

THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

Published Weekly by The Bee Publishing Company, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

Price, 5c Per Copy—Per Year, \$2.00.

Entered at the Omaha Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter.

For Advertising Rates Address Publisher.

Communications relating to photographs of articles for publication should be addressed, "Editor The Illustrated Bee, Omaha."

Pen and Picture Pointers

WHEN death claimed Francis Marion Drake of Centerville, Ia., a figure that has loomed big in the building of the west was removed. He was a pioneer west of the Mississippi river and has been actively connected with many of the great enterprises that have made the west an empire instead of a wilderness. Iowa was naturally the scene of his greatest activity, although his interests were confined to no narrow range. He was essentially a builder and a developer, and while a lawyer by profession, a soldier and a statesman, it was in railroads and mines he found his real employment and from them that he derived the wealth he was pleased to use in still further developing plans of usefulness to his fellow men. One of these takes the form of Drake university at Des Moines, an institution nominally of the Christian church, of which denomination General Drake was a member, but which was really a child of his desire to devote at least a portion of his means to the good of man and toward which he leaned with real affection. Since he left the office of governor of Iowa in 1888 he gave much of his time to the furtherance of plans for the educational institute he founded and it is believed that he remembered it most liberally in his will.

General Francis Marion Drake was born in Rushville, Ill., December 20, 1830, his parents being natives of North Carolina. When Francis was 7 years old his parents moved to southern Iowa and the boy was given a common school education. He turned early in life to business and crossed the plains twice to Sacramento with ox teams and droves of cattle. It was on his first expedition, when he was in command of twenty men going to the gold fields, that he had a memorable encounter with a band of 200 Pawnee Indians at the crossing of Shell creek, in Nebraska. He drove off the Indians and went on his way. In 1854 he was a passenger on the Steamer Yankee Blade, wrecked in the Pacific ocean and he was picked from the surf. He was commissioned captain of an independent company in 1861 and then became a major, serving in Missouri. He was assigned by General Prentiss to the command of St. Joseph, Mo. He was later made lieutenant colonel of the Thirty-sixth Iowa and served with the regiment three years. After the war he engaged in the practice of law at Centerville, then became interested in coal lands, banking and railroad building. He projected and built five separate railroads. He sold the Albia & Centerville at a good profit and later sold the Keokuk & Western to the Burlington. His latest railroad connection was with the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, on which he made large profits. He was elected governor of Iowa in 1885 and served one term. He is survived by two sons and three daughters. He was one of the founders of Drake university in 1883 and his gifts to that institution have amounted to over \$200,000.

George G. Wallace, recently elected president of the Omaha Real Estate exchange, has been actively engaged in the real estate business in this city for eighteen years. He is also widely known in religious work. Mr. Wallace was born in Preble county, Ohio, from where he went to Monmouth college, Monmouth, Ill., where he graduated. He came west in May, 1878, and located in Pawnee county, where he took charge of the newly started Pawnee County Enterprise, which he conducted until the close of 1883. In February of the following year he came to Omaha and took charge of the business end of the Omaha Daily News, with which he continued for about one year. After leaving the paper he became connected with the McCague company and about two years later, in 1887, he entered the real estate business for himself. Mr. Wallace has been president of the Nebraska State Sunday School association for four years and for twelve years has been superintendent of the school of the Central Presbyterian church. He has served as a director of the local Young Men's Christian association and a member of the state committee of the organization. He is also vice president of the Nebraska State Real Estate Dealers' association.

Just because they surrounded themselves with skeletons and other gruesome evidence of their output, is no reason why the students of Creighton Medical college didn't have a good time at their ball at the Metropolitan club last week. The decorations of one end of the ball room were hardly suggestive of merriment, but the Medics are to a large extent of the Epicurean school, who invariably saluted the Death's head at the beginning of the feast.

The Wave that Gave Up Its Prey

(Copyright, 1903, by Albert Sonnichsen.)

THE POETS will tell you that the Honolulu, they would tell you sailormen about the docks of if you were to repeat that to the sea never gives up its prey, but "The poets be blown!" or something that would mean the same. They would refer you to old Sam Harland, the night watchman of the railway dock, who came there five years ago on the Henry B. Howard. You would then demand more detail, and in a humorous way they would tell you how the waves once took old Sam for their own and tried hard to swallow him, but he proved too bitter a pill, even for the hoary old sea, so it spued him up again in disgust.

"Ye see," they say, "Sam is a powerful chap on the booze, an' his old carcass is so soaked with rum that he couldn't be digested. The sea took him and chewed and chewed for quite a while, but he was just a bit too tough."

I have heard Sam tell his story, but, being a rank egotist, he tries to make you believe that his swimming saved him, which isn't entirely true. His shipmates on the Howard told quite a different story, and, according to general opinion, theirs was the true version.

The big four-masted bark Henry B. Howard left New York in May with general cargo for San Francisco. This brought it around the horn in August and up to the North Pacific in October, a bad time of year, just when the equinoctial storms are brewing. The Howard was just about 500 miles southeast of Hawaii when one of these bitter gales struck it and brought it hove to under lower topsails.

The ordinary landsman doesn't quite realize what a storm in those regions, at that time of year, means. Sailing is impossible—the ship that simply holds its own against those giant midsea billows is doing well. It is stripped of all but three or four heavy storm sails, enough to give it the necessary steerage-way to keep its nose pointed toward the oncoming seas, so that they shall not strike broadside on.

Thus had the Howard been hove to for three days, meeting each foam-capped billow with an upward toss of its bows, sometimes shoving its nose deep into the green seas, sending ponderous cascades thundering down from its fore-castle head, flooding the main deck to the cabin aft. Sometimes the fore-castle, an iron house on deck, would be entirely submerged, and then the men of the watch below, who lay in upper bunks, could behold the sea through the plate glass portholes, as you see in an aquarium, casting a sickly green light over their haggard faces and giving them a death-like pallor. With a gurgling roar the water would drop and spread aft, and good, wholesome light of day come in again.

Aft on the poop were gathered the officer and the men of the watch on deck, a dozen oil-skinned figures, clutching the lifelines rigged from rail to rail. Thus they stood, four hours at a time, drenched, gazing stolidly at the whirl of spray and scud about them, with nothing to do, only to stand by. The man at the wheel was lashed to his post; his duty it was to keep the helm jammed hard over. Such is the sailor's school of physical endurance.

One bell struck—on the poop. Even that old martinet, the skipper, would expect no man to strike it for'd, for the bell on the fore-castle head clangs sullenly at intervals in low, throaty notes, as the roaring torrents pour over it. Had enough it is for the man to dodge for'd in the first lull to the lee door of the fore-castle, to jerk

those drowsy fellows of the other watch out of their few hours of slumber.

"Ho-o-o, ho-o-oo-ooo, all hands ahoy! Awake, ye sleeper! One bell!"

With sleepy yawns and drawling curses the men drop out of their bunks to their chests, and slowly, reluctantly, in sullen silence, climb into their oilskins, while the sea bang the weather wall of the fore-castle like shells from heavy guns.

"Eight bells—relieve the watch!" Aye, eight bells; but the watch has yet to wait a while, for no mortal man could wade those flooded decks from for'd to aft. Sea aff'r sea, green and white pour over the bulwarks, like the breaking of a big dam.

Finally comes another lull. The ship pauses as though to rest, while the tons of water on deck shoot out through hawse-pipe and scupper. Once more the deck is visible, covered only by the foam-rimmed sheets of rippling water. The lee door of the fore-castle lies open and one by one the men shoot out, like bees from a hive, and scurry aft, fairly throwing themselves up the poop ladder.

All hands are aft—all but one. Old Sam Harland, able seaman, lingers to fill his pipe, as he invariably does, in fair weather or foul. Creeping Sam they call him. At last he crawls out, shuts the fore-castle door and starts aft.

Suddenly all hands shout and gesticulate to him. He sees, but the shouts are lost in the roar of the gale. Slowly he waddles aft, unconscious of his danger. Were he to look behind him he would see coming up on the weather bow a distant but fast approaching wall of greenish gray, its white top apparently licking the low hanging clouds.

He does see at last, but too late. The ship gives a quick lurch, a heave, attempts to rist to the oncoming billow, but fails. High up, level with the foreyard, towers the white crest. For one breathless moment to those aft it seems to hesitate, lifts, leans forward, then falls, crashing down the whole for'd part of the ship. From rail top to rail top the main deck fills in an instant, each mast the center of a whirlpool of yeasty foam. Then, as the ridge of the wave passes under the ship, it lurches, rolls over to windward into the hollow beyond, dumping its deckload of seething water over its weather bulwarks into the sea.

If you were to put a dry pea into an empty saucer and then pour a bucket of water over it you would understand what happened to Sam Harland, able seaman. His shipmates saw him struggling in the foam, saw him slowly sucked towards the bulwarks, then shot across their top into the reflux of the sea outside.

What they felt is not part of the story; such accidents occur often and seamen are not prone to describe their emotions. "Man overboard. Sam Harland, able seaman, lost at sea October 5." Such notes are common in log books. There were few of Sam's shipmates who had not seen this tragedy enacted before. It was what followed that was unusual.

Suddenly the mate gave a yell, audible even above the roar of the tempest.

"There he is, boys, away to windward!"

They crowded together to the weather rail. Sure enough, there he was, a black speck far out in the white froth, his face turned toward them. Then he rose on the crest of a wave and sank out of their sight into the hollow beyond, only to reappear again, mounting another oncoming billow.

Already he had thrown off his sou'-wester and oilskin coat and was swimming. Hopelessly, beyond all human aid, he struggled still, while his shipmates could

only stand helplessly by, breathless, watching him fight his last fight and then be swallowed.

The ship was drifting and having so much surface exposed to the wind, it naturally sagged to leeward faster than the man, leaving him to windward. The ship was being blown away from him. They tried to heave him a life belt, but the wind blew it back against the rail.

Still Sam fought manfully. With beating hearts they saw him rid himself of his gum boots and even his oilskin trousers—he ripped them off with his sheath knife. Impulsively they cheered. He was dying game.

But the odds were against him. Further and further, they drifted away from him, catching only an occasional glimpse of his naked shoulders as he mounted the seas and toppled over their crests. The skipper had brought up the log line and tried to heave the metal fan with its coil of thin cord, but, strong of arm as he was, it went not even one-third the distance. He threw it down on deck and turned away.

Again came one of those booming rollers. They saw the drowning man mount its slope until he was struggling in the hollow curve under the combing top. On it came, he in it. With a heave the big ship shot upwards and they saw him in the hollow beyond. He seemed to have been hurled nearer and this caused intense excitement.

"Swim, Sam, swim!" they yelled. "Keep it up, Sam! Hang on, Sam!" They howled and gesticulated, and once more the skipper tried to heave the log line. They might as well have spared their efforts, he heard nothing from them. Still, they saw him plainly now, saw his white face, his clenched jaws, his powerful arms beating the waves. By this time he had freed himself of all his clothes. But except that he kept himself up, he was helpless; like a block of wood he was whirled about and tossed up and down—ground by the waves as though they were indeed chewing well before swallowing.

Then he suddenly disappeared. For five minutes the men stood, still clutching the rail. Instinctively they bowed their heads, as men do in the presence of death.

There came a lull. Again the decks were clear.

"Come, boys," shouted the second mate, "get for'd and turn in."

The watch just relieved moved with difficulty down to leeward and prepared to skurry for'd to the fore-castle, there to snatch a few hours' rest.

But before they could gain the shelter of the for'd deckhouse, the vessel reared on its stern. They could not climb that slanting deck. From for'd came that awful, growing roar again. The green wall swept on, shot up alongside, ready to topple. An impulsive cry burst from the lips of all, their danger forgotten in the sight before them. Almost over their heads rose that glassy, foam-streaked green mountain, and on its very top lifted the naked form of a man, his arms outstretched, mouth agape, eyes staring, legs outspread, like some spirit of the storm, wrapped in a smother of froth and spray. They caught just that one glimpse—then came the crash—again the decks were flooded.

Fortunately all had gained some hold, and when the waters subsided none was missing. In the pump-hole, by the mainmast, they found the naked, unconscious, but still living body of their lost shipmate, washed aboard by the reflux. The sea had given up its prey.

ALBERT SONNICHSEN.

Winter Gowns Cap the Climax for Cost

THE constant ebb and flow of fashions find no more striking exemplification than in the matter of street wear.

"There was a time, not so many seasons ago, when no woman of taste would appear on the street in anything except a severely tailored gown. But now," and the French designer shrugged his shoulders expressively, "there is no limit to the elaboration and extravagance of street dress. Textures which combine weight with velvety softness are loaded with embroidery and lace, fur and chiffon, till the beauty of the foundation is lost sight of."

The summer gowns were extravagant; there is no disputing the fact. But the winter costumes are capping the climax. Women are riding in their coupes to tea or reception, walking to church, or even descending to a half hour's shopping in gowns of the most delicate hues, whose elegance is reinforced by the richest of trimmings and the most regal of furs.

Furs seem to have reached the limit of extravagance. The sweeping stoles and peleries, with muff and often hat to match, are charming. Yet even more striking is the use of fur as a dress trimming. Not only does it form bands and edgings, but fur medallions—if the name is permissible—are among the latest fads in trimming. A snowy white broadcloth gown is trimmed with lace medallions whose centers are cleverly inserted pieces of ermine.

Moleskin is doing service on the blues and silvery grays, while sable is pretty on a dull green or a warm crimson cloth.

Buttons make an important feature of the winter dress furnishings. There are hand-painted, embroidered and crocheted buttons, and even more fashionable are the buttons of bone and metal.

Gunmetal buttons are in high favor, and with good reason. They are effective on either white or black, as well as toning beautifully with any shade of gray.

White broadcloth is extremely fashionable for dressy street wear. A gown of this material has an astounding air of simplicity. Like the proverbial white muslin, it is misleading to the masculine eye. But the more sapient woman sees at a glance that here is a combination of elegance and good taste. A broadcloth requires the most careful treatment if the aim is to make it something more than a strictly tailored gown.

One of these white broadcloth costumes, which is trimmed with gunmetal buttons, is more suitable for church or shopping than for a coupe function. The tight-fitting skirt a little more than touches the ground, and has a slight train. It has stitched slit seams, which open ten inches above the bottom hem into fan-shaped pleats. These give the proper flare around the bottom.

The short jacket has an Eton effect, although its rather deep tight-fitting stitched belt gives a trim fit over the hips.

It is closed at the throat, but below the fronts are free. They are ornamented with stitched pieces of the material in a stole shape, although these merge almost completely into the jacket, so firmly are they stitched and so rigorously are they pressed.

There is a low stitched collar inserted with panne velvet, in the gunmetal shade. The rather scant cape collar is shaped into scallops. Gunmetal buttons ornament the bottom of the jacket, and the stoles are further ornamented at intervals with white silk tassels. The bouffant sleeves have the fullness laid into the arm hole in inch-wide pleats. The puff is caught in at the wrist into oddly shaped narrow cuffs trimmed with panne velvet.

The lace hand ruffles are as deep and full as ever were those sported by a cavalier at the court of King Charles. It is a pretty fashion, and has both grace and elegance. Either white or ecru lace can be used effectively, although in this case milady has preferred the former shade.

A smart toque of ermine, trimmed with a cluster of short white ostrich plumes, gives a pretty finish to the costume.

Never was there such infinite variety in the way of braid and ralloons. Both foreign and domestic looms have been whirling for many months to prepare for the present season, and yet much of the stock is already depleted. If milady wishes a

(Continued on Page Sixteen.)