

The Plattsmouth Journal

G. B. MANN, W. K. FOX, Publishers.
PLATTSMOUTH, - NEBRASKA

In four-fifths of the hotels and restorants of Germany the waiters receive no pay, and are expected to live on their tips.

The railroads of Holland are so carefully managed that the accidental deaths on them average only one a year for the entire country.

The Ruskin Commonwealth of socialists at Waycross, Ga., has failed, according to a dispatch to the New York Sun. Only three families remain, the others having departed for the North and West. Their printing outfit is advertised for sale and the land will go the same way. This will wipe out the last vestige of the colony, which went from Tennessee two years ago.

The compliments of the Companion to fifteen millions of boys and girls who again take their seats in the schoolrooms and pick up their books! A most respectful bow to the four hundred thousand teachers whose summer vacation should send them back to their sacred task with freshened energy and joyous enthusiasm! And three times three for the public schools of America!

A lively scrap between a clergyman and a layman was witnessed at a baptizing ceremony in Stanchfield Lake, Minn. George Tomlinson had agreed to be baptized there by the Rev. Mr. Orrock, but his nerve deserted him at the last moment. The clergyman attempted to use force, and there was a struggle, the convert angrily resisting. After a prolonged contest, the minister succeeded in ducking the unwilling convert in three feet of muddy water.

The death is announced at Genoa, at the age of 98, of Pierre Maurier, a Frenchman, who lived on the island of Elba when Napoleon took up his compulsory residence there in April, 1814. Pierre remembered hearing the news towards the end of February, 1815, that the Emperor, with over 1,000 followers, had sailed away in feluccas bound for Provence. The lad used to carry eggs and fruit to the kitchen of the Emperor and one day that famous potentate caught him stoning a dog and sharply reproved him. Maurier was presented to Victor Emmanuel in 1863 and the King was much interested when he heard from Pierre's own lips his memories of the great Napoleon.

Figures may not lie, but they are often disappointing. Census figures, especially, are apt to fall below what is expected of them. The recent census of Canada shows a population of 5,328,822, which is an increase of 505,594 over the total of 1891. The gain of about ten per cent in ten years seems to many Canadians a meager result of a decade of prosperity, and of energetic efforts to promote immigration. But it is the rule nowadays that city populations grow faster than rural, and Canada has few cities. Only eighteen places in the Dominion have more than ten thousand inhabitants. But there remains the consolation that not all the elements of national greatness are measured by a count of heads.

Several articles of jewelry embedded in the flesh were discovered in the making of an autopsy on the body of Paul Shirvell, a Russian, who was killed in a mine in Pennsylvania. In the leg was a miniature dumbbell, about the size of a cuff button. In each instance the jewelry had been fastened in the man's flesh, which had grown over the article, completely hiding it from view. On the body of Frank Lorenz, who committed suicide at White Haven recently, was found similar ornaments embedded in the flesh. It is believed Lorenz and Shirvell were political exiles from Siberia, and that the fastening of jewelry in their bodies was a part of the punishment inflicted by prison authorities.

Commodore Perry is a name high in honor in the United States navy, having been the title of two famous brothers—Oliver Hazard and Matthew Calbraith Perry. On September 10th, eighty-eight years ago, the elder brother, a young lieutenant who had never seen a naval fight, fought that fierce Battle of Lake Erie, which saved the Northwest to the United States and gave the world the dispatch: "We have met the enemy and they are ours." Forty-eight years ago last July the younger brother landed in Japan with a message from the president which practically opened that country to the world. The Matthew Perry monument recently unveiled at Kurihama, Japan, is a shaft thirty-three feet high made of a rare native stone and bearing an inscription in gold written by Marquis Ito. A dense crowd of natives witnessed the ceremonies, both Japanese and American battleships fired salutes from the harbor, and one of the speakers was Rear Admiral Beardslee, who, as a midshipman under Perry, was present at the original entry.

Henry J. Furber, Jr., professor of political economy at the Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., has been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, in recognition of his interest in the educational affairs of France. About five years ago Prof. Furber suggested to the French Minister of Public Instruction certain changes in the rules governing foreign students attending the French universities. The suggestions were adopted, and the change was followed by a marked increase in the number of American students in French colleges.

Peers and peeresses of England are getting a new supply of coronets to wear at the coronation of King Edward VII. Authorities agree that there should be six pearls on a baron's coronet, sixteen on a viscount's, eight on an earl's and four on a marquis'. It has always been the custom to make these "pearls" of metal, since real pearls are not large enough for the purpose. The peeresses, however, are considering the advisability of ornamenting their coronets with mother-of-pearl balls.

Monarch of The Seas

Retvizan, Greatest of Battleships, Just Completed

When the Russian unfurls the blue cross of St. Andrew on its field, milky white over the taffrail of the Retvizan, a few weeks hence, he will possess the greatest battleship, in many respects, of which any navy can now boast. To find out if all this is so, the Cramps, who created the vessel, are ready to take her to sea for a preliminary trial, which promises to be of world-wide interest.

This ship, more than any other that is even approaching completion, embodies every development of the monster man-of-war which had for its first model Ericsson's tiny monitor; and the czar's officers, who have watched her grow from the simple center keel plate smile now and are impatient to exhibit their prize to naval Europe.

A battleship of nearly 13,000 tons, that can run as swiftly as an ordinary accommodation train on a first-class railroad; that will house nearly 800 men, and which, at a distance of ten or a dozen miles, can hurl 3,400 pounds of chilled steel and high explosive against an enemy from the four great guns that peer out of turrets of steel, which resemble in shape nothing so much as the skull of an

will run the Retvizan over the measure, and knowing the exact distance from mark to mark, will keep a record of the revolutions of the big twin screws until the time comes when a carefully measured space is covered exactly at the required speed.

Then the time will be ripe for the main test, and for twelve hours the ship will be forced onward over a course laid anywhere in the sea that gives the required area of deep water, and throughout the revolutions of the propellers must average at least up to the turns that were found necessary to make the contract speed.

The coming first trial of the big battleship is called a preliminary, or builders' test, but it is much more interesting, and far more important than the final acceptance trial of twelve hours, for it really shows the qualities of the ship for the first time, and in addition, every gun will be tested, a feature totally eliminated from United States warship trials. Their guns keep silence until long after the vessel is in commission, then the firing trial is ordered.

Has a Terrific Battery. The Retvizan carries a terrific battery and the big guns are novel to

United States yet, though the new ships have precious little wood about them.

It will be only a few days before the world will know whether this \$3,000,000 combination of steel is a success or a failure, and if she proves the test, as everybody believes she will, then the world must bow, for the era of the 18-knot battleship has come.

HAUNT OF WILD BIRDS.

Granite Cliff Near North Cape, Holland, Literally Covered With Them.

One of the greatest haunts of wild birds in the world is Helmslo-Stauren, a mighty cliff of granite rising from the ocean near the North Cape, Holland. It is a precipitous wall nearly 4,000 feet in height, whose surfaces are broken by niches and shelves and little crevices evidently caused by the disintegration of the rock, writes Wm. E. Curtis in the Chicago Record Herald. The sea birds of the Arctic have found it of great convenience and make it their headquarters. The wall is protected from the wind by its peculiar position, and the instinct of the feathered population of this region has taught them that it is the safest place they can find. Hence every little niche contains a nest. Nobody knows how many there are, but during the season when little birds are mating and nesting and until the little ones are old enough to take care of themselves the cliff is covered with them.

The captain of the approaching steamer gives to his passengers notice of his nearness to the place, creeps up to the side of the cliff as quietly as a steamship can go, and when in the proper position blows a whistle, fires a cannon, lets off a lot of skyrocket and makes as big a noise as possible, which frightens the birds, and everything with wings starts shrieking into the air. The sky is filled with them like a cloud of smoke, covering the vessel for a few moments until they scatter in the distance, and after a while recover their courage and come back gradually and congratulate themselves upon their escape from death and disaster. A photograph cannot give any kind of an idea of the scene. The birds are so small and the rock is so large that they are mere atoms in the atmosphere. But those who have witnessed the avalanche of frightened birds, and have heard their plaintive, wailing cries, will never forget it. This colony, the captain declares, numbers millions. They consist of gulls, sea swallows, eider ducks, loons and puffins.

REVIVAL OF ROAD HOUSES.

Rural Taverns Doing a Good Business at Present Time.

There are certain old country taverns here and there, up toward Westchester and down beyond Brooklyn and over on Staten Island—not only those which everybody knows, like the Hermitage in the Bronx and Garrison's over by the fort at Willets Point, but remote ones which have not yet been exploited in ways or books, and which still have a fine old flavor, with faded signs and a few faded and faded signs. In some cases, to be sure, though still situated at a country crossroads, with green fields all about, they are now used for Tammany headquarters, with pictures of the new candidate for sheriff in the old-fashioned windows—but most of them would have gone out of existence entirely after the death of the stage coach. If it had not been for the approach of the city, and the side-whiskered New Yorkers of a previous generation who drove fast horses. If the ghosts of these men ever drive back to lament the good old days together, they must be somewhat surprised, possibly disappointed, to find these rural roadhouses doing a better business than ever in their day. The bicycle revived the roadhouse, and though the bicycle has since been abandoned by those who prefer fash-

BRIDGE BUILDERS.

MAGIO IN AMERICAN ENTERPRISE IN THIS LINE.

The Shan State of Thibaw Opened Up to the World by a Railroad Over Hills, Through American Skill and Engineering.

There seems to be no spot in the world into which American enterprise is not penetrating. The way in which the United States is building great steel bridges in far off lands is something which will bring a wall of woe from the bridge builders of England, who have until recently had a monopoly of this sort of thing. How many people ever heard of the Shan State of Thibaw? It is a region lying between upper Burma and southern China, and through it runs the old caravan route from China to Mandalay. Long before the British took Burma the trade of the Far East filtered through Mandalay by slow stages, up and down the rugged hills and valleys, through the thick jungles and over the mountains, finally descending the Ghaut mountains and emerging on an open plain. Now this is all changed, and a railroad winds up the hills and over the plateau between Mandalay and Thibaw. American skill, American ingenuity and American enterprise made this possible, for by means of a great steel bridge and viaduct the obstacle of the great mountain gorge of the Gokteik Valley—an obstacle which seemed at first insurmountable—has been successfully overcome. This Gokteik Valley slopes from the mountains on one side to a canyon 500 feet deep, at the bottom of which rushes a turbulent river. Across the river precipitous cliffs tower high up, forming the further wall of the valley. Across this canyon the caravans used to cross by a natural bridge, a causeway under which the river had tunneled. Now over the valley and canyon stretches a spider-like structure of steel, crossing the river 850 feet above its surface and striking a series of tunnels and artificial ledges in the face of the opposite cliffs, by which the railway makes its way to the slopes of the next valley. In building this bridge use was made of the old natural causeway for a foundation for some of the bridge piers, so that the deepest pier of the bridge is only 325 feet high—high enough, but not so high as it would have had to be had not the old causeway been there. This Yankee bridge is 2,000 feet long and 4,000 tons of steel enter into its construction. It was built in sections in the United States, carried with infinite care and there set up, every bolt, bar, rivet and truss finding its place and fitting into each other with the utmost nicety. Such things are the very magic of mechanics, and more wonderful they seem than any of the state old exploits of King Solomon's Dims. A man in Pennsylvania takes a piece of paper and makes a lot of figures on it. He then takes another piece of paper and draws a lot of lines on it—his calculations and his plans—the weaving of the magic spell. Then half-naked figures in the lights of flaming fires in dusky, cavernous buildings make pieces of steel that his master magician directs; they are his gnomes working out the spell. These pieces of steel are packed into boxes and shipped to the far off mountainous land, where dusty caravans wind through the hills laden with the products of Cathay, and the grave, white-turbaned merchants tell each other tales of the wonders of Oriental sorcery as they journey. The master magician from Pennsylvania waves his magic wand, his subordinate magicians spring to their work, and lo! before the astonished eyes of the people of the caravans appears a light and airy way of steel springing across the valley, and over it rush the iron devils, spouting smoke and fire—what means that the 6:30 train on the road to Mandalay is passing—New York Press.

PAVEMENTS OF CRYSTAL.

New Paving Material of Great Strength and Durability.

You would scarcely expect to read of streets paved with crystal in any other than a fairy book, yet a new paving material, called ceramo crystal, which is of great strength and durability, has been invented by M. Garchey, the well-known scientist, and preparations are now being made to use it on some of the main streets in several European cities. Ceramo crystal is mainly composed of pounded glass, which has simultaneously been submitted to a considerable pressure and to a very high temperature. Its hardness is described as perfectly astonishing by those who have seen it tested, and it has a resisting power of 2,718 pounds to 4,828 pounds to every 100th part of a square yard. Moreover, neither cold nor hot weather has any influence on it. A weight of 8,400 pounds was recently allowed to fall on a flagstone of this material, yet it did not make the slightest impression on it, and not until it had fallen twenty-two times from a height of three feet did a crack appear in the crystal. The authorities here to whom one city says that if the tests which they propose to make on a few main thoroughfares prove satisfactory it is practically certain that all the streets will in time be paved with ceramo crystal. They point out, however, that a few years must elapse before it can be really known whether or not this new material possesses all the merits that M. Garchey's friends claim for it.—London Express.

The sale of seats will commence Thursday morning at the Division Theater for the opening attraction at that theater this season, which is "Lovers' Lane." The range of prices will be 25 cents to \$1. The company to appear here consists mainly of the persons who were engaged in the New York and Chicago productions where the piece was a hit. The production is under the management of the energetic W. A. Brady. The first performance of "Lovers' Lane" will be given next Sunday.

Mosquitoes have no pedigree, yet they are often

RECLAIMING BAD BOYS.

Parole System Is Making Good Citizens Out of Them.

Miss Lillie Hamilton French tells in the World's Work how the parole system for boys who have been convicted for crime in New York is putting the majority of those whom it reaches up on the straight track to manly life and good citizenship. "For boys over 16," says Miss French, "there was absolutely nothing except the common jail as a place of detention, nothing except the penitentiary as a place of punishment. For the benefit of these boys, then, the law was amended, and when Mr. Willard volunteered to take under his charge as an experiment, boys between the ages of 16 and 22 or 23, who had been for the first time convicted of misdemeanor, the court turned them over to him, paroling them instead of sending them to the house of refuge, or imprisoning them, or suspending sentence. During the course of the year there are sometimes as many as 1,500 of these boys arrested, at that susceptible age when, one of the judges said to me, 'a few days in the tombs will act as a corrective, while a few months' imprisonment will ruin them for life. Once let a boy get into the penitentiary and his hope for redemption is small. He must be saved in the first instance or not at all.' And the result? I asked one of the judges. 'The result?' he answered. 'You remember some of these boys. How nice they were, what promising faces they had. Had we no parole system we should have been obliged to send many of them to prison. We could not even have suspended their sentences. In such cases, what chances would they have had? For a boy convicted of stealing in a department store could not have been taken back under suspended sentence. The example to the others would have been bad. But with the parole system the condition is changed. He goes back to prove himself.'

PET DOGS ARE TATTOOED.

Fashionable Fad That Will Doubtless Be Extensively Followed.

A decidedly novel occupation which has of late been noticed is that of tattooing the names of their owners upon dogs, says the Baltimore American. Several months ago there appeared in northwest Baltimore a young man who is engaged in that pursuit and during the time he remained here he did a good business. Among the dogs which underwent the operation is a pretty little fox terrier belonging to Charles F. Wornia, which rejoices in the name of Boozie, and a fine bred bull terrier, Jip, the property of the Chesapeake Brewing Company. Both animals bear upon their breasts, where the hair grows thinnest, the names of their respective owners. Contrary to the belief of some that the operation is a cruel, painful one, those who have seen it performed declare that the animals apparently experienced very little pain. The operation lasts about fifteen minutes. The animal is usually held by two men, one having hold of the hind legs, while the other holds the front paws. With a set of very fine needles the operator then goes to work, deftly pricking the letters into the skin, just deep enough to draw a few drops of blood. Then he pours the Indian ink all over the wounds, or, rather, scratches, and the operation is over. In a few weeks the sores are completely healed and the animal bears during the remainder of its existence an unmistakable mark of identification. The price of the operation is 50 cents.

THEATRICAL BUSINESS.

Ingenuous Devices Resorted to by Dramatic Managers.

The business of the claque has been subdivided into many branches, all of which are controlled by one man or group of men. The applauders—even the lady in the box who faints, and the man who hisses at a good part in order to arouse the indignant enthusiasm of the audience—were all provided for so many tickets a performance. To be sold by agents to the public. So carefully were the plans of campaign thought out that the Whiteley of applause used to provide a man or woman, dressed in provincial style, to jump up and scream out, "There's the villain hiding behind that tree," or the like. We also hear of cowboys in the far west pulling out their revolvers and peppering the melodramatic villain. On one occasion in a London theater the business instinct came out in the same way. A relative of the lessee was enacting the part of an indignant father, whose son had got into the hands of the money lenders. In the interview with the money lender the father severely lectured him, and then demanded his son's bill. "There, sir," he said, "is my check for one thousand pounds." The money lender was just reaching out for the check when a voice came out from the pit: "Don't you take it, old chap. I've got one of his now for six pound ten, and he's asked me to hold it for a fortnight."—Chambers' Journal.

Reassuring Him.

"Time flies, perhaps I've made my call too long," he said. Said she: "Oh, no, it wasn't long at all—it only seemed to be."

—Philadelphia Press.

Charlie's mamma missed a small pot of jam one day, and as she noticed some tell-tale evidences about Charlie's mouth and hands, she asked him if he had seen or eaten the jam. Charlie insisted that he had not even seen the jam. Papa thereupon was called in, and Charlie was punished severely. Drawing Charlie close to her, and wiping the tears from his eyes, mamma said: "When I was your age, my boy, I never told a falsehood." "How old were you before you began?" asked Charlie between sobs.

"Oh!" gasped the beautiful woman as she fell back, clutching at her heart and permitting the telegram to flutter to the floor. Her fashionable guests rushed forward, crying: "What is it? Has your husband met with an accident?" "No—no," she moaned; "it is from my son-in-law. I am a grandmother."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A woman has better sense than a man.

WISE PAINTING

Not much wise painting done; poor paint, mostly; too cheap. Nobody wants it poor; everybody wants it cheap.

Devoe ready paint is cheap because it isn't poor; it's unlike any other; because we guarantee results instead of materials.

Wise painting is—Paint in the fall and use Devoe.

Ask your dealer; he'll get it for you. Book on painting free if you mention this paper. GOOD-PAINT DEVOE, CHICAGO.

The Past **QUARANTEES** The Future

The Fact That

St. Jacobs Oil

Has cured thousands of cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Sprains, Bruises and other bodily aches and pains; is a guarantee that it will cure other cases. It is safe, sure and never failing. Acts like magic.

Conquers Pain

Price, 25c and 50c.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

Sozodont

Good for Bad Teeth Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont Tooth Powder 25c
Sozodont Large Powder 75c

HALL & ROCKELL, New York.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY.

quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 100 testimonials FREE. DR. H. H. GREEN'S 8088, Box 9, Atlanta, Ga.

MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY OF EXPERIENCE.

OUR GUARANTEE ARE BACK OF EVERY WATERPROOF OILED SLICKER OR COAT BEARING THIS TRADE MARK TOWER'S

ON SALE EVERYWHERE. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. CATALOGUE FREE. SEND FOR IT. A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS.

ENORMOUS CROPS

North Dakota has just harvested a wonderful crop of wheat and flax. Reports from the various railway points along the "So" Line show yields of 25 to 38 bushels to the acre, and from 15 to 20 bushels of flax per acre. Flax is now bringing \$1.25 per bushel. Most of the crop was raised on newly broken land, so that the first crop pays for the farm and all the labor, and leaves a handsome profit. There is still plenty of good free government land open for entry, also good openings to go into business in the new towns along the "So" Line. For descriptive circulars, maps and particulars, write to D. W. Casseady, Land Agent, "So" Line, Minneapolis, Minn.

REMYINGTON TYPEWRITER

Sold (with or without Typing Machine and Tabulating Attachment) Exchanged, Rented, and Repaired. Remington Typewriter Ribbons for all Machines. Lino and Carbon Paper, and miscellaneous Typewriter Supplies and Furniture.

1619 Farnum St., Omaha.

OMAHA & ST. LOUIS R.R. WABASH R.R.

Cheaper Than Passes.

\$10.15 to Indianapolis and Return. On sale Sept. 15, 23, 30; Oct. 7.

\$21.15 to Louisville, Ky., and Return. On sale Sept. 15, 23, 30; Oct. 7.

\$21.15 to Cincinnati, O., and Return. On sale Sept. 15, 23, 30; Oct. 7.

\$21.15 to Columbus, Ohio, and Return. On sale Sept. 15, 23, 30; Oct. 7.

\$21.15 to Springfield, O., and Return. On sale Sept. 15, 23, 30; Oct. 7.

\$21.15 to Sandusky, O., and Return. On sale Sept. 15, 23, 30; Oct. 7.

\$21.75 to New York and Return, Daily.

\$25.75 to Buffalo and Return, Daily.

\$11.50 to St. Louis, Mo., and Return. On sale Oct. 6 to 11.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS. On sale 1st and 2nd Tuesday of each month.

Tourist rates on sale DAILY to all summer resorts, allowing stop-over at Detroit, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and other points. For rates, lake trips, Pan-American descriptive matter and all information, call at

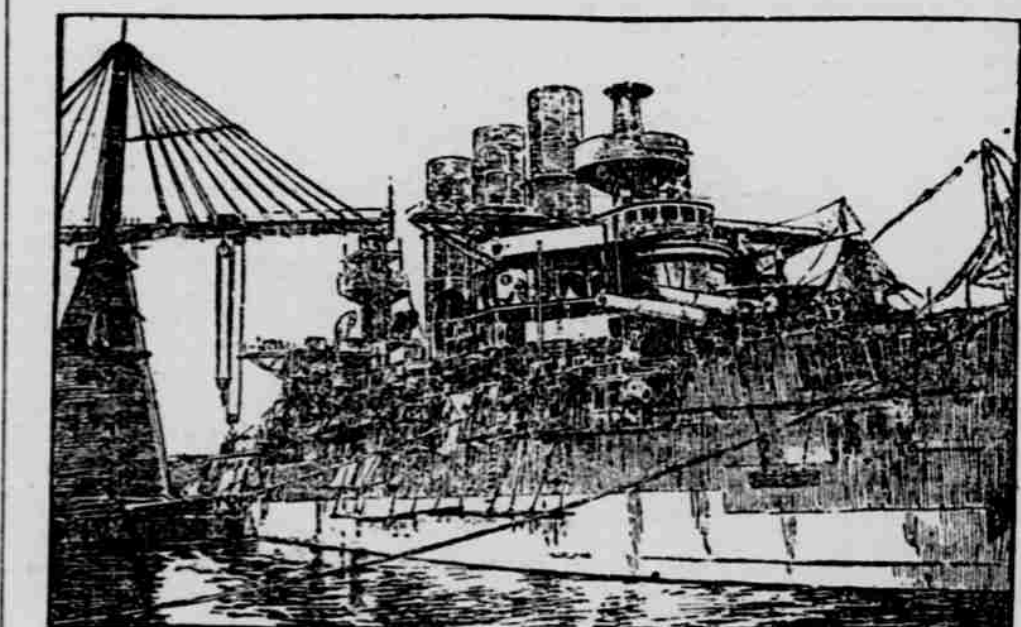
CITY TICKET OFFICE, 1415 Farnam Street, (Farnam Hotel Bldg.) or write HARRY E. MOORES, G. A. P. D., Omaha, Neb.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

W. N. U.—OMAHA No. 40-1903

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CHIEFLY USED IN THE FALL. Best Cough Syrup. "Piso's Good" Use in Consumption.



NEW RUSSIAN BATTLESHIP RETVIZAN, LOOKING AFT.

orang-outang—elliptical balanced turrets, the plans call them—that is the Retvizan.

Warship builders the world over knew that the czar wanted ships a few years ago, and all figured on how best to please the imperial marine ministry. But the czar not only wanted vessels—he wanted them of a type vastly improved and, moreover, he wanted them quick. Then it was that Charles R. Cramp figured out the possibilities, first of the Variag, now the crack protected cruiser of the Russian navy, and second of the Retvizan.

A Hard Problem.

It was the latter which needed the most figuring. To build a ship of the speed required, displacing approximately 13,000 tons—12,775 to be exact—and float it in less than twenty-six feet of water, was the proposition, and its answer is the huge craft now about to seek the sea to try herself. The hull, which carries the typical sweeping American lines that mean grace and speed, is 284 feet long between perpendiculars, and seventy-two feet two and one-half inches wide, and as she lies now there are nine inches of Krupp armor spread over the massive sides for two-thirds the entire length. Above this belt there is six inches to the deck line; the gun positions, in casemates above, have five inches of plating. Back of the armor is the curved protective deck, which covers the vitals of the ship. To keep out any stray ranging shot that might go through and disable a gun or two, heavy armored bulkheads are worked in at the ends of the main and casemate belts.

This is the first battleship built in this country with a complete installation of water-tube boilers. This was one of the novel features involved in the Cramp plan and all the machinery is particularly adapted to this type of boiler. They will make the steam that will give the two ponderous triple-expansion engines the power to whirl the shafts with the strength of 16,000 horses. Then the twin 25,000 pound propellers will be called upon to push the ship ahead at the rate of eighteen knots an hour, though it would be hard to find a man at Cramps' who does not believe that the indicated horse power developed will be much in excess of the requirements and that the speed will be nearer nineteen than eighteen knots.

Russians Require Severe Tests.

When the Russians accept a ship there is no chance of their getting anything but what they order. A United States government trial, severe as it is, when the vessel is forced at top speed over the deep course between Cap Ann and Cap Porpoise for four hours, would never satisfy the czar's men. They have a set of tests of their own devising that, if practiced on all the ships of foreign navies, would likely result in half of them being declared failures.

First they wanted no assisted or forced draught used; next they insist that the vessel shall maintain the contract speed for twelve consecutive hours, and incidentally they stand about to watch the indicator cards and see that it is done. When it is considered that the United States government proving course off the New England coast is only fifty knots long and that Uncle Sam's ships steam it over twice to prove their merit the difficulty of having deep-sea room enough to run a vessel twelve hours on a stretch and all the time at eighteen knots an hour must be evident.

Builders' Test Is Interesting.

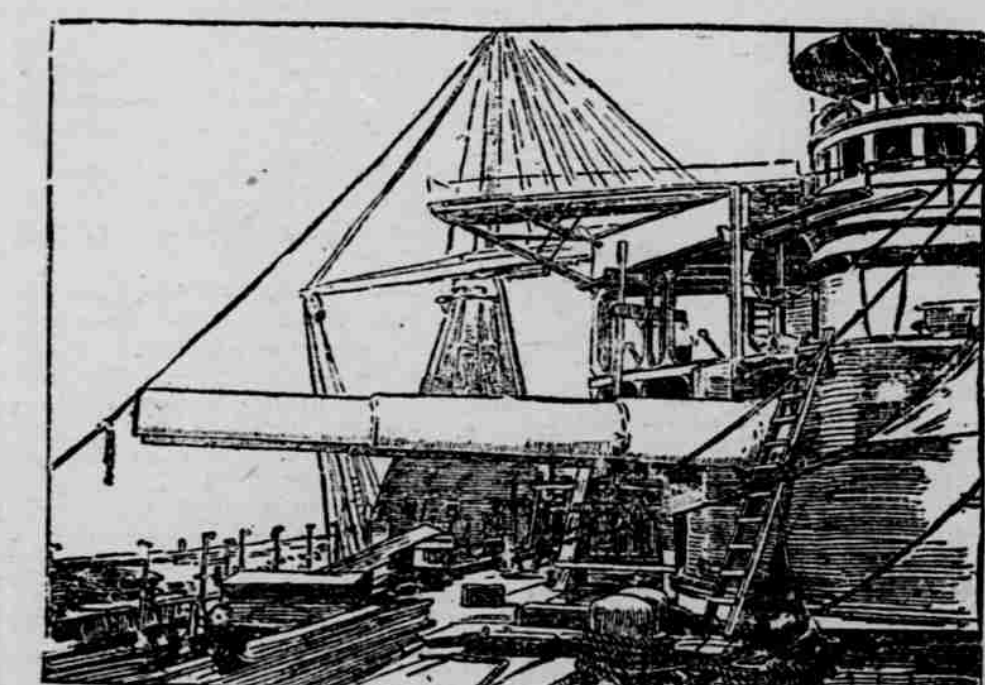
But there is a way to overcome this difficulty. The modern battleship is nothing if not a piece of machinery, and machinery well geared, like figures correctly totaled, never lie. So they

American eyes, for the Russians manufacture all their own heavy ordnance at the Obukoff works. They are really a modification of the famous French-Cadet type and have practically the same style of breech block and, like all such weapons, are fired by electricity and loaded by machinery, except for the pushing of the shell into the yawning breech.

There are four twelve-inch, twelve six-inch and twenty-three-inch guns in the main battery, while the secondary group is made up of twenty-four seven-millimeter Hotchkiss rapid-fire cannon. Every one of these has to be tested, not because the Russians fear the efficiency of their guns themselves, but to enable them to learn just how the carriages and the fittings stand the strain and also what sort of a gun platform the vessel is.

Therefore the Cramps will man the ship with a crew from their yards, all of them skilled engineers and firemen, and Capt. Stechennovitch, the future commander, will take aboard gun crews made up from the 100 or more men who are here as a part of the crew that will take the ship home. Once compasses are adjusted, the nose of the Retvizan will be pointed out of the Delaware capes to the open sea and she will be run slowly to the deep water that lies just beyond the Five Fathom banks, perhaps sixteen miles off shore. Then, between the northeast and southwest, light vessels of the Bank, known to be just 114 knots apart, the first speed run will be made, and when all is found satisfactory a northwest course will carry the vessel far away from the track of any regular liners or coasters and the swarthy Russian sailors will be given their chance to participate in the affair.

This they will do by firing each gun at nothing but the water, first with half a service charge of powder and



ONE OF THE RETVIZAN'S POWERFUL GUNS.

then with the regular war charge and projectile. The effects of each shot on every plate, beam and stanchion will be noted, for the great guns use 210 pounds of the highest power smokeless powder to hurl their 850-pound pointed cylinders of steel, and the crush and shock of such a discharge is little less than a small earthquake.

There is one thing sure in connection with the Retvizan. She will never catch fire. The lessons of the Yalu river, Manila bay and Santiago are now too deeply rooted in the minds of the Russians to permit them to use wood in any form in the construction of their ships. So she has asbestos bulkheads in all the living spaces and the entire interior is sheathed with the same fire-proof material. Even her boats will be of metal, a step which has not been taken by the

ion to exercise, the places that the wheel disclosed are not forgotten. They are visited now in automobiles.—Scribner's.

Learning Among the Clergy. The idea that the business of a clergyman is to maintain and spread belief in a particular religion which he believes to have been revealed, and of his bishop to see that he does it, is slowly dying away, until there is a doubt whether learning is of any use, and the man who possesses it, especially if it be of the older kind, is regarded often with kindness no doubt, and sometimes with admiration, but usually with a pity from which contempt is not entirely absent. "What could you expect?" said a country town magnate a few years ago when told that the largest parish was falling into disorder. "Why E— (the rector) is a Hebrew scholar."—London Spectator.