

Russia's War Exhibit.

Whatever may be demonstrated by the next great European war, at this time there is no question that Russia is an unknown quantity. Since she figured last in any important European contest she has developed amazingly in all her resources and in her military strength. Within the last twenty years, progress has made more rapid strides throughout the Empire than in the preceding 100 years. Her population is greater than that of any other two nations of Europe. From the gigantic numerical strength of her army alone she must necessarily prove a colossus in war. But the number of her soldiers is by no means her only strength. In military power, discipline and equipment she has latterly taken her place among the first of the great powers in the world.

It may be easy to dispute this statement but it is not easy to disprove it. Like every other nation Russia does not tell everything she has up her sleeve, but what she shows to the world in her open hand is quite enough to indicate her recent growth and her present stupendous force. She shows just such an open hand here at Paris, and unless the observer is wilfully blind, he must realize that the Russia of today is no element to be despised by any Power or combination of Powers.

Nations that have made a less imposing display of their military force at the Paris Exhibition may possibly regard the Russian exhibit as ostentatious in its extent and completeness and perhaps as something of a bluff. The man without prejudice, however, may read the lesson as a sort of "nolle me tangere" warning to the universe; a hint that the great White Bear wants to be let alone, but is able to take care of himself if disturbed.

The showing is an extraordinary one along the lines of military development. What is a particular revelation to the expert is the marvellous expansion and thoroughness of the Russian Navy, as well as the vast progress achieved in the way of scientific and inventive construction of all the implements of war. The artillery exhibit is one of the most remarkable ever shown by any country at an international exposition.

France has been particularly cordial toward her great ally in the allotment of space. Though you miss a Russian pavilion along the Street of Nations—that unique thoroughfare where nearly every country in the world is represented by a characteristic edifice—in another part of the grounds, over by the Trocadero, you see the towering spires above an enormous structure the architecture of which proclaims it to be Russia's national building. And as you survey its immensity you realize that a place apart from the other countries was given to Russia because she required an infinitely greater space than was available along the Street of Nations. Well, the same idea of vastness is the characteristic keynote of all of Russia's exhibits.

The Ministry of War of the Empire has sent to Paris an exhibit so extensive that it was found necessary to construct a separate building for those things which were crowded out of the general grouping in the big Palace of Land and Sea Armies. This annex, conspicuously indicated by the imperial standard floating above it must strikingly impress the passerby with Russia's military strength, for over the door of building is the simple notice, "Supplemental Artillery Exhibit."

The Army and Navy Palace is an enormous pavilion facing on the Seine. Just in the middle of its interminable length is the place allotted to Russia—which, by the way, chances to be the next door neighbor of her best friend, France. Two capacious stories house the general display. On the lower floor are the exhibits of the Russian Navy and the military engineers. The naval exhibit has proved a revelation to experts, and it is obvious that hereafter the Russian Navy will be spoken of as one of the greatest in the world. All around you find models of vessels that have already rendered high service to the Empire and of others that are in course of construction or are just finished. One of these models is the protected cruiser Bayan, 7,600 tons, that was launched this week at Toulon. Another represents the Variag, constructed at the Cramps' shipyards in Philadelphia, which will make its first trip to Europe this month. The Bagatir, built in Germany and just about completed, is the third of Russia's newest acquisitions in the way of armored cruisers. All these cruisers carry fifty

guns and have a speed of 21 knots. Though built in different parts of the world, the models show them to be uniform in general design, demonstrating, as was remarked by a well-known naval expert, that though Russia goes here and there to have her cruisers built, they are distinctly and emphatically Russian in invention and design.

If the visitor is disposed to think that Russia is incapable of building her own warships, he changes his mind when he sees the model of the Oromoboi, a gigantic and formidable looking ironclad of 13,000 tons that was built and entirely equipped in Russia. As a sample of the sort of vessel that fights for the Czar she is the most imposing. Double turreted, looking as invulnerable as a rock, she is majestic in her proportions and graceful in her lines. Her armament consists of twenty eight 10 inch, 8 inch and 6 inch guns and thirty caliber. Of 10 inch guns she carries four. Swinging from her davits are two torpedo boats, each equipped with two latest model steel torpedoes. The monster has a speed of about twenty knots.

Of such marine gladiators as these is the Russian Navy constituted. As seen by models exhibited, Russia has also a number of smaller cruisers of about 3,000 tons, with a speed of twenty three knots, whose efficiency has been frequently demonstrated. She also possesses a very practical form of torpedo boat and torpedo boat destroyer of about 350 tons and capable of a speed of twenty eight knots. Of this particular model there will soon be fifty in the Russian Navy.

It is very evident that Russia has not been any the less progressive in the details of her navy than she has been in her warships. All round you, you see that the march of improvement has been correspondingly great in the matter of armament and the thousand and one things that go to make up an efficient naval service. Here and there are evidences that the inventors have more than kept pace with the times. An enormous 8 inch, 45 calibre cannon, for instance, made at Aboukoff, near St. Petersburg, is equipped with a mercury reservoir, quite a new thing in artillery science, which was invented by Capt. Miller, a Russian officer of marine artillery. Other Russian inventors have applied most practical and ingenious modifications to well known existing ordnance tending to enhance its value or simplify its mechanism very considerably.

In the general line of inventions the showing is a most interesting one. Thus multitudes of things about a ship have been vastly improved upon, not only in navigating appliances and apparatus for handling ammunition when in action, but in such minor matters as contribute to the comfort of officers and crew. A young Russian officer has invented a form of telephone through which the slightest sound is audible, whatever may be the disturbing noises about the ship. The same telephone is made applicable to submarine uses by divers. Indeed the inventions devoted to promoting the efficiency of the diving service are innumerable. This service is one that occupies a conspicuous place in the Russian Navy, and under the Minister of Marine is an important divers' school at Cronstadt, where a two years' course of study trains sailors for efficient submarine work. Among the many recent inventions of value in this line is a pump enabling a diver to descend to a depth of 250 feet below the water surface. Another invention of a similar kind is a submarine photographic camera and outfit.

An interesting exhibit is made of the uses of aluminum and other light weight durable metals in the finishings of war vessels, and the display of ship armorings from the Kalpino works further demonstrated the great advance in Russia's constructive skill. On the upper floor of the Russian section in the Army and Navy Palace are shown the various uniforms worn in the imperial service. These are displayed by an interesting collection of life-like wax figures. Standing in a group before a statue of the Czar are officers in the brilliant uniforms of the different arms of the service—the gorgeously appraised cuirassier in his white tunic, wearing the silver helmet; the voltigeur, in his more business like uniform of dark blue; the brilliant lancer; the theatric hussar, with his gold braided red jacket, and the quieter costumes of the engineers, the foot artillery and the infantry. Lounging about are other conspicuous factors of the great army, chief of which are the Cossacks in their picturesque, barbaric costumes of former days and the present time.

The exhibit hereabouts also comprises a display of the various stuffs and waterproof tissues worn by all grades of Russian troops. The practical purpose of this display is to demonstrate how important a part color plays in the selection of the uniforms of an army.

The Russian Artillery Annex faces the centre of the Army and Navy Building, from which it is separated by one of the chief promenades of the exhibition. This structure, more than anything else, manifests by its contents the marvellous development of the end-of-the-century Russia as a great military power. Nearly everything in the way of war material that can be found in the storehouse of any nation in the world is duplicated in the Russian Annex, and in many instances is improved upon. The whole range of death-dealing machinery, from a miniature rifle as big as a scarf pin, to a colossal 11-inch engine of war is illustrated in the exhibit.

The chief showpieces in this extraordinary collection are the mountings of two gigantic coast defence cannon. The can themselves are there, but simply to demonstrate the appurtenances belonging to them. This machinery, constructed in St. Petersburg after designs of Col. Dourlachov of the Russian Army, manifests the ease with which these enormous guns can be cleaned, loaded, pointed, raised or lowered, sighted and fired, thanks to the simple mechanical appliances with which they are equipped. The efficiency of the apparatus is a tribute to the advanced skill of the Russian artillerymen.

Among other entirely new appliances devised by the Russian Army are shown the Nilus vertical projectiles suitable alike for campaign, siege and fortress weapons; a gun carriage equipped with rubber springs to prevent dislocation of the vehicle by the recoil from the cannon; a 6 inch mortar mounted on wheels attached in an ingenious way so as to resist without fracture from the recoil, demonstrating, more over, how Russia has solved the problem of employing large caliber mortars in field artillery and a cannon and caisson exhibited by the St. Petersburg Works and by the Briansk Arsenal, so as to illustrate a process of wood turning serviceable for the construction of cannon and caisson wheels.

Models of arms are exhibited from the imperial factories at Tula, Sestroretsk and Ijevsk and cartridges from the State factories at St. Petersburg and Lougansk, all bearing unmistakable evidence of being up to date even to the smallest detail. Specimens of steel made by a new Russian process are also shown.

Not the least interesting and a significant feature of the exhibit is a large collection of Russian made instruments of precision used in the Government works. The most notable of these is a magnetic scale to test the temper of gun metal. This is a branch of science in which, as is not generally known, Russia excels today. Another fact that is also a little known is that Russia owes her skill in this respect to the United States. Russia, however, makes no secret that she had American preceptors in this line of industry.

Gen. Alexander Van der Hoven, the imperial representative in charge of the Artillery Annex, is enthusiastic when he speaks of the United States. He represented Russia in the same capacity, at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, and from that visit dates the introduction of many valuable and practical ideas in the Russian service.

"All we have learned," he says, "in the way of making these necessary instruments of precision we owe to the United States, and we are proud to acknowledge the indebtedness. We are also proud of what we do to-day in this same line ourselves, and we think the specimens exhibited here will show that we have proved good pupils of an inch in thickness."

From the one ten-thousandth of an inch in thickness to cannons of ships weighing thousands of tons is a large range. By what they exhibit in Paris the Russians show themselves skilled and thorough in the big things and the little things that go to make up the military strength of a nation. Experts have come to that conclusion from an inspection of the Russian army and navy exhibit.

Small Souled Criticism.

"A little artistic verisimilitude would help this story somewhat, I think," suggested the critic. "Of course, the unexpected sometimes adds force to the dramatic situation, but that idea can be over-worked."

"To what do you refer?" asked the author.

"Why, in the first part of the book you describe the villain as bald headed, and in the last chapter you unnecessarily startle the reader by having him wildly tear his hair. Aside from that—"

But the author waited to hear no more. As he vanished with his manuscript he was

heard to say something about "these people with small souls and trivial natures who would bind genius to the lumbering cart wheel of common sense."

JONES' COUNTY BASEBALL TRICKS

How a Woman Started the Flourishing Industry in Indianapolis.

"You may talk about the sweeping curves and the parabolic shoots of present-day baseball pitchers," said the fat man who was at one time mascot for the Lightfoot Lilies of Jones county, "but there isn't one of 'em that would have held a candle to old Dean Bralley the last season he did the twirling for the famous Ringtail Roarers. He'd probably be in the business now if the Lightfoot Lilies hadn't exposed his tricky methods in their annual game with the Roarers that summer. The funny part of it was that the season before he couldn't pitch anything but a straight ball and even the high school teams used to touch him up for a dozen hits or so every game. As for us we smothered him."

But the very next season he blossomed out with those wonderful curves. Why, a visitor to town said that in one game he saw, Bralley pitched an outcurve so close to the plate the batter struck at it. The ball kept right on curving until it came around toward first base and caught the runner napping. The next ball pitched was an inshoot which only not drew another strike on the batter, but which curved around to third base and caught a runner there. The catcher, according to the visitor's story, wasn't really needed, but played in the field just to fill out the batting list.

Well, of course, we put all such talk as this down as hot air fund contributions, but we knew that there must be some foundation in the reports that Bralley was pitching very slick baseball. And right we were. When the big game came along he put it all over us and for eight innings not one of us touched first except the first baseman when he was in the field. Bull Thompson, Home Run Hawkins and even Captain Slugger Burrows himself were all at Bralley's mercy. They struck at outs they couldn't reach: they let ins go by that shot over the plate, in fact they did everything but connect with the ball. Then came the fatal exposure in the ninth. Little Sammie Salmon, the first man up for us, fell flat on his face to dodge the first ball pitched, but it curved square over the rubber for a strike. The next one was one of Bralley's slow change balls, and Sammie held out his bat to bunt. Thud. You can imagine his surprise when he started for first to find the ball stuck fast to the end of his bat. Dean Bralley made a rush for him, but the boys held him back and the secret was out. The Roarers' pitcher had been sticking chewing gum on the ball and the extratwist obtainable made his wonderful curves possible. The umpire, of course, forfeited the game to the Lilies, 8-0. But that wasn't the end. The Roarers had discovered that Capt. Slugger Burrows wore a fly paper mit a shortstop and although the most ignorant child knows that fly paper is made for catching flies, the umpire gave the game to them also making the score a tie at 9-9. What followed is best left untold. As the Jones County Courier said, it was a game of forfeits with the kissing left out.

Up to His Limit.

Mr. Truly Rural—"They do say your hotel be the puttiest in Ameriky. How much be your rates?"

Affable hotel clerk—"We can give you a first class room for ten dollars a day."

Mr. Truly Rural—"Wa-al, I calculate you kin put me down fer an hour and a half. And how much be your dinner?"

Affable hotel clerk—"We can give you a first class dinner for five dollars."

Mr. Truly Rural—"Gowhizz! Jest put me down fer a toothpick."

Soured.

Miss Eden—"Why did they build the walls of this reservoir so high?"

Mr. Musee (manager of a wax works show)—"Probably to keep people from poking their canes and umbrellas into the water to see if it is real."

Their First Breakfast.

Mr. Youngwed—"Darling, this egg seems to be pretty well cooked."

Mrs. Youngwed (delighted)—"I thought so. Why dearest, I boiled it for over half an hour."

Impertinent.

Clancy—"Be ather givin' me wan railroad ticket."

The Agent—"Where to?"

Clancy—"None av yure bizness! Gimme thot ticket!"

"It must be conceded that modern warfare is far less inhuman than the fights our ancestors used to have."

"Yes," answered Oom Paul; "I don't believe the proudest warriors of Greece or Rome ever enjoyed the luxury of retreating in a private car."

FLASHES OF FUN.

"You can always tell a bridegroom."

"How?"

"He isn't afraid to take men home to dinner without telephoning his wife."

"You married me for my money!" she exclaimed angrily.

"Oh, well," he replied soothingly, "don't blame me. I couldn't get it any other way, you know."

He—I don't know whether to make a fool of myself playing golf, or sit on the hotel piazza and make love to some girl all the afternoon.

Shb—What's the difference?

Railway agent—Our railway, madam, is strictly up to date in every respect.

Madam—Nonsense! Look at this woman on your excursion folder; her sleeves have been out of style for three years.

"Heavens!" cried Mr. Taffa, as he heard a terrific crash downstairs; "there's Johnny exploding firecrackers in the house!"

Nonsense! said his wife, calmly; "that's only the new girl washing dishes!"

McFingle—This boxer outbreak will pronounce China's doom.

McFangle—Well, it's good something will. I'm blamed sure we Americans can't pronounce anything else in the language!

There came a loud knock at the door.

"Opportunity!" cried the poet, rushing across the attic floor.

He held the latch and hesitated.

"One must be careful," he mused, "it may be the wolf."

"What was Coldfax's idea in going to the Thousand Islands on his summer vacation this year?"

"I don't think he had any idea on earth except to count them and see if there are really a thousand."

"Her bathing robe created a sensation on the beach. She was the centre of attraction."

"Was it extreme?"

"I should say? Positively the most modest suit seen on the beach for years!"

"That Mr. Smith next door suddenly started up and asked us all to call him 'Professor Smith.'"

"What's he 'professor' of?"

"Nothing at all; but he said he must do something to distinguish himself from all the other Smiths."

"Pauline is nearly frantic."

"What's the matter?"

"She received a letter of proposal from that freckled Mr. Tibbs and she thinks she mailed her acceptance to Penelope Jones and sent him her cucumber complexion receipt by mistake."

"You know that cigar shaped airship Jones was working on?"

"Yep."

"Well, the thing blew up this morning and nearly killed him."

"Hub! The cigar he patterned it after must have been loaded."

"Poor woman! She works hard all day, and then she's up nearly all night with the babies."

"What's the matter with her husband?"

"Why doesn't he help her?"

"O! he puts in all his time agitating for an eight hour day for the workman."

"While my daughter was playing the piano last night a strange man stopped at the door and asked to be allowed to give her a dollar."

"Was he such an ardent music lover?"

"No; he said it was merely a thank offering because he didn't live next door to us."

He—"Darling, do you love me well enough to dwell in a furnished room and live on bread and water after we are married?"

She—"Y yes, I think so."

He—And, say, dearest, do you think you could induce your father to furnish the room and the bread?"

"I saw Midge today before she saw me, so she had to treat me to ice-cream soda."

"That was pleasant."

"Yes, and we both saw Maud before she saw us, so she had to treat."

"Then, you escaped scot free?"

"No; Midge and Maud were out of money, so I had to pay the street-car fares home."

"Of course," said the young wife, "I am only an amateur. I never expected to paint for a living or to try to sell any of my work."

"Then you study art for art's sake," they suggested.

"You've guessed it exactly. He wanted me to study it and I'll do anything to please Arthur."

"When a man in the opposing party regulates proceedings so that he may be sure of carrying out his personal intentions," said the man who is always seeking information, "you call him 'a boss,' do you not?"

"Certainly," answered Senator Sorghum. "But suppose a man in your own party does the same thing?"

"In that case he's a fine disciplinarian."

Evidently the Home Team.

Patsy—"Which side is at the bat, Chim-mie?"

Jimmie—"Why, didn't yer hear de bleachers yell 'rubber-neck' at de umpire when he jest called three strikes? It's our side, uv course."

The Explanation.

She—"Miss Flirty? Oh! she hasn't the slightest intention of accepting him."

Grandma—"Then, why does she encourage him?"