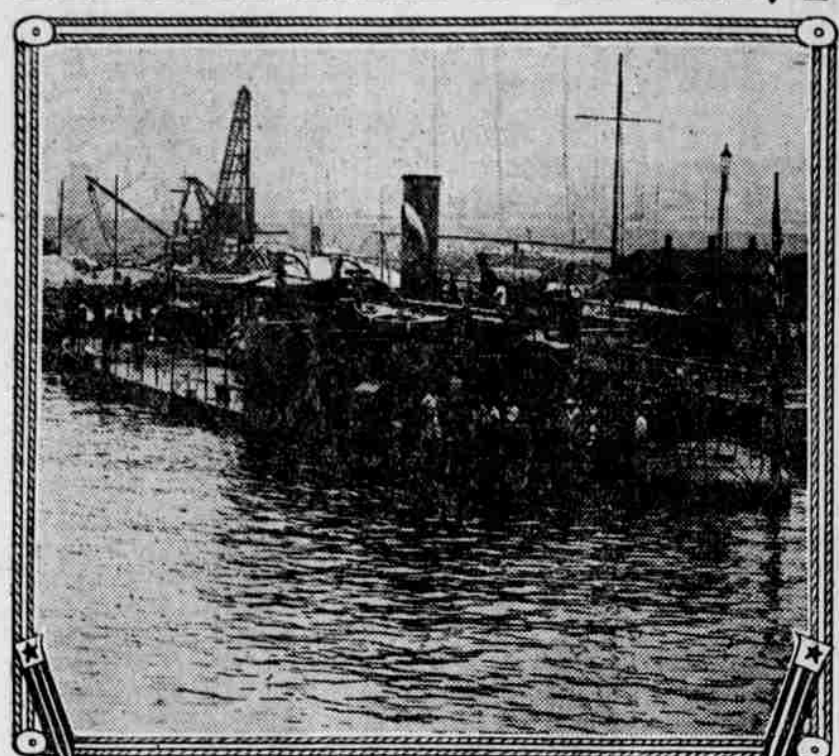


FREAK SHIPS OF NAVY



OLD MONITOR WAITING FOR AUCTIONEER

WHEN the Monitor steamed into Hampton roads half a century ago and played "Delliah" to the Merrimac's "Samson" an important era in the life of the confederacy, also in naval architecture, was marked.

The United States began building more monitors with feverish haste. Wooden sloops, cruisers, corvettes and frigates were hurried into the discard. A navy wasn't the real thing unless it had a lot of queer looking ironclad vessels resembling "the cheese box on a raft."

Naval historians say that the building of the Monitor was an illustration of the adage, "Necessity is the mother of invention." The United States was threatened by an unconquerable iron coated foe. A new style of fighting craft was needed. Ericsson heard and interpreted Mother Necessity's call. The Monitor was the result, says the Kansas City Star.

All well and good! But Ericsson's success caused a score of embryo naval designers to strain their eyesight and hearing searching for another Mother Necessity. Navy departments, admiralty offices and ship-building firms were besieged by architects. Specifications for all sorts of odd appearing war vessels were produced. Most of these met a prosaic death in the waste paper basket; many got as far as the experimental stage; some were actually built and launched and once or twice the seagoing military establishments of the world have been given hair raising scares.

Two Notable Marine Freaks. The Katahdin and the Vesuvius were the names selected by the United States for two of its more noted sea freaks. Both were radical departures from accepted naval construction. Both were expected to revolutionize naval warfare. And both failed.

Rear Admiral Daniel Ammen was responsible for the Katahdin. He lived and died believing that he had given to his country its most valuable weapon of defense.

Admiral Ammen was a studious sort of a chap. He was interested in his profession. He knew how seamen had fought and how ships had been built since the days of Phoenicia. Particularly he liked the methods used by the valiant sea fighters of Rome. He was impressed with their naval architecture, the sharp ramming beaks on solidly built craft.

Why, the admiral probably reasoned to himself, could not this ram be used in modern warfare? He began a quiet search for Mme. Necessity. He took the ram idea of the Romans, the armor plated idea of his own day and the compact machinery plan of Ericsson and began work. He rolled and

hammered and welded these three ideas together and produced the Katahdin.

"It won't work. It is impractical," said the navy department officials.

Then Admiral Ammen smiled and began to explain his theory again. Ammen coaxed, exhorted, demanded and besought. Also he persisted. The navy department said go ahead. The Katahdin was built.

The ram looked like a cross between a great lake whaleback grain boat and a water logged cigar of monster proportions when it was launched in 1893. Then for four years the Katahdin was put through all the trials naval officers could devise. The boat did everything its inventor claimed. The government paid \$930,000 for the Katahdin and then waited for an enemy to humiliate.

In 1898 Spain balanced a husky chip on its shoulder. Uncle Sam promptly slapped it. Here was the Katahdin's opportunity. Along about March, 1898, things looked pretty dark for the United States navy. Spain's fighting ships still had considerable standing. Great things were expected from the Katahdin.

"We have in our navy," one enthusiast declared, "one boat which alone could fight the whole much vaunted Spanish fleet." He meant the Katahdin.

But the Katahdin was a failure. It was designed to chase an enemy into a corner and then puncture a hole in the side of the hostile ship with the 400,000 ton blow the Katahdin ram could deliver. Of course the enemy would fight back; but the conical armored deck of the Katahdin was made to shed shells like a duck sheds water.

It took only a few days to learn that the Katahdin couldn't steam fast enough to ram a rowboat and, most of all, popgun could punch holes in its armor before it got under way. In addition the ram was not seaworthy.

Vesuvius Terror of the Navy. So the skipper of the Katahdin brought his boat back to Washington navy yard and the junk pile. The ram became a curiosity of naval construction instead of a revolutionizer of naval warfare.

Quite recently the Katahdin met a prosaic end by acting as a target for a new style of naval artillery.

The Vesuvius came nearer fame. It was launched in 1886. The Spanish-American war also heralded its death.

The Vesuvius was a dynamite cruiser. Its weapons were three bronze tubes projecting amidships and forward. From these tubes dynamite shells containing 250 pounds of gun cotton were hurled by compressed air. It was expected that a few of these monster charges would destroy a whole continent.

And they might have had the Vesuvius been able to fire accurately. The tubes were immovable and the only way to aim was to point the ship at the target and then regulate the air pressure. In the language of one naval expert, "Sometimes we hit the island of Cuba."

The Vesuvius saw real war service in 1898. It has the Katahdin's record beaten. The Vesuvius would sneak close in to shore at night near Santiago and fire a few dynamite shells. They made a frightful noise when they exploded and won the sobriquet of "the earthquake maker" for the ship, but nothing more.

To quote a naval officer: "The Vesuvius was turned out to be the terror of the seas and became the terror of the American navy."

Officers were afraid the dynamite magazines would explode in a heavy sea.

ECHO OF TITANIC TRAGEDY

Mrs. Bucknell Had a Premonition That Something Dreadful Would Happen.

One of the echoes of the Titanic tragedy concerns Mrs. Bucknell, wife of the founder of Bucknell University in Pennsylvania. Mrs. Bucknell was in a most unhappy frame of mind when she reached the long pier at Cherbourg.

"I feel so strange about sailing," she told a friend. "I know I ought not to go on this boat. I have a premonition that something dreadful will happen."

"Nonsense!" laughed the friend. "Why, how can anything happen in these days of splendid boats and wireless communication? I feel as safe crossing the ocean as I do the street—yes, safer, for there are no motor cars."

"I wish I did," sighed Mrs. Bucknell. "but I feel very nervous. I am half tempted not to go."

However, she did, and as the friend to whom she had voiced her fears was embarking in a lifeboat, after the crash, she saw the white face of Mrs. Bucknell.

"What did I tell you at Cherbourg?" said the latter. "If ever I have another premonition I shall heed it."

"Bluebird" Luncheon.

Bluebird luncheons are one of the pretty fancies of the spring, and Mrs. Edward McLean recently extended such a courtesy to Mrs. Peter Goellet Gerry, who was visiting her mother, Mrs. Richard Townsend of Washington. Bluebirds of exquisite plumage fluttered about on wires which were gently swayed by an electric current, and many others were placed on the handle of a mammoth basket of violets. Each place card had a miniature bird in genuine feathers, the artistic work of the Mexicans, and the suggestion was further carried out by bread, milk, sugar and other characters in Maeterlinck's exquisite play, being decked in flowers and blue gauze and placed at intervals on the daintily spread board. Bluebird luncheons may be given on less expensive lines by having birds of blue velvet and flowers of the spring, jonquills or tulips, and pretty place cards on which the symbolic bird of happiness is painted.—New York Press.

Lincoln's Superb Oratory.

In an address by Joseph H. Choate on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, Mr. Choate spoke thus of Mr. Lincoln's celebrated speech in Cooper Union, in 1860: "With an awkward form and most ungainly address, he stood there with a little trepidation, not very prepossessing; but when he came to speak it was as a flash. Not only his whole personality and his face lighted up, but he seemed to lighten up the audience, and for one hour or an hour and a quarter he discussed the great questions of the day and held the audience in the hollow of his hand."

through the hall on her way to the top floor, where she catches rats. You'd better be careful and not step on her, as that is the only thing that makes her cross.

"It wouldn't be very serious if I did make a cat cross," was the laughing response. But the host shook his head.

"I don't know much about cats," he said. "Our Susie is a boa constrictor. She's as gentle as a baby, unless you step on her. Sometimes she takes a short cut through this room, so don't be surprised if you see her. Good night."

His Dilemma.

"What do your folks think?" asked the poor but respectable young man of the heiress.

"They have no objection to the marriage," she replied. "They will continue to support me and will take you in, but you will be expected to pay your own board."

Not That Part of It.

"Did you say I was a dead beat?" "Nope. I never said you were dead."—Houston Post.

CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

BOOKS THAT THE BOYS ENJOY

Philadelphia Press Makes Denial That Children of Today Are Wiser Than Parents Were.

An English trade publication, after a prolix and profitless discussion of the risks of issuing juvenile literature, makes this portentous statement: "The simple fact is this—children today are wiser than their parents were. They don't want Robinson Crusoe or Alice in Wonderland. They are up to the illad and Dante's Inferno while their parents are reverting with delight to the immortal books they scorn."

We doubt that, says the Philadelphia Press. A healthy boy wants and enjoys a boy's books. Jules Verne wrote them for him; so did Henty, by the score, so did Noah Brooks. The beauty about the boy is that his literary taste—if he is properly reared—matures with his years. He cannot be always tied to apron strings; he escapes from the Swiss Family Robinson to the search for Treasure Island; presently his adolescent eye widens to the clattering hoofs of "The Three Musketeers." Then, as he has aged he has sagged; in the words of Robert Louis Stevenson himself, "he takes horse with D'Artagnan." Thenceforth he may open with impunity the pages of Virgil's Pueris.

Meanwhile his parents have retraced their steps. They are reading again with astonished minds the classics of their childhood. They see amazing beauties, forgotten or unperceived. They are harking back. They are boys again.

GOOD SANITATION IN HAWAII

Washing Trough Placed in Dormitory of School Building for Boys to Cleanse Their Feet.

That the inmates of a boys' school in Hawaii may not suffer from uncleanly habits, a unique contrivance is installed in its new building. The Hawaiian Star tells about it:

In the dormitory a new feature has been adopted, which is the putting in



The Boys Walk Through.

of a washing trough, in which the boys can cleanse their feet before retiring for the night.

The trough is some thirty feet long and ten inches deep. The boys walk through the trough and each of them is handed a towel as he emerges. As the floor all around is cement, the lads walk clean footed to bed.

Victor Not Ashamed.

"Tommy, you have been fighting again," exclaimed a South Side lady to her six-year-old son. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself." "I don't see why," proudly responded the young hopeful, "I licked 'im."

Water Cure.

Here is a pointer to the women: An Atchison woman, seeing that worry wouldn't keep her boy out of the creeks and river, gave her full consent, even urging the boy to go. As a result he has lost all desire for the water.—Atchison Globe.

Would Go Unwashed.

"I'll be glad when I get big enough to wash my own face," said little Willie, as his mother finished the operation. "Why so, dear?" she asked. "Cause then I won't wash it," replied the precocious youth.

Would Have Given Warning.

Papa—"I hear you have been a bad girl today and had to be spanked." Small Daughter—"Mamma is awful strict. If I'd a known she used to be a school teacher, I'd a told you not to marry her."

Jimmie—"Dey tell me dat you said you wuz goin' to break my face if I didn't watch out." Tommy—"Well, you're watchin' out, ain't yer? You've been watchin' fer me ever since I said dat."

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

FOR SPRAINS.

G. M. Northrop, Bisbee, Ariz., writes: "I have been using Mexican Mustang Liniment for a sprained foot with great results. It's an awfully fine remedy for such ailments. It penetrates quickly, removes all inflammation and reduces the swelling. 25c, 50c, \$1 a bottle at Drug & Gen'l Stores."

COULDN'T REPEAT THOUGHTS

Newly Married Man Would Not Tell Wife What He Was Thinking of When He Missed Train.

"Alfred," she asked, cuddling up to him, "do you tell me all your thoughts?"

"Why do you ask that, you foolish little girl?"

"Because I love you so. You promised that you would tell me every thing. Do you?"

"Oh, you wouldn't want me to tell you everything, would you?" She drew away from him in sudden fright. Her worst suspicions were verified.

"You are deceiving me!" she exclaimed. "You—"

"No, no, my dear, don't think that. I wouldn't deceive you for the world."

"You have just admitted that you don't tell me all your thoughts."

"Well, there are some that—"

"Don't! Don't!" she cried. "You are going to lie. I hate lies the worst of all things. I—"

Her feelings overcame her, and she covered her face with her hands.

"Don't be silly," he begged.

"Silly!" she tragically replied. "Do you call it silly for me to refuse to be deceived?"

"You are not deceived. I never—"

"You have just admitted that you have thoughts which you cannot tell me!"

"Oh, I could tell them to you; but I don't think you would care to have me do so."

"Then what are they?"

"They are the thoughts I think when I have to run to the station in the morning owing to a late breakfast, and see the train moving out of the station."

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practices for many years. Now dedicated to the Public and sold by Druggists at 5c and 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Asseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Primrose Day.

Primrose day (in England), the anniversary of the death of Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, had its origin in the tribute, a modest wreath of primroses, sent by Queen Victoria for the funeral of Beaconsfield. The general impression that the primrose was Beaconsfield's "favorite" flower came from a misunderstanding of the words attached to the queen's tribute: "F. Victoria. His favorite flower." The public thought the queen meant that the primrose was Beaconsfield's favorite flower, when in truth she meant that it was the favorite flower of the prince consort.

Emerson on Woman Suffrage.

If a woman demands votes, offices and political equality with men, as among the shakers an elder and elderess are of equal power—and among the Quakers—it must not be refused. It is very cheap wit that finds it so droll that women should vote.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other.

Caution's Choice.

"A man of your energy and talents should take an active part in politics." "No," replied Dustin Stax. "I prefer big business. In politics when you decide to forget the details of a transaction some one is sure to pull an old scrap book on you."

Pineapple for Sore Throat.

A Honolulu remedy for sore throat is fresh pineapple, as much as one can digest. The effect is said to be marvelous.

Bach's Place in Music.

Bach was known as the master of the organ. He is responsible for the present system of piano playing, the use of all the fingers.

Some Mosquitoes Don't Sting.

It's the female mosquito that does all the biting. Those that have the leathery, plume-like antennae are the males and they are harmless.

Fashion's Dangers.

Fashion is dangerous, not only because it swallows up fortunes and virtues, but because it reveals your most intimate thoughts to all who can read.

And Then They Envy Others.

Most men do not care to pay the price of success in labor, perseverance and self-denial.

CLING TO THEIR PRIVILEGES

Ambassadors Enjoy Many Rights That Have Been Accorded Them for Centuries.

"Ambassador" and "minister" mean pretty much the same to the average man, but there is a very great difference between the two, inasmuch as an ambassador possesses many privileges abroad that do not pertain to a mere minister.

Perhaps the most curious privilege of an ambassador, who is accredited to the ruler of a country and not merely to the government thereof, as is a minister, is that the ambassador may when dismissed turn his back to the sovereign to whose court he has been assigned. Briefly described the mode of procedure is as follows:

When the audience is at an end the ambassador waits to be dismissed by the sovereign. When dismissed the ambassador bows, retires three paces, bows again, turns on his heels and walks to the folding doors. But when he is reigning sovereign is a woman a more polite method is employed. To turn his back would be to resign a

privilege; therefore the ambassador retires sideways. He keeps one eye on the sovereign and with the other he endeavors to find the door. By this unique means he contrives to show all politeness to the sovereign and at the same time retain his ambassadorial privilege in retiring. Another privilege of an ambassador is that of being ushered into the royal presence through folding doors, both of which must be flung wide for him. None save an ambassador can claim this privilege, the greatest favor in this respect that can be shown any non-ambassadorial representative consisting in the opening to him of one door only.

There is one privilege of the ambassador, a privilege that sometimes occasions great inconvenience to the ruler, which consists of his right to demand admission to the sovereign by day or by night.

What Susie Was.

The Mexican was showing his newly arrived New York guest to a room, and after the usual courtesies he paused on the threshold to say: "By the way, we always turn Susie loose for the night, and she will pass