

Washington Navy Yard

BY J. E. MIDDLETON

Washington, June 22.—In a broad, deep archway of light-painted brick stood a corporal of marines smart in his mud-colored uniform of cotton drill, but casual in his attitude towards the world.

"Are visitors permitted?" he was asked.

"Yes, sir; the Navy Yard is open to visitors," a formal but comprehensive reply.

It was a pleasant sunny enclosure of some acres. The exact number may be discovered in any encyclopedia. Therefore it is a pity to overload one's intellect by mathematical detail—which is of no real consequence. The yard is more than ten acres in extent and less than a hundred. There is plenty of room in it—even for visitors.

Just inside the gate stands a melancholy-looking, rusty, six-inch gun with its armored shield. Once it was mounted on the deck of the battle ship Maine which one night blazed into sudden and thunderous destruction in Havana harbor nearly 20 years ago. Now, rescued from the sea floor, it sits on a pleasant lawn in full view of the officers' quarters, and tells its silent tale of a great tragedy.

PARTY ROUND THE CORNER.
A few steps farther is a little waiting room with a sign that guides may be procured. Here is one, in a blue serge suit and a white, peaked cap, who evidently is neither soldier nor sailor, but a semi-official civilian "betwixt an' between."

"Could I procure your services?" "Yes, sah, I have a pahty just around the corner now. Will you join us?"

Though it sounds like an invitation to partake of liquid hospitality, it is in reality a bid to a banquet of curious and interesting information. The young man is clean shaven and as he speaks twists his mouth in an oddly impressive manner, as if he has to unscrew the knowledge he so carefully imparts. There is no "y" in his enunciation, which inclines one to the belief that he has long dwelt in the neighborhood of Virginia. But it is pleasant speech and satisfying to the ear.

Here is the party, around the corner sure enough, and all ready to enter the gun factory. Here is a solemn business man accompanied by a gloomy boy of ten. Here is a talkative old lady in rusty black with a purple flower in her bonnet. Here is her husband with a white chin whisker and gold spectacles. Here is a lean spinster of stern severity. Here is a bride. Here is the self-conscious and verdant bridegroom, his trousers too long, his collar too big, his tie too red, and his ears too outstanding. But if she likes him—and it is apparent in certain turn-of-arm squeezings and certain vagrant smiles—why should mankind be mindful? And here is a fatty personage of great ardor, who crowds in front of his betters, to hear what the guide has to say, to step frequently upon the feet of a Canadian journalist. If the journalist suddenly, by accident, jerks an indignant elbow into that person's "wind" let it be imputed unto

him for righteousness by all who suffer from the rampaging tourist.

IN THE GUN FACTORY.
And here we are in the gun factory. Vast length and vast width and imposing height! Travelling cranes bearing guns, or parts of guns, acres of heavy machinery. Hundreds of ardent busy machinists, nearly all with those curious wrinkles between the eyes which tell of the persistent search for absolute accuracy.

Here is a 12-inch gun with the vast breech open and the rifling of the barrel rippling away in a hundred shiny spiral curves. "Look through it" says the guide. The white chin whisker does so. His wife follows suit. Even the lean spinster bends stiffly. "This gun," explains the guide, "is—feet long, and weighs—so many—tons. It costs a hundred thousand dollars and throws a shell weighing 850 pounds. We can make eight of these heah guns in a month."

"White Chin Whisker turns to the party with a benevolent smile and in a general sort of way says, "Gosh!" It is the sentiment of all crystallized in one, which, by the way, is the definition of an epigram. "How many men work here?" asks the solemn business man. "Foah thousand!" is the reply.

But here is a vast ring of shining brass, smooth as hypocrisy, and here is another—and still another. "What is this for?" inquires one. "Foh the gun carriage, sah," says the guide. It is bronze, the only metal which will resist the corroding influence of sea water. The Rampaging Tourist shoulders his way in to see it. "Think what it costs!" he says, "you know what a brass-tap costs—gee whizz!" Wisely the Canadian journalist opines that copper is contraband of war.

THE TRAGEDY OF FORCE.
We go to another place where torpedoes are being made. These also are of bronze, for the torpedo must slide out without a jar, and the tubes lie close to the water line. Two feet six inches in diameter, perhaps ten feet long, and reasonably thick, all made of beautiful light-colored bronze like your grand-mother's parlor candlesticks. White Chin Whisker once more becomes epigrammatic.

Then we go to a building where brass cartridge cases are being made for 5-inch guns. The shell must be in one piece, drawn out to shape. Here is a circular plate of brass, a foot in diameter and an inch thick. It lies in a bath of soapsuds close by a hydraulic press. A workman slides it under the plunger of the press which is about the size of a man's thigh and rounded at the end. There is a hole in the steel table the size of the end of the shell case to be made. The plunger comes down and rests on the edge of the plate, with a whitewash brush the workman lathers it with soapsuds. Then suddenly a pressure of 100 tons is exerted on the plate. It curls up at the edges and disappears down the hole. There is nothing else in the world which can so definitely picture the inevitable tragedy of force.

Farther up the factory these brass plates are being prepared for their fate. A mad looking planer is ripping off shavings of metal, each a neat curl about an inch wide. Instantly the rusty old lady, the grim spinster, and the bride pick them up and carry them away triumphantly as souvenirs. The home of a souvenir hunter must be a sight for gods and men—a concentration of junk, terrible as the arse of a pocket with shavings—probably to throw at his school teacher.

Now we are out in the open again. The Potomac lies before us cheerful and bright. But before we reach the river the guide draws our attention to the wireless station. "These heah iron towahs are three hundred feet high and have a radius of communication of over 2,000 miles. We can talk here with the Panamaw Canal. You will observe the cable coming down to the brick station yondah." "Well," remarks the rusty old lady, "I never expected to see them things



with my own eyes, did you, James?" James agrees his white chin whisker and says, "Gosh, no."

THE PRESIDENT'S YACHT
Here we are at the waterside. A trim naval yacht lies moored there. Snow white is its graceful hull. A score of bluejackets are polishing brass on deck under the supervision of a placid lieutenant. Two or three three pounder guns are mounted, and the whole outfit is as clean as smart as a June day. "This is the president's yacht," Mayflower, says the guide. In the cabin at Portsmouth was signed the peace treaty between Russia and Japan. The solemn business man regards the craft with intense interest and says to the gloomy boy, "That was in Teddy's time, tell ye the boys do keep her everlastin' slick," probably a New Englander by his accent. The gloomy boy merely says, "Gee, she's swell," his only remark of the day.

"I suppose the big ships come here," said the business man. "The water is too shallow. They stay at Newport News." "Then how do you get these heavy guns on board?" "Ship them by rail," said the guide. It came with a shock. An inland navy yard. No accommodation for anything bigger than a yacht, and guns going out by rail—heavy guns, each weighing as much as a Pullman sleeping car. One thought of Robinson's Crusoe's boat built on a mountain and incapable of being moved. And the Canadian journalist began to wonder if a navy yard at O'angeville or Regina might not be possible. Perhaps there was something in the Newmarket Canada. The rambling tourist crowded in to hear the explanation; then shouldered his way out again with the remark, "Well, that's a — of a note."

TROPHIES OF WAR
Now we are coming to the trophies. Behold the small guns, none of which is any longer than a wheelbarrow and all of the oldest pattern. "Captured from Cornwallis in the Revolutionary War!" ejaculated the guide, not without a slight wagging of the head—due probably to sinful pride. The Canadian journalist instantly understood the real reason for the British general's surrender. He was ashamed to stay in the field any longer with such a one-horse collection of antique artillery. He came to the Americans and said, "For goodness sake, take these things off my hands and I'll quit. I've had enough. Another month of this and I would go mad!" Sometimes concrete objects will teach more history in a minute than books could teach in twenty years. We are no longer sorry for Cornwallis. We congratulate him. The solemn business man looked long at the Cornwallis collection. "Well," he said, "that was a time when poor old England bit off more than she could chew!" The grim spinster nodded her head emphatically and led the way to the model room where there was a long talk for sailing models of new warships, testing their resistance and fixing their engine power.

Then we walked towards the gate. "What is your fee for all this kindness?" we inquired of the guide. "Well, sir, the Government does not allow us anything, but would be very content to be too much." "A little," we responded and devoted three seconds to the gentle art of remuneration.

CROSS COUNTRY HUNTING WITH ARMORED AUTOS
Probably the most exciting of all forms of warfare is graphically described by a war correspondent, who quite unexpectedly drove a British armored automobile in a mad rush after a German machine across villainously bad country.

A dozen leather-clad officers—French and English—rushed out of a nearby farmhouse, followed by a score of soldiers hurriedly adjusting goggles.

A few rods down the road six armored motor cars were waiting and a minute later five motors were humming, while four men beside the driver, piled into each car, disappearing through little doors cut in the rear, immediately under the Maxims, which peeped out a few inches from the half-inch steel plating.

The sixth car stood motionless and a British captain hailed the lieutenant at my side.

"Here, lieutenant, you take the last car. Hutton is down with fever. You drive, don't you?" And without waiting for the answer the captain crawled into his steel cage, slammed the door after him, and was off.

A command is a command, even though your superior rushes off to practically certain death immediately after the order is given; but here was a serious difficulty, which gave the correspondent his chance to be an unwilling and totally unrecognized hero.

START OF AN AUTO CHASE
The sixth car still waited, and meanwhile—

The lieutenant looked sheepish, then swore. He had never driven a car and didn't know the difference between change of speed and brake levers. Still his orders were formal and he turned to me. An hour before I had left my old Clement-Bayard after 125 miles of the worst roads in France, mud nearly up to the radiator, and an impromptu scurry in a 40 horse power armored Mercedes—taken from the Germans and refitted—on a vague mission failed to appeal to me.

But the lieutenant looked so downcast and spoke so pathetically of ruined chances, spoiled career, etc., that I gave in, squeezed through the door, followed by the now elated officer and two Tommies to work the Maxims, and glancing through the slit over the steering wheel started off with a jerk after the others, who were now grey specks on the long stretch of road ahead.

Between jolts I listened to the lieutenant's explanations. It seemed that German armored cars were playing havoc in half a dozen villages north of us, between La Bassee and Arras, making their raids at most unexpected hours, working their quick-firers, two to each car, against every living thing in sight—soldiers, inhabitants, and even cattle.

As we raced over the rough cobble, jumping in and out of mud-holes and ruts, the roar of the powerful motor was lost in the awful din of banging metal, as if a thousand tin cans were dancing a mad jig behind us.

One of the soldiers, leaning over my shoulder, shouted in my ear, that he thought "the hind left tire, sir, was a bit worn, and going as we are, sir, should it blow up we might be delayed."

"Delayed! Heavens, man, we'd break our blooming necks," I shouted back. The lieutenant wouldn't stop to change, however, and tried to console me by pointing to a coffer under his feet, shrieking, "A surprise for them! Hand grenades!"

"By the smile on his face I saw he expected me to be pleased, so I smiled in a sickly way and tried to slow down, but my torturer glanced reproachfully at me, and certain that my friends would speak well of me when they heard the fatal news, I rushed on again, eyes on the road, but my mind busy with that combination of a weak back tire and the boxful of bombs under my neighbor's feet."

To the driver's great relief there came an opportunity farther on to repair the doubtful tire, while the lieutenant watched the road with his glasses.

FORTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR.
"In five minutes I could see the Germans in front of me with the naked eye, continued the correspondent. From a man's head they grew to a man's size, and then things began to happen."

Through the narrow main and only street of F— we pounded, the speed indicator registering forty-five miles, and as the half burnt farms rushed by us, the black faces of African troops appeared cautiously at doors and windows, while threatening guns were lowered as the tricolored bands painted on our steel box flashed by. At times, as gutters were crossed, the wheels rising in the air, fell back with a crash, while springs groaned and creaked, and the men behind clinging to the sides were jerked bodily to the floor.

The lieutenant sat on the floor of the gear. They were going their limit through the legs, arms clasped lovingly around it, and I remember wondering at the courage of the man, a Liverpool clerk, used to dull office routine, rising to a heroic level at the first emergency.

Immediately out of the village we saw the Germans 50 yards in front, just at the crest of the hill, which we climbed after them without changing the gear. They were going their limit evidently, while we still had another five-mile increase in our motor, and I gave it out. The machine leapt forward just as the German mitrailleuse spoke. Three light shocks against the sloping armored front, and we veered over to the side of the road nearly going into the ditch as the wheels skidded over the mud.

GRENADES GOT HOME
Our Maxims were useless to us, and no one thought of using rifles at such a rate. Our only hope lay in overtaking the car ahead, and praying that the tires, our only exposed parts, would hold.

"Faster," yelled the lieutenant. I ignored him, getting already out of the engines all that had in them, and anyway we were now within 100 yards of the German, and her quick-firer was beating a tattoo against the steel cage in front of me.

Seventy-five yards more—sixty—forty, and the German swerved from side to side, intent on keeping us behind him. So close our tires were safe, the jolting angle being too great for the mitrailleuses in front, and as

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KELVIN

(From Our Own Correspondent)

Rev. C. Hackett will preach his farewell sermon on Sunday. The weather is nice and cool at present.

Mrs. I. Jarvis is slowly improving from her late severe illness. Mrs. Charles H. Webster of Westfield is spending a few days in this section with her sister.

Miss Harper, the milliner, who has been here for some time, has returned to her home in Toronto. Mr. H. McDougall has just erected a new windmill, which will be far more convenient.

Mrs. R. McCombs is spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. J. Shepherd. Mrs. Wm. Smith has gone to Woodstock, to spend a few weeks with her son.

Mrs. C. Avery and Miss Vair of Mt. Pleasant; Mrs. J. T. Bloomfield of Waterford; Mrs. J. E. Smith, Miss Harper of Kelvin, and Miss Foster of Scotland, were visiting Mrs. McCrimmon, one day this week who is very ill.

Peter McBride, aged 18, was run down by a motor car while crossing the street in Toronto, and died of his injuries.

must be more rapid still, for the purest milk may be poisoned by the atmosphere in which it is dispensed at the corner grocery, etc.

New York gets its supply of milk from 44,000 farms outside the city limits and drinks each day 2,500,000 quarts supplied by from 350,000 cows which are shipped from 1,100 creameries over 11 railroads, the shortest haul being 50 miles and the longest 425. The milk reaches the city at 15 different terminals, is delivered by 5,500 wagons, and dispersed at 14,000 stores, over 127,000 persons being engaged in its production and distribution. New York City has now 50 milk inspectors of whom half are assigned to country districts and half to the inspection of stores, wagons and other premises in the city. All milk sold is carefully graded and dated so that in the event of an epidemic the source of infection can be readily detected. It is a criminal offence in New York to sell milk at a temperature above 50 degrees.

Major Lumsden, a British army aviator, was killed at Brooklands.

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