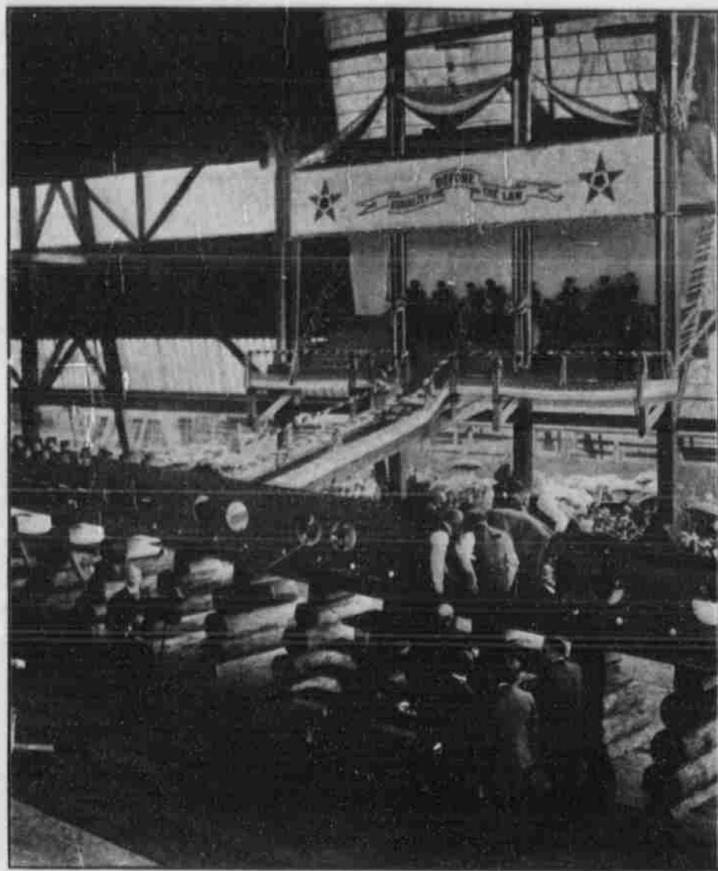
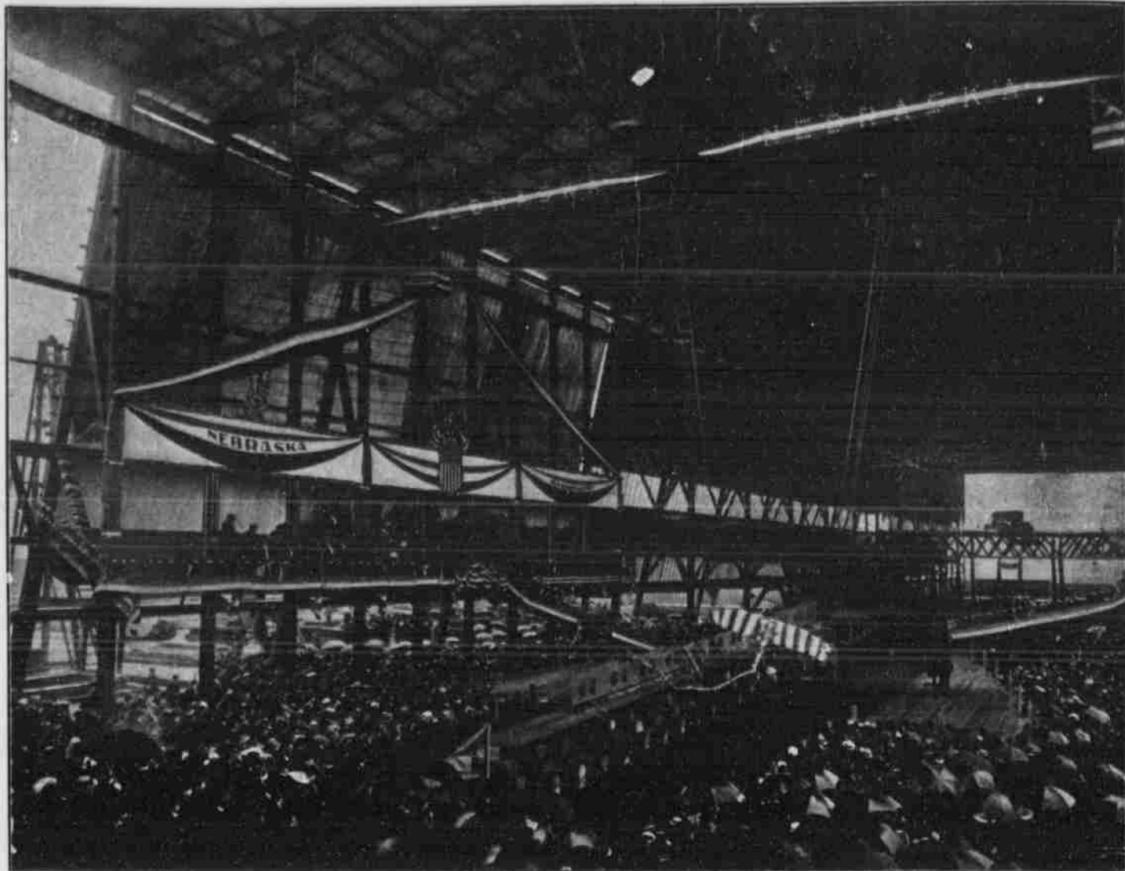


# Laying Keel of Battleship Nebraska

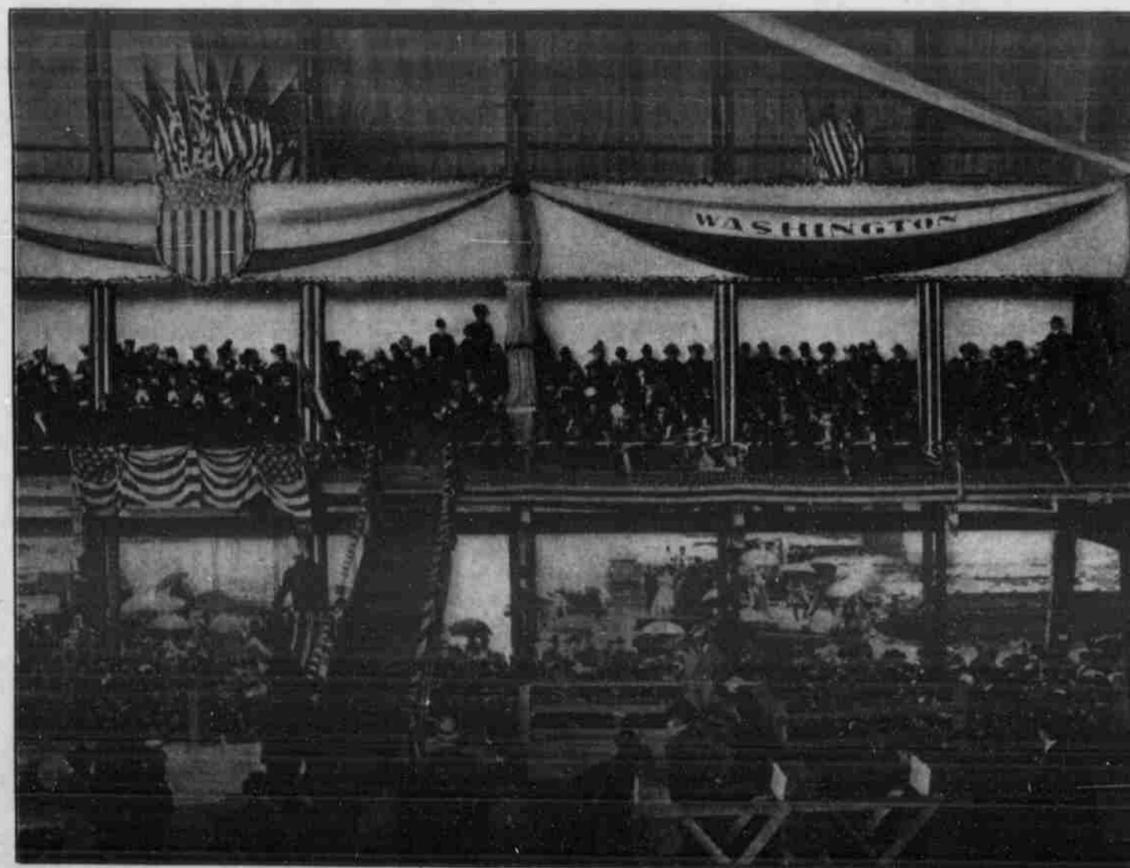
Photos Taken for The Bee at Moran's Shipyard, Seattle, Wash., July 4, 1902



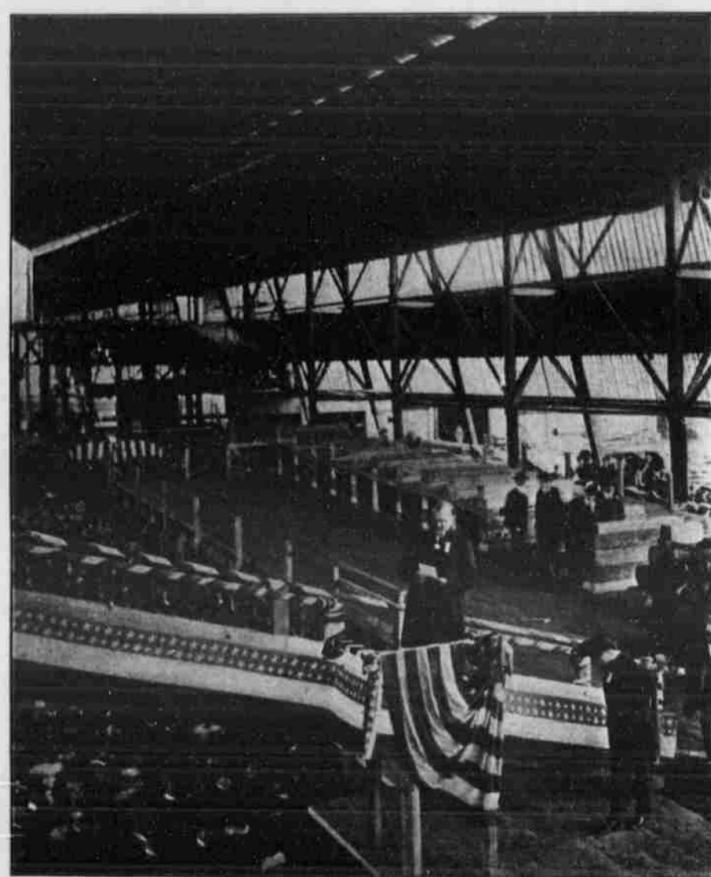
GOVERNORS SAVAGE AND M'BRIDE DRIVING THE FIRST RIVET.



PLACING THE KEEL PLATES IN POSITION.



GOVERNOR M'BRIDE ADDRESSING THE ASSEMBLAGE.



GOVERNOR SAVAGE READING HIS ADDRESS.

## Gleanings from the Story Tellers' Pack

**N**O section, perhaps, is noted over another for the wit of its women, but certainly the sense of humor seems to be very acutely developed in some portions of the south. A story is told of a Virginia belle of a generation ago—a member of the Clark county Taylors, famous in the social history of that state. Her betrothal to a worthy gentleman by the name of Mason had been announced at a formal function and one young gentleman whose hopes with regard to her had been crushed by the announcement greeted her thus:

"May I beg to assure you that I am always yours, in spite of the fact, Miss Taylor, that I hear you are to change your vocation for that of Mason?"

She regarded him contemptively for a moment and then replied:

"I am not quite certain of that, for, having found a goose, I may decide to remain a Taylor."

Senator Blackburn of Kentucky poured out a glass of ice water and drank it with evident satisfaction, relates the Washington Post. "There isn't anything quite as good as water, after all," quoth Blackburn, "which, by the way," he added, "reminds me of a story."

"Down in Kentucky," began Mr. Blackburn, "there was a farmer, who, strange

to say, did not know the taste of whisky. One day, at Christmas time, he was at a neighbor's house and was invited to sample a mixture of cream, lemon, sugar and other ingredients, commonly known as eggnog. He sipped, then drank, then drained several mugs. When he started to go home he felt curious. It's an insidious drink, you know, and when he reached home he went to bed. The next morning he awoke, broke the covering of ice on the water bucket out on the porch and took one long drink.

"Mandy, Mandy, come here and bring the children," he shouted. "I never tasted such water in my life."

Now that the New York democrats are hopefully considering the possibility of electing a governor in November, says the Brooklyn Eagle, the following stories concerning the best democratic governor of the state will be of interest:

In the summer of 1891, when tickets were being liberally manufactured in advance of conventions, Roswell P. Flower was met in Washington by a prominent Brooklynite, who said to him:

"Mr. Flower, a good many people in our city think the nomination for governor is yours for the asking. Now, while the Brooklyn democracy is solidly for Chapin, it does not believe that he can be nominated; therefore, we'd like to know just

how you regard the talk of a nomination for yourself. Are you encouraging it?"

Flower's eyes twinkled a moment, and then he replied in this direct fashion:

"Up Watertown way there was a man who got himself arrested for dog stealing. The judge eyed him severely and said: 'How did you come by that dog?' 'Why, your honor, he jest follered me home.'

"Did you try to stop him?"

"I did."

"How did you do it?"

"Well, I yelled and threw things at him."

"What did you throw?"

"Crackers and sugar."

"So," laughed the Brooklyn interviewer, "you are the dog stealer and—"

"And the nomination is the—well, good day," and the next governor of New York disappeared from the scene.

When Flower was a small boy he fell into an air hole while skating. A companion fished him out with much difficulty. Quite a crowd witnessed the life saving exploit and applauded it. In due time Flower père was informed of the incident and started to thank the rescuer.

"My boy," he began, "it was a very gallant act, and one for which my son and I will always thank you as long as we live.

I am a poor man, and can't reward you as I should like, but remember that I have a high appreciation of your pluck. It was a very brave act, and I do not see how one so small as you dared to risk your life in doing it."

"Well," muttered the youthful hero, "he had my skates and I dassen't lose 'em, or dad wou'd have licked me."

George Broadhurst, a playwright and stage director who threatened to do something original some seasons ago, when he brought out "Why Smith Left Home" and "What Happened to Jones," is a bright young man, who may be heard from yet. An example of his alert wit, recently disclosed, is told in the Chicago Inter-Ocean as follows:

On the eve of the first production of "The Wrong Mr. Wright," by Roland Reed, a dinner was given in the playwright's honor, at which sat Mr. Reed and his daughter and his leading woman, Isadore Rush, and her daughter.

William Seymour proposed the toast, "Here's to Broadhurst, the Moses whom we hope may lead us into the promised land of success."

Broadhurst arose and blurted out: "I suppose the reason Mr. Seymour refers to me as the Moses is because he finds me among the Reeds and the Rushes." Then

he sat down. They tried to encore him, but he knew when his curtain was down.

Lady Russell of Killowen has just witnessed the completion of the memorial placed upon her husband's grave in the Epsom cemetery. The cross now set in its place is reproduced from drawings Lady Russell had made after an ancient pattern still to be seen in the cemetery of the ruined Abbey of Clonmacnoise, on the banks of the Shannon. The slab of marble which covers the Epsom grave is also copied from an antique Irish gravestone, and the little wall of inclosure around the tomb is made of granite brought into Surrey from the late lord chief justice's own Newry mountains.

"Private" John Allen, the Mississippi congressman, seems to have an inexhaustible fund of odd and humorous personal reminiscences. One of his latest is of one day when he and another confederate, somewhat cut off from their regiment, were lying behind a rail fence. The other man was about to bolt for a safer place when a shell from a federal cannon burst a few yards away. "John," said he, "what chance have we agin them Yankees? They was enough stuff in that shell to kill forty men and still they can afford to fire it at just me and you."