

Home of the Omaha Rod and Gun Club and Its Pleasant Adjuncts



AN EVENING ON THE LAKE.

ALLORE bathers, tennis players, campers, fishermen and lovers of outdoor life find something to their liking at the grounds of the Omaha Rod and Gun club. This infant in the club life of Omaha has taken a new lease of life this year, and is forging ahead, so that in a short time it will have passed beyond the fondest dreams of its founders. Started three years ago with a modest beginning, it has grown and grown until it now has nearly as many members as the most popular clubs of the west. The original idea of the founders of the club was to form a club which would in time have strength enough to protect the fish in the waters of Cut-Off lake and at the same time give the fishermen a place to keep their paraphernalia. This goal has been reached and



CANOING IS ALWAYS POPULAR.

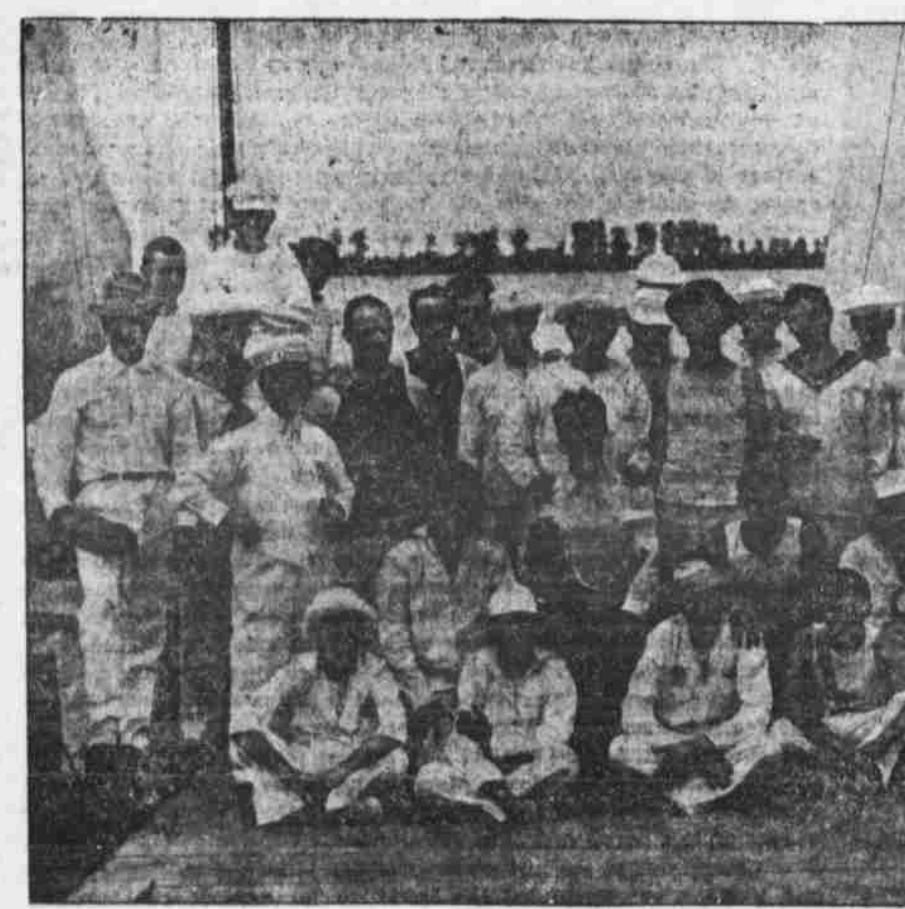
and the boys reside here nearly the entire year. Among the cottagers now on the grounds of the Omaha Rod and Gun club are: J. J. Davey, S. Brestler, Charles Sutter, A. P. Whitmore, J. F. Emmert, A. T. Elmer, William Sheppard, T. H. Weidlich, H. Wash, H. D. Campbell, W. D. Craighead, George T. Lindsey, John Malen, A. DeLaney, J. W. Gilmore, W. J. Hughes, C. E. Hughes, S. S. Hamilton, A. Nielsen, Paul Epeneter, Henry Ruckel, E. J. Hatch, Alfred Morris, M. Lotus, Warren Switler, C. E. Miller, C. W. Miller, Byron Hart, Roy Harberg, John Sorenson, W. Sorenson, L. L. McKenzie, H. H. and O. F. Drefold, J. R. and A. F. Bloom.

So popular has the club become that many of the Omaha lovers of the great sport of yachting who formerly journeyed across the river to Lake Manawa have now moved their boats to Cut-Off lake and have joined the happy colony of sportsmen on this side of the river. The list of large yachts and their owners includes: Omaha, F. Lundstrom and J. V. Refregier; Iole, Russell Fisher, H. S. Parker, T. D. Braden and J. Gortian; Trio, A. C. Hartman and Thomas G. Gibbens; Baitie, A. Wyman; Owl, S. Refregier; Anna Belle, A. H. Ellis; Mary Alice, J. W. Gilmore and D. Clark; Anita, Charles G. Sutter.

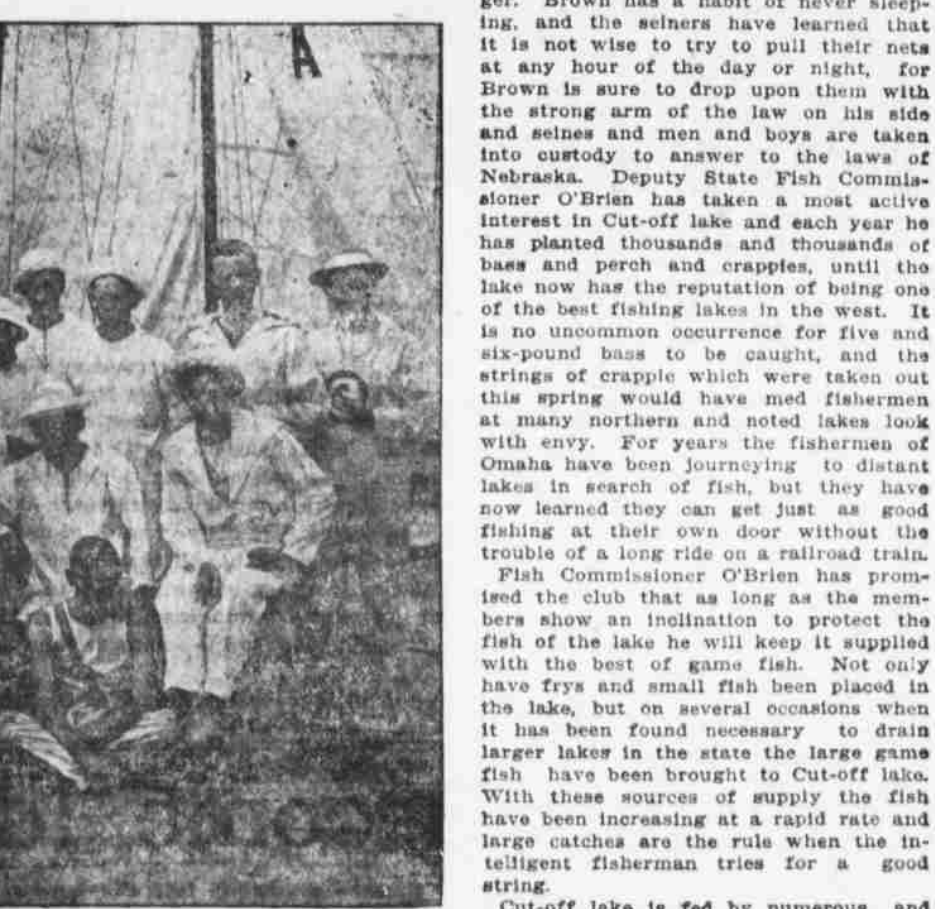
The lake is ideal for yachting with its miles of clear water. No matter from which direction the wind may blow, the sailor may find plenty of room for a long sail. Nebraska is noted for its cooling breezes at night and every evening there is a splendid breeze blowing across the lake which serves several purposes. It blows away the mosquitoes, cools the cottagers who may have been spending the day on the hot pavements of the city and gives ample power for the boats. Sailing vessels do not monopolize all the surface of the water, for the club members own about thirty canoes, which are put to daily use. Canoes not only furnish an opportunity to get into the open air, but also provides ample exercise while enjoying that free air. The flat-bottomed skiff and the clinker-built rowboat are common and the motor boat is becoming a numerous factor among the craft. Among the motor boats who have boats on the lake are: Dr. J. H. Fickes, J. Young, J. F. Goerna, C. E. Miller, D. F. Corte, F. C. Martin and J. R. Hill. The long expanse of water furnishes a fine surface for the use of these power boats, which glide at a rapid gait over the water.

From its inception the club has made its utmost endeavor to protect the fish at Cut-Off lake. One of the first moves of the new club, even when its resources were small, was to provide a deputy game warden to patrol the lake and to arrest any persons caught using seines in violation of the state laws. Many convictions have been had, and now, under the watchfulness of Game Warden Frank Brown, the life of the poacher is one fraught with great danger. Brown has a habit of never sleeping, and the seiners have learned that it is not wise to try to pull their nets at any hour of the day or night. For Brown is sure to drop upon them with the strong arm of the law on his side and seiners and men are taken into custody to answer to the laws of Nebraska. Deputy State Fish Commissioner O'Brien has taken a most active interest in Cut-Off lake and each year he has planted thousands and thousands of bass and perch and crappies, until the lake now has the reputation of being one of the best fishing lakes in the west. It is no uncommon occurrence for five and six-pound bass to be caught, and the fish of the lake he will keep it supplied with the best of game fish. Not only have frays and small fish been placed in the lake, but on several occasions when it has been found necessary to drain larger lakes in the state the large game fish have been brought to Cut-Off lake. With these sources of supply the fish have been increasing at a rapid rate and large catches are the rule when the intelligent fisherman tries for a good string.

Cut-off lake is fed by numerous and large springs which keep the water fresh the year around. For many years the water from the river has poured into the lake each spring, causing considerable worry to the fishermen. The gar and other scavenger fish run in from the river and would soon do away with the game fish by eating the spawn. Game fish would also run out of the lake. Both these migrations are stopped each spring by the club members placing a wire net across the stream as it flows into the lake. The numerous springs which feed the lake make skating a dangerous sport in the winter time, as the warmer water melts the ice from below and oftentimes but a thin layer of ice remains over one of these springs while that around may be eighteen inches thick.



SOME OF THE ROD AND GUN CLUB SAILORS.



SOME OF THE ROD AND GUN CLUB GIRLS.

Characteristic Anecdotes Told About Grover Cleveland's Personality

War's Crop of Heroes.
HE death of Grover Cleveland revives many anecdotes of his career as president of the United States and as "the most eminent private citizen of the republic," some new and some aged, but each typical of his dominant characteristics. This one recently found its way into print and is vouchered for by good authority: Not long ago a former member of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet gave a little dinner in New York in honor of the Sage of Princeton. The dinner was purely an informal affair and not more than a half dozen persons were present. No speeches were made, but a number of choice anecdotes passed around the table. Some one present spoke of the possibility of a conflict some day with Japan growing out of complications in the far east. "I certainly hope that war may be avoided," the speaker continued. "Think of the horrors that a war inflicts even on the victorious nation."
"I agree with you that a needless war is a monstrous crime," said Mr. Cleveland, "but," he added, lighting a cigar and blowing out a cloud of smoke, "I never hear the expression, 'the horrors of war,' that I am not reminded of a conversation I once overheard in Buffalo many years ago. A number of veterans of the civil war were discussing the horrors of war. 'How horrible is war,' said the first speaker. 'Yes,' said another, 'and look at the terrible loss of life, not to mention the maimed and wounded.' 'Yes,' remarked the third man, 'and just look at the widows and orphans that are made by every war! War is, indeed, a horrible thing!'"
"Gentlemen," said a one-legged man who was sitting over in the corner, and had taken no part in the conversation up to that time, "I can tell you of a worse horror than any you have named!"
"What is it?" exclaimed the trio in one breath. "Why," said the man in the corner, with a gloomy shake of the head, "just think of the crop of heroes that are created by every war. Could anything be any worse than that?"
Mr. Cleveland said that all hands pres-

ent agreed that the stranger had perhaps named the worst affliction that followed in the wake of a war.
Dodging the Hoboes.
"Mr. Cleveland used to go home from the Mills building by way of the elevated," said William McAtee of New York, "walking across the park from Fifty-eighth street to Sixty-ninth street. The hoboes' union, or whatever it is, soon learned of this and lingered on the south side of Wall street and the other used to beset him in the park. Finally the tramp got so numerous that he had to take some means of self-protection. I was with him one night when a whole drove of mendicants bore down on him. He reached in his pocket and pulled out a little book full of perforated tickets. One by one he tore the

pages out and handed them to the beggars. Each ticket that he passed out with a shake of the head read:
Charity Organization Society.
Admit bearer to the woodyard.
Would Not Trouble the Boys.
Francis Lynde Stetson, Mr. Cleveland's former law partner, recalled this incident, which took place very soon after Mr. Cleveland had left the White house and entered into a partnership with Mr. Stetson:
"Mr. Cleveland had an inner office nearly a hundred feet from the door at which the post box was. He sat in his office all day writing. Finally late in the afternoon I saw him start out toward the door to post his letters. I saw him drop the letters and start to return.
"Why did you do that, Mr. Cleveland?" I asked him. "There are boys here to do

those things. Why didn't you call one of them?"
"Well, I mailed the letters myself," replied Mr. Cleveland, "because I did not want to trouble the boys."
Testing His Democracy.
Mr. Cleveland laughed heartily over a story told later by one of the guests relating to his second administration. Several members of the house, the speaker said, were having a heated discussion as to whether Mr. Cleveland was a democrat or not. Arguments had been submitted both for and against the contention. Finally, one man spoke up and said: "This discussion recalls an incident that occurred in my native town. The place only boasted of one rich man, but he owned practically everything in sight. One day several villagers in the postoffice

began talking about the town's only millionaire.
"Do you think that he is a Christian?" said one of the natives.
"Oh, ho—," another replied, "the church belongs to him!"
"Well," remarked the sage of Princeton, with a smile, "times have certainly changed since then."
Guards at the White House.
No president has ever been more vigilantly looked after in Washington than was Mr. Cleveland, relates the Brooklyn Eagle. Other chief magistrates walked about the streets unguarded. Mr. Cleveland never walked. He did not even allow any person to stand under the White House porte cochere when he alighted from his carriage. He established little sentry houses about the White House grounds,

from which guards kept their eyes on persons coming and going.
The newspapers made a great deal of fun of these "chicken coops," as they were called. Secret service men were at President Cleveland's heels whenever he left the White House, and thirteen of the regular police force of Washington, most of them in citizen's dress, were constantly on duty at the executive mansion. Mr. Cleveland seemed to avoid appearing in public, and resorted to many peculiar and dangerous expedients to keep out of sight. For instance, whenever he would arrive at a railway station here or was to leave the city by rail, instead of going as all other presidents and high officials do—entering through the regular door in the usual manner—he would have the White House carriage driven to the Smithsonian grounds.

and board the train in the station yard.
To accomplish this the then spirited "seal browns" were driven across the tracks where ordinary carriages were not permitted to go, often at great risk. The coachman frequently said that he never drove there without fear of an accident.
It was known that the assassination of Garfield by Gutzau had naturally made a profound impression upon Mr. Cleveland. When Vice President Hendricks died, Mr. Cleveland did not accompany the remains to Indiana or attend the funeral. The reason given was that Mr. Cleveland was not able to rid himself of a superstition which seemed to haunt him that he would meet a similar fate.
Famous Silver Letter.
This account of Grover Cleveland's emphatic deliverance against the free coinage of silver has been published in New York on the authority of his law partner and friend, Francis Lynde Stetson. The day before the anti-free silver mass meeting at the Cooper Union, New York City, which he was unable to attend, a friend called on him at his office and asked him if he intended sending a letter. "Your position is recorded and known," said the friend, "and I think if you said anything at this time, it would cause needless embarrassment to your friends." Mr. Cleveland said to him: "I am a citizen of the state of New York and the city of New York. Naturally I ought to take the part of a citizen in the affairs of the city, and especially upon a matter which is of so deep an importance. I regard the expression of an opinion in this case as of more importance than personal matters. It is said that I ought not to go there, nor write a letter of any sort upon this matter of supreme importance, because it might embarrass my nomination. I am going to write a letter to be read at that meeting, and the presidency can go to hell!"
"Mr. Cleveland did write his letter in history," said Mr. Stetson. "In outspoken and burning words he stated his position upon the silver movement. He wrote that 'the free coinage of silver is wrong and dangerous.' Nobody has forgotten it."

Choice Short Stories Selected from the Story Teller's Collection

Faith and Works.
HE author of "Seventy Years Young," Mrs. Emily P. Bishop, declares that it is as easy to do as to wish to do, and quotes this incident in illustration:
A little girl's brother set a trap to catch birds. She knew it was wrong, cruel, against the laws of kindness, altogether inexcusable from her point of view.
She wept at first; then a little later her mother noticed that she had become cheerful once more, and inquired as to the cause.
"What did you do?" asked her mother.
"I prayed for my brother to be made a better boy."
"What else?"
"I prayed that the trap would not catch any little birds."
"What else?"
"Then I went out and kicked the old trap all to pieces."—Boston Transcript.

Under Suspicion.
For three Sundays in succession the pastor of a west side church was grieved by the appearance of a beakling husband in his wife's pew. Then suddenly this gratifying exhibition of an awakened con-

science ceased. One day the pastor met the delinquent in a street car.
"I have not seen you at church for some time," said the preacher.
"No," was the candid reply. "I had to give it up. My wife got so suspicious I couldn't stand it."
"Suspicious?" exclaimed the parson.
"Yes," said the man; "she's got it into her head that I was up to some awful deviltry outside that I was trying to atone for by going to church. Nothing I could say or do could convince her otherwise; so I show her that I was living a square life I had to stay away from church."—Chicago Post.

The Jackass and Debs.
Eugene V. Debs, the socialist leader, tells the following story on himself:
"I was to address a public meeting and there was intense prejudice against me, so the young man who had to introduce me thought he would try to disarm it.
"Debs is hated by some people," he said, "because he has been in strikes. This is not right. It is the law of nature to defend yourself. Why, even a dog will growl if you try to deprive him of the bone he is gnawing, and you all know what a jackass will do if you monkey with him. Ladies and gentlemen, this is Debs, who will now address you."—Success.
What He Felt Like.
It was the first time he had sung in an Episcopal choir, and he felt strangely out of place in the vestments he wore. The other choristers looked comfortable enough, but the new one was sure he would trip on the skirts of his cassock when he went up the chancel steps, and he knew that if he did not stop perspiring his clean linen cotta would be sadly mussed. The opening prayer had been intoned by the rector, and the singers were in line waiting for the introduction to the processional to be played, when one of the basses whispered in the new man's ear.
"You're a tenor, aren't you?"
"I suppose so," he replied, "but I feel like a two-spot."—St. Louis Republic.
Economy.
United States Marshal Hendon had com-