by citizens of Des Moines, closing a three days' celebration of the event. The army post is located about four miles south of the city of Des Moines and 400 acres of ground has been secured by the government. The land was purchased by a fund raised by residents of Des Moines, because of their belief that the post would help the city. The government has fitted up the post for cavalry purposes and when completed the cost will be about \$2,000,000. The buildings are of the latest and best design, modern in every respect. The quarters for the officers, the barracks, the barns, the hospital and the riding hall are all complete and have been turned over to the government. The Eleventh cavalry has been assigned to first occupy the post and a detachment will be sent there very soon. The post is reached by a street car line from Des Moines, and a boulevard road will be constructed. The rifle range for practice is three miles from the post.

Another young Nebraskan who has gained credit for himself in his chosen vocation is Frank Bresnan, who has recently been made boatswain on the flagship Rainbow of the squadron at Manila. He was serving on Wisconsin as chief master-at-arms, when he was promoted to be boatswain on Rainbow. Young Bresnan entered the navy in 1883, enlisting as a seaman. His rise has been steady, and in 1894 he was a successful applicant for admission to the school of gunnery, from which he was graduated the next year. Since then he has seen service in every quarter of the world and has served as a warrant officer with every rate. He ran away from home in the first place, having quarreled with his older brother, but has long since been in communication with his family, and his mother, Mrs. David Murphy of Platte Center, Ne., one of the pioneer women of the state, is very proud of the record her boy has made. Ed P. Bresnan of South Omaha is his brother.

Levi M. Carter, who recently died in Omaha, was one of the pioneer builders of Nebraska. Coming to Omaha at an early time in its history, he was active always in the business world until incapacitated by the advance of years, although he had not formally retired at the time of his death. Mr. Carter was best known for his connection with the Carter White Lead company, the only successful rival of the great white lead trust. Nearly twenty years ago he engaged in the business of corroding lead, having come into the control of a new process. From the very start the business was a success, and soon the enterprise was reckoned among the greatest of its kind in the country. Twice the plant was destroyed by fire and each time it was rebuilt, larger than before. At the time of Mr. Carter's death he was president of the company, having two plants, one at Omaha and one at Chicago, the combined capacity being greater than any similar institution in the world. Mr. Carter had engaged in other lines of commercial and business activity and his name is closely identified with the development of Omaha from the condition of a frontier post to its present metropolitan importance. In private life Mr. Carter was decidedly unpretentious, but among his chosen associates he was greatly esteemed for his many sterling qualities. He gave much to charity, but did his aims so unostentatiously that none except those through whom he gave knew of his giving.

Captain Larsen on the Other Tack

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TO BE familiar with maritime affairs on the Pacific Coast means that you have heard of the Hawaiian bark, Aloha. Aloha has had many commanders, but it is not worth while to burden your memory with any of their names, except that of Captain Eric Larsen, who, I believe, sailed it until annexation brought it under American colors. Captain Larsen's name will be handed down to local fame for many years to come. When a master mariner has a reputation it means that he is either a most extraordinary good seaman and has a keen nose for fair winds, or that he does things aboard ship not pleasant for decent, shore-abiding people to contemplate.

Captain Larsen's reputation was an exception; it was not especially due to either of these causes. His fame was gained by his power to convert the wicked of heart to the true course of righteousness.

Previous to Captain Larsen's advent on the Pacific Coast as mate of a large British four-master, Aloha had been commanded by a bold, hardhanded Irishman, who divided his time at sea between drinking whiskey and committing assault and battery on his sailors. This latter pastime of his made life miserable to the marine hospital officials in San Francisco and Honolulu whenever Aloha put into those ports. That sort of thing went a good ways those days when maritime laws were vague and seldom enforced, but finally Aloha became too notorious even for those parts, and the owners were obliged by public opinion to remove Kanaka Hogan from his command. From one extreme they went to another. To take his place they engaged the meek and gentle Larsen.

On the first trip he broke Aloha's previous records between Frisco and Melbourne, and that placed him in high favor with the owners. But by his brother commanders of other ships Captain Larsen was regarded with supreme contempt. A religious master mariner is never respected, more especially if he belongs to the Salvation Army, as did the good and pious Larsen.

When the Aloha lay loading or discharging in Honolulu Captain Larsen spent his evenings ashore at Salvation Army headquarters, and he even joined the red-shirted soldiers of Christ in their street corner demonstrations. There the seafaring population of Honolulu would often behold Aloha's skipper, his bare head and broad shoulders towering above his fellow Salvationists.

To the popular disgust he would sometimes step forward to deliver his testimony, bashfully at first, later warming up enthusiastically, exhorting the scandalized seamen to mend their ways and be saved. He invariably began thus:

"Dearly beloved brethren and shipmates: It is almost impossible to express the joy of true salvation. I had never been so happy as since I found Jesus. Vunce I was a bad man, far from de road of righteousness. Vunce I drink visky and use bad langvidge, and vas not good to my sailors, but now, tank de Lord, I have found salvation, and I don't be so vicked any more."

Naturally, such sentiments could not be well received by West Coast skippers. That a sailorman should declare whisky and swearing wicked was, to their minds, nothing short of treachery to the brotherhood of seamen.

In San Francisco Captain Larsen's pioussness proved equally objectionable. He always insisted that the boarding masters send him Christian, God-fearing seamen who never swore and would not object to prayer meetings in the dog watches. Such men were naturally scarce, but so long as Aloha's owners stood good for the large shipping fees, they tried to humor the eccentric Norwegian skipper. Those were the days of blood money.

But one day there came a change of management in the office of Aloha's owners, and, among other things involved, Captain Larsen must henceforth manage the financial part of shipping the crews himself. That was the cause of the trouble. The religious scruples of Captain Larsen and blood money wouldn't mix in the same pot.

In those days the boarding masters of Frisco stuck together as thick as thieves, and the shipping commissioners stood in with them. All this was for mutual benefit. Any skipper that refused to put up their prices brought upon himself their united displeasure, and that was something no sane skipper ever cared to do. Then, it was usually to a skipper's advantage in a financial way to stand in with the boarding masters; it was another case of mutual benefit.

But Captain Larsen conceived the idea that blood money did not chime in with the moral scheme of things, so he gave voice to that opinion just about as he voiced his testimonies on the street corners of Honolulu.

He met Seattle Mike and Al Black, president and shipping master for the Boarding Masters' association, in their office, partitioned off in the Fair Winds saloon.

"Two months' advance for each man," demanded Seattle Mike. "Just \$40-\$20 for us and \$20 to square up the men's accounts.

You've got to pony up same's the rest of 'em."

"You bet," added Al Black, drinking his beer with a dark frown, "we doesn't stand no foolin'!"

Captain Larsen's mild, blue eyes wandered wearily about the dingy office.

"Twenty dollars' shipping fee is too much," he protested meekly. "I am willing to gif the men a month's advance, but I von't gif you more dan \$2 apiece as shipping fee. Dat is choost vat de law allows."

"Two dollars!" snorted Al Black savagely. "We say \$20, and we mean it. If you don't come up with that price, you get no men."

But they came to no agreement. Aloha's skipper returned aboard with a war against the Boarding Masters' association on his hands.

Next day he opened negotiations with Chinese Charley, for a crew of Kanakas and Chinamen. The United Boarding Masters smiled—that meant trouble for Captain Larsen with the union. For a while they decided to let it go at that, but Seattle Mike conceived a plan whereby they might have even a more complete revenge. This he at once communicated to his associates and they grinned more broadly than ever. It was a game they had played before and always successfully. Perhaps you have heard of the mutiny of Harvester.

Next day they sent a note to Captain Larsen stating that they acceded to his terms—a month's advance for each man. "And a nice Christian crew we'll send you," added the note.

"We'll give him Three Fingered Jack for bos'n" chuckled Seattle Mike significantly, and the idea sent the beer down Al Black's wrong throat.

"An' Lager Beer Pete," suggested Al Black, when he recovered. "He gets out of choky tomorrow; an' we'll give him, the five chaps off Sioux Queen and Bill Simmons and Big Steve."

Whereupon the two plotters chuckled immoderately over their beer and nudged each other in joyful anticipation of what a shore person would consider a ghastly joke.

Next day the crew of Aloha went aboard—sixteen notorious ruffians. Trig Olafsen, Aloha's chief mate, received them at the gangway. Olafsen had been on the coast a long time, and he knew most of the men. Perhaps he even then realized the game that was being played on his commander, but if he did, his stolid, high cheekboned face betrayed no indication of the discovery.

That afternoon Aloha was towed out to sea. On the glass-covered veranda of the Cliff House, overlooking Seal Rocks and the Golden Gate, sat two men, sipping brandy and soda. Taking turns through a brass binocular, they were watching Aloha set sail.

"They'll never get beyond the Farellones," remarked Seattle Mike, as the big topsails of Aloha were being sheeted home.

The tug had left it, and alone it ducked to the big blue incoming rollers. One by one its white sails were loosed and bellied out to the northwesterly breeze, driving it through the water at increasing speed. All the square sails were set; then one by one, arose the topsails. The two boarding masters watched with keen interest.

"Why 'ell don't those fellers begin the fun?" growled Al Black, irritably.

His companion took the binocular.

"They're at it!" exclaimed Seattle Mike suddenly. "The ball is openin' up!"

Aboard Aloha strange things were happening. Its foreyards, braced up on the starboard tack, swung loose, swaying until the wind had them aback. Through the binocular Seattle Mike made out figures on deck in violent commotion. The poop was clear, but amidships some great event was taking place. A confused mass of men were surging about the deck, but distance made it impossible to distinguish just what was taking place. Suddenly the lee clue at the mainsail, which had been raised to the yard, came down on the run, and hid the scene of trouble from view.

"Now, he's getting it," chuckled Seattle Mike.

Al Black seized the glass gleefully.

"They'll be raising police signals presently," he remarked.

"Yes, or squaring in for shore," prophesied Mike.

But none of these things happened. To the amazement of the two boarding masters, the foreyards of the bark were suddenly braced up again and it plowed on to the southward, sending out long foam whiskers from its cutwater. Smaller and smaller it dwindled, until it was hull down on the horizon, beyond the Farellones. Then Al Black and his companion arose and returned cityward, much perplexed and not well pleased.

Aloha was gone for almost a year. The usual reports of its safe arrival at Melbourne and Port Adelaide were cabled by the underwriters, but beyond that no news came to Frisco of Captain Larsen and his crew for a long time.

One day the Hawaiian mail steamer came in, and the passengers aboard told that Aloha had reached Honolulu. But more astonishing was the report that it still re-

tained the same crew shipped in Frisco. By this time the game put up on Captain Larsen was common knowledge among seafaring men all over the coast. But the laugh seemed to be turning on the Al Black gang.

Then one day the signal station at Fort Point reported Aloha standing in for the Gate. The custom house officers started out to meet it in their launch, impatiently anxious to learn the state of affairs aboard. They, too, were on to the game.

They boarded Aloha a few miles off shore. Captain Larsen received them at the gangway with his habitual Christian smile and mild blue eyes. But when the inspectors beheld Three Fingered Jack, Lager Beer Pete, Big Steve and their equally notorious shipmates briskly pulling braces, ye ho-ing and clewing up sails in an orderly and shipshape a manner as ever obtained aboard a man-o'-war, they swore aloud in their amazement. Finally one of the inspectors got Three Fingered Jack aside for a moment.

"I say, Jack, what happened?" he asked.

"Didn't you everlastingly lambast him?" "You're a child of wrath," retorted Jack indignantly. "We've learned the ways of the meek and lowly, thanks to our noble captain."

"Oh, come off!" exclaimed the revenue man, impatiently. "Don't come any of that guff on me. What happened?"

"Go soak yer head," responded Jack, with a return of his old time manner. "Ye want to know more'n what's good for ye."

And that was all the information that was forthcoming. Big Trig Olafsen smiled significantly as the boarding house runners boarded in the bay and the crew refused to have anything to do with them. Aloha dropped anchor off Mission Flat and with seamanlike promptness the men furled sails and cleared up decks.

"The Lord loveth dose who are industrious," said the skipper, with pious meekness to the harbor officials about him on the poop.

That evening Seattle Mike and Al Black sat impatiently smoking big, black cigars in the latter's establishment on Pacific street. They were waiting for the appearance of Aloha's crew. The mystery must be solved.

At about 10 they showed up—the entire sixteen—all more or less drunk, and with Three Fingered Jack in the lead. The two boarding masters received them with sinister smiles of welcome, barely concealing the impatience and anger within them. They were, of course, too tactful to broach the main question at once.

All hands crowded about the long table and Al Black's bartender was kept busy serving, first beer, but later whisky and rum. The men were hilarious, noisy, apparently in excellent humor, but not a word referring to their late voyage came out. The two masters waxed more and more impatient, especially as the drinks were as yet not being paid for. Much against their wills they had been obliged to drink with the crowd. Finally Al Black could no longer contain himself. He determined to demand an explanation.

"Boys," he said, rising and hitting the table with a mug, "I think it's up to you to tell us what the devil all this means. Did you fellers funk out there?"

There came a pause—all hands turned towards Three Fingered Jack. He arose, shoving away his drink.

"Well, as ye ask an explanation," he said, "I might as well tell ye we've come up here to have a few words with you."

"That's what—you bet," broke in several of the others.

"Yes," continued Jack, "we have come up here to make you see the sinfulness of yer ways. We've come to offer ye the salvation we got through you. Ye once shipped us on a craft wot ye said would be a home for us. Ye told us the skipper was a kind, fatherly ol' man wot would look well arter our welfare. He did. He looked arter us all right."

Here Jack pushed back the long hair from over his forehead, revealing a long white scar.

"But ye sinned against that same kind, fatherly ol' skipper, Al," he continued, "an we want ye to repent. It was a sin, Al, to work off a lot of wicked, worldly men like us 'on that kind ol' man. But, thank the Lord, he showed us the sinfulness of our ways, just as we're goin' to show you."

"What damned rot is this?" broke in Al Black, purple with rage. "What 'ell d'ye mean, ye drunken swabs?"

"Hear the child of wrath," said Jack, piously. "Boys, the time for the Lord's vengeance has come."

The bos'n kicked back his chair, and as though this were a signal, all hands sprang up, and in a moment the room was in a savage turmoil, in the center of which were Seattle Mike and Al Black. Both of the crimps drew revolvers, but their weapons were hurried across the room before they could use them. Down the two went under the feet of the mob, fighting fiercely. The bartender and two runners attempted to help them, but the first went down with a split scalp and the other two were trampled insensible in a second. Next the infuriated sailors dragged the two boarding masters

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