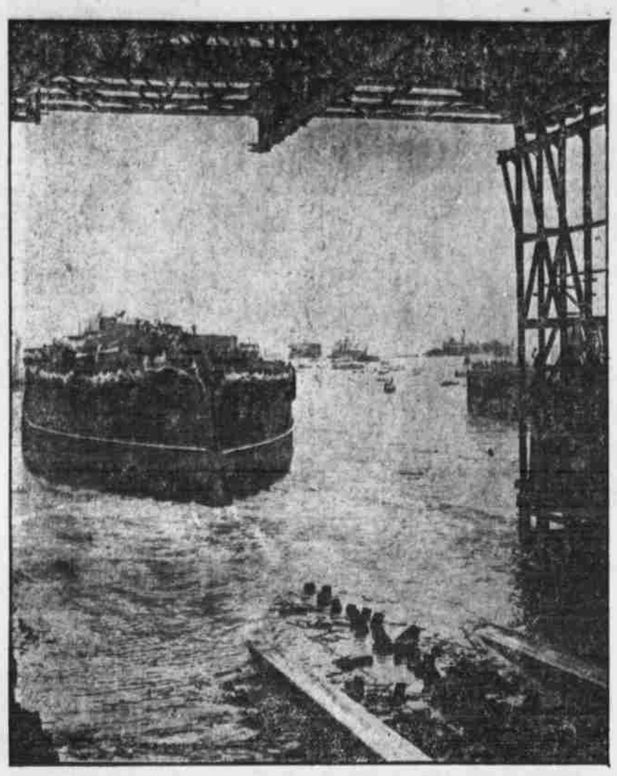
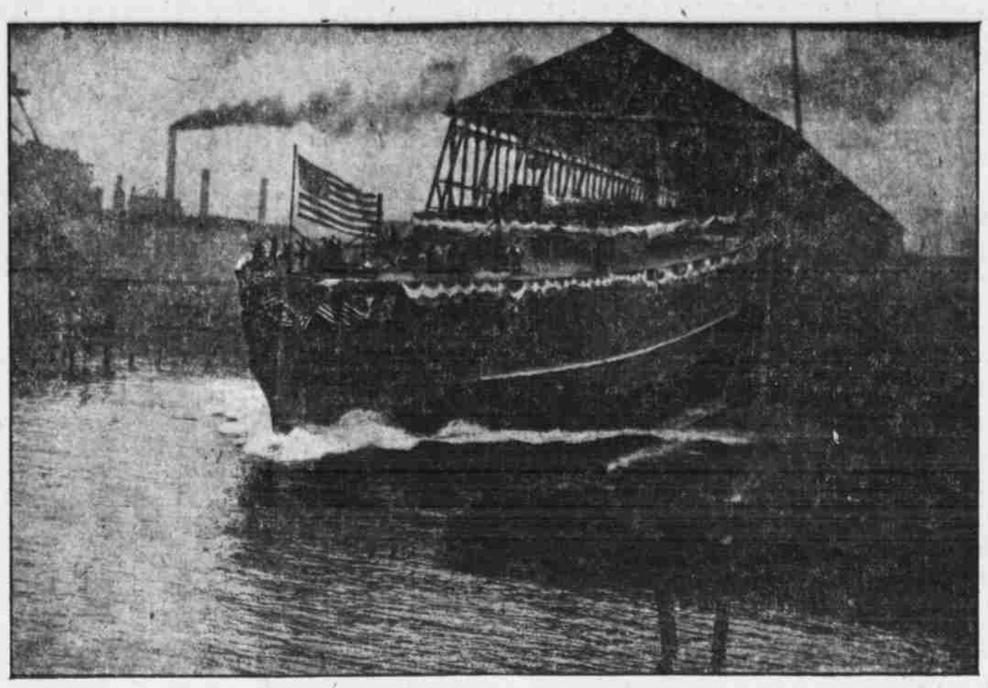
Sidelights on the Launching of the Battleship Nebraska at Seattle



THE NEBRASKA CLEAR OF THE WAYS.



JUST LEAVING THE WAY—Courtesy Seattle Times.

MISS MICKEY BREAKING THE BOTTLE.

LAUNCHING a battleship is royal sport, but one in which only governments can engage. It is not for the great common people, but the masses, who ultimately pay for the fun, are given a chance to stand alongside while the game is being played, and probably enjoy that feature of it more than any other. Uncle Sam has the better, probably, of all other nations, for while the great powers of Europe are restricted to one or two ports, Uncle Sam has a string of shipyards running from Portland, Me., to Seattle, and for this reason his display in the way of setting great battleships afloat is not restricted to any one locality, nor is the pleasure of watching the dip limited to any particular class of people. And it might be well to say right here that the Nebraskans who journeyed to see the Nebraska launched voted that the spectacle was well worth all the trouble and time expended. A more magnificent or inspiring sight would be hard to imagine. President Roosevelt's remark that a powerful navy is the surest guarantee of peace has come to be accepted in its bareness as stating a fact, and so each time a great fighting vessel slides down the ways and floats proudly on the salt water, whether on the Atlantic or the Pacific, the people feel that one more anchor has been cast to the windward to hold the great republic firm in the storm and stress of world politics, and that another earnest of our peaceful mission has been given to the world.

What the Hull Looks Like.

From the viewpoint of a landsman, whose life has been spent in the region of the prairie schooner, the appearance of a great vessel on its ways prior to launching is one of awe-inspiring might. It is not the appearance of the ship itself so much as the possibilities it suggests. To gain an idea of what the Nebraska looks like as it rested under the great shed at the Moran shipyards, an Omahan might imagine the Davidge block and the two Patterson blocks set together, end to end. That would give a notion of the immense bulk of the vessel. It is 425 feet long, seventy-six feet wide, and from the keel to the upper deck towers as high as a four-story building. Painted a bright red, with the juncture of the strake suggesting the seams of masonry, the comparison of the vessel to a big building is not a strained one. Aside from the majesty of its appearance, the massiveness of its architecture and the general beauty and symmetry of its outlines gave most comfortable thoughts to the beholders. "I would not be afraid to go to sea in that boat," said a timid woman, who had taken her first ride on salt water that morning in a cutter belonging to the monitor Wyoming. And her thought was that of others. The hull was beautifully decorated with flags and bunting and wreaths and festoons of evergreens and flowers, not at all out of keeping with the professed mission of what is to be one of the most powerful of fighting machines to keep the peace. And when the vessel that finally floated on the waters of Elliott bay, and the masts were raised by the sailors and workmen on board, with lines of flags and streamers representing all nations, with "Old Glory" over all, the beauty and impressiveness of the scene was greatly aded to, so that the sight will never be forgotten by anyone who watched and will never be adequately described by any who may attempt the task.

The Boat's Fair Sponsor.

While the many Nebraskans in the party by invitation at the launching were intensely interested in the ship, and were proud that the name of the great Antelope state will be borne through all the seas of all the world by such a magnificent vessel, they still felt a greater pride in the pretty young sponsor who stood at ease and coolly broke a bottle of champagne across the nose of the great vessel as it started away for the water ahead of the time fixed by the program and against the calculations of those who were in charge. Miss Mickey has been much congratulated on her coolness and quick wittedness in relieving a situation that might have proved awkward, and indeed had some elements of awkwardness in it. With her father, Mr. Robert Moran and Miss Moran, Miss Mickey had gone to the platform, some fifteen feet above the launching platform, and was waiting for the word. Congressman Humphrey of Washington had just got fairly started on his address, when a crash of breaking planks was heard, and the hull started. Governor Mickey and Mr. Moran were visibly perturbed, but Miss Mickey saw that action was called for, and without waiting to be prompted, she grasped the bottle and with a swing crashed it against the nose of the vessel. She spoke the words, "I christen thee Nebraska," but they were not heard by any save those on the platform, for the crowd had seen the start, and it is no discourtesy to the speaker that the people were watching the vessel, and not him, and before the ship had traveled six inches on its way the multitude was cheering as only a thoroughly American crowd can cheer. The action of the fair young sponsor had avoided any possibilities with which the situation was fraught, and the launching of the Nebraska was a complete success owing to her unfailing presence of mind. Miss Mickey has endeared herself to all with whom she has come in contact by her unaffected manner and her excellent common sense. After the launching, and at the reception that followed in the evening she was the center of interest, and was warmly praised for her part in the affair, and the complimentary remarks made in her hearing were mild and tame in contrast to those things said of her in private conversation. Nebraska may feel as proud of the sponsor as of the vessel she christened.

Interest Manifested by Seattle.

Seattle gave the most tangible evidence that the importance of the event was fully appreciated locally. The Moran shipyards is one of several institutions of which the citizens are justly proud, and the building of the battleship is an achievement in which each of the many thousands of Seattle citizens feels a personal interest. It was due to local patriotism that the task was undertaken, and through local patriotism that it was brought to a successful achievement. The difficulties in the way of building warships on Puget sound, thousands of miles from the source of supply of the material that must enter into the construction, are too patent to require recital. But the "Seattle spirit," as they call it here, doesn't halt at difficulties, but overcomes them. When Mr. Robert Moran called a few of the leading business men into consultation at the time he went after the contract, he was promised assistance, and the most eloquent address that was made on the day of the launching was that of President Schram of the Chamber of Commerce, who handed Mr. Moran a check for $100,000, redeeming the promise of the Chamber of Commerce that the firm would be given assistance. In other ways the interest of the people was shown. The day was declared a holiday by common consent, and only the most urgent and necessary business was carried on during the hours from noon till half after 3, so everybody could have a chance to watch the plunge. Not only did Seattle take part, but the whole of the state of Washington seemed to be present. People came from Spokane, from Tacoma, from Bellingham, from Ellensburg, from Everington, from all over the state, and joined in making the day one that will always stand out bright in the annals of the city. And among all these thousands, variously estimated from 40,000 to 75,000, with the true number somewhere between, not a dissonant note was heard. Only enthusiastic satisfaction was expressed.

Compliments Showered On Nebraska.

Nebraska's part was naturally conspicuous, and those who had the honor of representing the state on this day of days were immensely gratified by the reception given them. They were shown every possible attention and were given cordial welcome and unobtrusive but courteous care wherever they went. From the night of arrival until the day of departure the visitors were taken care of, and always made to feel they were the guests of most accomplished and attentive hosts. On the evening of the arrival they were given a reception by former Nebraskans, some 200 of whom took occasion to renew acquaintance thus. On the following evening they stood in line for two hours and a half in the luxurious parlors of the Hotel Washington and shook hands with the citizens of Washington. Every important city in the state was represented in the throng that passed through the parlors and the words that were spoken to the Nebraskans were such as could only make them feel proud of the great state from whence they came to Washington. As an instance of the part the Antelope state plays in the affairs of Seattle let us cite the fact that the five executive officers of the Chamber of Commerce of Seattle are former Nebraskans, the president, John Schram, being a former resident of Columbus, and the secretary, James B. Meikle, having practiced law for many years in Omaha. Thus it was peculiarly appropriate that the Nebraska should have been built at Seattle.

The Cross Continent Trip.

No merrier party ever crossed the continent than that which left Lincoln for Seattle, nor one that was more congenial. From the hour of assembling to the moment of dispersion there was not a sign of anything but the most pleasant of concord. The ride was a peculiarly enjoyable one, especially that portion of the trip which was over the Northern Pacific road. This part of the trip was a revelation to most of the party, for only a few of them had ever been across this line. The service on the train was perfection itself and the scenery along the route magnificent beyond compare. The ride over the Rockies, through Montana, is amid the most impressive of mountain scenery, and the building of the road along the route pursued a constant monument to engineering skill and a continual exhibition of the triumph of man over nature. Eastern Washington, too, has its scenery, and from Spokane to Seattle there is always something to interest. Nowhere on earth can a more beautiful ride be had than that through the valley of the Yakima, and along the river through the great gash in the mountains out of which it flows. It is not for its ruggedness that this canyon is celebrated; more majestic and sublime scenery is plentiful, but nowhere on earth can be found a more peaceful sight, charming the senses in every way and filling the mind with pleasant thoughts, and always comforting with its quiet beauty. The climb over the Cascade range is another awe-inspiring ride, although the summit is not achieved, a long tunnel, with several shorter ones, allowing the road to get from the coast to the interior with a comparatively easy grade. All the varied resources of the state are exhibited along the line, the wheat fields, the orchards, the mines and the lumber camps and sawmills being seen from the car windows as the train passes along, giving the visitor an object lesson in the greatness of Washington and a notion of the possibilities of this young state.

Seattle a Model for Omaha.

Seattle is a wonder in its way. It is a busy, hustling town, that has already outgrown what it thought was a metropolitan suit, and is struggling for relief in every direction. At present the business district is congested along two streets adjacent to the harbor, but the energy of the city is directed to reducing the hills that have stood in the way of expansion, and extensive grading operations are in progress that new thoroughfares may be opened and room be made for the rapidly increasing volume of trade. Downtown taller buildings are going up instead of buildings that were thought to be sky-scrapers a few months ago, and everywhere expansion is the cry. The town is well kept in every direction, some of its details of municipal housekeeping being of a nature that Omaha might profitably adopt. It is a city of strenuosity in every aspect, and the procession moves with a swiftness that tries the pace of the most energetic. The faith in the prediction that Seattle is destined to be a great world city is shared by all and doubted by none, and with the courageous energy of all bent in the one direction, it seems destined to fulfillment. And the launching of the Nebraska marks an epoch in its realization.

T. W. McC.

Curious and Romantic Capers of Cupid

A Double Knot.

ONE CAN'T be too sure—men are so deceitful," sighed a maid of two-score years, who had sufficient experience to keep cautionary signals flying until her name was formally changed. Annie Zokart of Allegheny, Pa., reasoned that way and adopted heroic measures to make assurance doubly sure. Steve Yarsko agreed to make Annie his wife, but Annie had a faint, flickering fear that something would happen to Steve and prevent the joyous union. So the happy bride-to-be called Steve to her home, threw an arm around his neck and a clothesline around his arms. Another deft movement carried the clothesline around Steve's knees, the lines were drawn tightly together and in two minutes the bridegroom-to-be was securely bound hand and foot. The last night of his bachelor life was spent a helpless prisoner in his intended's home. The experience had a sobering effect. That was the intention. The girl herself set him free in the morning, half an hour before the time set for their wedding, and Yarsko followed her so humbly to the altar that when the service reached the "love, honor and obey" clause he almost took the last word out of the bride's mouth.

There were good grounds for this unusual action. Annie had given Yarsko $50 with which to purchase refreshments for the guests. He started out on his errand with all a lover's alacrity, but unfortunately his way led him past a saloon, and almost before he knew it he was taking the refreshments himself. He soon had taken enough to suggest the brilliant idea of having a bachelor party on his own account, and as he circulated from saloon to saloon the number of his guests grew with startling rapidity.

Annie became a little anxious about his prolonged absence, but when one of Yarsko's fellow boarders came to her house and told her of the royal time her suitor was having on her money the worried look left her face and in its place there came an ominous tightening of the lips. She chased him to cover and repentance.

A World Beater.

Probably a world record in the matter of the performance of marriage ceremonies was made a few days ago by Rev. C. C. Meador, retired pastor of the Central Baptist church in Washington. It was the most remarkable experience of the pastor in his fifty or more years in the ministry. The record established is the marriage of two couples in one day by the same officiating minister and resulting in no change in the names of the brides. The first of the couples was Robert F. Lee and Annie Lee, both of Fredricksburg, Va., and James C. Gordon and Violet C. Gordon, both of Washington, were the second couple.

Long Postponed Honeymoon.

Although they were married fifty years ago Mr. and Mrs. Henry Weber waited until this summer to go away on their honeymoon trip. They spent a week at Atlantic City in celebration of their golden wedding anniversary, and for the first time in their half century of married life were away from their home for more than a day.

The golden anniversary of their marriage has just been celebrated at their home. The ceremony of fifty years ago was repeated on the lawn in the rear of their home. More than seventy guests were invited to the wedding.

Honeymooning in Oklahoma.

"The honeymoon, as the term usually implies," says the Enterprise of Mutual, Okla., "is about as scarce in this section as snowballs in August. We do not mean to convey that our people never get married, for weddings are getting of such common occurrence that the boys forget to serenade the contracting parties any longer.

"When one of our young couples get married they do not spend a month honeymooning, like it is the custom in the east, but they settle down to the routine of life with the one harmonious purpose of building up a comfortable and happy home. Instead of 'spooning' around over the country, attracting the attention of everybody, looking sickeningly lovable and calling each other all kinds of sweet little 'chestnuts,' the newly married may be found at work the next day following the nuptials. It may be the bride will fix out a big washing, while the other half will be found plowing corn and carrying water simultaneously.

Prof. Bessey's World's Fair Observations--I

A LITTLE after the middle of September I left Lincoln for St. Louis, following the line of the Missouri Pacific railway eastward over the rolling farming land covered with rich farms, through the beautiful valley of the Weeping Water creek and down through one of the richest agricultural regions in America into Kansas and Missouri. On every hand were evidences of prosperity. Here is a stretch of nearly 500 miles in which farming pays, and pays well, if one may judge from such external appearances as the houses, barns, fences, stock, etc. In many places the great stacks of grain and hay attested most eloquently to the abundance of the crops this season. It made one feel comfortable to see such evidences of prosperity on every hand.

After a ride of about sixteen hours I reached St. Louis, but instead of running into the station away down town I get off at Tower Grove, from which I easily and quickly reach the fair grounds on a swift trolley car. This arriving in the city and safely getting to the grounds is quite an undertaking, and I congratulated myself on accomplishing it with little loss of time and expenditure of money. I entered at the southeast corner of the grounds and slowly walked in a general northwesterly direction toward the Administration building, well toward the opposite corner.

An Imposing Sight.

On the way I pass Festival hall, notable for its dome 195 feet in diameter, its great pipe organ, said to be the largest in the world and its audience room capable of seating 3,500 people. On each side of this building is a Terrace of States, consisting of colonnades and statues, the latter representing the states carved out of the old Louisiana territory. Nebraska is represented by a young woman seated and holding a handful of ripe wheat stalks over her head as a golden garland, while in her other hand she holds a cluster of unhusked ears of corn and the state shield with the words "Equality before the law."

I walk down over the beautifully ornamented slope to the lagoon below and cross over to the Electricity building, the Varied Industries building and the Transportation building beyond, through both of which I pass rapidly. At last I come to the Administration building on a considerable rise of ground. It is reached by a series of broad steps which lead to the great central archway. Here are the principal offices and from them are issued the orders which keep this great organism in harmonious activity. Standing in the archway I glance back over the great buildings which fill the level space eastward for more than a mile. To the south on a commanding eminence is the Hall of Agriculture, covering more than eighteen acres of ground. It is an imposing sight, for here the world of industries has brought together its creations and its products and here are thousands of people thronging the buildings, all eager to see and learn.

It does not take long for one to discover that the grounds are remarkably beautiful, both in general plan as well as in detail. The well kept grass plats, which would put to shame the lawns of most householders in Nebraska, make a general background of beautiful green. On these are massed near walls, buildings and statuary well selected shrubs and trees, while in the most effective spots are placed beds of flowers, which give their rich colors to complete the general setting of the picture. In all the planting the rich effects are almost entirely produced by the judicious use of common flowers—geraniums, scarlet salvia, begonias and cannas, with an abundance of ageratum and pyrethrum for borders. Here and there a fan palm is used quite effectively. It is a great object lesson in the proper use of common plants to produce an uncommon effect.

Absence of Glaring Effect.

It was a happy thought which suggested the use of a reddish gravel (burnt clay) for the walks and drives, thus avoiding the white glare of ordinary gravel. And where asphalt was used it is neither pitchy black (which is hot) nor white (which hurts the eyes), but of a soft, grayish color. Water is always pretty in a landscape, but here it is remarkably so, for it is brought very close to the green of the grassy surface, so that there is no ugly gap between the two. The slender line of gray stone coping is usually all that separates the two. Over the lagoons are thrown many pretty bridges, while in the water are numerous pretty boats, thus adding to the general beauty of the scene. Last, but not least, all over the grounds are groups and single pieces of statuary, mostly done in a gray stucco. Many of these are beautiful, others are remarkable for the strength and vigor shown in the figures and none are commonplace. Looking at the picture in the general neighborhood of the Festival hall, with the cascades of water pouring over the terrace floors down to the lagoons, the softness of colors is one of its notable features. This is carried into the treatment of the great buildings, none of which are white. They are all light colored, but none are so white as to be painful to the eye. The scene is restful, not tiring.

Grouping of the Buildings.

Standing on the steps of Festival hall one looks over a compact group of nine buildings. At the extreme right is the Government building, then the four buildings, Mines and Metallurgy, Liberal Arts, Education, and Manufactures. On the left are four buildings, for Electricity, Varied Industries, Machinery and Transportation. On the extreme left we find the Administration and Forestry buildings, and on a hill nearby are the Horticulture and Agriculture buildings, the latter the largest building on the grounds. Immediately back of Festival hall are the several buildings devoted to the fine arts. I cannot enumerate the hundreds of smaller buildings erected by states and countries, and those by all sorts of enterprises, whose object is to satisfy the hunger and thirst of mankind for "victuals and drink" and amusement.

CHARLES E. BESSEY.
University of Nebraska.

Tersely Told Tales Both Grim and Gay

Premium on Good Behavior.

ABE" HUMMEL, whose experience with divorcees is probably as large as that of any other two men in this country, tells a story of a pretty woman who had just been freed from the bonds that were galling. In her joy at her release she declared to her friends that she would not marry again for at least two years. Just a year later her engagement to another man was announced, with the information that the wedding would take place in three months.

"How this?" asked one of her friends. "How about that two-year business?"

"Oh," she replied. "I have concluded that I am entitled to eight months off for good behavior. Same as they get in jail, you know."—New York Times.

Ran Sawmills with Buttermilk.

Judge Henry A. Shute, the author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," was born in Exeter, N. H., and an Exeter man said of him the other day:

"Harry Shute and I used to fish together in our childhood. Many a mess of brook trout, perch and horned pout we hooked before we knew how to read or write.

"One day when we were fishing a city boy joined us. He sat down on a piece of granite, and while we fished he lied to us about city life.

"When he got through I thought I would do a little lying for the country's sake.

"'You see that farm over there?' I said. 'Well, that farm belongs to Cyrus Skinner, our champion farmer. Do you know how much butter and cheese Cyrus Skinner makes? Why, he makes 1,000,000 pounds of butter and 1,000,000 pounds of cheese a year.'

"The city boy looked skeptical and I turned to Shute to back me up. I turned a little timidly, though, for Shute was, as a rule, a truthful boy.

"'Ain't that so, Harry?' I said. 'Don't Cyrus Skinner make 1,000,000 pounds of butter and 1,000,000 pounds of cheese a year?'

"'Well,' said Harry, 'I can't say as I ever heard precisely how much cheese and butter Skinner makes, but I know for a fact that he has eleven sawmills that all run by buttermilk.'"—Boston Globe.

They Were Lighter.

The Rev. George C. Lorimer, whose death at Aix was recently reported, was the main impetus that carried on the building of Boston's magnificent Tremont temple, and Dr Lorimer's wit, sincerity and imaginative sympathy made him a great favorite with the students at Harvard during his residence in Boston.

At Cambridge, one day an undergraduate asked the opinion of Dr. Lorimer on drinking—moderate drinking.

"I am opposed to it," the clergyman said. "It is perilous. It frequently leads to drunkenness. In fact, most drunkards were moderate drinkers first."

"Naturally malt liquors and wines, though are strengthening, aren't they?" the student asked.

Dr. Lorimer smiled.

"Beer," he said, "is very strengthening. I have known young men to have sent to their rooms large kegs of beer that they could not budge at first, and a day or two later they would be able to lift those kegs with ease."—New York Times.

Good News.

Mr. John Sharp Williams, leader of the minority in the house, tells the following as illustrative of the humors of the spoils system in office:

"Years ago before the passage of the civil service act, when every congressman's life was made a burden by the importunities of constituents seeking office, a friend of mine, then representing an Alabama district in the house, was approached by an old acquaintance who desired a clerkship in the Treasury department.

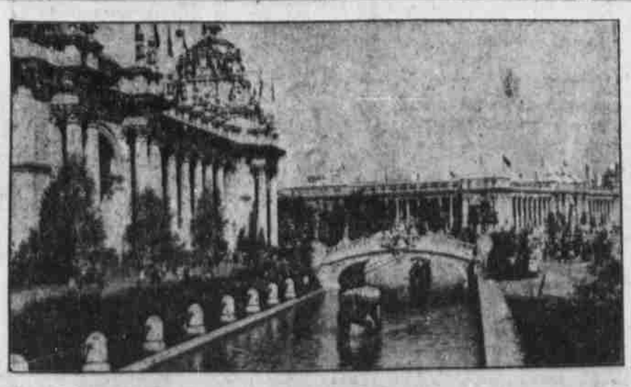
"The congressman informed the man that but a day or two before the head of that department had advised the statesman that there were no vacancies. Nevertheless the constituent of the Alabama representative persisted in his efforts to obtain the coveted clerkship and for weeks haunted the quarters of the congressman.

"One evening, just as the member was sitting down to dinner he was a little vexed, to say the least, by the announcement of his servant that the persistent applicant for preferment at the hands of the Treasury department desired to see him.

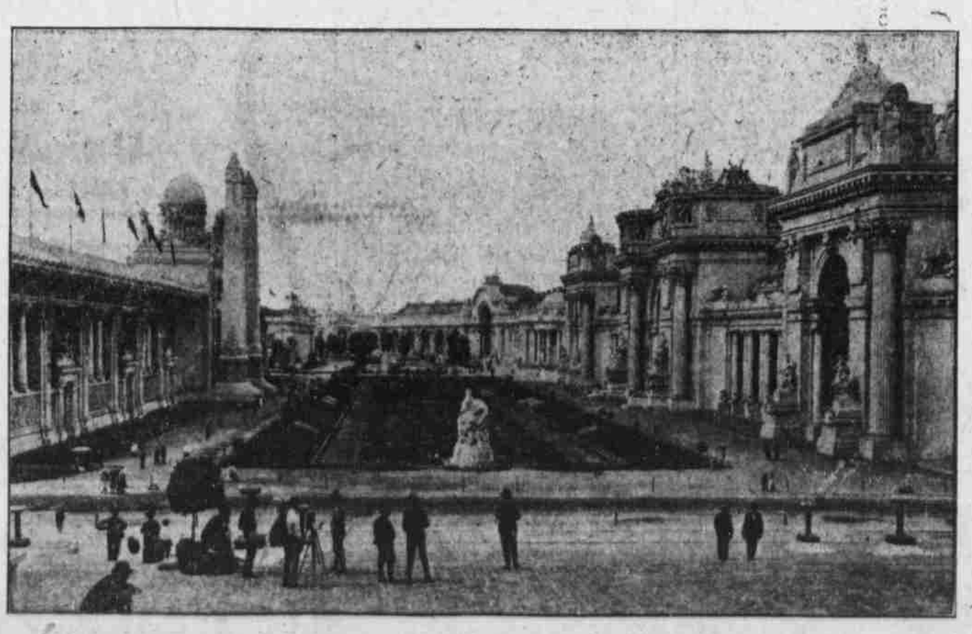
"On entering the drawing room the congressman said:

"'Well, what's up now?'

"'Good news, sir!' exclaimed the office-seeker in great excitement. 'I think you can get that place! A clerk in the Treasury department died this afternoon!'"—Harper's Weekly.



ONE OF THE CANALS, WITH ELECTRICITY BUILDING NEARBY ON THE LEFT AND EDUCATION BUILDING IN THE DISTANCE.



THE SUNKEN GARDENS, WITH LIBERAL ARTS AND MANUFACTURERS BUILDINGS ON THE RIGHT AND MINES AND EDUCATION BUILDINGS ON THE LEFT.

ELECTRICITY BUILDING—FROM THE LAGOON.