

Will Battleships Be Obsolete?

What Will Happen When The Submarine is in General Service.

By Morgan Robertson.



If battleships cease to exist, forts to repel them, will be worthless. They are nearly as expensive as battleships and much more effective. Then, if transports have no battleships to oppose them, they need have no battleships to protect them; and, as for a base for scouts and torpedo boats, all they need is coal and an admiral to report to. An improved destroyer may carry an admiral, not in such comfort as does the big and roomy battleship, but faster. And, with the additional speed available, coaling stations may be farther apart without hindrance to fleet operations, and blockades, the only practical method of naval offence, may be maintained farther at sea, safe from the fire of forts and the attacks of submarines.

As for the future value of conveying transports, what will be the use of sending soldiers across the sea to certain death within a short distance of land? With twenty submarines in place of each coast defense-ship, with a "mother ship" to supply food, water and supplies for every five of these ducklings, and with one fast surface craft for a scout, what transport that might slip by the one battleship, could hope to land her soldiers? And what invading warcraft, slower than the scout, could catch her, or destroy her except by surprise; which it is a scout's business to prevent? Transports, to be successful, will need to be faster than the scouts that will report them; and, since this is physically impossible, invasion by sea will come to an end. It is safe to say that, if Russia, at the beginning of the war had expended upon submarines the cost of two of her bottled-up battleships, not a Japanese regiment could have landed on Korea and remained a regiment. With cheap submarines of fifty miles of submergence, and four hundred of surface action attached to every seaport, no transport or slow-going battleship would dare approach an enemy's coast.

The battleship, with its seven or eight hundred men to die when disaster comes, is an expensive investment. Those who advocate its continuance do not advocate its development. No one argues for the buildings of battleships twice as long and broad and deep as those that now exist, with twice the thickness of armor and weight of guns. Yet, if the big battleship be not developed still further, it will cease to exist. For a time, its work can be done by the armored cruiser; then, as the speed and vision of the submarine is increased and perfected, by the fast protected cruiser and faster destroyer; and if the speed and vision of this deadly, unseen enemy that strikes out of the unknown in time and place finally encompasses the destroyer, these, too must give way as is probable, and adopt the submarine features of their vanquishers, and become submergible surface boats.—World's Work.

Our Attitude Toward New Governments

By John Bassett Moore, LL. D.



ANY exposition of the American doctrine of non-intervention would be incomplete that failed specially to notice the rule of the United States with regard to the recognition of new governments—a rule which is indeed a corollary of that doctrine. In Europe, governments had been treated as legitimate or illegitimate, according to what was conceived to be the regularity or the irregularity of the succession of their rulers. The attitude of the United States on this question was early defined when the National Convention in France proclaimed a republic. On that occasion Jefferson, as secretary of state, in a letter to Gouverneur Morris, of March 12, 1793, which has become a classic, said: "We surely cannot deny to any nation that right whereon our own government is founded, that every one may govern itself according to whatever form it pleases, and change these forms at its own will; and that it may transact its business with foreign nations through whatever organ it thinks proper, whether king, convention, assembly, committee, president, or anything else it may choose. The will of the nation is the only thing essential to be regarded." In a word, the United States maintained that the true test of a government's title to recognition is not theoretical legitimacy of its own origin, but the fact of its existence as the apparent exponent of the popular will. And from this principle, which is now universally accepted, it necessarily follows that recognition can properly be accorded only when the new government has demonstrated its ability to exist. Recognition extended at an earlier stage of the revolution savors of an act of intervention, and as such must be defended on its merits, as is clearly set forth in President Roosevelt's message of January 4, 1904, in relation to the recognition of the Republic of Panama.—Harper's Magazine.

Bull Fight the Thing

In Spain Young and Old Worship the Matador.

By S. L. Bensusan.



PAN y los toros! When you have lived awhile in Spain you understand what this cry means, the cry of a sun-stricken, pleasure-loving people not free from the lust of cruelty. The bull ring is half in shade and half in blinding sunshine, the shady side is dear, the sunny side is cheap and crowded for every corrida, but Pedro and Juanna could not afford an annual visit to the sunny side, and this luxury always followed Holy Week. To be sure it was an event. On the great Sunday Juanna would rise early and devote an hour or two to Pedro's solitary suit before its owner was awake; he generally had a new tie or a new waistband to celebrate the happy day, while Juanna herself had some noticeable piece of finery fresh for the occasion. They would take their breakfast with them to eat in one of the public gardens and enjoy their bottle of wine which cost in English money rather less than three pence. Then they would have good seats on the sunny side close to the barrier, so that they should not miss any piece of work however delicate. The expense of that day, when seats and finery and wine, oranges and sandwiches were paid for, sometimes amounted to ten pesetas, nearly six shillings in English money, and such a sum is not lightly spent from the proceeds of paper selling and cigar making. It was a red-letter day, a day of ample food and endless sun and generous bloodshed. Twenty horses and six bulls would sometimes make a sum total of slaughtered things, and then Pedro and Juanna would feel that were compensating joys in life after all.—Metropolitan.

MANSON MEETS THE ENEMY.

What He Said When He Saw His Torturer Face to Face.

"It is unbearable!" declared Mr. Manson. Then he threw down his paper and remarked to Mrs. Manson that she must be devoid of nerves. "If you think for one minute," she replied, "that I enjoy being tortured all day long and most of the evening by that dreadful tooting, you're entirely mistaken, Archibald." The Chicago News gives some further account of Manson's experiences.

"Somebody ought to stop it," Manson said, gruffly.

"So you have said before," Mrs. Manson remarked, sweetly.

The perpetual, maddening, amateurish playing of a peculiarly shrill life was destroying domestic harmony not only in the Manson flat, but in every house in the block. It began early in the morning. The scales were an accompaniment to the breakfast coffee, from which the men of a dozen families fled, leaving their wives to be tormented by a repertoire that wandered through "Suwanee River" to "Yankee Doodle."

Nobody was quite sure from which house the life shrilled forth, but by calling in the aid of distracted servants and comparing notes, the neighborhood finally settled down on the Grahams as the fatal spot.

"They have a ten-year-old nephew living with them now," a feminine detective triumphantly announced. "He must do it."

"Chloroform him," promptly said all the husbands, especially Manson.

The wife was most annoying on hot days. On a certain broiling Saturday afternoon Manson's nerves gave way.

"Any human being," he said, "who will deliberately torture, or allow any one to torture, the rest of the world with such outrageous, ear-splitting racket ought to be driven off the street. I can't see why some of you women don't complain about it to Mrs. Graham. You could lead up to it, gracefully, you know."

"Has it ever occurred to you," asked his wife, crisply, "that some of you men might speak to Mr. Graham? I don't even know his wife by sight. If I did I might be tempted to say something."

"Maybe the boy will swallow the life," suggested Manson, hopefully.

"Possibly both Graham and his wife are deaf, and that's the reason they don't mind it themselves. People with as little consideration for other folks' feelings ought to have a few good plain truths hammered into them. If I ever get a chance I'll do it. You watch!"

Then there came an evening when Manson was met on his return by an excited wife.

"What do you think!" she cried. "Mrs. Graham called today, and she is the dearest old lady you ever saw. She spoke so sweetly of her nephew, Bob, and said he was such a comfort to them! His parents are dead. She said he just loved music—"

"Music!" snorted Manson.

"Just loved music," went on Mrs. Manson, hastily, "and nearly broke his heart till they got him the life. She—she wanted to know—she said she hoped it didn't annoy us."

Manson breathed hard.

"Wh—what did you say?" he asked, feverishly. "You told her?"

"I just couldn't, Archibald," Mrs. Manson confessed. "She was so placid, and had such a sweet way—"

"You had the chance and let it go by," said Manson, with cold dignity.

It was three nights later—72 hours, 36 of which had been enlivened by the shrilling of the life—that Mr. and Mrs. Graham and the demon Bob himself passed by and stopped on the Mansons' door-step. Manson looked at Bob curiously. He was a singularly prepossessing child. There was a fascination in merely gazing at him. He approached Manson confidently, and his dark eyes were very winning.

"Do you like music?" he asked. "I do. I have a life, and I practise lots. Maybe you've heard me. Don't you think it's pretty?"

Mrs. Manson gripped her chair arms and waited for the worst.

There was a silence, during which Manson gazed into the eager, appealing face of the author of his daily torture. His duty was plain, but he had not counted on the boy's eyes. At last he spoke.

"Yes, indeed, it's great!" he said.

"Butting in."

"I was watching the bulletins, when my attention was attracted to two youngsters who were squared off at each other in Queensberry style. While I watched they rolled into the gutter, scratching like cats.

"I separated the belligerents. Then they turned on me. 'Hey, mister, what yer doin'?' yelled one. 'Can't two friends fight without somebody 'buttin' in?' I permitted the fight to go on."—Washington Post.

The regents of California State University have decided to buy 200 acres of land to "round out" the present irregularly shaped tract on which the Lick Observatory now stands.



For Morning Wear.

For practical morning wear, cotton poplin and cheviot blouses, smartly tailor-made, will be worn during the season. In these wash poplins, those of white with white embroidered dots are perhaps the safest investment. In colored chevits, plaids are brought out in very attractive Scotch and other weaves.—N. Y. Evening Post.

Ornaments Increasing in Favor For Hat

Buckles and similar ornaments are more favored than seemed likely to be the case at the beginning of the season; but they are only prized when of a very handsome sort. Rhine pebbles and finely cut steel, mounted in enameled metal and cut jet, have the lead. I have also remarked that one or two milliners are trying to revive a taste for gold galons, but so far I have only seen it applied to white or beige-colored felts.—Millinery Trade Review.

Pockets Are Coming In.

A sure-to-be-welcomed-with-joy bit of information is that pockets are coming in again. It is not only that the winter coat will show more pockets than for many a long season, but actually that the tailor-made dress-skirt will be made with a big, roomy pocket. However, the dressmakers who have at least consented to make a skirt with a pocket are issuing notices to their patrons who order these skirts, to the effect that the pocket is not to be used as a substitute for the generous "Peggy from Paris" bag or any of the other big wrist-bags which the shops are showing.—Woman's Home Companion.

Great Beautifiers.

Thoughtfulness for others and unselfishness are great beautifiers. For all perfection of skin and feature won't make up for an unlovely expression, and such an expression can come only from a sweet nature, says Christine Terhune Herrick in the Philadelphia North American. We are not all of us born with pretty faces—but we can all of us try to get both. And there is some satisfaction in working on one's disposition. You may not be able to alter the shape of your nose or to make large melting eyes out of a pair of optics that are good for little except seeing. But if you cultivate an interest in those about you, if you try to make the world happier for those with whom you are brought into association, you will not fall before long to get a pleasing expression that will make the physical defects be forgotten, or to seem charms because they are part of a lovely and generous personality. Try it!

And, at the same time, keep up the care of the body!

The Rights of Children.

"We must interpret the laws for the protection of the young against cruelty, oppression and injustice," says Henry van Dyke in Everybody's Magazine, "as evidence of the world's growing sense of justice. Beginning with the Factory Act of 1833 and the Mines and Collieries Act of 1842 in England, there has been a steadily increasing effort to diminish and prevent the degradation of the race by the enslavement of childhood to labor. Even the parents' right of control, says the modern world, must be held in harmony with the child's right to life and growth, mental, moral and physical. The law itself must recognize the injustice of dealing with young delinquents as if they were old and hardened criminals. No more herding of children ten and twelve years old in the common jail! Juvenile courts and probation officers, asylums and reformatories, an intelligent and systematic effort to reclaim the young life before it has fallen into hopeless bondage to crime: this is the spirit of civilized legislation to-day. In 1903 no less than ten of the American States enacted special statutes with this end in view."

The Uplifting Woman.

The cheering up woman is a real entity nowadays. Registered on the books of a certain woman's exchange, she dispenses her cheerfulness at so much an hour, and is in great demand. She reads to invalids, talks to them, sings or plays to them, as the case requires. She is a bright, bustling little body, with cheery ways and optimistic temperament.

She will come to you for five minutes or thirty. She will darn your stockings or mend your clothes. She will fix flowers in vases and make your room homelike, or talk to you about everything or nothing.

Personally she is just what you would expect such a woman to be. She has a family of her own who rejoice in her optimistic view of life, but she uses her talent also to keep the wolf from the door.

There was a time when there was plenty in the home, but financial reverses came, and with them the need

of retrenchment. The husband fell ill and some one must turn breadwinner. It fell upon the wife and mother. To-day she is supporting her family comfortably by acting as a cheering up woman, and her engagement book testifies to the success of the experiment and the demand which exists for her services.—Indianapolis News.



There is a great fancy for trimming the necks and shoulders of gowns with bands of velvet. These velvet stripings go over the shoulder and over the arm. A band of velvet also extends around the yoke.

Perfectly plain black patent leather shopping bags are taking the place of the bright colored and more showy fashion for a season. These are not so large as those previously used, and have plain gun metal or gold clasps.

One of the latest novelties in dress materials is a radium-colored silk. It is pearly white, but it is so woven that it seems to give out rays faintly tinged with color. Silver bullion lace makes a fascinating trimming for a gown of this silk.

Bargain counter lengths of silk are boons to the mothers of growing daughters. Young girls dress simply nowadays, but their gowns are as often made of silk as of cotton. Indeed, the vogue of silk is universal at present, and all ages appear in it.

In Paris, at all the smart gatherings, it is quickly to be noted that the new empire green, a medium turquoise blue, a leather brown, or else the new parrot red—a scarlet having not a trace of pink in it—are the very newest shades with white; and most effective are they in such conjunction.

The Louis XV. coats and also the Directoire, that are veritable reproductions of those historic styles, are rather old-looking for a miss under sixteen years, but there are many modifications which adapt them to more youthful wearers. The Norfolk is ever with us, and is as promising a candidate for favor this season as ever.

Quoted an African King.

Among the professors at Newcomb College is a gentleman who once had a personal encounter with a tribal king of Africa. He forcibly thrust "his black majesty" from a room where he had intruded, and then led a force of white men against the dark skinned monarch, routing the fellow and defeating him decisively. The one who conquered a king is Prof. Frederick Wespny, instructor in Greek and German at the women's college of Tulane University.

During his youth Prof. Wespny was a trading agent in the Congo Free State. While he was agent at one of the stations a tribal king sauntered into the chief chamber of the establishment and sat in the agent's chair. Prof. Wespny picked up the chair, king and all, and threw his highest out of one of the doors into the sand. The king's retinue made hostile movements, but Prof. Wespny's men were armed with rifles and were prepared to resist any attack. The king realized this and sullenly withdrew.

When nightfall came an attack was made on the agent's stronghold and a battle ensued, in which half a dozen of the black king's men were killed and eighteen or so wounded. Only a few of the men in Prof. Wespny's fort were hurt, but among them was Prof. Wespny, who received an ugly wound in the leg, which afterward would not yield to treatment and which finally necessitated his departure from the region of the Congo. Prof. Wespny said the king had had one of his ears shot off, and this had tended to sober his highness. He realized he was in the wrong, sued for peace and paid the demanded indemnity.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Editor's Gentleman.

The question always comes up: What is a gentleman? Some say he is a man with a silk hat, and others a man with a smooth tongue. But men connected with the newspaper trade have a canon of their own.

"Mr. Editor," said a patron one day, "how is it you never call on me to pay for your paper?"

"Oh," said the man of types, "we never ask a gentleman for money."

"Indeed!" the patron replied. "How do you manage to get along when they don't pay?"

"Why," said Mr. Editor, "after a certain time we conclude he is not a gentleman, and we ask him."—London Mail.

Had Rained.

A junior reporter does not lose sleep over the rain. He was asked, mentioning the rain, and the reporter answered, "After it rains, the county, California, an earthquake so twisted the shaft that the timbers were pulled around to the opposite side of the shaft from their original

Unpleasant.

Would-Be Actress—In the third act I simply lose myself.
Manager—Well, let us have that act first.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

In the Stonewall mine, San Diego county, California, an earthquake so twisted the shaft that the timbers were pulled around to the opposite side of the shaft from their original