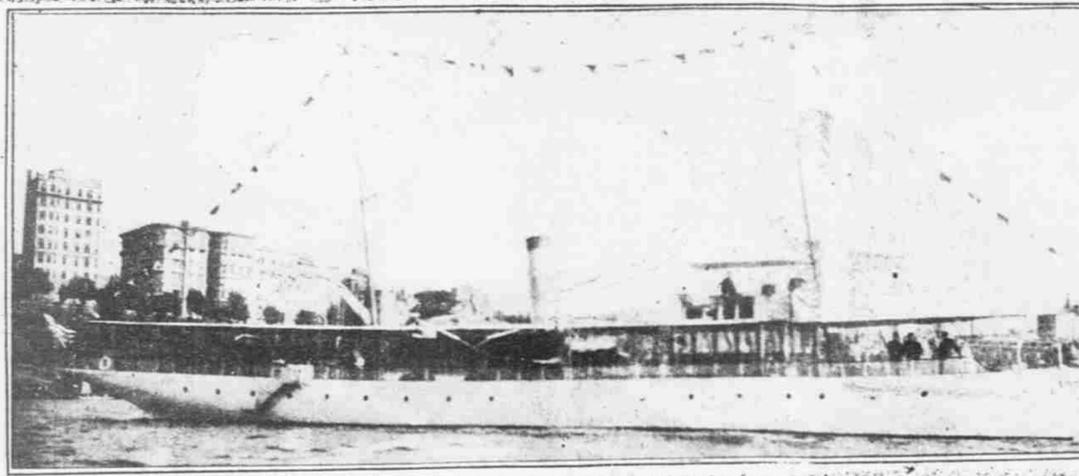


ST. LOUIS YACHTMAN'S CRUISE TO NOVA SCOTIA IN A HERRESHOFF BOAT.

COLONEL JAMES GAY BUTLER'S "DUQUESNE" IS ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY FEET LONG AND HER CABINS ARE ARTISTICALLY FURNISHED IN OLIVE GREEN AND PALE BLUE.



COL. JG BUTLER'S YACHT "DUQUESNE" ANCHORED AT 86th STREET NEW YORK



MRS. J.G. BUTLER WHO ENTERED TRAINED ROYALLY ON THE YACHT "DUQUESNE" LAST SUMMER



COL. BUTLER IN THE STERN OF HIS YACHT "DUQUESNE"



MISS ADELE HART, DAUGHTER OF MR. AUGUSTUS B. HART, FAVORITE GUEST ON COL. AND MRS. BUTLER'S YACHT "DUQUESNE"

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLICAN

One of the finest steam yachts owned by a St. Louis man is the Duquesne.

She is the pleasure craft of Colonel James Gay Butler of West Pine boulevard, who with his family enjoyed this millionaire's luxury last summer.

Three years ago Colonel Butler paid \$50,000 for this fine-looking vessel.

It was built by the famous Herreshoffs of Bristol, R. I., and was the object of especial pride of John Herreshoff, the blind member of the firm.

Before the vessel passed into Colonel Butler's hands Mr. Herreshoff went carefully over this beautiful yacht on his hands and knees from stem to stern, feeling for any possible defect that might reveal itself to his sensitive touch.

After this strenuous and singular inspection of his work, he found the yacht in accordance with his approval.

From the time Colonel Butler took possession of this beautiful vessel he has spent about \$10,000 a year upon her maintenance.

FLYING PENNANTS OF FOUR YACHT CLUBS.

The Duquesne is entered in four yacht clubs, flying the pennants of the New York Yacht Club, the Larchmont Yacht Club, the Columbian Yacht Club and the Manhattan Yacht Club.

She went into commission last season on June 17 and was entered for the trial race in an official capacity.

The Butler's went aboard their yacht with the intention of remaining on it five months, and they never for a day departed from that programme. The Duquesne went as far north as Nova Scotia, Mrs. Butler, especially, is devoted to the

water, and hardly ever sets foot ashore during a summer cruise.

Colonel Butler has had many offers from enthusiastic yachtsmen who wanted to buy the Duquesne, but he refused steadily, and is not likely to tire soon of his costly plaything.

The crew numbers twelve men, including the captain and first mate. Two chefs are employed, and there are two maids for the ladies. There are cabins for eight persons, though more can be accommodated on the large couches which range along the sides of the salon.

The dining saloon is on deck, something unusual in a yacht.

It is a magnificent room, furnished throughout in mahogany and red upholstery.

A regular schedule for meals is observed, the same as on large transatlantic steamers.

Breakfast is served at 9, though Colonel Butler rises long before that time, takes a salt water plunge and tramps the deck for a morning exercise before his first meal.

Luncheon is served at 1:30 p. m. and dinner at 6:30 sharp.

Mrs. Butler, who is a splendid sailor, never stays below except at night.

She occupies a large willow chair, and in stormy weather is strapped to it and covered with Navajo blankets to keep dry.

ENTERTAINED MISS HART OF PORTLAND PLACE.

During the summer the Butlers were never without visitors.

It is one of the customs of this couple to invite a young girl from their set, with

the privilege to ask as many of her friends as she likes, to enjoy the yacht's hospitality.

This year Miss Adele Hart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus B. Hart of Portland place, was the fortunate one.

Miss Hart, who is an exceedingly pretty and stylish young woman, chose white for her sailing costume.

In warm weather she wore white linen duck.

Her everyday costumes were made of white serge, yachting style, and with this dress she wore a nifty cap embroidered in the Duquesne pennant colors and insignia.

Mrs. Butler also appeared preferably in white serge with yachting cap to match.

The Butler yacht's private signal is a flag which combines the Colonel's college

blue, Ann Arbor's color, with cavalry yellow, in memory of his army days.

A small B on a black field finishes the design.

The moment Colonel Butler sets foot on his yacht the pennant goes up, to remain there until she goes into commission or is harbored for the winter.

The club used on board the yacht is marked with this private pennant, combined with the New York Yacht Club's pennant, the red and blue stripes, with a small white star.

All the yacht stationery is stamped in the same manner.

The cabins on board the Duquesne are handsomely equipped. Mrs. Butler's private cabin is finished in olive green and pale blue.

In rainy weather the deck can be en-

closed in with awnings and made just as comfortable as any other part of the boat.

During the entire five months that the Butlers were on board their yacht they never had a mishap from storm or weather, though they experienced some rough seas occasionally.

Colonel Butler since his return home was asked whether he had not been sick by the manner that sailors sometimes succumb, but he denied it vehemently.

"I am built for a yachtsman—short-legged—you know," said the Colonel, "and the best ocean in the world to hold down a deck chair. Mrs. Butler can't be hired to go ashore long enough to let me have a stag party. She is devoted to the boat and the best woman sailor I ever saw."

Colonel Butler's yacht is 138 feet long. The favorite mode in vogue with Mr. and Mrs. Butler for entertaining was to steam into some port, where they knew they would find friends, send the launch ashore and gather up a party of guests, which were not hard to find all along the Atlantic Coast last summer.

These were brought out to the yacht and asked to make themselves at home at once over the boat.

Luncheon was served on deck, and the party was large. It was returned before dark to the port in which it was gathered. Smaller and more intimate parties were held for dinner, and a moonlight cruise during which the yacht's orchestra provided music, often for a dance on the smooth and sliding deck.

When time came for the good-nights the guests were returned to shore. In the launch, one of the three boats with which the yacht is equipped. The two other boats are the dingy and the lifeboat.

Some of the guests who enjoyed Colonel and Mrs. Butler's hospitality last summer on the Duquesne were: Mr. and Mrs. Augustus B. Hart and their daughter, Adele of Portland place; Mr. and Mrs. Howard Blossom, General and Mrs. George B. Shields, and Mr. Leighton Shields, an Annapolis College student; Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wright and family, Mr. and Mrs. John H. McCune, Misses Clara Elizabeth and Mildred McCune, an Annapolis College student; Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wright and family, Mr. and Mrs. John H. McCune, Misses Clara Elizabeth and Mildred McCune, an Annapolis College student; Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wright and family, Mr. and Mrs. John H. McCune, Misses Clara Elizabeth and Mildred McCune, an Annapolis College student; Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wright and family, Mr. and Mrs. John H. McCune, Misses Clara Elizabeth and Mildred McCune, an Annapolis College student.

HOW UNCLE SAM HAD TO WASH AND IRON HIS BOYS' MONEY.

When Uncle Sam pays in gold coins of the United States his obligations to his fighting nephews in the far East a fairly considerable debt is made in the national bank roll.

When the transport drops anchor in Manila Bay and the Quartermaster Captain goes up the River Pook to the office of the Captain of the Port, there is rejoicing from the water front to the Army and Navy Club, in Calle Falco, for the gentleman with the shoulder straps realizes that now to the pump and circumstance, of war—as expressed by the functions at the Governor's palace in Malacan and the General's receptions in Malate road—is to be added the material consideration of valor—money—or, as the natives say it, *dinero*.

Certainly the man who goes a-southering has a right to expect prompt pay. Ordinarily he gets it.

Sometimes, for various reasons, he waits.

The Summer, being the money ship, the word was excitedly passed around Manila the minute her funnels were recognized off Corregidor.

"Now," argued the Captains and the Colonels and the Lieutenants and the "shave tails" and all the rest of the grand army, "now we will get our money and spend it in more or less riotous living beneath the shade of the sheltering palm."

"But," said one, Colonel Charles H. Whipple, by way of being the chief paymaster of the islands, "Manana."

And from the consequent questioning developed the fact that Uncle Sam had been doing a little job of washing and ironing money, and not till the wash was dry could the creditors get their pay.

passengers that money was aboard.

The Summer was a veritable treasure ship, carrying paper to the value of \$500,000 stamped with the promise of the Government of the United States.

Now, as everybody knows, such a sum of ready cash as this is not to be carelessly handled or lightly considered.

It won't do to take a fortune of this magnitude and stow it away in a steamer trunk under the bunk, and it isn't "the regulations" even to put it in the little safe in the Quartermaster Captain's snug office on the main deck.

No, some more secure hiding place must be found.

Such a place was found for the Summer's \$500,000. First the money, which was in denominations of ones, twos, tens and twenties, had been neatly bound up in appropriately sized packages and the whole collection placed in a large wooden box, iron bound and lined with tarred paper. Next, the box had been taken aboard.

who had been let into the secret that half a million dollars was the principal cargo forgot all about its presence on board after the first few hundred miles had been passed and the charms of sea, sky and smoking-room had begun to work.

Everybody who was on board agrees it was a very fine voyage indeed; that is to say, a very fine voyage till the coast of Japan was reached.

Now and then a thing called a typhoon sweeps along the coast of Japan, and when this happens persons in the neighborhood are aware of the fact.

A typhoon is to the coast of Japan what the cyclone and the hurricane and the tornado would be to Kansas if they were all rolled into one and given a running start.

The good ship Summer encountered a typhoon off the coast of Japan.

It was superstitious to speak further on this point. The Summer encountered a typhoon.

hesitated. "We had a typhoon off the coast of Japan," he said, "and possibly you'll find the stock has been watered."

Colonel Whipple opened the box. "The mine has been salted all right," he agreed. Then he added: "This half million dollars has been washed clean enough. It is now time for the ironing."

UP-TO-DATE LETTER PRESS.

In one corner of Colonel Whipple's office in the Santa Petronilla building, in the walled city part of Manila, stands a twentieth century letter press.

The Colonel called one of the little brown brothers who do duty as helpers and gave him instructions to put the greenbacks under the screws.

Several gallons of water having been squeezed out, the preparations for ironing were commenced.

Watches That Run Slower in Evening.

"You know that the vital energies are at lower ebb at night than in the daytime," said an old watchmaker. "Would you believe that some watches—especially the cheaper ones—are actually affected?"

"You know a good watchmaker always wants several days in which to regulate a timepiece. That is because the only way to regulate it properly is to compare it with a chronometer at the same hour every day. Otherwise the variations in the speed of the watch will baffles his efforts."

"The man to whom I was apprenticed told me this, and I thought the idea absurd. We were working late one night, and he called my attention to a lot of watches he had regulated and ready to deliver. It was near midnight and every watch was slow."

"The better timepieces had lagged behind some seconds. The cheaper watches were a minute or more out of the way."

"Next morning every one of the lot was exactly right."

Absent-Minded Man Admired Wife's Gift

The business man had no time to pick out a wedding gift for his dearest friend. So his wife went shopping and purchased a very handsome picture.

"I bought a picture, Jim," she said the evening at dinner, "and sent it up to George Stone's house with our cards. I wish you could have seen it, for I know it would just suit you. In fact, when I picked it out I tried to look at things through your eyes and choose such a picture as you would have selected."

"The business man had carried the wedding gift to the office, and he merely remarked: "That's very nice," an absent-minded sort of way, and let his mind go back to his office again."

A week later he and his wife attended George Stone's wedding. It was a small affair and rather informal. The business man was wandering around in the room where the gifts were displayed, looking aimlessly at the cut glass and silver when he suddenly stopped before a picture.

"I say, Carrie," he called to his wife as that every one near him could hear, "Carrie, this is a beautiful picture. I wish we had it in our house. It's a little bit of work."