

# BIG GUN CHARGES

Handling Shells and Powder at a Naval Ammunition Base.

SAFETY FIRST IS THE RULE.

All Workmen on Iona Island, Uncle Sam's Station in the Hudson River, Wear White Serge Suits and Moccasins, and Copper Tools Are Used.

Iona Island, the United States naval ammunition base in the Hudson river, covers 116 acres. Within its limits are stored about 3,000,000 pounds of smokeless powder and over 1,000,000 pounds of black powder, besides many thousands of shells. This war material is kept in large brick and stone powder magazines and shell houses.

The powder magazines all have four separate fireproof walls and are divided up into compartments in order to prevent a fire or an explosion from reaching or destroying the entire contents. The loaded shells are kept separately from the empty projectiles and are stored in two fixed ammunition magazines. Each shell is weighed and numbered before being put away. The weight is recorded in chalk on the shell.

Magazine attendants inspect the shell houses and powder magazines many times during the day and night. At night each visit is recorded on the disk of the magnetic clock in the administration building. The temperature in the shell houses and powder magazines is kept between 85 and 90 degrees.

Just how many shells for the big battleships are stored away at Iona Island is a secret, but there are lots of them. They are expensive. Thus the fourteen inch shells, weighing 1,600 pounds and requiring a charge of nearly 400 pounds of powder, cost about \$500 each.

One of the principal activities at Iona Island is the manipulation of smokeless powder for charges for the large and small guns of the navy and of black powder for bursting charges for the shells. The powder filling houses are situated at widely separated points. They are small one story wooden structures, isolated owing to the possibility of an explosion. The men working in them are required to wear white serge suits and moccasins; no metal or other articles are allowed in their pockets which might in any way cause a spark.

All the tools, funnels, measuring cups, scales and other appliances used are made of copper. Here the delicate and somewhat dangerous business of weighing out the various smokeless powder charges is carried on. The weighing has to be done very carefully. At the Indian Head proving grounds the naval ordnance experts by tests determine the powder charges best adapted for the various guns, and at the annual target practice the results as to range and velocities of the various charges are recorded. Then slight changes in the composition of the powder lead to changes in the weight of the charges.

Each morning the day's supply of powder is brought from the magazine to the filling houses in lead covered wooden boxes. These are zinc lined and air tight. The boxes of powder are emptied into a long wooden trough and with a copper scoop the powder is dipped out, accurately weighed and tied up in quarter, half and full charges in bags of white muslin.

These bags have several wide streamers for fastening them, and each is tagged with the date of filling and the amount of powder it contains. A small ignition charge of quick burning black powder, to set off the smokeless, is stowed in the bottom of each bag. The bags are then placed in large copper cans and returned to the magazines, where they are held in readiness to go aboard the ships.

The big charges of 400 pounds for the fourteen inch guns are arranged in four charges of 100 pounds each. The bags when piled on top of one another reach to the top of a man's head and present a formidable sight of bottled up destruction.

One of the important operations performed in the magazine houses is loading the projectiles with their bursting charge. For the fourteen inch shells fifty pounds of black powder is used and about thirty pounds for twelve inch shells. To hold the shell steady and to get at the base of these huge steel missiles—some of them weighing 3,600 pounds—they are roped in a sling and hoisted clear of the floor by a pulley and chain. The point is then lowered a foot or so into a stout wooden frame with an opening a trifle larger than the shell. Then a long narrow bag is inserted in the shell cavity and the measured amount of black powder is poured through a funnel into the shell. Some fifty of these huge projectiles can be loaded in a day.

Several of the smaller filling houses are used to assemble the cartridge cases and the bursting charges of the three-inch rapid fire shells.—New York Sun.

### A Hardened Criminal.

Mrs. Gotrox—You have shadowed my husband for two weeks. Did he do anything wrong? Society Detective—Wrong, madam! He ate peas with a spoon, ate with a knife and drank coffee from the saucer. I will spare you further anguish by not mentioning his crimes.—Chicago News.

Joy is the ray of sunshine that brightens and opens those two beautiful flowers—Confidence and Hope.—E. Souvestre.

# THE BELL AT LLOYD'S.

Tolls When a Ship is Posted in the Chamber of Horrors.

One of the most interesting of bells is the one at Lloyd's, the great London marine insurance exchange. Its ringing has more significance than the sound of most bells, for it is rung only when a vessel is reported lost or when a ship long overdue and considered lost unexpectedly reaches port.

The bell now used at Lloyd's belonged to the Lutina, which was wrecked near the Zuyder Zee in October, 1709, while taking specie from English merchants to Hamburg.

There is a room at Lloyd's known as the chamber of horrors, and here are posted the telegrams that report casualties at sea. Unimportant accidents are not entered in the loss book, but the most serious are not only entered there, but are cried aloud by an official who stands in gorgeous uniform beneath the sounding board.

When after a week's disappearance it is feared that a vessel has gone down the owners make an application to the committee at Lloyd's to have the ship posted. That is done by posting up a notice in the chamber of horrors which says that the authorities would be glad of information concerning the boat.

A week elapses, and then a second notice is put up, saying that the boat has not since been heard of. When you read that a ship has been "posted" as missing you may know that declaration is upon the notice board at Lloyd's. On that day the insurance money is payable, and all who were upon her are legally considered dead. When a ship is posted the old Lutina bell is tolled once. In the very unusual event of a vessel arriving in port after being posted the bell is struck twice, and the caller makes his announcement from the rostrum amid a breathless silence.—Youth's Companion.

# WOMAN IN HISTORY.

She Appears to Have Got Herself on a Good Many Pages.

Some advocates of equal suffrage and feminine progress seem to think that woman has not been given her proper place and due credit in history.

And yet, don't you know, we had not observed the historic discrimination against woman! On the contrary, the place of woman in history has looked pretty good to us.

What about Joan of Arc? And Charlotte Corday? And Rebecca the Jewess? Anything namby pamby in them? Who said Martha Washington and Florence Nightingale? Then there are—don't let everybody speak at once—Ruth and Rachel and Potiphar's wife, not to mention Lot's.

You bet Caudle had no contempt for Mrs. Caudle, nor Mantalini for the madame.

We need not go so far back as Cleopatra and Aspasia except to remark that in their day they cut a rather wide swath around Alexandria and Athens, and appear no small bunch of radishes on both the dramatic stage and the historic page. Moll Pitcher was a hummer in American history and Sal Jennings a loller in English history; Meg Merrilies was no slouch. Does Catherine of Russia count for nothing, nor Maria Theresa of Austria, nor Elizabeth and Victoria of Britain, among feminine sovereigns?

Gracious, here come trooping in at the door, their bright eyes shining and their rosy cheeks glowing, Jessie Brown of Lucknow and Jeanne Deans of Midlothian, and Ethel Newcome and Lucy Fountain and Florence Dombey, God bless their sweet souls, each and every one!—Louisville Courier Journal.

### Protect the House Wren.

The rich, bubbling song of the house wren is one of the sweetest sounds in country life. It behooves the farmer's boy to provide wren boxes, the entrances to which are about an inch in diameter, nailing these in the gables of barns and outhouses and orchard trees. Grasshoppers, beetles, caterpillars, bugs and spiders are the bird's principal items of food, but cutworms, weevils, ticks and plant lice are eaten in large quantities.

### Exaggerated Evils of Insomnia.

Of the five minor exciting causes of functional nerve disease insomnia is the chief, and its intrinsic evil effect is invariably exaggerated by the importance attached to it by the sufferer himself. If a man does not mind lying awake quite half the mischief is obviated, but in nervous people the idea of fatigue doubles the actual exhaustion.—Schofield's "Functional Nerve Diseases."

### Ground Flat.

An old couple from the country were in town on a holiday, and on going along one of the streets they saw above one of the stair doors "James Simpson, Ground Flat," when the old woman was heard to remark: "She a death. Surely he's been run o'er w' a steam roller."—London Mail.

### Making Sure.

"How shall I express my sentiments toward you?" said the infatuated young man tenderly. "On paper, please," said the lovely, but clear sighted, girl. "Then there can be no chance of your wriggling out of it."—London Telegraph.

### Where They Differed.

"I always try to look at everything from both sides." "Your wife tells a different story." "How's that?" "She says you haven't seen the inside of a church for years."—Chicago Herald.

# FOOD FOR LONDON

The World's Largest City Is Ever on the Verge of Famine.

COULD BE EASILY STARVED.

If Supplies From Abroad Were Cut Off For a Few Weeks Death Would Ravage the Great and Wealthy Metropolis—Sources of Its Provisions.

London is a city and a county, but it is so immense and so diverse that it might almost be said to be a country. One of the most striking things about London is its utter inability to feed itself. In the matter of food its very immensity is the cause of its utter dependence. If supplies were cut off from without it would starve to death in a few weeks.

It is the richest city in the world. It has palatial shops, thousands of stores and countless warehouses, but it produces practically nothing in the shape of foodstuff. It is like a great baby that has to be fed by its mother, the world, and the produce of the world fills the mouths of its 7,500,000 inhabitants.

By the mill, the river and the road all that Londoners eat and drink is brought to them, and three-quarters of it all is conveyed in ships from abroad.

Until the beginning of the nineteenth century London had no docks. Today they cover an area of twenty-two miles, and wheat from the United States, Russia, Canada and the Argentine is disgorged into their granaries for the holds of ships like so much sand. Many Londoners have never seen the docks, but two leaves out of every three that they eat are made from the grain that comes to them through those docks.

Most of the grain ships berth in the Victoria docks, but since they are so necessary to the city's welfare they have the right to moor at any quay in the port of London, a privilege no other vessels possess.

The London butchers never cease to sound the praise of English beef and mutton, but they sell little that is really English. All the cattle that are shipped to London alive pass ashore at Deptford into the market which stands on the site of the dockyard where Peter the Great learned shipbuilding. Every animal is inspected by a government official, and those that are in any way diseased are killed and cremated straightway.

Cattle come by train from all parts of the kingdom to the Metropolitan cattle market at Islington, traveling through the night, and on Mondays and Thursdays the market opens at dawn and continues till 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The cattle that are sold are driven to the slaughter houses and killed, and the meat is on sale at Smithfield early next morning.

At 2 o'clock in the morning this market is ablaze with light, and the streets in the vicinity are blocked with railway vans. At 4 o'clock the salesmen are in their places, and soon afterward the buyers from the big shops arrive, and the sawdust strewn avenues of red and yellow carcasses are thronged.

Smithfield's daily supply of beef and mutton is about 1,600 tons, but only a fifth of this meat is British, and much of the mutton comes from New Zealand via the Victoria docks.

The county of Kent is noted for its fruits and vegetables, but London would be unable to satisfy its craving for green stuff without the aid of other countries. The miscellaneous vegetables annually brought into England from abroad are worth close to \$5,000,000.

There are several markets in the metropolis for such wares—Spitalfields, the Great Northern potato market and the Farringdon fruit and vegetable market—but the bulk of the apples, oranges, lemons, onions, potatoes and other roots that are brought from France, Italy, Spain and Algiers find their way from the docks of Covent Garden in common with the home grown fruit and vegetables which reach London from all points of the compass in boxes and baskets piled high on lumbering vans.

Most of the market gardeners sell their own wares at "the Garden," while the foreign stuff is sold at auction. For 300 years this place has been the premier market of London for vegetables, fruits and flowers, and there are firms who have traded beneath its glass roof for generations.

Some of the fish that feeds London is landed on a floating pontoon at the river front of Billingsgate market, and at a very early hour in the morning one may, if he chooses, gaze upon fishing smacks from the North sea, little open barges loaded with fish that have been lightened from larger vessels in the docks and clumsy looking Dutch galleots loaded with eels which are entitled under a charter granted by Queen Elizabeth to sail up the Thames and moor below London bridge.

The railway companies convey 70,000 tons of fish from different parts of the coast in the course of a year, while the boats convey 57,000 tons. The toiling of a big bell announces the opening of the market at 5 o'clock, and thereafter the fishmongers are busy buying, and the fish porters in their long smocks and flat topped hats scurry from the stalls to the carts bearing fish boxes on their heads.

The provision business is a network of commerce in itself, but there is a big daily distribution throughout London, because without it London would have to live on dry bread, meat and vegetables.—New York Press.

# Micawber Wouldn't Shine as a Gymnast, Would He?

By MOSS.



YOU remember how Mr. Micawber, in Dickens' story, was always waiting for something to turn up. Said he to David Copperfield: "You are no stranger to the fact that there have been periods of my life when it has been requisite that I should pause until certain expected events should turn up, when it has been necessary that I should fall back before making what I trust I shall not be accused of presumption in terming—a spring. The present is one of those momentous stages in the life of man. You find me fallen back for a spring, and I have every reason to believe that a vigorous leap will shortly be the result."

Some Micawbers sit back in similar utter self complacency waiting to leap upon the golden opportunities that their more alert neighbors really pounce upon in the advertising columns of this paper.

DON'T BE MICAWBER. Act PROMPTLY when you see bargains advertised here. Really LEAP upon them. You'll be surprised to find how much it PAYS. THOUSANDS OF OTHERS DO.

Oh, words are trifles light as air! And yet it's very plain That if they're not restrained with care They'll start a hurricane. —Washington Star.

### Points of View.

Patient—This is an ill day's work. Doctor—To me, it is well done.—Baltimore American.

### Psychology of Dreams.

Dreams go by contraries, but they nearly always agree with what we eat.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Get our prices on Milwaukee binders, mowers and rakes. C. W. Elkins' Store.

We give double Brown Trading Stamps on all purchases for Fruit Jars. A complete variety. O. C. Claypool & Co.

### Call for Warrants

Notice is hereby given that all registered General Fund Warrants up to and including register No. 172, will be paid on presentation. Interest stops August 27, 1914.

RALPH L. JORDAN, 8-27 Treasurer and Tax Collector.

# FRONTIER DAYS



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### Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior. U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Ore. August 29, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that Claudia C. Wonderly whose post office address is Prineville, Oregon, did on the 31 day of November, 1913, file in this office sworn statement and application No. 012193, to purchase the sec. section 6, township 15 south, range 19 east, Willamette meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, \$805.00, the timber estimated 1,075,000 board feet at 60c per M, and the land at \$160.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 6th day of November, 1914, before Warren Brown, county clerk, at Prineville, Oregon.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

9-3 H. FRANK WOODCOCK, Register.

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