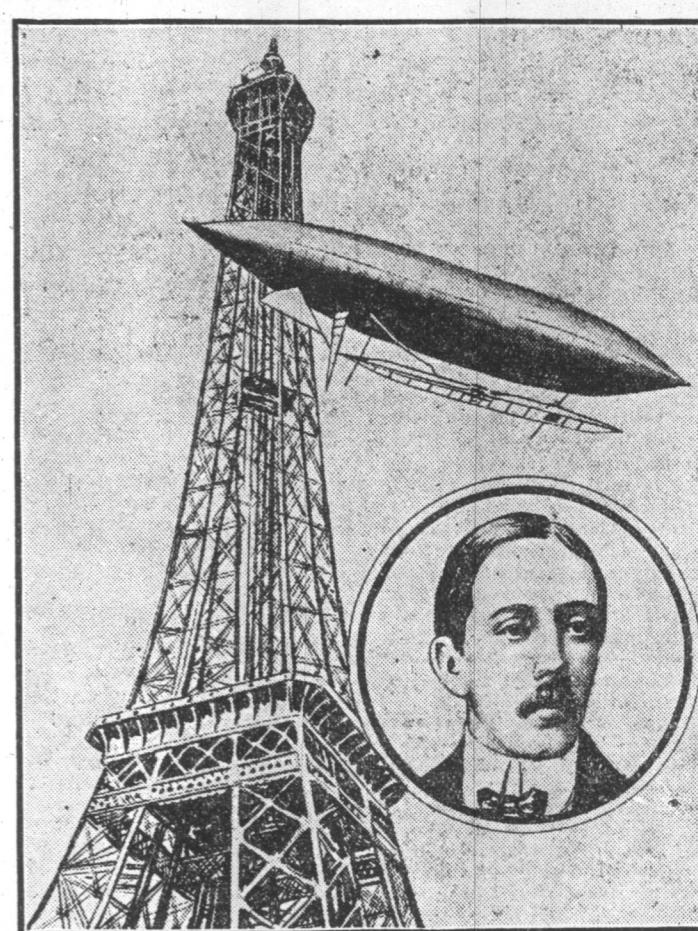


# TERRIBLE FIGHTING FORCE TO SUPPLANT WARSHIPS

By RUSSELL WOODARD

(BRITISH HISTORIAN)

Expert Dis-  
courses on  
Japan's Navy  
Increase, and  
the Probabil-  
ities which  
Airships Hold  
Forth for the  
Dogs of War.



Santos-Dumont and His Airship.

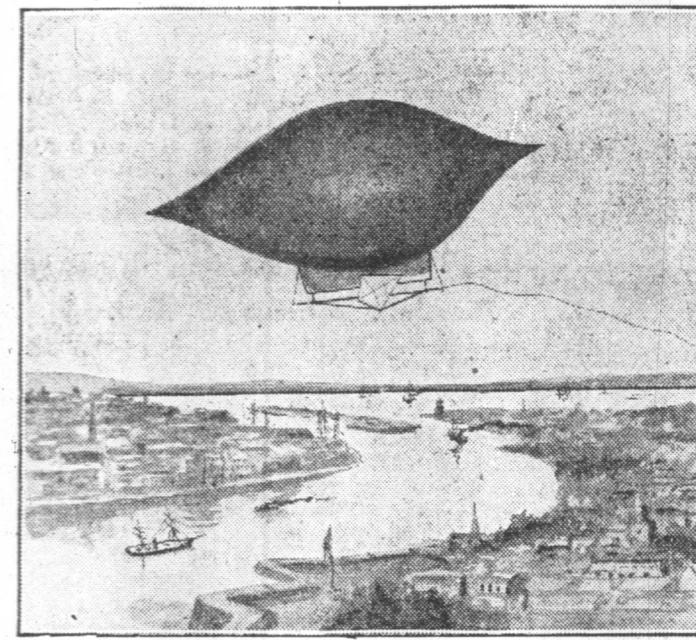
Japan is doubling its fighting strength on water. The eyes of the whole world are on the oriental kingdom, for the Japanese admiralty has started a decided innovation in accomplishing that purpose. An almost unbelievable amount of cash is not expended in this movement, but the Russian vessels, captured in the Russo-Japanese war, are being re-equipped, re-armored, 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

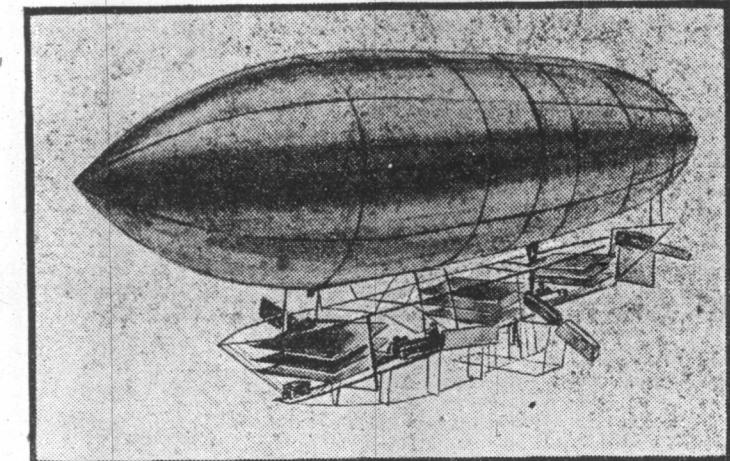
will recall the session of parliament which dealt with the last British naval budget, the largest in the history of the nation. Emperor William of Germany, it was reported at the time, addressed a personal communication to Lord Tweedmouth, who had charge of the naval end of England's welfare, asking 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 togas and they dealt a solar plexus blow to the project, from which it only half recovered—to the extent of two new warships. Both of these vessels have already been launched.

With Japan, the little terror of the far east, burnishing 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 mod-



Prof. Carl Meyers' Electrical Aerial Torpedo.



Model of England's Military Airship.

ment. But the Monitor came along with its revolving turret, ironclad, and, northerners say, bested the Merrimac. 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 sense, to such an extent that there will either be an entire cessation of all hostilities or some two will meet together and one will be made such a beautiful example of the way the watching nations will decide that C. S. Sherman was right about war.

Ambidextrous Pitcher.

It is the general opinion that no pitcher can ever throw both right and left handed with equal skill. Back in the '80's when Jim McAleer and Ed McKeon were playing with Youngstown, in the Iron and Oil league, an ambidextrous pitcher by the name of Keenan played on the same team.

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 Sofel 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 fielder 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 gazing behind at the buzzing noise and the cloud of dust which is bearing down on them. It's the Phils.

Herman Shafer has been made field captain of the Detroit Tigers in place of Coughlin. Shafer is the pepper merchant of the club outside of Hough-

ton Jennings himself.

The latest spoken of as manager of the Highlanders is Jack O'Connor, the reliable catcher. It looks, how-

ever, as if it was only a rumor.

And Usually Profitless.

Sarcasm is seldom convincing.

## STANDBY OF THE WHITE SOX



FRANK OWEN

Frank Owen, member of the pitc hing 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 fistic giants of the grassy diamond as Pat Tebeau, Jimmy McAllister, Jack O'Connor, Glasscock, 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

average baseball life 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 remains his skill, and there must be some good reason for this.

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 quit 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 swelter and work in a hot climate to get down to playing weight. Taking off weight rapidly always says 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.

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.

But 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, 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, if his manager allowed him to retire from the game, but Dick was a swell batter, and the manager, thinking that he was faking, refused his request.

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

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

"Now," 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.

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## SPORTING GOSPI

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 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 Swindler.

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.

### A Little 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 woman's wife ask her devoted husband which of 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 perfused. "My immortal soul," says the good fellow, instantaneously converted into an atrocious villain; and the little devil coos with satisfaction and curlis 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. Dustin Stax. "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 Peebles. "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."