

HEROES OF OLD SEA FIGHTS

Veteran Commanders Who Will Face Spanish Admirals if War Comes.

SEVERAL NAVAL LEADERS WITH RECORDS

Youngsters of 1861 Are the Seniors of 1898—Services of Keiser, Schley, Evans, Dewey, Knutz, Howell, Sigbee and McNair.

Should the navy of Spain confront the American navy with hostile intent there would be found aboard Uncle Sam's fighting machines not a few men who are familiar with the grim reality of war. The heroes of the civil war have not yet passed away nor have they reached an age where they cannot render now and splendid service to their country on the seas.

Rear Admiral Keiser, who is in command of the North Atlantic squadron and who would thus be conspicuous at the very beginning of a war with Spain, was a lieutenant in 1861 when Sumter was fired on.

Commander George Dewey is a veteran who needs no new service to give him a place in naval history. He was a lieutenant when the civil war began, having just been graduated from Annapolis, and he first came to the attention of the nation in the Mississippi, which had served on stations all over the globe, bore Perry's pennant at the opening of Japan to the world, and was engaged in the destruction of many an officer who had sailed her.

Commander Albert Knutz became a lieutenant in the navy in April, 1861. He had an eventful record. In 1862 Lieutenant Knutz served upon the staff of Admiral Farragut on the Hartford. He commanded the first division of great guns in the engagements with Fort Jackson and St. Philip, the Chalmette batteries and the capture of New Orleans in April, 1862. He had command of the "howitzers" under Captain Henry Bell at New Orleans, with his own hand hauled down the "one star" flag from the city hall after the mayor had refused to strike it, and hoisted the stars and stripes

electric storage battery weighs 1,300 pounds, and runs two motors, each of one and one-half horse-power. The bargains have four horse-power motors.

One of the club oddities of the country is the "Jolly Hundred," organized twenty years ago by 100 young men of Brooklyn. For some years the annual dues were \$50, but by balls and benefits a fund of \$100,000 was accumulated, the interest sufficing for two festivities a year, which each member must attend or forfeit \$50. There are no annual dues, no assessments and no club room. When a member dies his heirs receive \$1,000, but all except one of the original 100 are still living.

Prof. Agassiz of Harvard has just arrived at San Francisco after an absence of some months on the South Sea spent in studying the formation of the coral islands. It is said that he is now prepared to demonstrate, in opposition to the theories of Darwin and Dana, that the coral islands are not built up from the bottom, but are formed by a comparatively thin crust of coral upon tops of submerged mountains at points where the ocean is comparatively shallow. In nearly every instance where borings have been made in the coral, the coral has been found to be shallow. At a few places where it seems to have great depths, Prof. Agassiz says that the material into which they bore are made the lime of a former age of the earth.



Ten miles in twenty minutes! 'E done it, sir. That's true. The big bay 'orse in the further state 'e the one wot's next to you. I've seen some better 'orses; I've seldom seen a wuss, but 'e 'olds the bloomin' record, an' that's good enough for us.

We knew as it was in 'im. 'E's thoroughbred, three part. We bought 'im for to race 'im, but we found 'e 'ad no heart; for 'e was sad and thoughtful, and amazin' dignified. It seemed a kind o' liberty to drive 'im or to ride.

For 'e never seemed a thinkin' of wot 'e had to do. But 'is thoughts were set on 'igher things, admirin' of the view. 'E looked a puffed pouter, and a puffed wot 'e would say. 'E wouldn't even switch 'is tail to drive the flies away.

And yet we knew 'twas in 'im; we knew as 'e could fly; but wot we couldn't git at was 'ow to make 'im try. We'd almost turned the job up, until at last one day we got the last yard out of 'im in a most amazin' way.

It was all along o' master; which master 'as the name of a regular true blue sportsman, an' always acts the same; but wot 'e 'ad was a motor car, which master 'e 'ad one. An' 'e went an' bought a motor car when motor cars begun.

I seed it in the stable yard—'t fairly turned me sick— A greasy, wheezy engine, as can neither buck nor kick. You've a screw to drive it forward, and a screw to make it stop. For it was fabled in a snuffly stove an' bred in a blacksmith shop.

It didn't want no stable, it didn't ask no groom. It didn't need no nothin' but a bit o' standin' room. Just fill it up with paraffin an' it will go all day. Which the same should be agin the law if I could 'ave my way.

Well, master took 'is motor car an' 'otod 'ere and there. A frightenin' 'orses an' a poisonin' air. 'E wot 'e 'ad was a motor car, which master 'e 'ad one. An' 'e went an' bought a motor car when motor cars begun.

An' then one day it wouldn't go. 'E screwed an' screwed again. But something jammed, an' there 'e stuck in the mud of a country lane. It 'urt 'is pride most cruel, but wot was 'e to do? So at last 'e bade me fetch a 'orse to pull the motor through.

This was the 'orse we fetched 'im, an' when we reached the bar, We braced 'im tight and proper to the middle of the bar, And buckled up 'is traces and lashed them to each side. While 'e 'eld 'is 'ead so 'aughtily, an' looked most dignified.

Not bad tempered, mind you, but kind of pained and vexed. An' 'e seemed to say, "Well, bl' me! wot will they ask me next? I've put up with some liberties, but this caps all by far, To be assistant engine to a creaky motor car!"

Well, master 'e was in the car, a-diddin' with the gear, An' the 'orse was meddlin', an' I was standin' near. When master 'e touched somethin'—wot it was we'll never know— But it sort o' spurred the boiler up and made the engine go.

"Old 'ard, old gal!" says master, and "Gently, then!" says I, But an engine won't 'ed coaxed, an' it ain't no use to try; So first 'e pulled a lever, an' then 'e turned a screw, But the thing kept crawlin' forward spite of all that 'e could do.

And first it went quite slowly and the 'orse went slow, But 'e 'ad to buck up faster when the wheels began to go; For the car kept crawlin' on 'im and buttin' 'im along, And in less than 'arf a minute, sir, that 'orse was goin' strong.

At first 'e walked quite dignified, an' then 'e 'ad to trot, And then 'e tried a canter when the pace became too 'ot. 'E looked 'is very mightiest, as if 'e didn't mind, And all the time the motor car was pushin' 'im behind.

Now, master lost 'is 'ead when 'e found 'e couldn't stop. An' 'e pulled a valve or somethin' an' somethin' else went pop. An' somethin' else went fizzlywiz, and in a flash, or less, That blessed car was goin' like a limited express.

Master 'old the steering gear, an' kept the road all right, And away they whizzed and clattered—my aunt! it was a sight, 'E seemed the finest draught horse as ever lived by far. For all the country Juggins thought 'twas 'im wot pulled the car.

'E was stretchin' like a greyhound, 'e was going all 'e knew, But it bumped an' shoved 'im 'im, for all that 'e could do; It butted 'im an' 'osted 'im an' spunked 'im on ahead, 'Till 'e broke the ten-mile record, so me as I already said.

Ten miles in twenty minutes! 'E done it, sir. That's true. The only time we ever found what that 'ere 'orse could do. Some say it wasn't 'ardly fair, and the papers made a fuss, But 'e broke the ten-mile record, and that's good enough for us.

You see that 'orse's tail, sir? You don't! No more do we, Which really ain't surprisin', for 'e 'as no tail to see; That engine wot it 'of 'im before master made it stop, And all the road was littered like a bloomin' barber's shop.

And master? Well, it cured 'im. 'E altered from that day, And come back to 'is 'orses in the good old-fashioned way. And if you wants to get the sack, the quickest way by far Is to 'int as 'ow you think 'e ought to keep a motor car.

A. CONAN DOYLE.



HEROES OF OUR LAST WAR COMMANDING OUR SHIPS TODAY.

ant in 1861 when Sumter was fired on. The next four years he was to see as lively a career as an ambitious young officer could ask. He helped in the bombardment and passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip and Chalmette batteries, in the passage of the Vicksburg batteries and in the engagement with the confederate ram Arkansas in July, 1862. Later he took part in the two attacks on Fort Fisher in December, 1864; in the naval and land assault on Fort Fisher January 15, 1865, and the bombardment of Fort Anderson. Since the war Sicard has not had a cessation of career, but he is in one of the most active of the navy and in time of stress he can be depended upon to render as good an account of himself as thirty years ago.

LAURELS WON IN PEACEFUL TIMES. Commanders Winfield Scott Schley is a veteran with a record in actual warfare, but even his gallant conduct during the struggle between the states has been overshadowed by his brilliant achievements since the war.

Both Sigbee and McNair have war records. Sigbee, a New York boy, was graduated from the academy just in time to take part in the battle of Mobile Bay, and he was present, too, at the assault of Fort Fisher. McNair, a Pennsylvanian, was in the service before the war began, and he fronted the enemy many times.

These are only a few of the men who have seen service. There are 200 officers who were enrolled in some capacity in the navy before the war. Most of them were midshipmen or ensigns, but each did the work assigned him as competently and conscientiously as those who figured more conspicuously in action.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY. The hatpin may be a very dangerous weapon for women to have concealed about their persons, but it comes in handy when a man wants to clean out his pipe.

Probably two-thirds of the fine horses in New York City are now shod with shoes with rubber caps to give them a securer footing upon asphalt pavement under all weather conditions. The horses so shod are stationed chiefly about Fourteenth street.

FIGHTING BOB EVANS. When Schley was displaying so much cool judgment and bravery in the harbor of Valparaiso, "Fighting Bob" Evans was venturing to his relief with the Yorktown. "Fighting Bob" was a mere boy when the civil war broke out and was still learning the lessons at the Naval academy. But, boy though he was, he entered the service in simple time to show the spirit that was in him. In the assault on Fort Fisher he landed with a force of seamen and marines, and was wounded twice by rifle shots. He still bears the marks of his daring service at that time. "Fighting Bob" is one of the most active men in the service, and in case of hostilities, he will have an important command, which will bring him into the thick of the combat.

In its place. Lieutenant Knutz was in the engagements with the batteries at Vicksburg and served gallantly through the war. He is now commander of the naval station at Newport.

Commander Howell is another veteran. He was graduated from the academy in 1858, was attached to the gulf blockading squadron, and took part in the battle of Mobile Bay. He is now commander of the European squadron and his fighting qualities will doubtless be again shown in case of war. He is the inventor of the Howell torpedo, which is extensively used aboard vessels of the United States navy.

There are two officers of the navy whose names are always linked together by men who have been graduated from the academy in the last twenty years. These are Captain Sigbee and Admiral McNair. Sigbee's qualifications have just been tested before the eyes of the world. Should a test come to McNair it is believed he would pass through it with equal credit. These two officers were stationed at Annapolis for years, and each in turn was at the head of the department of recruits, where each impressed a hundred strongly upon the boys in his charge. With the cadets who took their first lessons from them it is to this day "McNair says so," or "Sigbee would have it thus." For years they have been the pride and example of the navy personnel. In actual war, Admiral McNair would have a detail which would bring him inevitably and brilliantly before the eyes of the world.

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A large turkey gobbler, which patrolled that precinct, mistaking him for a challenge, immediately gave battle. On a sudden the judge's sweet slumbers were broken by the flap of hostile wings, and ere he could collect his scattered senses a well-directed spur drove him in the temple and he fell down and gave up the ghost.

LABOR AND INDUSTRY. In 1897 Missouri produced 32,150 bales of cotton.

The Windfall (Ind.) glass factory will soon be enlarged to double its present capacity.

While the number of men employed in cotton spinning at Ghent is decreasing the number of women is increasing.

Twenty-five years ago paraffine was unknown to commerce, and only fifteen years ago it began to be exported.

The Rock Island (Ill.) Flaw company has raised the wages of its 600 molders 10 per cent to an average of \$2.75 a day.

Over 800 telephone subscribers in Boston have signed the petition to the Massachusetts legislature asking for a reduction of rates.

Alabama has just begun the erection of a \$600,000 mill for the manufacture of cotton goods, and similar enterprises are projected in other states in the south.

Some of the linotype operators on the London morning newspapers are devoting their afternoons to studying telegraphy, with a view of taking messages direct from the wires.

Instead of being third St. Louis now stands fourth among the American cities in the number of barrels of flour turned out. During 1897 the mills of that city manufactured 1,980,916 barrels.

After two months of illness, the operators in the New Bedford cotton mills have offered to accept a 5 per cent reduction, instead of 10 per cent as proposed by the mill owners and generally accepted throughout the New England mill district.

Many Parisians manage to pick up a living by their curious trade of forming "queues" outside theaters, concert halls and so on for seats they do not intend to occupy, the genuine place-seekers recognizing their right to "sell out" when they can find a customer for their place. Another of the old industries of Paris is that of the "guardian angels" whose duty it is to pick up drunken men and escort them home.

Aluminum type for printing purposes is one of the latest novelties patented. Type manufactured of this metal is said to have many advantages over the old style of lead type. Sanitary reasons are advanced for its use, as the lead dust, which has often been found to endanger the health of compositors, is done away with. A company has been formed at Frankfurt-on-the-Main to further the invention.

Advertisement for Val. Batz Brewing Co. featuring 'Blatz' beer and 'Never Fails to Please' slogan.

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