The Merrimac And Monitor In Battle Array.

MUCH as the average American is interested in warships and naval warfare, it is seldom that the civilian sees a real sea fight or even an imitation one. Many a person who knows just how John Paul Jones vanquished the British in the war of the Revolution, how Admiral Farragut calmly sailed over the torpedoes at Mobile, how Dewey sunk the ships of the dons in Manila bay and how Togo annihilated Rojestvensky's fleet in the sea of Japan never saw a warship in action either in a real fight or a sham battle.

A leading feature of the Jamestown exposition, which celebrates the three hundredth anniversary of English settlement of America, is the naval and maritime display in which the principal nations of the whole world take part. Warships of all kinds, from the monster fighting vessels to submarine and little dispatch boats, may be observed in this display, but it was thought visitors would be interested not only to see representatives of the navies of the world lying peacefully at anchor, but to witness some of the ships in action as though actually engaged in hostile operations and combat to the death. As Hampton Roads was the scene of one of the most noted contests in modern naval warfare—the battle between the Merrimac and Monitor in the civil war—this engagement was chosen as the one, as far as practicable, to be reproduced. The United States government set apart $10,000 of its appropriation for exhibits and buildings in order that an educational spectacle of this kind might be given on the very spot where the original fight occurred and in order that it might be repeated at proper intervals during the season. The same famous contest is made the subject of a cycloramic production to be witnessed on the Trail, the Jamestown Midway. In this spectacle the battle is presented with the utmost realism—cannon are seen in action, the crack and roar of the guns are deafening, and every movement of the ships is in harmony with the most authentic records as to the operations of the two ironclads during the historic contest. Just at the climax the curtain falls, leaving the audience to determine which was victor, as this is a subject which has always been in dispute.

THE ANCHOR OF THE MERRIMAC.

There are people still living in the vicinity of Hampton Roads who remember the terrible days of March 8 and 9, 1862, as vividly as though the events of those days occurred but yesterday. The bravest of them risked the flying missiles of death and went to the shores of Hampton Roads to witness the engagement which was to become so famous. Indeed, at one time during the battle both ships approached within about 200 yards of shore, so that the land forces participated in the fighting. The great piers the government has constructed at the exposition grounds extend out over the water for more than half a mile and thus enable the visitor to walk directly over where the Monitor and Merrimac at one part of the engagement were in combat. It is said that this very spot was repeatedly shelled by the land batteries of the Federal forces.

The Monitor was the first of a class of naval vessels designated as monitors and was designed and built for the United States government by John Ericsson in 1861 and 1862. He adopted as the most essential feature of its construction the revolving gun turret devised by the American inventor, Theodore Ruggles Timby. The superiority of the sea power of the Confederacy at the beginning of the civil war made it necessary for the Federal government to exert itself in making effectual President Lincoln's blockade of southern ports. For this reason the Monitor was hurried to Hampton Roads even before the usual government test had been made in order that she might cope with the Merrimac, which the Confederates had been building at the Norfolk navy yard. The Merrimac was first on the scene and had already done a great deal of damage to the Federal fleet in the vicinity when the Monitor arrived on March 9 and engaged her in battle. This fight ended the day of wooden navies. The Merrimac was destroyed by the Confederates on the evacuation of Norfolk. The Monitor sank during a gale in 1862. The Merrimac's anchor has been preserved and may now be seen at the exposition.

When It Hurt.

Bobby (admiring the india ink tattooing on Dickey's arm)—Did it hurt much? Dickey—Not till my mother saw it.

The Force of Habit.

"Do I snore?" said the fat commercial drummer. "I should say so. That's why I can't use an alarm clock. I can't hear 'em. My snore drowns the best of 'em. And, speaking of the force of habit—I put up once at a crowded country hotel where I had to double up with an acquaintance. I told him I snored a few, but he didn't mind, he said, because his wife was a star in that line, and he had a 'system' to beat it.

"'I'll just tap you on the shoulder every time you begin to snore,' he explained. 'That'll stop you without waking you, and after a little I'll drop off myself.'

"It worked like a charm. I felt his taps for a time, but finally off I went on a dream of $10,000 salary and 10 per cent commission. Well, sir, when I awoke in the morning there was that chap tapping away at my shoulder regular as clockwork, and he sound asleep. Been at it all night, don't you see? Force of habit."

And he beamed indulgently on the silent party.—New York Globe.

The Bachelor Maid's Keys.

"Do I enjoy the freedom of a latchkey!" exclaimed the bachelor maid bitterly. "Look at that bunch"—holding aloft a ring full of keys. "Fifteen, and I have to carry all of them all the time. This one is the key to the studio building, this to my own studio, this to my club, this to my hamper at the club, this to my desk, this to the secret drawer of the desk, this to a trunk, this to another, this to my letter box, this to my sewing machine—oh, yes, the woman who comes to clean my studio would do her annual sewing there if I didn't—this to my box in the safety deposit, this to the piano—to keep the woman from using it, of course—this—positively I forget what it is for, but I know I need it often. I'm simply worn out lugging around a wrist bag big enough to hold them all. I assure you, my dear, that if you ever hear I have committed matrimony you may tell all my friends I needed a man to carry my keys for me."—New York Sun.

Greater Than the Nation.

There is a certain congressman who, whatever authority he may hold in the councils of state, is of comparatively minor importance in his own household. Indeed, it has been unkindly intimated that his wife is "the whole thing" in their establishment. Representative and Mrs. Blank had been to Baltimore one afternoon. When they left the train at Washington on their return Mrs. Blank discovered that her umbrella, which had been intrusted to the care of her husband, was missing.

"Where's my umbrella?" she demanded.

"I'm afraid I've forgotten it, my dear," meekly answered the congressman. "It must still be in the train."

"In the train!" snorted the lady. "And to think that the affairs of the nation are intrusted to a man who doesn't know enough to take care of a woman's umbrella!"—Success.

The Mystery of Death.

Oh, death, how bitter is the thought of thee! How speedy thy approach! How stealthy thy steps! How uncertain thy hour! How universal thy sway! The powerful cannot escape thee; the wise know not how to avoid thee; the strong have no strength to oppose thee; the rich cannot bribe thee with their treasure. Thou art a hammer that always strikes, a sword that is never dull, a net into which all fall, a prison into which all must enter, a sea on which all must venture, a penalty which all must suffer, a tribute which all must pay. Oh, death, death! Implacable enemy to the human race! Why didst thou enter into the world?—Luis de Granada.

Made Sure It Was Used.

An old farmer and his wife, noted for their niggardliness, had a custom of allowing the servant only one match to light the fire with each morning.

One morning the match failed to kindle, so the servant went to their bedroom door and asked for another one.

A whispered consultation was held between the two, then audibly the wife said:

"Will you risk her wi' anither ane, John?"

"I doot we'll hae tae risk her, Janet," replied John, "but be sure an' seek a sicht o' the ane she got last nicht."—Glasgow Times.

One Ring and Another.

"I wonder when 'the ring' first became connected with fighting?" said the follower of pugilism. "Oh," replied Henpeck, "I suppose it dates back to the beginning of the Christian religion." "What's that? What has pugilism to do with religion?" "Oh, I thought you were speaking of the wedding ring."—Philadelphia Press.

The Doctor's Aim.

Some frivolous person has remarked that illness was like a struggle between two people and that the doctor resembled the third man, who intervened to separate them with a club. Sometimes he hit the disease on the head and sometimes the patient.—Hospital.

Intermission.

He yelled at the top of his voice for two hours and then stopped.

"Well," said his mother, "are you going to be good? Have you finished crying?"

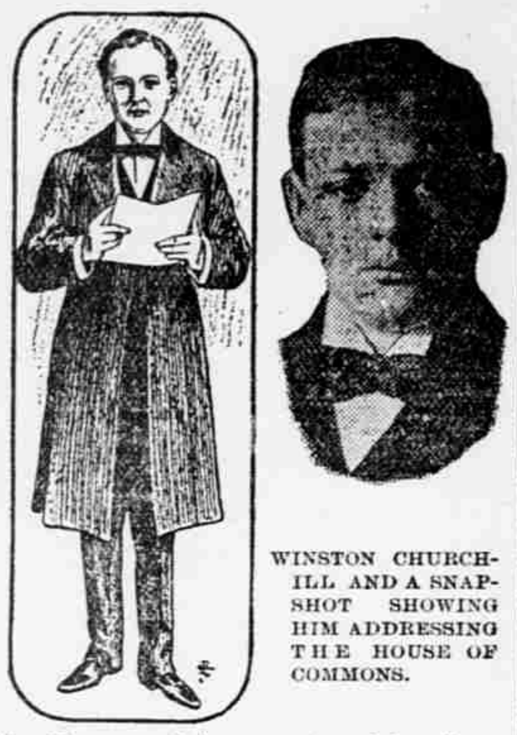
"No," said Tommy, "I have not finished; I'm only resting."

Forcing Business.

Coster (irritable through lack of trade)—Buy a box o' cough lozenges, 'ang yer! Bystander—I haven't got a cough. Coster—Well, fight me an' buy some stuff for black eyes.—London Tit-Bits.

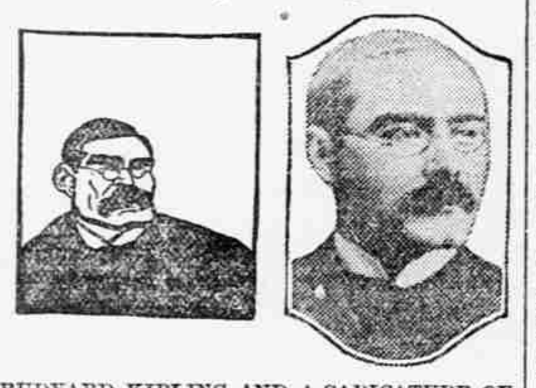
Short Stories About People Who Write.

THE Winston Churchill of England, who was recently appointed privy councilor of the Liberal cabinet, is a very young man to have achieved what he has and to have distinguished himself in so many different fields. At thirty-three he has mastered things which most men would take half a century to learn. In the dozen years since he reached his majority he has been in army campaigns in India, taken part in the battle of Khartum, been a war correspondent in South Africa, has fought the Boers and been captured by them, afterward effecting a remarkable escape, has traveled in America and the Philippines, been a parliamentary leader on both the Conservative and Liberal sides and attained fame in the field of literature. He is very boyish looking. Some time ago he thought to give himself an appearance of greater age by raising a mustache. About that time he had occasion to take into dinner a lady who had a reputation for wit.


WINSTON CHURCHILL AND A SNAPSHOT SHOWING HIM ADDRESSING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

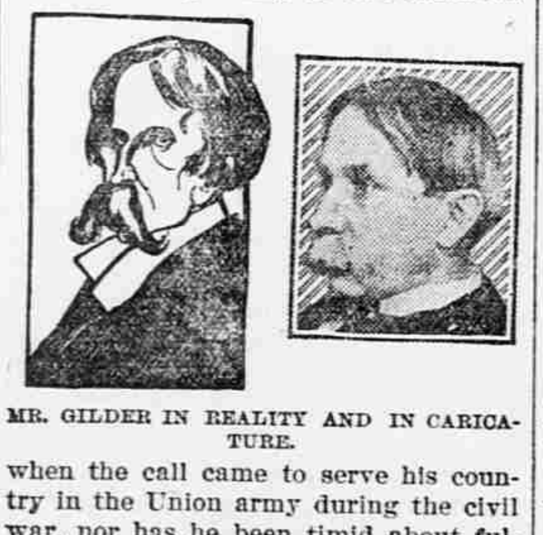
"Mr. Churchill," she said, "I like your politics as little as I like your mustache." It should have been a crushing shot, but not so to Churchill. His reply was on the instant, "Madam, you are not likely to come in contact with either."

The now historic question, "Where are your poets?" was asked by Ambassador James Bryce at a dinner in New York and referred to America. But according to the Dutch writer, Maarten Maartens, the same question might appropriately be put with regard to England also. This writer, whose real name is J. M. W. Van der Poorten-Schwartz—too long and hard a name for literary signature—was in the United States recently in order to attend the national arbitration and peace congress at Carnegie hall, New York. As he was sailing for Europe some one asked him for his opinion on the much discussed poet question, and he said there were no poets left now, either in this country or England, with possibly the exception of Swinburne. He smiled when asked about Rudyard Kipling, said he had not read him much and remarked that he showed sparks of genius which were quickly extinguished.


RUDYARD KIPLING AND A CARICATURE OF HIM.

Though this was a cruel blow, coming from a fellow member of the literary guild, Mr. Kipling will hardly mind it, as he has become used to sarcasm at his expense. He has been perhaps the most praised and the most abused of contemporary English writers of verse and fiction. He has been cartooned and caricatured a great deal, too, and has a face and figure which lend themselves well to the purposes of the comic artist. The accompanying seriocomic portrait is one of a series published recently in the Bookman.

Others in the same series took off the personal peculiarities of Richard Watson Gilder and George Ade. Mr. Gilder has a strikingly intellectual face, but one of a type whose peculiarities can easily be exaggerated by a caricaturist. He has never enjoyed very good health and is retiring to the point of bashfulness. But he was not bashful about responding to the summons when the call came to serve his country in the Union army during the civil war, nor has he been timid about fulfilling his duties as a citizen since, for he has led in many movements for social reform. No less an authority than Richard Le Gallienne charges Mr. Gilder as a literary man with leading a sort of double life. This is how he makes it out:


MR. GILDER IN REALITY AND IN CARICATURE.

"The editor of the Century is not merely a passionate amorist; he is a charming nature poet as well. Mid all the turmoil of going to press, the anxious duties of rejecting manuscripts for his magazine, he is yet able to feel not merely the pulse of the public, but the great simple heart of the world beating and to hear her voice calling him wistfully even through the well guarded doors of the Century club.

"It seems a pity that a man with so sincere a love of nature should be condemned to earn his living by such inhuman means as editing a successful magazine. How Mr. Gilder's heart must sink when after some days in the country he feels the dread, irresistible change coming over him once more and realizes that the dark being who lives side by side with him in his mysterious double life is about to resume his grisly shape and the Jekyll of the amorous lyrics be lost in the editorial Hyde!"

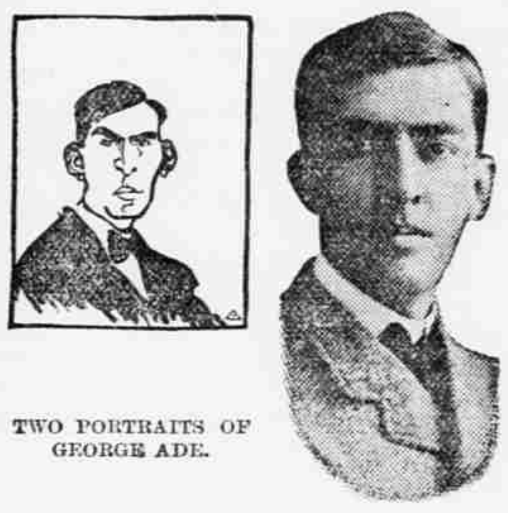
A good many of the humorists of today would have to go out of business if they could not use slang or dialect. One of George Ade's works is called "Fables In Slang," and its title led the noted critic and essayist, Professor Henry van Dyke, to say:

"If I can persuade men to see the difference between Shakespeare's writings and 'Fables In Slang' I think I will accomplish a great task."

As soon as this remark got into print the question was put to Mr. Ade as to what he thought of the professor's attack on slang.

"Well, I don't want to say anything against Shakespeare," said Mr. Ade. "He couldn't reply, and, besides, I am in a position to sympathize with him. Neither of us is much of a go in New York. My 'Bad Samaritan' went to smash in Broadway because it was too innocent of slang. I guess that puts me in Shakespeare's class all right.

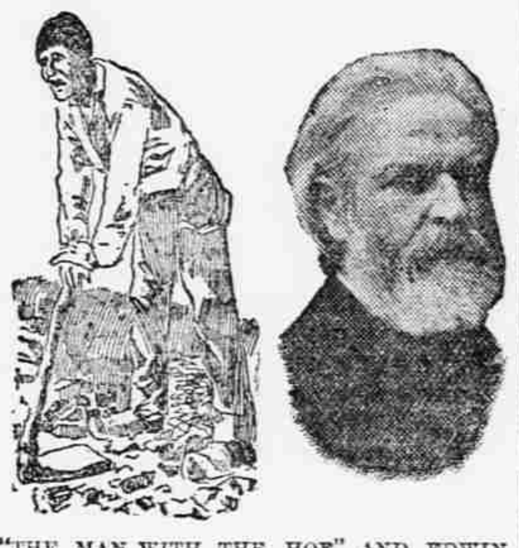
"But Shakespeare has plenty of slang. Falstaff and Pistol used little else, and 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' is almost a continuous stream of colloquial English. People don't know what pressure is brought to bear for slang. I have tried my best to get away from it."


TWO PORTRAITS OF GEORGE ADE.

Edwin Markham has written many other things that have helped to establish his rank in literature, but he is still known as author of "The Man With the Hoe." It has been said of this poem that "it rang throughout the land and awoke responsive echoes everywhere." Markham has been contributing to Harper's and Scribner's and the Atlantic for thirty years and more, but it was not until "The Man With the Hoe" appeared that he awoke to find himself famous. The poem opens with these lines:

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.

Mr. Markham, being a poet who expresses the yearnings and aspirations of the oppressed and downtrodden, naturally takes an interest in such movements as that designed to abolish child labor. He once attended a dinner in furtherance of the movement in New York. In the course of his speech he remarked: "Where we have a fair child labor law it is too often made null through the lies that the children's parents make them tell. A minister asked a poor, thin, pallid bobbin boy how old he was.


"THE MAN WITH THE HOE" AND EDWIN MARKHAM.

"'It depends,' the boy answered cautiously.

"'Depends?' said the minister. 'Depends on what?'

"'If I'm goin' on the train I'm under twelve, but if I'm lookin' for a job I'm over fourteen.'"

All She Had.

In the absence of his wife and the illness of the servant Mr. Taylor undertook to help three-year-old Marjory to dress.

He had succeeded in getting her arms in the sleeves and through the armholes of her garments and had buttoned her into them. Then he told her to put on her shoes herself and he would button them.

He soon discovered that she was vainly striving to put a left shoe on her right foot.

"Why Marjory," he said impatiently, "don't you know any better than that? You are putting your shoes on the wrong feet."

"Dey's all de foots I dot, papa," replied Marjory tearfully.—Youth's Companion.

Not to Be Fooled.

A resident of a New England town who was noted for his great kindness to animals viewed the first horse cars with dismay. "It's sheer cruelty, that's what it is," he insisted, and the plea of convenience or necessity had no influence upon him.

"I'd walk to Boston and back before I'd add a pound's weight to what those poor creatures have to drag," he declared, and no persuasion could induce him to ride in a street car dragged by overworked, tired horses. When electricity was applied and the cars went smoothly along without the horses, his son said:

"Now, father, you can ride on the street cars without worrying about horses. You can go into Boston at your ease now."

"James," said the old man, "you always rush at conclusions. You don't study into things as I do. Don't I read in the papers about every car having to have so much horsepower? And don't I know well enough what that means?" And the old gentleman sighed. "It simply means, my son, that the poor horses are being worked just as hard and just as many hours, only we don't see 'em.

"Those power houses could tell tales, I reckon. No, I've no more use for street cars now than I ever had, and for the same reason."—Youth's Companion.

Barber's Hair Cut.

"Wished I had time to go out and get my hair cut," remarked a barber as he removed part of the lather from the customer's lips with his second finger.

"Time to go out and get it cut?" repeated the man in the chair, with the emphasis on "out." "Are you like the man that won't eat in his own restaurant? Aren't you willing to trust one of your own men to cut your hair?"

"Oh, I'd trust them, all right!" said the barber. "It isn't that, but you hardly ever see a barber getting his hair cut in his own place. The other barbers all like to go home promptly at quitting time, and if one of us gets work done during the day there is sure to be a rush about that time, and it makes a customer 'sore' if he has to wait with two barbers right here and not waiting on him. He doesn't like to wait around while one barber cuts another barber's hair."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Impression.

Mr. White—Tell me, Uncle Rufus, how did you feel when that savage catamount jumped on your back as you were coming through the woods in the dark and began to claw and rend you? Uncle Rufus Rank—Uh, well, sah, tell yo' what's a fact, thankee—I 'lowed 'twuz muh wife! Yo' see, I was uh-gittin' home dess a little bit antiquated fum de lodge o' de Cullud Knights and Shivvyleers, and muh nach'l s'picion was dat de lady had got tired o' waitin' and come to meet me. If I'd organized dat 'twuz a catamount dat had me by de back, I reggin I'd uh-be'n skeered plumb to death; but, thinkin' to muhse'f dat 'twuz nobody but muh wife, I dess breshed de varmint aside, accawdin' to muh custom, and come uh-bogin' along home, happy in muh ignunce.—Puck.

The Gloved Gambler.

An American who visited Monte Carlo was telling of an incident there. "In one of the gold rooms," he said, "a gentleman in lavender gloves was playing in wonderful luck, winning nearly every stake. As a great stack of plaques—you know those beautiful, big gold pieces called plaques—was pushed to him in the croupier I heard a young lady whisper in his ear:

"'It is very odd, monsieur, to wear gloves at play. What do you do it for? Luck?

"The fortunate player smiled grimly.

"'Not at all,' he replied. 'I promised my wife on her deathbed never again to touch a card.'"

Traveling Sand Hills.

On the coast of Pomerania there are large tracts of sand heaped up by the wind, hundreds of yards in breadth and from 60 to 120 feet high, and these hills, propelled by the wind, move steadily in an easterly direction. The speed at which these great hills travel is from thirty-nine to fifty-six feet a year. Pine woods, which sometimes come in their line of march, cannot stop them and are completely destroyed. The branches are rotted off by the sand, and nothing is left of the trees but the bare stems, which after a few years wither and die.

A Crowd Is Not Company.

But little do men perceive what solitude is and how far it extendeth, for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love.—Bacon's Essay on "Friendship."

A Good Point.

Prospective Purchaser—I like the looks of this automobile, but suppose I should run over some one and— Salesman—The springs are so easy, sir, you'd scarcely be jarred at all.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Playing Railroad.

Irate Parent—Here! What is all this racket? Bobby—Please, papa, we are playing a train of cars, and I am the locomotive. Irate Parent—You are the locomotive, eh? Well, I think I'll just switch you.

Well Acquainted.

Magistrate—Stay! I cannot allow you to address the bench in this familiar manner. Prisoner—Beg your honor's pardon, but you and me has met so often we seems like old friends.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.—Ruskin.

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