

THE GREAT AMERICAN NAVY

Captain Hobson Tells Why It Should Be Enlarged.

PERTINENT REASONS

A Great Navy Means Peace at Home and Abroad—Would Safeguard the Cause of Liberty and is Necessary for Self-Defense—A Good Investment.

There are twenty-five reasons why the Navy of the United States should be enlarged says Captain Hobson:

- 1.—Because it means peace at home.
- 2.—Because it tends to promote peace abroad.
- 3.—Because it would safeguard the cause of liberty.



CAPT. R. P. HOBSON

4. Because it is necessary in order that our central government may guarantee to the States their rights of local self government, reserved to them by the Constitution.
5. Because it is the hope of liberty for the Filipinos and Cubans and other peoples committed to our charge.
6. Because it is necessary for self defense.
7. Because all the other Nations are hastening to build fleets of the new type of great battleships while America is fast approaching the point where her navy will be obsolete.
8. Because there is no international police force available for protection.
9. Because there is no international court that could issue an injunction to restrain aggression from other Nations.
10. Because no other Nation can or would protect us in our rights and our Navy is the one and only means for such protection.
11. Because more American citizens live on our coast line, than there are citizens living similarly in all Europe combined.
12. Because America has more property accumulated within gunshot of the water, than there is property similarly disposed in all of the rest of the world combined.
13. Because forts, mines and torpedo boats, though useful, are altogether inadequate to give protection to our coast line.
14. Because America is sending out over the oceans every year nearly two billions of dollars in exports.
15. Because America must have a fair chance to trade with Corea, Manchuria, China and all the markets of the world, which can only be assured by a large Navy.
16. Because it is insurance for security to us and our property while we work out our destiny.
17. Because the insurance rate for this security is very low.
18. Because it is a good investment in that it will give us peace.
19. Because Navies are a question of relative wealth and our resources are so inexhaustible we can hold the relative position of leadership without onerous burdens.
20. Because America may be depended on by no other Nation, not to abuse the power that goes with a great Navy.
21. Because for the world's good, as long as nations have to have Navies, America, the peace Nation, ought to have the biggest Navy.
22. Because the world is now at a critical juncture, resulting from the application of science to the control of nature's forces, and the annihilation of space by scientific discoveries, such as the telephonic and wireless telegraphy has brought all nations and races together.
23. Because America is a great Christian Nation.
24. Because as a Christian Nation we have the duty to overcome evil with good and the only way to overcome the evil of violence is to resist it through power that can only rest with our Navy.
25. Because America's fleets are now entirely inadequate to meet the legitimate requirements of a Navy, namely to prevent attack if possible and to win if war must come. Thus the security of vast material business interests and the fulfillment of sacred duties to ourselves and dependent upon us, and to humanity at large, unite in an urgent demand for speedy enlargement of our Navy to a size consistent with the requirements of the age.

POLICE DOGS AT WORK

A Casual Encounter of Dona and Nogi on Duty in Brooklyn.

A night worker on his way home in the Prospect Park section at an early morning hour recently saw a dog with a jingling tag fastened to its neck come running along the opposite side of the street. The dog ran up to the front door of a house, sniffed and was down on the porch and around to the rear like a flash. Judging from the unusual conduct of dogs the first thought was that it was either searching for its home or looking hungrily for a stray bone.

At the next house the same performance was repeated with equal thoroughness. A little further down the street a man swung the gate open and entered the yard about the same time the dog arrived. The dog followed him up the steps, waited until he took out his key and let himself in, then, satisfied, went on about its business.

The man who had forgotten, just at the moment that the policing of the city is now being done by improved methods, was at a loss to account for the dog's performance being repeated at every house until he saw the animal run into the middle of the street and sniff at a dark object lying there. The dog circled around the object several times and then darted off at top speed.

In a short time it returned, followed by another dog. Not far behind the second animal was a policeman who had been trying to keep pace with the dog. Under the policeman's prodding the object moved and proved to be a man who got up and walked off uncertainly down the street.

Then the dog that brought assistance to the intoxicated man ran on in one direction and the policeman and the other dog went the opposite way. It was Dona and Nogi, two of the police dogs doing their duty faithfully and without any fuss.—New York Sun.

SENATOR ELKIN'S ESCAPE

West Virginia Leader Had Thrilling Experience

QUANTRELL GOT HIM

The Senator When a Young-Man Was Captured by the Famous Guerrilla—Was Allowed to Escape by the Younger Brothers Who Afterwards Became Outlaws.

Having been born in Ohio, educated in Missouri, practiced law in New Mexico, office in New York, Senator from West Virginia, lives in Washington, Stephen Benton Elkins is an all-round American citizen.

Elkins' career is crowded full of adventure, especially the chapters of his early life. For instance, what more thrilling adventure would the romantic author and reader want than the condemning of "Our Hero" to die at the hands of a lawless border band, his rescue by two young men who had gone to school to him, his flight across the prairies and the hills and his subsequent rise to national eminence in the world of high finance and politics.

When Elkins quit his bright light in Perry County, Ohio, he drifted with



SENATOR S. B. ELKINS.

the westward flowing current that carried civilization to the border; and, after looking about for a place to cast his lot, he selected Missouri, where a livelihood was offered him as a school teacher. It was while thus engaged the war broke out, and Quantrell's lawless guerrilla band was born of the exigencies and the opportunities that civil strife gave.

While riding along a lonely road in Missouri, near the Kansas line, Stephen Benton Elkins, then a young man turned twenty by a few years, came upon the famous marauding men under Quantrell. He was taken prisoner, charged with being a spy in the employ of the Union. There were among these vicious characters, two young men named Younger, who were about the age of Elkins, perhaps not so old. These two brothers had lived in the Missouri village where young Elkins had taught school. In fact, they had attended his school and received instruction from him in the rudimentary branches. They had liked their instructor and their friendly feelings toward him were returned.

In the newly made prisoner the Younger boys recognized their former friend and teacher, and they appealed to the bloody Quantrell for his release. They advocated his case, declaring they knew Elkins not to be a Union spy; that he was in no wise connected with that side. They declared that, if he had any convictions in the matter, they were probably in the direction of the Confederacy, since his father and his brother John had enlisted and were bearing arms in the army under Lee.

That was the case that the pupils made out for their teacher, and so effective was it that Quantrell ordered young Elkins to be cared for as a prisoner by the Younger boys until he decided what fate he should decree for him.

Camp was broken for a night march. Elkins rode between the two Youngers, a prisoner with an even chance for life or death by grey of dawn next day. The Youngers arranged it so that they rode with their captive in the rear, and when opportunity offered itself Cole Younger, the elder of the pair, unfolded to their prisoner a plan of escape. Some miles farther on late in the night they would come to a junction of several roads, well known to three of them. Elkins was to slip quietly away into a certain roadway, halt and lie quiet until the hoof beats of his captors' horses had died away in the distance, and then make way with all speed to a place of safety, putting as great a distance between himself and his captors as possible.

When the place of parting was reached the prisoner did as directed and, when the noise of the night riders of the Civil War died away, he put spurs to his horse and traveled many miles at great speed to a haven of safety. Had he remained a prisoner, had he been frustrated in his escape, Stephen Benton Elkins might have shared the fate of hundreds of other of Quantrell's innocent victims, and contemporary history would have been deprived of one of its most interesting and active characters.

WHERE WE LOSE BUSINESS.

Foreigners Like American Goods, but Not Smashed.

It is an old story that American merchants are losing annually hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of trade with foreign countries because they pack their goods so carelessly. But the complaints seem to have little effect. At any rate they keep on coming.

An American occupying an important post on a railroad in Colombia writes to American Industries: "I have seen lantern globes packed in a barrel with iron bolts and panes of glass 26 by 30 inches sent without sufficient layers of straw to prevent breakage. As an example we received 120 car window glass (panes) of which but six reached us intact, and this from the United States."

"Six steam gauges (indicators) packed with iron bolts in one end of the box reached us utterly jammed to pieces. Planos are rolled, over and over off of cars and down steep banks onto steamboats and up steep banks in unloading, and not even a shotgun would prevent the wild Indian stevedore here from throwing from his shoulders to the ground a box of costly chinaware or glass vases."

"To reach Bogota the capital, some 700 miles from the coast, goods after their 3,000 miles of ocean journey have to pass over a railway at the coast, then by a steamboat, or the original, and corrected the other steamboat on the upper Magdalena River, then another railway, and finally upon pack animals for a resting policeman had long ago by another railway. You may say this would break iron. It does."

"The European merchant or manufacturer besides granting long time credit also packs very securely in his effort to secure trade in South America, and so gains much trade even though American goods are considered greatly superior in most cases."

The Whisker in Paris.

It is in Paris that the whisker reaches its highest state of cultivation and development. The luxurious verdure on the faces of some of the Parisians who strut along the boulevard every day can be compared to nothing but the riot of the vegetation in the tropics. Every Parisian has whiskers, much whiskers if he can, but some whiskers at any rate. He supplements nature's efforts with the best aids of the barber, and trains and nurses his bristly appurtenances with anxious care.

The Parisians spend hours on their beards and educate them into formal gardens, set pieces, shrubbery, terrace, and vista effects. They lay out hairscapes with them, arrange them in undulating meadows, and twine them on pergolas. There is the long spade concection much sought by men with black beards, which consists of about a foot of hair cut square across the bottom, and adds much glory to the wearer, for the whiskers always shine and glisten in the sun. There are side whiskers also pointed ones, the heart-shaped and the curved, the waved and the plain. A man who can train his whiskers to grow in a new way is as much of a celebrity as a man who writes a good poem or paints a good picture.—Everybody's.

Red vs. White Meat.

There used to be a general notion that red and white meats differed considerably, in their food value. Then in 1899, two experimenters, Offer and Rosenquist, announced that such meats really differed little from one another in their chemical effects upon the body, the implication being that the choice of one rather than the other in certain diseases had no justification in science. Now, according to the Medical Record, further researches disclose the fact that while such meats are very much alike in the raw state, cooking alters this similarity in a striking way. The so-called extractions of the white meat are lost to a far greater degree during cooking than in the case of red meats. The empiric conclusions of the older dietarians are, therefore, proved correct by a further extension of experiments which at first seemed to disprove them.

History of the Umbrella.

The modern umbrella had its prototype in the parasol, which was used by Greek and Roman ladies as a protection against the sun. In these times they were generally carried by female slaves, who held them over their mistresses. The parasol of the ancients seems to have been exactly like our own parasol or umbrella in form, and could be opened and shut like ours. It was considered a mark of effeminacy for men to use them. As showing how little times have changed, to hold a parasol over a lady was one of the common attentions of lovers, and it seems to have been very common to give parasols as presents. Whether the "bordered umbrella" was a standing joke as nowadays, we are not prepared to say.

Education in India.

Education is now understood in India is an exotic and arouses nowhere any real enthusiasm. The Indian trader, banker or money lender has accumulated his wealth without any very obvious aid from English education and he probably therefore does not see why he should help others to what he has himself dispensed with.—Calcutta Englishman.

IF SHERIDAN SEES YOU

There's No Use Saying You Are Somebody Else.

A REMARKABLE GIFT

The Chief of the Bureau of Identification of the Metropolitan Police Department Is the Terror of Habitual Criminals—Aliases and Disguises Are of No Avail.

When a man's comrades say of him, no matter what position he may hold, that they are unable to point to a single mistake made by him in twenty-two years of service the statement is sufficiently remarkable to cause comment. There are few of whom it can be said with truth.

Yet there is a man in the Police Department of New York, who for that length of time has been identifying crooks by dint of his wonderful memory, and Inspector McCafferty or any one of his 350 sleuths will tell you that if Lieut. William Sheridan's memory ever played him false they never heard of it. It is related of Lieut. Sheridan, detective, that he saw a picture twenty-one years ago, without ever setting eyes on the original, and corrected the policeman who made the arrest as to the identity of a man locked up in Raymond Street Jail. The arresting policeman had long ago forgotten. He went to the jail and had an hour's talk with the prisoner. Then Lie came away declaring that for once Sheridan was talking through his hat. Subsequently the man himself, brought before the committing Magistrate for sentence said:

"This man Sheridan is a stranger to me, but whoever he is he is all right. I am the man he says I am."

That was Sheridan's most remarkable feat, and it is a long time ago since it happened, but after that he astonished his associates many times until they ceased to wonder and accepted his tricks of memory as something that were to be depended on when all else failed.

In 1886 Sheridan joined the New York police force and on July 1, 1887, he became one of Tom Byrne's detectives. One day Byrne called Sheridan into his office just after roll call in the morning.

"Little feller," he said—that was his name for the detective—"read this over," and he tossed him a copy of a morning newspaper. It was an account of a theft of \$165,000 from the National Park Bank by its assistant cashier and his subsequent disappearance.

"I want you to get after that man," ordered the chief. "Don't come back here until you find him." Sheridan went out and Headquarters did not see him again for six months. He returned with the assistant cashier. He had found him in an out-of-the-way place known as Stanstead, Can., twenty miles from the county seat, to which he took him on a freight train.

Ten years later Sheridan and his wife were staying at a Washington Hotel. There was a clerk behind the counter whose face was familiar. It was the former assistant cashier. The detective greeted him. "I don't know you," said the clerk. "Here's my bill. Look at the name and see if you recognize it," replied Sheridan. "You've changed a lot in ten years, but I recognize you." The clerk looked at Sheridan's name and at once recalled the man who had arrested him.

"As head of the Identification Bureau Sheridan has charge of all the photographs of criminals filed away in the Rogue's Gallery. There are thousands and thousands of these, the collections of many years. Sheridan looks at the photograph once, put it away and thinks no more of it until the man is arrested again. A new photograph is taken. Perhaps the man wears a beard this time. Maybe he has discarded his tupe and mustache and grown whiskers. The sharp eyes of the little man in the outer room of the Detective Bureau penetrates the disguise at once.

"Do you know him?" asks McCafferty.

"Sure," says Sheridan, "that's so and so, who served eight years in Lannemora."

"All right," says the inspector. He never asks Sheridan if he is sure. He knows he is.

The Identification chief is the court of last resort. An old crook with a record long buried may pass the line of 350 sleuths at morning lineup without one of them recalling his face—and to make themselves familiar with the faces of crooks is their business. He may even fool the Bertillon experts who go by measurements only, accurate as they are. But he never gets by the Identification Bureau. That's why all crooks, big and little, would rather enter the lion's cage at Bronx Park than go into that little room in the rear of the Police Headquarters building to submit to the scrutiny of "the man with the camera eyes," whose brain might be said to be honeycombed with pigeonholes in each one of which there is a face properly tagged just like the pictures in the gallery. A very keen pair of eyes has Sheridan. They seem to search into your inmost being, as if to drag any secret you may hold from you.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

A Man Who Is Busting With Suggestions.

Persons in close touch with the German Emperor relate at Berlin that William is, despite his manifold duties, a proud, personable man. He can find the time to indite so many communications. He not only signs whole batches of letters written by his private secretary daily, but writes in his own hand, which, except for the signature, is far from being bold and clear, considerable correspondence, and even addresses the envelopes himself, never omitting to ascribe the full title due to the addressee.

A prominent artist with whom he constantly confers, asserts that on some occasions letters that he has received from William have run into twelve and even sixteen pages, and this in spite of the fact that he habitually abbreviates lengthy words by leaving out some of the central syllables. The sentences are usually short and crisp, leaving no chance

of misinterpretation. Often sketches are made by him in the margins to illustrate the meaning of what he desires to convey and the letters sometimes present a remarkable appearance for this reason. In view of the fact that he is head of both army and navy of the empire, a great number of his letters are written to leading generals and admirals, and some of his criticisms are extremely stinging and incisive.

He, however, does not confine himself to naval and military affairs, but offers suggestions to architects, sculptors, painters and engineers engaged on public work, and does not hesitate to ask the opinion of prominent men on an idea which he desires to evolve. Many a public monument for which others have obtained credit has been based on ideas thus formulated by the Emperor. He has even suggested improvements in the mechanical parts of automobiles. Sometimes, after reading a newly published book, he will send it crammed with marginal notes to an acquaintance, at the same time pointing out by letter how he considers the work might have been improved. It is said that should a collection of the Emperor's letters be made, they will offer a better and more striking picture of his character than has ever yet been conceived, showing his immense thirst for knowledge and desire to incite others to carry out ideas which he himself, by reason of his position, has no opportunity to achieve.—Toronto Globe.



EMPEROR WILLIAM.

Pays \$1,000 a Night to Sleep.

Like most autocrats the sultan of Turkey goes about in hourly fear of assassination, and it is on this account that he will never sleep in the dark. His constant dread of death has made him a prey to insomnia, and he does not often sleep for more than three or four hours at a time. It is said to cost him nearly \$1,000 a night to have his bedroom guarded, for the attendants entrusted with this important mission are all tried retainers, who receive princely salaries for their work. Many are the ruses adopted by the sultan to escape from would-be assassins. In one of the ante-chambers leading to his private apartments is placed a life-sized figure of his majesty, for the purpose of misleading any prowling revolutionary who might happen to penetrate thus far.—Tit-Bits.

The Honey Guide of Africa.

The honey guide belongs to Africa. When it desires to feed upon some comb which it has discovered, it makes its way to a human being, flutters about restlessly and hops from bush to bush and from one ant hill to another until it succeeds in attracting the man's attention. During this time it utters a shrill cry of "Cherr, cherr!" The native who understands its habits follows it. The honey guide now goes ahead, always watching to see that the man is following. At length the honey nest is reached. While the native attacks the nest and rifles the comb, the bird still flutters about chirping. When the man departs the honey guide descends from its perch and helps itself.—Springfield Republican.

The Limit.

She—"He's the meanest man I ever knew."

He—"What's he done?"

She—"Why, he tried this year to make his wife wear the bonnet his horse wore last summer!"—Yonkers Statesman.