

SUBMARINE FOR THE ARMY

The submarine for the army is the latest proposed adjunct to our military coast defenses. Anomalous as this may seem, still, from the viewpoint of an especially appointed board of experts, there are many of the soundest reasons for this novel proposition. Just whether or not the navy will take kindly to this apparent trespass upon its hereditary prerogatives is not for present discussion, but the fact remains that the army experts have been cunning enough to grasp the significant possibilities of a good thing and to place to their credit the official record of prior recognition.

For months the Lake Torpedo Boat company has been seeking recognition from the navy department, and on Jan. 12 the naval board of inspection

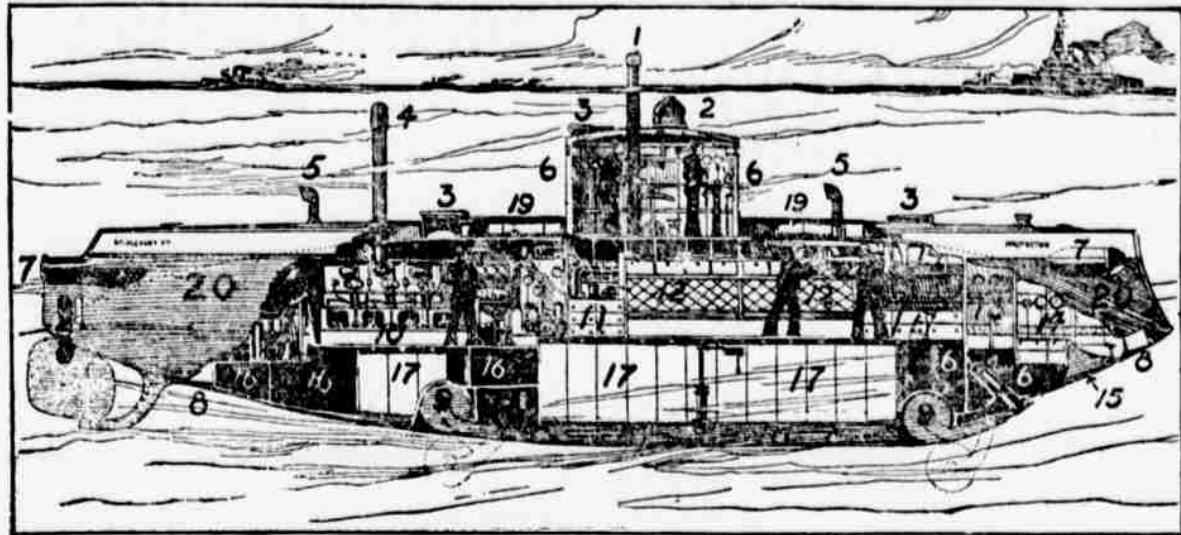
and survey visited Newport, where the Protector has been since the middle of November last, to put the craft through an inspired schedule of competition with an "imaginary" submarine of a rival order.

Ice in the bay, on that date, prevented speed trials over the measured mile course, and the board, being a much engaged body, decided to abandon the tests until weeks later. The next day the bay was clear and so remained for five days following, but the board had turned southward.

The army, however, was alive to the occasion, and just a week later, with the thermometer below zero and the bay again full of ice, arrived at Newport and actually put the boat through a most convincing series of

tests. The result of that day's work was a report that recommends the immediate purchase of five submarines of the Lake pattern, and this recommendation is now receiving the serious consideration of the military general staff.

Standing as the last bulwark against a possible foe are the submarine defenses of our seaports. These are intended to effectually stop such of the enemy's craft as may be able to escape destruction by our gunfire. They are planted in the fields, so to speak, i. e., in symmetrically disposed groups, and so arranged that it would be well-nigh impossible for a hostile ship to pass them if the mines were in proper working order.—Robert G. Skerrett in Boston Herald.



Inboard Profile of "Protector."

1. Omniscience. 2. Armored sighting-hood. 3. Hatches. 4. Smokestack of gas engines. 5. Ventilators. 6. Conning-tower. 7. Torpedo tubes. 8. Anchor weights in their wells. 9. Riding wheels housed. 10. One of the gas engines. 11. Pantry. 12. Folding bunks and transoms. 13. Air-cock. 14. Diving chamber. 15. Diving door. 16. Submerging tanks. 17. Storage batteries. 18. Emergency drop keel. 19. Air flasks and gasoline tanks. 20. Line of spindle-decked main hull.

TO BE DECIDED LATER.

When the Boy Would Know if He Had Had Enough.

The boy, who was visiting his indulgent aunt, had eaten heartily of the preserves.

"Don't you think you've had enough, Willie?" she asked.

"Don't know," he replied.

"Don't know?"

"Nope. Can't tell yet," he said.

"But what do you think?"

"Ain't any use thinking at all. I got to know. Thinking don't help any if you think wrong."

"Well, you're the most remarkable boy I ever saw," said his aunt. "When will you know?"

"In half an hour."

"And how will you know?"

"Well, that's easy," replied the wise boy. "If I ain't sick in half an hour I'll be sorry I didn't take more, and if I am sick I'll be sorry I took so much. That's the only way to tell that I know."

His aunt admitted that it left no room for doubt, but she tried to point out that it was rather unsatisfactory, to which the boy merely replied that he wished there was a better way, but he didn't know any.

Berlin University Students.

The number of students at the University of Berlin is higher just now than at any time since its foundation in 1810. There are 7,503 matriculated students, of whom 331 belong to the theological, 2,565 to the juridical, 3,414 to the philosophical and 1,193 to the medical faculties, respectively. Of foreigners, no fewer than 1,184 are registered, being nearly one-sixth of the students.

MADE JIMMIE WALK HOME.

"Cumpie" Sherman Resented Disloyalty to the Flag.

When Gen. Sherman was a small boy one of his intimate playfellows was James G. Blaine. The two boys, together with Hoyt, a younger brother of the general, were out driving one day, when, as they passed a flag waving in the breeze, "Jimmie" Blaine placed a thumb on the tip of his nose and made a very disrespectful gesture toward the banner.

"Did you mean to do that at the flag?" demanded "Cumpie" Sherman, his loyalty outraged.

"Yes, I did," declared Jimmie stoutly.

"Well, if you do it again I'll put you out."

Nothing more was said, and the drive proceeded enjoyably. On the way home the flag was passed again and again Jimmie Blaine put his thumb to the tip of his nose, and so forth.

Cumpie reined in the horse, took the struggling Jimmie and gently but firmly lifted him out of the wagon. Then, in spite of Hoyt's remonstrance that that was not the proper way to treat a guest, he drove off, leaving Jimmie to tramp the ten miles home as best he might.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Fine Sables for Bride.

One of the most unique gifts ever received by a bride-to-be, says the London Express, is the sables which Baron de Forest has given Miss Ethel Gerard. They are of wonderful softness and are black as coal, without any suggestion of brown. They are said to be the finest in England.

SIMPLICITY OF THE POPE.

How He Once Prepared Coffee for a Guest with His Own Hands.

One morning early, a friend of mine, a Venetian nobleman, called on him. Mgr. Sartò had said mass and settled down to work. His sisters had gone out to mass, or for the household marketing, which they were doing at the Rialto on Aug. 4, 1902, the day of wonders in their simple life.

"Has the count taken coffee?" asked the bishop.

"Well, to tell the truth, no, because the business was urgent, and I have come straight from the railway station," the guest replied.

No excuse availed, and Mgr. Sartò rose and went into the kitchen. So the bishop of dual Mantua and his guest might have been seen there talking and laughing, while monsignor coaxed the charcoal with a black kitchen fan, the coffee fizzed in a tin pot on the range, and the count got out cups and saucers, in order to save his distinguished host what menial service he could. Then they had coffee together at the kitchen table.—From William J. D. Croke's "Anecdotes of the New Pope" in the Century.

Electrical Manufactures.

During 1903 the United States produced \$234,500,000 worth of electrical apparatus and machines used in connection with electric plants and workings.

Sea Tonnage Exceeds Suez.

Through the "Soo" in 1903 passed 35,000,000 tons of freight—three times as much as was carried on the Suez canal.



A NECKLACE WORTH \$125,000.

What the Jewellers' Circular describes as one of the most elaborate and expensive necklaces seen in the trade for some time was taken to Europe recently by a New York dealer in diamonds and pearls. The accompanying illustration reproduced from the Circular shows the actual size of the ornament, which is composed of diamonds and pearls of extremely large size and excellent quality, mounted in gold and platinum, and arranged alternately with a pearl and a diamond. In the entire necklace there were 700 diamonds, weighing in all 375 carats, and 147 pearls, weighing 1,100 grains. Two of the largest diamonds weighed 30 carats each, while the others grade downward in weight to 15 carats. The largest pearl weighs 98½ grains. Each of the large pearls and each of the large diamonds are set in a cluster of 14 smaller diamonds, interspersed with 10 still smaller diamonds. The pearls are likewise mounted.

Among the diamonds are several widely known stones, including the Alvin Joslin gems, the Maximilian diamonds, two other diamonds which once formed the chief stones in a pair of link cuff buttons that belonged to "Boss" Tweed, and two of the Hope diamonds. The two Tweed diamonds weigh 45 carats, and the two Joslin diamonds 40 carats. The pendant attached consists of a pearl, mounted in the center of a cluster of diamonds, with three pear-shaped pearl drops. It can be used as a corsage piece or brooch pin.

HE TOLD THE TRUTH.

Reluctant Singer Very Properly Described His Voice.

Once a number of kindred spirits were enjoying a supper in the land of Burns. When the cloth was removed and the usual toasts were proposed some one suggested a song. The efforts of the first Scotchman met with such a hearty reception that others were induced to follow his example.

In the end it was found that every one had contributed to the evening's entertainment but the medical gentleman who occupied the vice chair.

"Come, come, Dr. Macdonald," said the chairman, "we cannot let you escape."

The doctor protested he could not sing.

"As a matter of fact," he explained, "my voice is altogether unmusical, and resembles the sound caused by the act of rubbing a brick along the panels of a door."

The company attributed this to the doctor's modesty. Good singers, he was reminded, always needed a lot of pressing.

"Very well," said the doctor, "if you can stand it, I will sing."

Long before he had finished his audience was uneasy. The unwilling singer had faithfully described his voice.

There was a painful silence as the doctor sat down, broken at length by the voice of a braw Scotch at the end of the table.

"Mon," he exclaimed, "your singin's no up to much, but your veracity's just awfu'! Ye're richt aboot that brick."

—Tit Bits.

Profitable Anger.

My old medical preceptor told me that when he was a boy his father took him to a doctor who told him that he could not live long, but it made him angry, and he went home with his father, he'd up some nails and took the iron dust as medicine, then he went to the sap-bush and built him a hut and lived there during the run, making maple sugar. He got well and is living to-day, so far as I know, while that must have been a half-century ago. Some people may prefer calling it determination in place of anger.—Earl M. Pratt.

Holidays.

The holiest of all holidays are those kept by ourselves in silence and apart: The secret anniversaries of the heart. When the full river of feeling overflows: The happy days unclouded to their close: The sudden joys that out of darkness start. As flames from ashes; swift desires that dart. Like swallows singing down each wind that blows. White as the gleam of a receding sail. White as the cloud that floats and fades in air. White as the whitest lily on a stream. These tender memories are; a fairy tale Of some enchanted land, we know not where. But lovely as a landscape in a dream. —Longfellow.

BABY ON A BATTLEFIELD.

Suddenly Found One Day in the Thick of the Fight.

Perhaps the strangest incident of the Sino-Japanese war was the appearance of the famous Wei-hai-wei baby. It is discussed to this day in every Japanese barracks and the story is told to the tourist who foregoes the soldiers.

During the lull of the land attack on one of the forts a Chinese woman suddenly made her appearance on the firing line of the sixth division. She was hurriedly ordered to the rear and disappeared. A few minutes afterward a lusty baby boy was found on the ground beside a gun. Capt. Higuchi Seizaburo, who is a man of family, picked up the baby.

The bugle rang out for the advance of a storming party on the fort. The captain tried to hand his tiny captive over to a Chinese prisoner, but the youngster yelled as if he would go into convulsions. He did not want to leave his friend the enemy.

The bugle rang out again, and, with the baby on one arm and his sworn in the other, the captain led the charge and captured the fort. The baby nestled to his breast, untroubled by the roar of battle, and passed safely through the fight. After it was all over a home was found for him in a Chinese village.

Senator Hoar Remembered.

Senator Bailey has strayed from trotting horses to restricting the government departments, and said casually:

"One of the brightest as well as one of the most bitter things ever spoken by one of the wisest members who ever served in the House of Representatives was said to a member who was known as the watch dog on the treasury. The watch dog was silent when an appropriation was coming very near to his home, and this member exclaimed: 'A watch dog never barks at home folks.'"

"Excuse me," broke in Senator Hoar, "that was said in 1869 or 1870, when I first entered the House."

"Well," replied Mr. Bailey, "it was also said under the circumstances I relate. I did not say it was original."

Whereupon Mr. Hoar told at length to whom the remark was originally made and by whom. "In the interests of history," and what Mr. Bailey said under his breath can only be guessed at.

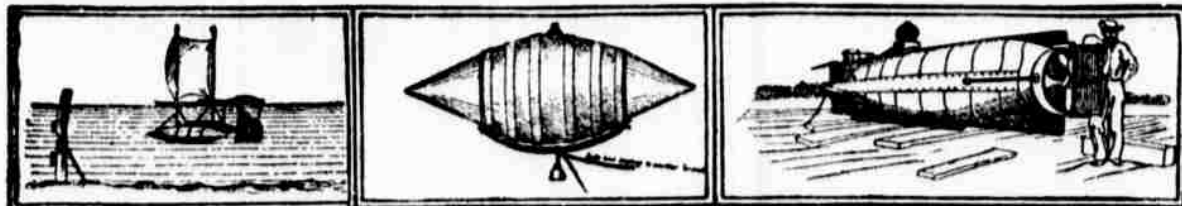
Great Engineering Feat.

Two young men, twenty-three years of age and house movers by trade, have just accomplished an extraordinary feat of engineering. They have successfully moved a 300,000-pound steel oil tank down a steep hill to a mile down the river on barges and placed it on a bank 200 feet high.

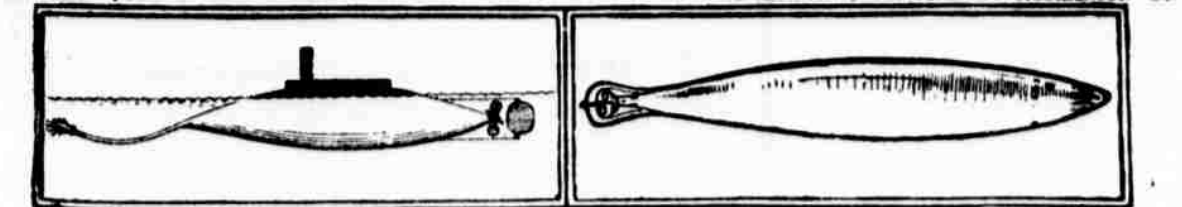
The monster tank was sunk seven feet in the ground and had to be raised before it could be moved forward an inch. The five tracks of the Pennsylvania railroad had to be crossed, and the railroad company gave the movers only forty minutes' time to get from one side to the other.

This is said by the Scientific American to have been one of the greatest tasks ever accomplished by any house-mover. The work was done by twenty-four men and two horses in six weeks.

THE ORIGIN OF THE TORPEDO



AN EARLY TYPE OF TORPEDO BOAT. TORPEDO MINE OF CIVIL WAR PERIOD. CONFIDENTIAL SUBMARINE BOAT "HUNLEY" WITH WHICH THE TORPEDO WAS SUNK OFF CHARLESTON '62.



TORPEDO BOAT OF 1861. MODERN WHITEHEAD TORPEDO.

Writing to the Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch, Col. Richard L. Maury, a son of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury of the Confederate navy, describes the manufacture by his father of torpedoes, which, he says, had their origin in Virginia, were designed in Richmond, and were first successfully used in the water of the James river.

Commodore Maury's trial experiments to explode under water were made with minute charges of powder and submerged in an ordinary wash-tub in his chamber at the house of his cousin, Robert H. Maury, on Clay street, Richmond, and the tank for actual use, with the triggers for explosion and their mechanical appli-

ances for service was made by Talbott & Son, on Cary Street.

"In the early summer of 1861," says Col. Maury, "the Secretary of the Navy and the Chairman of the Naval Committee of Congress and others were invited to witness an explosion in James river at Rocketts. The torpedo was a small keg of powder, weighted to sink, fitted with a trigger to explode by percussion to be fired, when in place, by a lanyard. The Patrick Henry gig was borrowed; Capt. Maury (as he then was) and the writer got aboard with the torpedo, and were rowed to the middle of the channel just opposite where the wharf of the James River Steamboat

company now is, whereon the spectators stood; the torpedo was carefully lowered to the bottom, taking great care not to strain upon the trigger, which was at full cock, the lanyard loosely held on board. The boat pulled clear and the writer pulled the lanyard. The explosion was instantaneous; up went a column of water fifteen or twenty feet; many stunned or dead fish floated around; the officials on the wharf applauded and were convinced, and shortly after a naval bureau of "coast, harbor and river defense" was created, and Capt. Maury placed at its head, with abundant funds for the work and the very best of intelligent, able and zealous younger naval officers for assistants,

Many Passed Gold Mine

A tale is told of a rich gold mine in Idaho, with a ledge of ore which once extended above the surface of the ground in a clear, solid ridge several feet high and entirely distinct from the surrounding formation. This ledge was long and unbroken, and lay directly across the course which hundreds of prospectors took every year to reach other gold fields. This obstruction of rock—the great value of which was long unknown—was too high to be surmounted by pack animals, so the prospectors cut a trail directly through it. For several years these eager gold seekers passed backward and forward over this trail in search of gold mines. One night a prospector camping near this ledge of rock picked up a bit of it and, from force of habit, took it to a creek

near by and washed it. Then he examined the stone, and, to his great astonishment, he found "colors" in it—bits of sparkling gold. The prospector does not mistake gold when he sees it. He is not deluded by iron crystals or bits of mica, as the "tenderfoot" frequently is. The gold sparkle is clearer and brighter than that of any other mineral, and it is the same in sunshine and shadow.

The prospector, tremendously excited, broke off more pieces of the ledge and found more of it bearing free gold. Then he located his claim, and that was the beginning of a rich mine. Yet for years the suggest of prospectors had passed over this trail through the cut in this ledge, never suspecting its value, although by its very prominence it seemed to invite inspection.—Leslie's Weekly.