

THE LAST BATTLE OF THE WORLD.



PERCY W HART

IN THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.

(An editorial criticism on the significant story of "The Last Battle" and its suggestive illustration.)

The reader of Mr. Percy Hart's prophetic dream, entitled "The Last Battle," will doubtless put his first comments in the form of two queries: Could the extinction of war be compassed in such a fashion? And could a death-grapple of the world's fleets result in such absolute annihilation?

On account of the importance of the theme, both the story and the illustration have been submitted to expert criticism. Officers of high rank in the naval service have passed detailed judgment on both.

Indeed, it is only fair to say that the remarkable double-page picture of the battle which is published in this issue of the Illustrated American was drawn by our artist while aboard the flagship New York, during the recent Charleston maneuvers, and under the frequent scrutiny and criticism of the officers of the fleet.

Article 235 of the United States Navy Regulations forbids the quoting of these opinions, but the general tenor of them may be given in a few paragraphs.

Whatever the reply to the second query, there can be little doubt as to the first. Already peace principles are in the ascendant, and quarrels which a generation back would have burst out with blood and fire are now smoothed down by arbitration. In view of the appalling destructiveness of modern war, a death-grapple of the nations

As the two lines came within range the battle would begin, and each ship steer for its chosen opponent. As the two lines actually met and passed through each other the terrific bombardment at close quarters would doubtless send many ships to the bottom.

The steel turrets are capable of deflecting the heaviest shots that strike them at an angle; but there is always chance of one of these gigantic 13-inch shells coming aboard with a downward rake that no armor ever invented could withstand and literally ripping out the victim's vitals or firing her magazine. Moreover, here and there a torpedo, sent stealthily under the waves, would reach its aim, and a first-class battleship would go down before this unseen but irresistible opponent. And the blind crunching of the relentless ram would account for others.

The remainder would pass on. The majority of these would turn to repeat the maneuver from the opposite direction. But some, though still able to float, would be too much shattered to fight. Their steering-gear might be so damaged that they could not turn about. Or they might have to drift helplessly out of the maelstrom of ruin, the sport of wind and current. A few days' tinkering would repair some of these so far that they would be able to reach port. And the world

We are justified in regarding this as a faithful representation of what might take place. No ancient battle would show any such wholesale destruction. Here are huge ships plunging to the bottom or blown in fragments to the skies. Each contains more souls than an average village. Besides the fighting men, who have the madness of battle to nerve them for their fate, there are swarms of workers, who have no such delirium to help them endure the terror and the suspense as they tend the vast machinery in the roaring hell of the ship's bowels. For them, when the blow falls, there is no escape. They go down in their iron dungeons without even a last look at the light of heaven.

There is a daunting horror about all this which none of the most vivid tales of ancient war can match. It would not be difficult to show that in a land engagement the destructiveness of the modern machine-guns would provide a fair parallel, mowing down battalions and annihilating whole divisions in a way that would make Waterloo and Gettysburg seem like play.

One cannot doubt that only a few episodes of even a fiftieth part the horror of the one described would be needed to make the world rise up and cry, "There shall be no more war!"

Sleep.

The composure of mind which it is desirable to secure as a harbinger of sleep is promoted by allowing time, before retiring to rest, for the subsidence of all enforced mental activity. There should be at least an hour's interval between work, no matter what it may be, and sleep, for if work be pushed up to the last moment, sleep will be driven away, or will be, in its first and most precious stages, broken and unrefreshing. To turn resolutely from work at a fixed hour and plunge for a little time into a novel or a newspaper, a game or music, will often make all the difference between a bad and a good night's rest. Position

DOG BREAKS UP A HOME.

Woman Makes Trouble by Getting Rid of a Household Pet.

There is great trouble in an Ann Arbor family over a dog—a miserable cur of no pedigree or usefulness, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The head of the household has always been a great lover of dogs of all kinds and sizes and about two weeks ago he came home from work one night with a mongrel under his arm that was half black-and-tan and half plain dog. He showed great love for the brute from the instant his eyes first lighted on its leprous-looking form, but, as might be imagined, that love was not shared by the other members of the man's family—that is, by a daughter, a son and a wife. The father would have it that the dog should sleep in the house, the wife disagreed with him and a ruction immediately followed. However, for two weeks the woman put up with the innocent animal but could stand it no longer. One day, when the father and master of the house was out of town, the woman gave the brute into the hands of a neighboring butcher, who agreed to put the animal out of the way for a nominal price. This he did, but what had been a happy home beggars description. When the father returned from work that fatal night he wanted his dog, and when his dog was not forthcoming he set up a mighty howl, saying he would exterminate the entire family if Fido did not put in an appearance before breakfast. But Fido didn't whereupon the man waxed more wroth and swore that such things could not be in his house. He grew angrier and angrier as the following day wore on and when night came he was in condition bordering on insanity. His wife became frightened and his son and daughter, in order to avoid the prospective trouble, said they would not live in a home that fostered such a father. But the father would not be appeased, and his temper finally getting the better of him, he ordered his son and daughter out of the house sim-

REV. GEO. R. CROOKS.

HE WAS A PREACHER OF THE GOOD OLD SCHOOL.

Also a Writer of Great Ability—By His Death Methodism Has Lost One of Its Greatest Apostles in the United States.

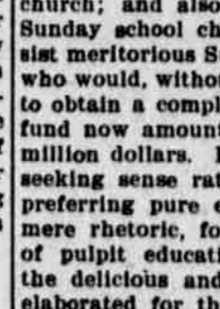


HE Drew Theological seminary at Madison, New Jersey, the Methodist Episcopal church, and all representatives of higher culture have sustained loss through the decease of Rev. George R. Crooks, D.D., LL.D. Born at Philadelphia in 1822, matriculated at Dickinson college in 1835, and graduating therefrom in 1840, he began his itinerant ministry in Illinois—where he had spent one of the intermediate years—in 1841. Recalled in autumn of the same year to his alma mater, he rendered excellent service as tutor, principal of the grammar school, and adjunct professor of Latin and Greek for seven years. Practice in the last mentioned relation suggested preparation—in connection with Dr. John McClintock—of an Ollendorffian series of grammars and readers in 1845; and in association with Professor A. J. Schem, the publication of a Latin-English school lexicon, on the basis of C. F. Ingerslev's German-Latin lexicon. Following these volumes was an annotated edition, with skillful analysis, of Butler's Analogy, left unfinished by President Robert Emory of Dickinson. Admitted to the Philadelphia conference in 1843, transferred to the New York east conference in 1857, and to the New York conference in 1876, he filled many pulpits of rural and urban churches in succession. Literary work and ministerial work went hand in hand. In 1876 he compiled the Life and Letters of the Rev. John McClintock,



THE BLIND PIANIST.

Signor Arturo Nutini, the blind pianist, whose concerts are a feature of the current musical season, is a notable exemplification of that equitable law of nature by which the power withheld from one sense is transferred in double measure to another faculty in the same individual. The result is what we generally term genius. A genius among musicians Signor Nutini certainly is. Born in Florence, Italy, some thirty-three years ago, and having become totally blind at the age of nine months, this young man has not spent his life in darkness, idleness, nor dearthness. At a very early age he evinced such talent that soon he was beyond his masters. His study and his playing are accomplished on a purely scientific and technical basis. Though totally blind, he plays the most difficult rhapsodies of Liszt, sonatas of Beethoven, and later classical compositions of modern masters with ease, accuracy, and wonderful expression. The marvelous part is that he learns all these compositions from the notes. Paderewski and his contemporaries play Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody" No. 3, one of the most difficult of all compositions to execute, in a transposed key, generally that of one flat. This blind musician plays it in the original key, six sharps. Signor Nutini has a little



ARTURO NUTINI.

machine, consisting of a flat metal board, in which there are tiny grooves, over which he fits a sheet of thick paper, and by the aid of a little ruler and awl, perforates all his music in a manner peculiar to himself, as his interpreter sits beside him and reads it from the regular staff. There is no music too difficult, no time too intricate, for him to copy in this manner. To an ordinary observer this music looks no more than a few raised pin-heads on paper. His memory is so retentive that often after once copying a composition he can sit down and play it without first running his sensitive fingers over the perforations.

TREASURE TROVE.

While plowing in a field which has been under constant cultivation until last year, a negro farmer of Hogansville, Ga., uncovered a jar, buried beneath two big stones and an iron plate, containing \$16,000 in gold. Apparently the money had been stolen. The burial place was marked by a circle of small field stones.

ARE WOMEN LOVELY?

A German Baron Says That They Are Not.

A German baron has taken it upon himself to reply to a book recently published with the title of "The Deterioration of Manly Beauty." This work was written by a woman, and the baron replies with a savage onslaught on prevailing ideals of female loveliness, saying an exchange. He calls his work "Defects of Woman's Beauty; an Anthropometrical and Aesthetic Study." This dignified title hardly prepares the reader for the strong, unvarnished manner in which the baron treats his subject. He agrees with Schopenhauer in his denunciation of those misguided millions who find comeliness in the "undergrown, small-shouldered, big-biped and short-legged sex." How much more grateful to the clear eye of art should be the noble proportions of the properly developed man, argues the baron. By numerous measurements, which it is not necessary to give here, he proves to his own satisfaction that geometrically the female is a failure and that the male form is a success. Women themselves have shown since the days of Eve in the garden, the baron says, that they appreciate their inferiority in this respect. They have concealed their limbs in flowing garments, reaching sometimes to the knee, sometimes to the ankle, sometimes to the feet, but always far enough to hide the defects in their proportions. They now not only conceal their proportions to a large extent, he says, but they always seek to alter them, moving their waist up or down with stays, squeezing in their natural figures here and building them out there, and not scorning hoopskirts, bustles and crinoline in order to make themselves look as little as possible like nature made them. The ballet girl would seem to confound part of the baron's argument, but he does not yield to this apparent defiance of his logic. The baron seems to feel that, after he has put forth his most forcible arguments and has exhausted his most discriminating criticisms, he is still enlisted in a losing fight, for he adds plaintively: "But most of the men of our times have ceased to perceive the defects of female beauty. Woman has deceived and misled her admirers so many generations with her smooth, long gowns that only a few, educated by research and by constant practice in measuring the proportions of the female form, fully clothed, have gained that clear, unbiased view which enables them to appreciate how skillfully woman has carried out the delusion as to her figure."



would result in such stupendous catastrophes that the world would surely be shocked into lasting peace. This end might be gained by such a battle as Mr. Hart describes, whether the resulting annihilation were complete or only partial.

As to the second query, experts differed. The majority held that annihilation, mutual and utter, would be but a logical result of the collision of such vast destructive forces.

A fighting-machine like the United States ship Indiana explodes about forty thousand pounds of powder every five minutes, under conditions productive of the most deadly effect. She can throw over two hundred shots a minute. Some of these shots, from her 13-inch and 8-inch guns, are each one capable of sinking an opponent miles away, if lucky enough to reach a vital part. At close quarters two such antagonists would be like two duelists knee to knee, each with his pistol at the other's heart.

A high naval authority suggested that there would surely be survivors from "the last battle," but that they would probably be so crippled that they could never make port.

At the opposite extreme was the view of an experienced officer, who held that the difference between ancient and modern war is much exaggerated. Between big guns at long range and bludgeons hand-to-hand there would be about the difference which individual courage always makes. There would be some to fight and some to run away, now as in the brave days of old. And there would be no more approach to annihilation than in any other of the world's great battles.

The middle view, and perhaps the most plausible one, was supported by many who were very competent to speak. The gist of it is as follows:

The ships in each line-of-battle would be about eight hundred yards apart.

would not be left in utter ignorance of the details of "the last battle."

Mr. Russell's drawing shows what might take place in the second melee, when the ships, having once passed through, have turned and rushed again to the encounter. In the left-hand corner of the picture a white ship has been rammed by her black opponent. But she has received the blow so far aft that her floating power may conceivably survive. Her adversary, however, is inevitably doomed, for she is taking the fire of the white ship's 13-inch turret-guns directly into her vitals. Nothing afloat could meet that buffet and live.

In the right-hand corner is a ship still fighting her guns, but stationary and ruinously crippled. The white ship with a huge hole in her side has been pierced by a shell which has exploded after entering. The ship with the battered nose has been struck by shell and afterward rammed in the same spot. The long, black ship on the left, in the middle distance, is one of the reserve line. She has crept in unobserved and unopposed, and every gun is dealing out destruction.

Every ship which has lived through the first melee is, of course, riddled like a tin can, so far as her unarmored portions are concerned. Smoke-stacks, superstructure, military masts, the framework of bow and stern—all that makes her look like a ship—may be shot away; but while her armored vitals are not pierced she will float, and while her turrets—16 inches of tempered steel—are not shattered she can fight.

Thus it comes that certain ships in the picture, which look as if they should be foundering, are still doing deadly work in the battle.

The picture, as a whole, may be taken as a refutation of the views of those critics who would make little of the difference between ancient and modern war.

when in bed is a very important factor in the production of sleep. Englishmen traveling on the continent are sometimes puzzled and distressed by insomnia, until they discover that their bodies, propped by enormous, square pillows, are at a much greater angle to the plane of the bed than that in which they are accustomed to repose at home. The substitution of a small pillow for the large one soon disposes of their wakefulness. And so with children. The position in which they are placed when put to bed should be carefully attended to, as nightly variations in this may at least postpone the advent of sleep, which is so essential to the welfare of the growing brains. Very little things serve sometimes to induce sleep. Thus, the mere turning of a pillow and the application of its cold surface to the head and face will, on occasion, prove the turning point in a struggle with sleeplessness.

Hats Looked for Safety.

A Waterbury (Conn.) genius has had his hat stolen or "exchanged" so often that he set his wits at work and has evolved a hat rack for hotels or other semi-public places which effectively prevents theft. It consists of an oak cabinet, with brass mountings, similar to the hat-rack used in large hotels, except that there is a separate compartment for each hat. When a person comes into the hotel he places his hat in one of the compartments and pulls down in front of it a slide similar to that of a roller-top desk. This releases the key, which is otherwise fastened in the lock, and he puts it in his pocket. On leaving the hotel he unlocks his hat, the slide springs up to its place again and "there you are."

Lifted by Kites.

Military officers are interested in the experiments of Lieutenant Wise, at Governor's Island in New York harbor, to determine the value of kites as a means of getting an elevated point of view from which to observe the operations of an enemy in the field. By employing four large kites of a peculiar pattern, the united pulling power of which was 400 pounds, when the wind blew 15 miles an hour, Lieutenant Wise recently had himself lifted, with a ring and tackle attached to the kite rope, to a height of about 40 feet from the ground, and there he remained for some time, leisurely examining the surrounding country with a field-glass.

ply because they did not agree with him that their mother was a termagant for having made away with the dog. Now the young man is living away from home and the daughter is doing housework in an Ann Arbor family. The wife continues to bear the burden of her husband's temper, but with her there is talk of a divorce. And during all this the dog sleeps on under a mound in the butcher's back yard.

Wine in Paper.

The biggest item of incidental loss in ocean traffic during the stormy seasons of the year is that of breakage in the wine stores. No matter how securely the bottles are fixed in the bins a particularly heavy sea striking the ship in a certain spot or continued rolling and pitching will cause great loss in costly wines that were never intended to wash the floor or the walls. A French firm is going to do away with this old-time source of annoyance and complaint. After years of experimenting it has succeeded in manufacturing a paper bottle which will not break and which has the advantages of the ordinary glass bottle. In the home, too, such bottles would be highly appreciated.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Height of Clouds.

The average height of clouds above the earth is between one and two miles, but highly electrified ones are much lower. Lightning clouds are frequently not more than 700 yards from the ground, and often they are much closer. Some clouds are about twenty square miles in surface, and about a mile in thickness, while others are only a few yards or feet.

The Glass Eye Trade.

More eyes must be damaged or lost than most people suppose. Over 2,000,000 glass eyes are manufactured every year in Germany and Switzerland.