

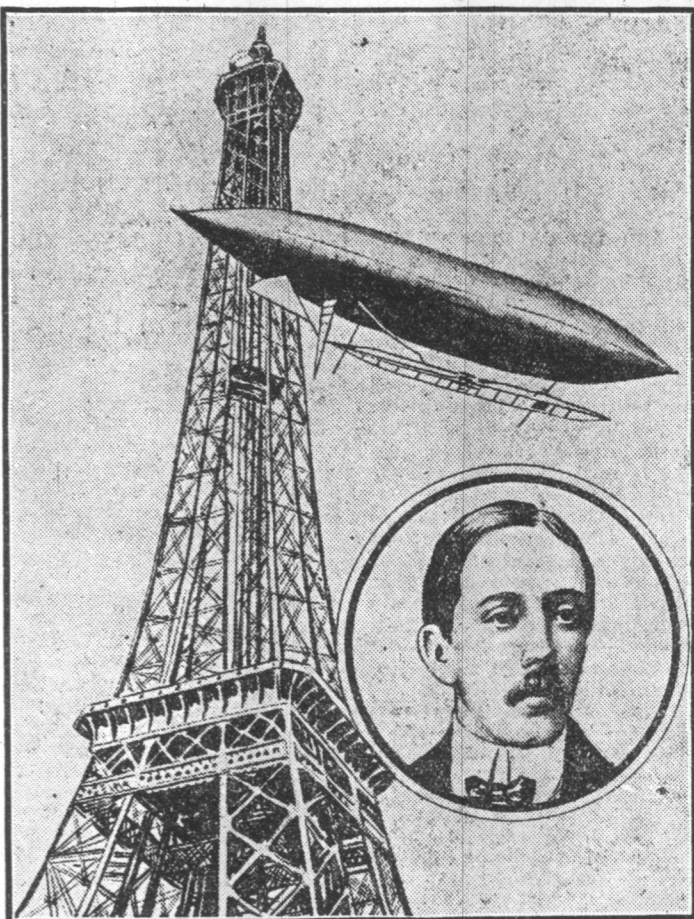
TERRIBLE FIGHTING FORCE TO SUPPLANT WARSHIPS

By RUSSELL WOODARD

(BRITISH HISTORIAN)

Expert Discourses on Japan's Navy Increase, and the Probabilities Which Airships Hold Forth for the Dogs of War.

JAPAN is doubling its fighting strength on water. The eyes of the whole world are on the oriental kingdom, for the Japanese admiralty has started a decided innovation in accomplishing that purpose. An almost unbelievable amount of cash is not expended in this movement, but the Russian vessels, captured in the Russo-Japanese war, are being re-equipped, re-armed, more guns are being installed and the general appearance and strength of the entire navy, including the craft which were under the mikado's jurisdiction before the war, is being heightened. Into Japan's plans are being thrown the most modern of ideas and every possible weakness, noted in the recent war, is being banished in the strengthening process. Since the recent installation of a new Japanese cabinet, a part announcement of plans has been

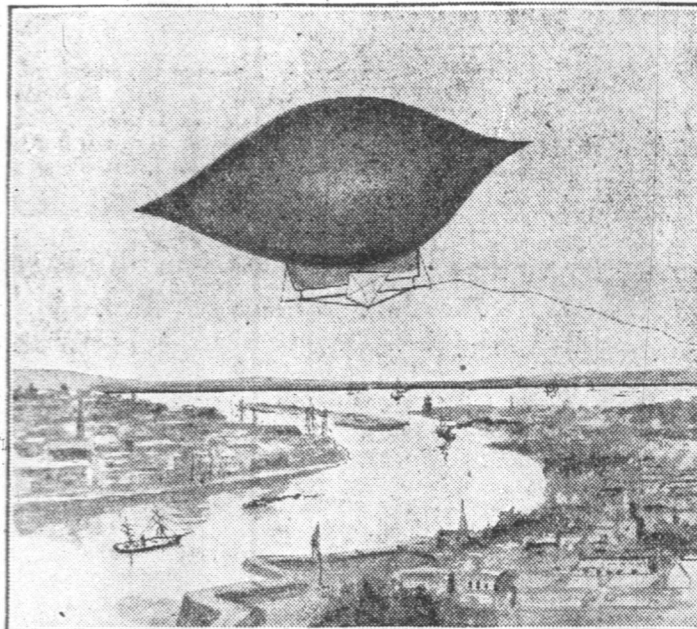


Santos-Dumont and His Airship.

will recall the session of parliament which dealt with the last British naval budget, the largest in the history of the nation. Emperor William of Germany, it was reported at the time, addressed a personal communication to Lord Tweedmouth, who had charge of the naval end of England's welfare, asking the latter to cut his naval budget. This story was not denied, but talk of it was so avoided by officials that the British public to-day believe that the letter actually was received. It aroused criticism from all Britain. It is said that the kaiser realized that the two biggest nations of the old world must keep pace with each other in this line, and perhaps feeling that a large expenditure by Germany was not advisable, realized that the only avenue of exit from such a possibility was to see the British budget reduced.

President Roosevelt's feelings on the matter were amply told in the record of the last congress when he tried to get that august body to appropriate for four new warships. However, there were too many men of peaceful and public buildings inclinations among the wearers of the toga and they dealt a solar plexus blow to the project, from which it only half recovered—to the extent of two warships. Both of these vessels have already been launched.

With Japan, the little terror of the far east, burlesquing up its navy, the probabilities are that the powers may go even farther next year in expenditures for warships, and the only block to the great amount expended seems to be the devising of some new model



Prof. Carl Meyers' Electrical Aerial Torpedo.

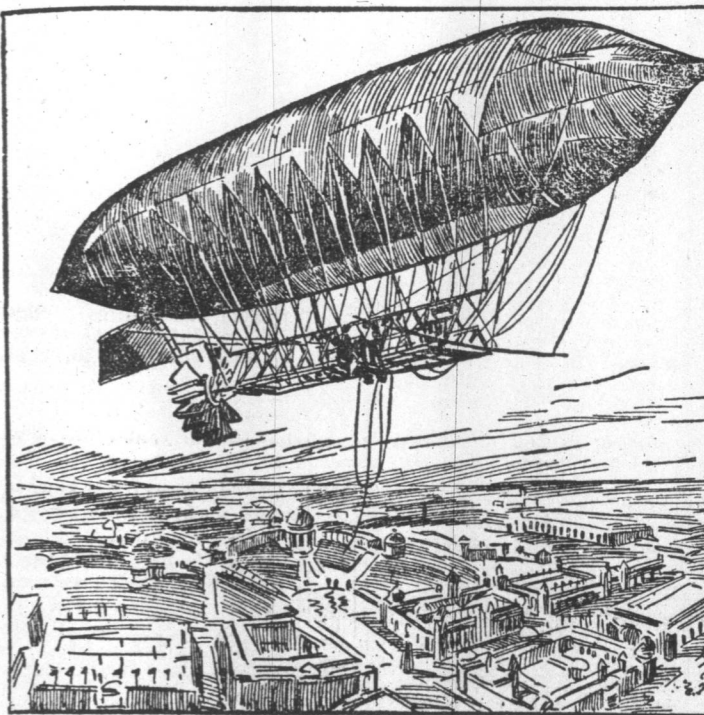
given to the world, and by the exertion of bits of imagination here and there naval experts declare they foresee one of the strongest navies which ever kicked up spray in the Pacific. Here's the way it's being done, this being the official announcement given out by the Japanese admiralty bureau at Tokyo:

"The Japanese admiralty has decided upon a large scheme of rearmament instead of building new ships, the armaments of the old will be altered so as to bring them into line with the most modern ideas and with the requirements indicated by the war with Russia. Thus vessels of the Mikasa type which have hitherto carried four 12-inch guns and 14 six-inch will henceforth carry four ten-inch instead of 14 six-inch, so that their principal armament will be brought up to eight pieces of heavy caliber. In fact, their fighting strength will be doubled. Similarly in the case of vessels like the Retvisan, taken during the war, their new armament will consist of four 12-inch and four ten-inch pieces, the latter being substituted for the 12 six-inch which these vessels originally carried.

"When the programme is carried out it will have the advantage of creating a thoroughly homogeneous fighting force.

"First-class cruisers are to be added to the navy. These ships will have a displacement of 18,550 tons with a horse power of 44,000 and a speed of 25 knots. They will be 450 feet long over all with 80 feet beam and a draft of 25 feet. Their armor will be seven inches and their armament will consist of ten 12-inch guns, some six-inch and ten 4.7-inch. One of these ships is to be built at Kure."

Every year naval efficiency is reaching a higher plane and experts declare it to be a physiological certainty that a more powerful mode of warfare on the water must come. That has been the trend of events from time memorial. One may go back into history to the time when the Norse-



Capt. Baldwin's Airship.

men fought from rafts. Later came their crude canoes, and then the Vikings. Several hundred years elapsed and big nations fought from behind bulwarks on wooden ships. Efforts were then made to put speed into the sailing vessels. The discovery of the steam engine helped this. Then came the eventual discarding of wooden vessels. This was brought about in America when the battle between the Monitor and Merrimack was fought and the fight in itself marked a step in naval warfare. The Merrimack occupied an idea up to that time unthought of in its armor of steel rails laid half a foot or more thick on its sides and top. No shells of that time were found able to pierce this arrange-

ment. But the Monitor came along with its revolving turret, ironclad, and, northerners say, bested the Merrimack. Right in that battle were two steps in naval progress, and Capt. Ericsson, whose family tree dates back to the times of the Norseman,

of warfare which will render warships useless. Of course every country maintains a land force, but all realize that the best move against an oncoming enemy is to beat them to the battlefield, and as a consequence, the usual approach being water, the navies of the world are strengthened to their top-most point. Russia has not yet recovered from its set-to with the mikado's subjects, but the scrap left the Japs with a few more battle-ships and a splendid plan for strengthening their navy without expending great sums of money and contracting new loans. Going farther into the probabilities of the new style of warfare which seems imminent, we may have battles of the air—a very dangerous mode of scrapping to the uninterested spectator below. Probably that would be the deadliest sort of combat known, for in "sinking" an airship every man aboard would undoubtedly be killed by hard compact with mother earth.

Then, on the other hand, perhaps there will be no future wars at least among the large and civilized powers. Of course the barbarians will break out occasionally, but among the bigger nations there are now so many peace bodies that one has to walk about carefully in order not to encounter doves of peace, minus feathers. There are dozens of international peace and arbitration societies whose one theme is "don't shoot." And these hold sessions annually. It is said that they really cement relations between countries and the time may come when they will become so numerous that conflict will be impossible without slaying brothers. The Hague tribunal is another medium of the big powers, always ready to decide little disputes which threaten to develop into "international complications."

As a consequence it looks dark for the dogs of war and just as ink for the men of peace, who would keep the canines tied. But come what will, within a generation or two the world is to be given some new fighting force which will astound the nations, not in the secret, to such an extent that there will either be an entire cessation of all hostilities or some two will get together and one will be made such a beautiful example of that the watching nations will decide that Cyn. Sherman was right about war.

that depletion must be alarmingly rapid in other countries, which cut unsparingly and plant very little. On the other hand, it is encouraging to see what can be done with rough, steep and poor land. The United States has enough of that kind, without touching the rich agricultural acres, to grow billions of feet of lumber.

And Money Saved.

A sound unknown in tropical cities is the harsh grating of the coal being shoveled into cellars for the coming winter.—Mexican Herald.

STANDBY OF THE WHITE SOX



Frank Owen, member of the pitching staff of the Chicago White Sox, who is doing good work on the slab this season.

HOW UMPIRE TIM HURST HANDED IT TO COOLEY

Latter Tried to Be Put Out of Contest, But Veteran Was On to His Game.

Of all umpires before or since there are none that have had so much newspaper space accorded to them as the chubby little umpire, Tim Hurst, says the Washington Post. There has never been one who has ruled the field with the same rod of iron as has Sir Timothy, and this in the days when ball players were men who would as soon trim an umpire as they would attend to any of the ordinary avocations of the day.

Such fastidiously of the grassy diamond as Pat Tebeau, Jimmy McAllister, Jack O'Connor, Glascock, Virgil Garvin and many others too numerous to mention, who made it a point to go after the umpires of a decade and more ago, never tried any of their games on Hurst and came out of the big end of the horn. Tim always won out hands down, and, in addition, made the other fellows eat crow of the bitterest variety. Hurst always adapted himself to the situation in hand, and, as the song goes in the opera of "The Mikado," he invariably made the "punishment fit the crime."

Bill Bernhard, when in Washington last year with the Cleveland Club, told a story concerning Hurst and Dick Cooley, who was then a member of the Philadelphia team, as was Bernhard himself. The story, which has perhaps never before been in print, treats of one day when Cooley, in running backward to make a difficult catch, fell over on his head, and, in addition, got such a shaking up that he asked his manager to allow him to retire from the game, but Dick was a swell batter, and the manager, thinking that he was faking, refused his request.

By Cooley was surely hurt badly, for he began to miss balls and also to strike out, and then he suddenly thought of a plan that would enable him to get out of the game, and he started in to abuse Hurst, but Tim was wise to the situation, and he let Dick "chew the rag" to his heart's content, and, as Bernhard says, it was estimated by Tom Sampson, the mathematician of the Philadelphia team, that Dick did enough to be fined, at the smallest calculation, \$11,000, and to be put out of the game for 355 years.

Every decision made Dick would come running in and would abuse Tim frightfully, but Hurst, with a knowing smile on his face, would wave him to one side. Finally after an unusually ferocious burst of billingsgate, Dick, sticking his face close up to Tim's, asked:

"Going to chase me from the game, eh?"

"Naw," leisurely replied Tim; "I'm going to keep you in the game, just to show the people what a bum ball player you really are."

Jeffries Likes Baseball. James J. Jeffries is about to take a hand in baseball. Unless the unexpected happens he will buy an interest in the new Los Angeles, Cal., franchise, which was awarded at the last meeting of the Pacific Coast league. Jeffries has always been a baseball crank. When he was traveling about the country defending his title against all comers he never overlooked a chance to take in a game, and since he has retired from the ring, he has been an ardent supporter of the Angels. Several prominent sporting men will join Jeffries as a stockholder.

Ambidextrous Pitcher.

It is the general opinion that no pitcher can ever throw both right and left handed with equal skill. Back in the '80s when Jim McAlleer and Ed McKean were playing with Youngstown, in the Iron and Oil league, an ambidextrous pitcher by the name of Keenan played on the same team. This man could work equally well with right or left. On July 4, 1885, McAlleer says he pitched two games against New Castle, twirling the morning game with his right and the afternoon performance with his left hand, winning both games.

Minor Leagues Come High. According to a baseball official who knows purchase prices for minor league players are running pretty stiff this season. The \$11,000 paid by the New York Nationals for Pitcher Marquard is a sample. That amount was paid, too. One American league club bid \$8,500.

And Usually Profitless. Sarcasm is seldom convincing.

Upward of 17 years as a pitcher in major leagues is the marvelous record of "Old Cy" Young of the Boston Americans. This stamps the elderly youth as one of the most remarkable athletes in history. He is over 40 years of age, yet is regarded as one of the best pitchers in the country to-day, none barred. His feat recently in pitching a no-hit-no-run game, allowing only one man to reach first, shows what the old boy still has in him. The Red Sox may go along losing, but whenever "Old Cy's" turn comes to fling it generally means a victory for him. He is more feared than any pitcher in the American league with the exception, possibly, of Ed Walsh of the White Sox. And the strangest thing about it all is that Young uses few curves. He has lots of speed, but relies principally on his wonderful control. Every batter in the American league, with such exceptions as the youngsters whom he has never pitched against, has been staked up by "Old Cy" and he knows just what they don't like. Then he goes ahead and feeds this kind of balls to them. He has little preliminary motion before delivering the ball, thus conserving his strength. It is probably due to the

LIFE OF THE AVERAGE BALL PLAYER IS SHORT

Strenuous Training Each Spring and Temptations to Drink Hard on Majority.

Just now while the annual Cy Young and George Van Haltren stories are going the rounds and the baseball writers are using up reams of paper telling how long these men have been in the game, a lot of folks are wondering why so many ball players last a few seasons, go back to the minors, and then disappear entirely.

The average baseball life is generally conceded to be somewhere between 10 and 12 years. A man may work in a rolling mill 12 hours a day for 20 years, he can make duplicate watches and high-grade works of art for a score of years, he can engage in all sorts of work that requires skill and good eyesight for perhaps twice as long as an average ball player retains his skill, and there must be some good reason for this.

It is a noticeable fact that all the ball players who have been in the game for years and who still play as they used to, never lay off and loaf for long periods. Ball players by the hundreds put all kinds of work when the season ends in the middle of October and do not do a tap of work until March, when their clubs go south.

Then the winter laggards have to sweeter and work in a hot climate to get down to playing weight. Taking off weight rapidly always saps a man's strength, as those who grow fat in the winter are in a weakened condition for several weeks and cannot do themselves justice.

The temptations to drink and lead a fast life are greater in baseball than in the more prosaic occupations. A star ball player is much sought, and hundreds of hangers on in places where a ball player shouldn't be are tickled half to death if the diamond hero will join them in a "good time."

A lot of the younger fellows fall for it and in consequence come back in the spring in mighty poor shape. An observer could name two dozen veterans of the American league who slow up just a little each season, who work and work to distraction each spring to catch on by the time the season starts, yet who spend their winters in luxurious idleness. It seems a queer way of doing.

Some one has suggested that club owners sign up their players in 12-months' contract, and run a wood chopping brigade or a pedestrian club in the winter time. But the managers and magnates have enough woes keeping the men going during the season.

GOSSIP OF THE DIAMOND

Manager Murray made a good move when he pulled Lethander Foxen from Jersey City. He has more than made good.

"Managers who stand for players who insult umpires are worse than the players, and poor baseball players," declares an eastern baseball man.

Thomas Tukey, a pitcher of the Meriden team of the Connecticut league, has been sold to the Boston Nationals for \$1,500. It was announced that Capt. Gus Soffel of the Meriden team will go with the Boston team at the end of the Connecticut league season.

Jimmy Kane of Cincinnati is the lightest man in the National league. He weighs about 122 pounds, but is as fleet as any felder in the game and can stick nicely.

The Cincinnati Reds will surely have a great string of young pitchers on hand next spring. They have already signed about a dozen, the latest being Russell Ford of Atlanta in the Southern league.

Big Ed Walsh of the Chicago Americans has pitched more games than any other big league pitcher. He has now performed in excess of 30 games, which is a season's work for many so-called crack pitchers. He certainly is a willing horse.

Chicago, Pittsburg and New York are glancing behind at the buzzing noise and the cloud of dust which is bearing down on them. It's the Phillies.

Herman Shaefer has been made field captain of the Detroit Tigers in place of Coughlin. Shaefer is the pepper merchant of the club outside of Hugh Jennings himself.

The latest spoken of as manager of the Highlanders is Jack O'Connor, the old reliable catcher. It looks, however, as if it was only a rumor.

SPORTING GOSSIP

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"Cy" Young.

few curves that he employs that he has been able to stick to the game as long as he has. Three no-hit-no-run games have been pitched by "Old Cy" since he has been in the big leagues. In addition to his recent feat he twirled one for the old Cleveland and one against Philadelphia on May 5, 1904, while twirling for Boston. In this game he did not allow a batter to reach first base. It is impossible to say how many more years "Old Cy" will stick to baseball. He is apparently as valuable, or more so, than ever and shows no signs of letting up. No team in major league circles would pass by an opportunity of securing him from Boston if able, but John L. Taylor, owner of the Red Sox, would not let the veteran go for anything reasonable. The Boston fans idolize him and will miss the Hub city. It is not at all impossible that he will pass several more useful years in baseball circles.

To the uninitiated the notices that have been published from time to time concerning phenomenal figures paid for baseball players have created the impression that baseball managers must be on the verge of insanity. The innocent reader who sees that \$11,000 has been paid for a player who has never been in the same class of players as a season, wonders how it is that managers will take the chances of buying an untried player for such a large amount of money. They probably do not know that there is a good sized string attached to the deal. Managers demand for these high-priced men that they shall deliver the goods, and unless they can do so, they do not purchase. In other words, baseball players are bought and paid for on the installment plan. In the case of a pitcher, for instance, if he wins a certain number of games a certain percentage of the purchase price is handed over, and in the case of an in or outfielder a part of his purchase price is paid after he has shown that he is not a four-flusher. The enormous amounts paid for baseball players largely belong to the same class of enormous amounts paid to actors and actresses.

Unable for one reason or another to get the big league players he needs to strengthen his club, Charley Ebbets, president of the Brooklyn club, is raking in all the likely minor leaguers he can lay his hands on. The other day he captured another, who, according to his reputation down east, is about ready to make a big splash in the baseball puddle.

His name is Catterson, and just now he is drawing his pay from the Brooklyn club of the New England league. He is an outfielder and has been hit bats at a .350 or .355 clip all seasons. He leads his league with the bat. Catterson is a big, husky fellow, fast on his feet and a bang-up felder. More than one National league club, including the Chicago Cubs, has been after him, but Brooklyn's offer was too good to turn down. He will report after the close of the New England league season.

Managers McAleer and Mack have traded catchers. Sid Smith, the 1906 batting monarch of the Southern association and a member of the Atlanta champions, becomes a Brownie, and Bert Blue, who was secured from Columbus, becomes a Quaker.

HAD CHOSEN RIGHT VOCATION

Young Man's Future in the Legal Profession Assured.

The young lawyer had waited many days for clients, and still they did not come. His bills were mounting higher and higher, and, sad to say, some of his creditors were becoming impatient. At this very minute his tailor, whom he owed for his last winter's overcoat, was sitting beside his desk uttering all sorts of dire threats. "I'll pay you when I can," he said. "Well, that don't satisfy me," retorted the tailor. "What would happen, do you think, if I were to take this matter to the courts and sue you?" "You'd get judgment, of course," said the young lawyer.

"Then in your own opinion you have not a leg left to stand on," insisted the tailor. "Not a leg," returned the briefless youth.

"Very well, then, I shall proceed at once," said the tailor, rising. "I certainly advise you to," said the lawyer, with a gleam in his eye.

"I shall most certainly accept your advice," retorted the tailor, sarcastically.

"Good," said the lawyer. "What is the amount of your bill?" "Sixty-eight dollars and fifty cents," said the tailor.

"All right," said the lawyer. "Hand over six fifty, please."

"Six fifty?" said the tailor. "What for?"

"You have just consulted me in the matter of a suit at law and have stated that you accept my advice. My charge for that is \$75, and the six fifty is the difference between your bill and mine," said the lawyer. "If I don't hear from you by noon to-morrow I shall put the matter in the hands of my attorneys. Good morning, sir."

And the tailor went out marveling much that so ingenious a young gentleman should be a member of the great army of the unemployed.—Harper's Weekly.

A New Swindle.

Wealthy farmers of Armstrong and Westmoreland counties, Pennsylvania, have been victimized by a brand new confidence game. Recently a man in the garb of a minister called at the farm of W. B. Templeton, near Adrian, and asked for lodgings for the night. Templeton, impressed by the stranger, readily consented. Next morning, before the stranger departed, a man and woman hurriedly drove up to the farm house, and said they had heard that a preacher was stopping there. They wanted to get married at once, and the "minister" performed the ceremony.

Templeton and his wife signed the certificate as witnesses. A week later the alleged marriage certificate turned up in the First National bank at East Brady as a promissory note for \$300, which Templeton had to pay. A number of other farmers have been swindled in the same manner.—New York Tribune.

An Insane Devil in the Heart.

An insane devil lurks in the heart of even the most sainted woman. It is the little devil that makes a young wife ask her devoted husband how the two he would save if she and her mother were drowning, writes William J. Locke in his story "Simple Septimus," in the American Magazine. It is the same little devil that is responsible for infinite mendacity on the part of men. "Have you said that to another woman?" No, of course he hadn't, and the wretch is instantly perjured. "My immortal soul," says the good fellow, instantaneously converted into an atrocious liar; and the little devil coos with satisfaction and curls himself up snugly to sleep.

Old-Time Speed Maniacs.

A century and a half ago the wayfarer on England's great highways was little better off in the matter of security from accident than he is in these days of speed-loving motorists. A French traveler in 1765, recording his journeys from Dover to London, explained the existence of the wayside footpath marked off by posts as being due to "the extreme speed at which the English vehicles drive in the country (contrary to their practice in the towns); never stopping to avoid running over and maiming foot passengers."

The Sweetest Songster.

Over the breakfast Miss Dorothy, the enthusiastic ornithologist of the boarding house, discussed the merits of the nightingale, lark, thrush and so forth.

"And which, Mr. Hunker," exclaimed Miss Dorothy, "which of all the songbirds are you fondest of?"

"I prefer the hen, Miss Dorothy."

"But the hen isn't a song-bird at all!" objected Miss Dorothy.

"Well," replied Hunker, tapping another hard-boiled egg, "it's the only bird whose lay I care for!"

An Ironical Disposition.

"Women love to cry at the theater," said the observant person.

"Yes," answered Mr. Groucher, "I wish somebody would write a play about a man who had to mind the children and get his own dinner because his wife was at a matinee. I wonder if my wife would shed tears of sympathy when she saw it?"

A Self-Help Advocate.

"So you will contribute nothing to our campaign fund?" said the discouraged collector.

"Nothing whatever," answered Mr. Duster. "A candidate nowadays should be sufficiently popular to make his magazine articles and copyrighted photographs supply his own campaign funds."

Uncle Jerry.

"What they call 'honor' is a mighty curious thing," observed Uncle Jerry Peobles. "I know a man who would cheerfully starve himself to pay a gambling debt, and he still owes the preacher that married him 27 years ago."

What Did He Mean?

"You say you are compelled to sing by your parents?"

"Yes."

"You shouldn't."

"Why?"

"Because you have no voice in the matter."—Baltimore American.

THE WOOD LOTS OF JAPAN.

Example Furnished by That Country of Tree Growing on Small Plots.

In these times of great drains on the timber supply, caused by the heavy demand for forest products of all kinds, Americans may see in Japan an example of what can be done in growing wood on small plots, says the Pathfinder.

That country contains 21,000,000

wood lots, about three-fourths of which belong to private persons and one-fourth to communities. The average size of the plot is less than nine-tenths of an acre. They usually occupy the steepest, roughest, poorest ground. In this way land is put to use which would otherwise go to waste, and if unwooded would lose its soil by the wash of the dashing rains. From Japan's wood lots the yearly

yield of lumber is about 88 feet, board measure, an acre, and three-fourths of a cord of fire wood. In many cases the yield is much higher. More than 500,000,000 trees are planted yearly to make up what is cut for lumber and fuel.

Assessment for taxation is low, averaging for the 21,000,000 lots less than one dollar an acre. With all the care in cutting and the industry in replanting, it is by no means certain that Japan's forests are holding their own. If the preservation of them is doubtful there, it is evident

that depletion must be alarmingly rapid in other countries, which cut unsparingly and plant very little. On the other hand, it is encouraging to see what can be done with rough, steep and poor land. The United States has enough of that kind, without touching the rich agricultural acres, to grow billions of feet of lumber.

And Money Saved.

A sound unknown in tropical cities is the harsh grating of the coal being shoveled into cellars for the coming winter.—Mexican Herald.