

REAL TEST OF TORPEDO.

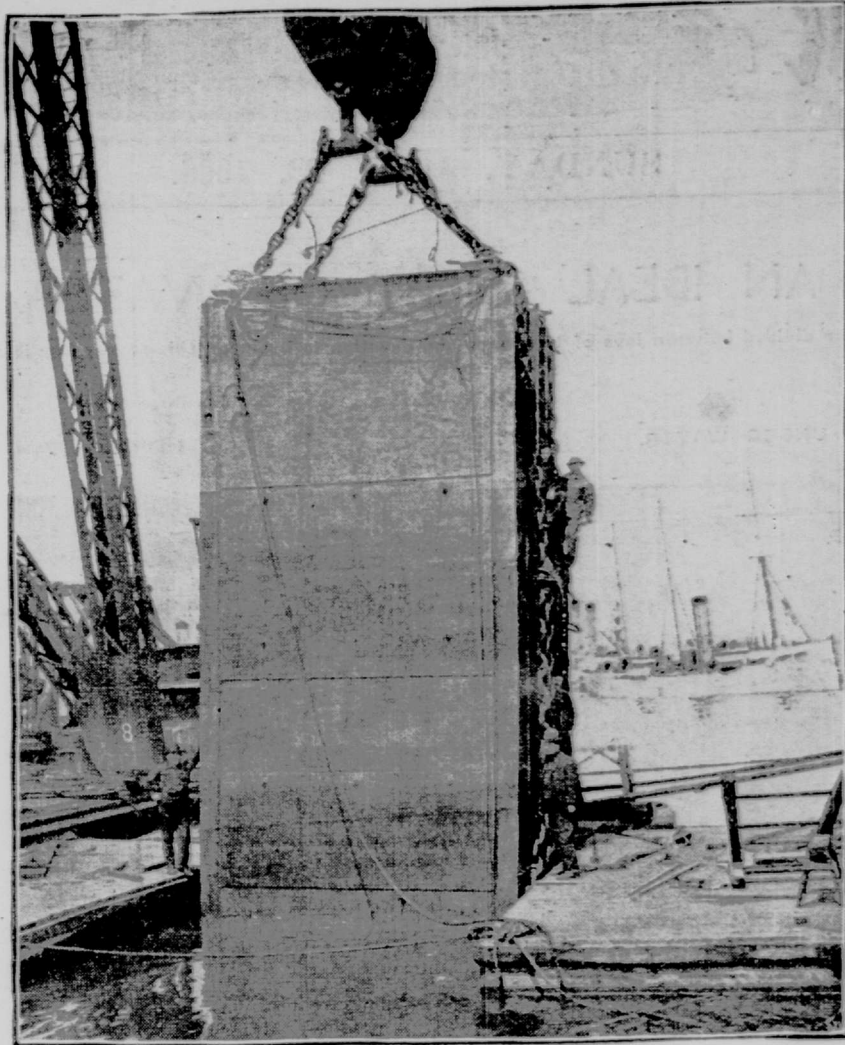
Target Like Part of Battleship Sunk in Practice.

A short distance out to sea from Sandy Hook one of the most realistic bits of mimic warfare ever seen around New York Harbor was recently enacted. The regulation target shooting on land at the proving grounds is tame compared with this thrilling experiment.

An important problem of modern sea fighting which has more or less remained guess-work is the exact effect of the explosion of a torpedo on a modern battleship. In the late Russo-Japanese War the work of the Japanese in this direction is reported to have been extremely effective, but it has not been fully made public. Government officials, however, may soon know from actual tests just what injury the bursting of the torpedo will do if it is sent home or even if it is exploded some distance from the side of a warship.

Torpedoes of a new 21-inch type, which will travel four thousand yards, are now being built for the navy at a cost of nearly \$5,000 each, and before ordering too many of these expensive fighting machines exhaustive trials will be made to determine exactly their real worth as engines of destruction.

For these experiments there was recently constructed at the Brooklyn navy yard a huge armored caisson for the Ordnance Department. This peculiar target represented a complete armored section of the latest type of battleship, having identical compartments, bulkheads and interior construction. It was twelve by twelve feet square and thirty feet high. About seventeen or eighteen feet of it was submerged when it rested in the water in the proper position to be fired at. It weighed over 175 tons, and cost nearly \$5,000. To steady the caisson in the water a ballast of 146,000 pounds of pig iron was arranged on the sides and bottom. The pigs were piled one on top of another and held fast by a network of chains. The top of the target was fitted with a watertight door, permitting a



FRONT VIEW OF GREAT FLOATING TARGET, SHOWN AS IT WAS BEING PLACED IN THE WATER BY A CRANE.

MANY PLEASURE BOATS.

They May Be Found on Gravesend Bay.

To the New Yorker divided between love of the water and duty to business Gravesend Bay is a friend indeed. Within easy reach of Wall Street and Park Row is a body of water which gives the sportsman who cannot get away from the city an opportunity of indulging in every form of aquatic sport to the top of his bent. Its placid waters form an excellent anchorage ground for yachts of all kinds; it is an ideal racing course for canoes and other small boats, and it is only a short run for the larger boats to pass out to sea for an ocean spin. It is no wonder that the shores of Gravesend Bay. Bath Beach, Bensonhurst and Sea Gate are lined with cottages whose owners combine business and all the joys of watering place life within the compass of a single day.

On Saturdays the bay comes into its own, and every possible form of pleasure craft is in use. The New York Canoe Club has races nearly every Saturday afternoon, and canoeing is flourishing particularly well this season. The yachts and launches on the north side of the bay fly the pennants of the Brooklyn, Arcanum and Bensonhurst Yacht clubs, while across the bay the pennant of the Atlantic Yacht Club is in evidence. Four houseboats are anchored in the bay this summer, the largest being A. K. Wright's stanch Sleepy Hollow, lying off the Atlantic Club house, and notable for its nautical roof garden. There are two rowing clubs, the Nautilus and the Ariel, established on the bay.



EFFECT UPON THE TARGET OF THE TORPEDO WHICH SANK IT.

and their shells, in the greatest possible contrast to the big Atlantic Club sloops and steam yachts, give that diversity to the bay which makes it distinctively the home of all sorts and conditions of pleasure boats.

PROBABLY REMOVED HIM.

Irving Grinnell, treasurer of the Church Temperance Society of New-York, told at a temperance meeting a dramatic story.

"A woman entered a barroom," he said, "and advanced quietly to her husband, who sat drinking with three other men.

"She placed a covered dish on the table and said:

"'Thinkin' ye'd be too busy to come home to supper, Jack, I've fetched it to you here.'

"And she departed.

"The man laughed awkwardly. He invited his friends to share the meal with him. Then he removed the cover from the dish.

"The dish was empty. It contained only a slip of paper that said:

"'I hope you will enjoy your supper. It is the same your wife and children have at home.'

REMORSE.

"Remorse," said Mayor Wells of St. Louis, "is an excellent thing when deep enough.

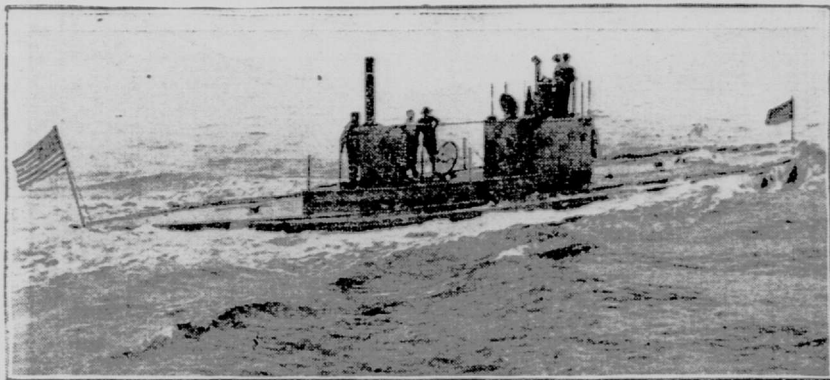
"The trouble with most wrongdoers, when remorse overtakes them, is that the emotion is feeble and shallow.

"The average type of remorse was that of a pickpocket who sent last year this note to a man whom he had robbed of \$100:

"Dear sir: I stole your money. Remorse gnaws my conscience, and I return herewith \$150.'"

RARE EDITION

Prof. John James Audubon's Quadrupeds of North America. Portfolio, 149 plates; elephant edition, published in colors in 1844. Perfect condition. Interested purchasers address T. W. FRANKLIN, 326 Broadway, N. Y. City.



THE SUBMARINE TORPEDO BOAT LAKE.

Photographed as she was passing through New York Harbor on her recent cruise from Newport News to Bridgeport, Conn., which she made without convey of any kind. (Copyright, 1906, by the Lake Torpedo Boat Company.)

man to enter it, and an iron ladder led down to the bottom, affording opportunities to examine the inside and note the effects of an explosion on the plates. The caisson was sent down to Sandy Hook at a cost of \$1,000 for transportation. The 200-ton electric crane Hercules lifted the big steel target from the pier in a sling of heavy chains, and lowered it slowly into the water.

It was then righted and the ballast of pig iron placed inside, while the crane still held a firm grip on the structure to steady it and keep the proper balance.

After it arrived at Sandy Hook several torpedoes were shot at the target. Finally about a hundred pounds of a new high explosive in a 21-inch torpedo warhead was exploded fifty feet away. This represented the average charge that will be fired from the torpedo tubes of battleships and torpedo boat destroyers with the new torpedoes. The torpedo demonstrated that in an actual engagement it would probably sink or disable the most up-to-date battleship. When the great upheaval of water had cleared away after the explosion the target had sunk.

A diver went below and examined the damage done by the explosion. The whole end of the target was stove in, and it was evident that any vessel receiving such injury would be put out of commission at once. The target was raised and will be used again. The tests are expected to yield new and valuable information regarding the use of torpedoes.

HIS FATHER'S MARK.

Dr. Edward Brooks, teacher and author, of Philadelphia, described at a dinner the great strides that popular education had made in the last fifty years.

"Smaller and smaller," he said, "becomes the percentage of the illiterate, of those who cannot read or write. It won't be long before a thing that once happened to me in Sullivan County will be quite impossible.

"When I was teaching school in my youth in Sullivan County a boy one morning undertook to go through the alphabet.

"He stumbled along, and finally came to a full stop before the letter 'X'."

"'Dunno that one,' he said.

"'Oh, yes, you do,' said I. 'Think a minute.'"

board of the Automobile Association, was praising the French as automobilists.

"The French are a remarkable and odd people," he said. "In fencing and in motoring they excel. In football, in racing and, above all, in shooting they are nowhere.

"Three French sportsmen were once out after robins and cuckoos. A robin appeared overhead, they fired simultaneously, but the robin escaped.

"Then they asked all together: 'Who missed that time?'"

CAUTIOUS.

"Young man," said the old lady with eyeglasses in the drug store, "be you a regular clerk here?"

"Yes, ma'am; I'm a regular clerk."

"Be you registered?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Know all about putting up prescriptions?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Never make no mistakes?"

"No, ma'am."

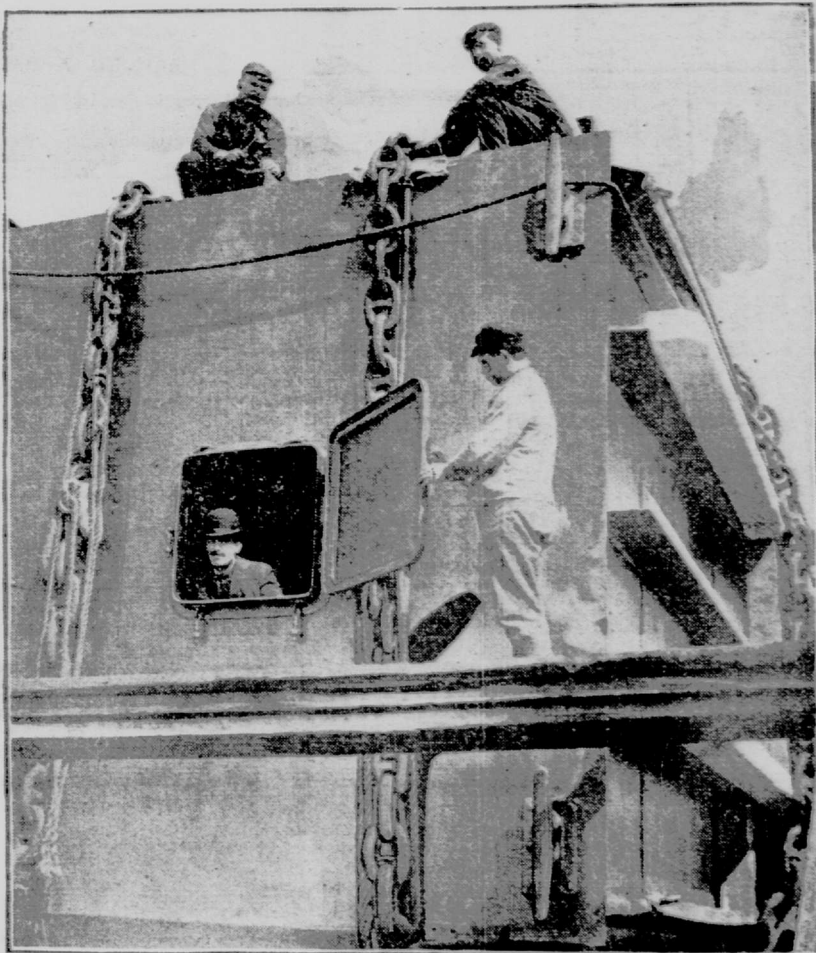
"Well, I guess I'll trust you. Gimme five cents worth of camphor."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

THE REACTION.

"Any new books?"

"Here is the latest novel with a purpose."

"Cut it out."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



TOP VIEW OF THE BIG FLOATING TARGET, SHOWING ENTRANCE TO INTERIOR.