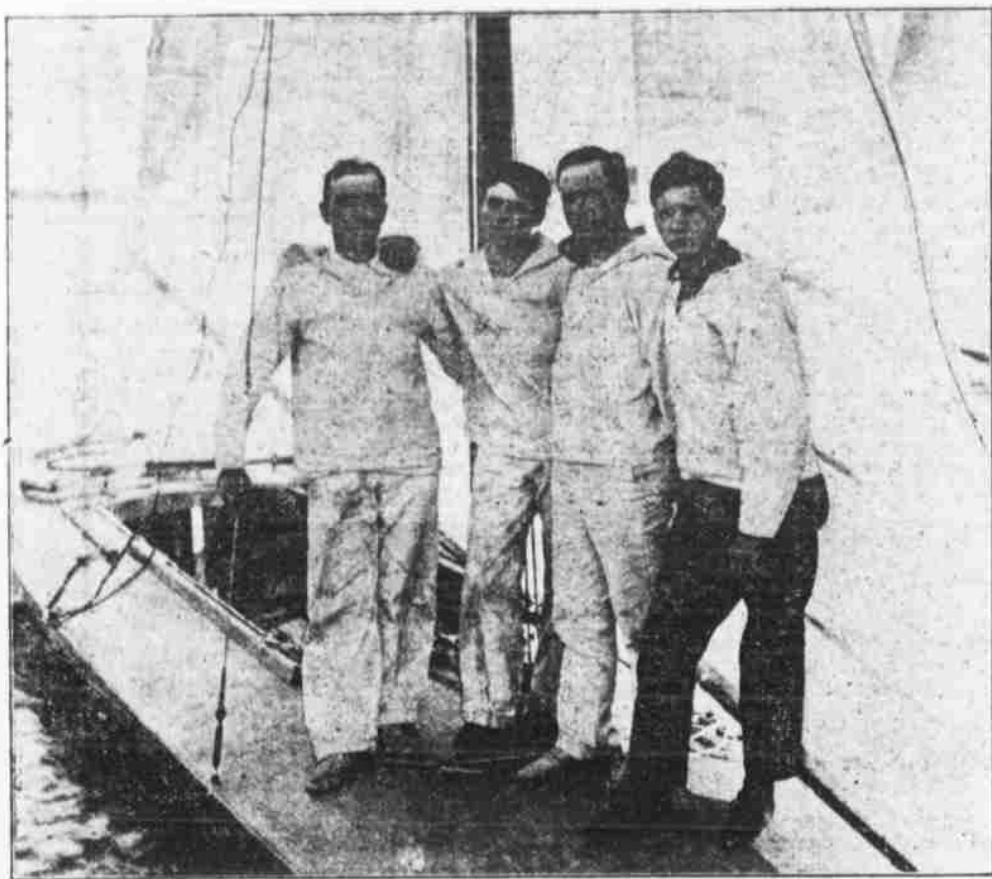
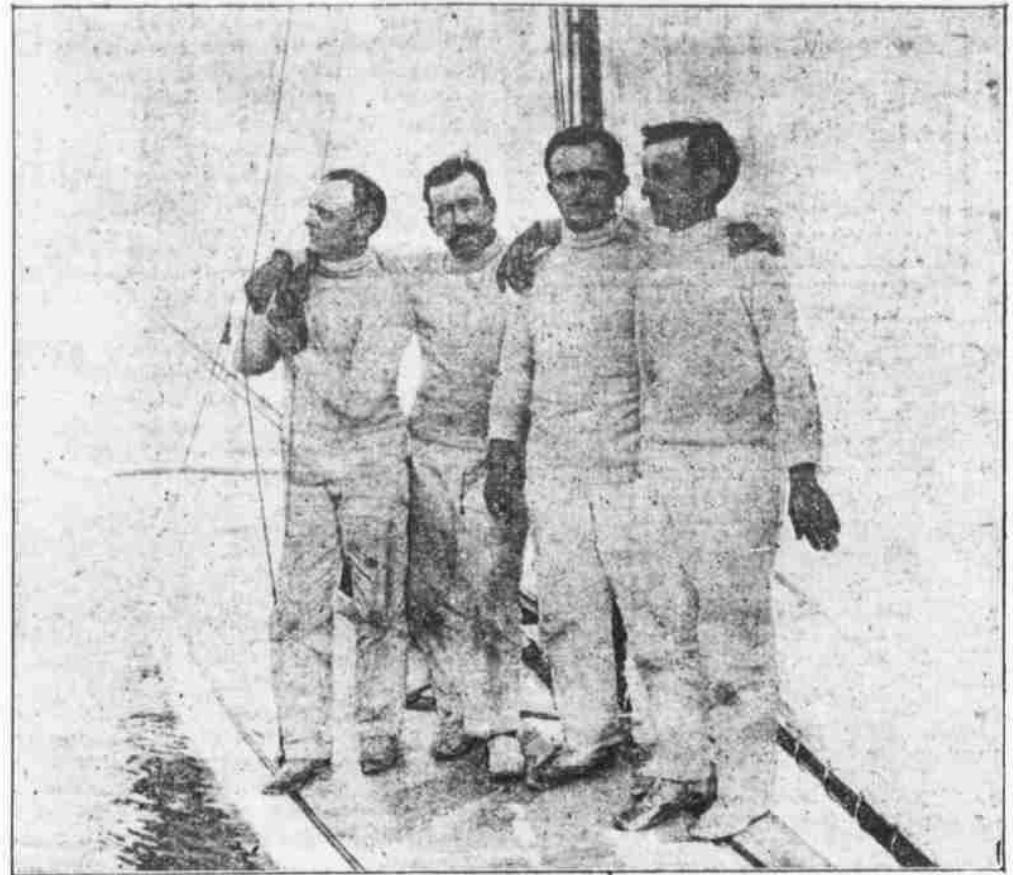


Yacht Racing at Lake Manawa

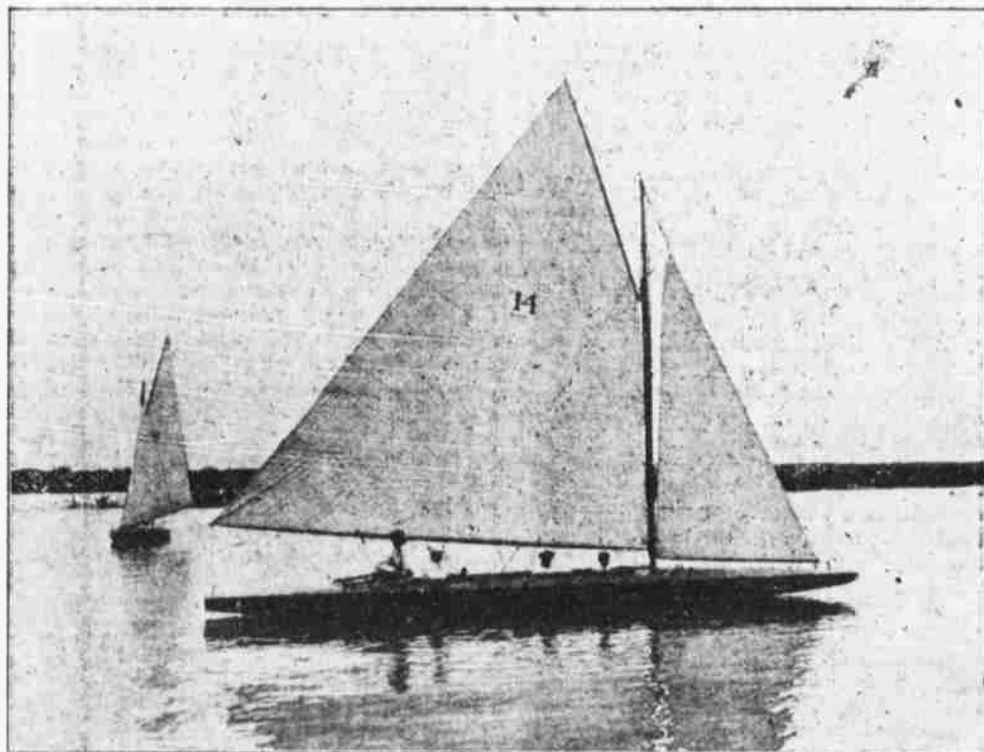
Pictures from Photos Made by a Bee Staff Artist



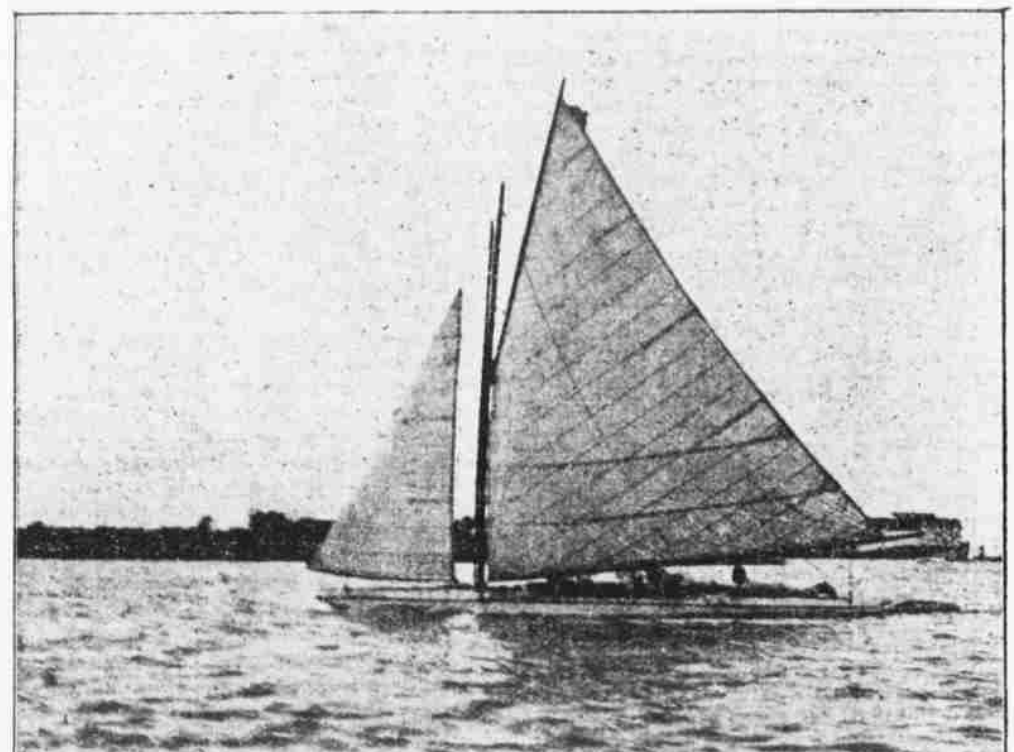
MESSRS. STERNS, WESTON, M'ALLISTER AND COOLEY, THE CREW OF THE ARGO.



MESSRS. NORTHWOOD, ROBBINS, LONG AND JOHNSON, THE CREW OF THE LOTUS.



THE ARGO, WITH THE WIND ON ITS QUARTER.



THE LOTUS, CLOSE HAULED ON STARBOARD TACK.

YACHT racing 1,500 miles from salt water sounds rather queer, doesn't it? And yet we have just had the opportunity of witnessing one of the prettiest little contests ever pulled off on water. To be sure, it was not on the scale of the America's cup races, but it involved the possession of a cup that is quite as important locally as the bit of silver for the defense of which so much money has been expended by yachtsmen of the east. One of the natural impulses of the Anglo-Saxon is toward the water. This is merely the recurrence of the restlessness that led his forebears to that eminence on the sea that has never been shaken. Wherever he can find a pond big enough or a stream wide enough he indulges his penchant for aquatic sports. So it has come that from the independent efforts of individuals who could not withstand the desire to row and sail on the waters of Manawa that the Manawa Yacht

club has developed, and along the Missouri Valley similar organizations have sprung up. It would be impossible to have two yacht clubs within reaching distance and not have a difference of opinion as to the sailing qualities of the boats and the men. This leads to races as naturally as water runs down hill. Out of this condition has grown the existence of the Manawa challenge cup, and the ability of the Manawa Yacht club to defend it. Three years ago St. Joseph sent a boat to Manawa to compete and said boat was beaten. Two years ago another boat came up, and again the local boat finished first. Last year the cup races were established and again the supremacy of the Manawa yacht was maintained. Last week another effort was made to lift the Manawa cup, the Lotus Yacht club of St. Joseph again being the challenger. After a competitive test of seven races the Argo was chosen to defend the cup, while

the Lotus was sent to win it. Three out of five races was to win, and, as the Argo won three in succession, little doubt is left as to the merits of the boats. The races were sailed under fine conditions, all the wind that either cared for being afforded on each day but one, when the race was called off because of lack of time. In the first race the Lotus suffered from an accident, a portion of its rigging giving way. As it was practically beaten when the accident occurred, it had no real effect on the result. One of the incidents of the competition was the effort of the St. Joseph crew to take the Manawa, the yacht that competed against the Argo for the honor of defending the cup, and undertake to beat the Argo with the Manawa's crew on board. The effort was a failure, but the race was given a tinge of excitement when the Argo's crew took the Lotus and sailed it very close to a winner against both the Manawa and the Argo.

Uncle Sam's Jap-Like Soldiers

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WHEN Americans see for the first time the detachments of the Philippine scouts and the constabulary now in this country the initial comment is usually "Why, how like the Japs they look," and the second, "They seem to drill every bit as well as the regulars."

The Filipino soldier, as Uncle Sam has made him in the last few years, is strikingly like the Jap fighting man in many more ways than features and stature. He is also diametrically opposed to the regular in almost as many respects; and in the opinion of his superiors the equal of any soldier in the world.

According to American officers in command of Filipinos the little brown men of the archipelago display an astonishing military precocity as that credited to the Japanese. To prove their statements, they declare that many a scout, wearing at enlistment little more than a breach clout and skilled only in the use of the crudest

weapons, has become an AI soldier in from three to six months.

Once a uniform is slapped on a Filipino recruit's back, and his stomach comfortably filled with food, he throws himself enthusiastically into the task of doing to the letter what his superiors command him to do. Here again he betrays a strong likeness to the Jap. "In fact," said a captain of scouts, "we've got to watch out that the boys don't work themselves to death. Even men who have been enlisted for a year or more are not content to drill merely at the regular hours. It is customary all through the camp for squads to form voluntarily in the company streets of an evening and, under the eye of one of their number, to go through the manual of arms for half an hour at a stretch. I've been in the army about fifteen years and I've never seen American soldiers pass the time away in any such fashion."

The Filipino recruit is taught the manual of arms by imitation. Of course, when he

enlists he does not understand English, and the officer has little or no knowledge of Visayan, Tagalogan, or whatever dialect the "greenie" may speak, and he wouldn't use it if he had. The instructor, rifle in hand, places himself in front of the recruit, gives a command in the usual way, and at the same time brings his weapon to the position ordered. The Filipino at once imitates and within a week he has associated the words of the various commands and their corresponding movements so well that he goes through the manual with almost the precision of a veteran. In much the same fashion he is taught to stand at attention, what "fours right" means, the proper thing to do when he hears the command "Right forward fours right, march!" and in equally short time he is giving the officers very little worry at drill.

Nor does he cause them concern in other directions. For one thing, he scarcely ever gets drunk. Captain Ira Keithley, in com-

(Continued on Page Thirteen.)



PRIVATE IN THE PHILIPPINE CONSTABULARY.