Mr. Dooley Expatiates on Roosevelt's Election.

Finley P. Dunne, in Chicago Record-Herald.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I'm happy to see how glad iverybody is about what happened to ye a week ago last Choosdah."

"Much I care what they think," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, it's a great consolation in bereavement," said Mr. Dooley, "to know that ye'er sorrow is a soorce iv joy to others. All th' wurruld is glad ye got it where ye did. Th' Czar turned a summersault whin he heerd th' news. Th' King iv Italy has not got nome since iliction night. Th' Prisidint iv France called on Gin'ral Porther an' kissed him f'r th' Prisidint. Th' Prisidint iv Colomtia illuminated th' officyal palace an' unlygrafted askin' if there was ennything Prisidint Roosenfelt cud do to him that hadn't been done.

"Th' German Impror sat down an' wrote th' followin' cable: 'Congratylations on ye'er iliction as Kaiser iv th' well-born American people. May ye'er reign be long an' happy. Toum lenx fastumque barazza, which is Latin f'r 'Why can't we be frinds?'

"But th' mos' enthusyastic enthusyasm was in England. On hearin' th' glad news on th' Saturdah followin' th' iliction, th' King sint f'r Ambassadure Choate, who came as fast as his hands and kjees wud carry him. Arrivin' at Buckin'ham Palace, his majesty gracyously extinded his foot and ordered him to convey his thanks to his lile subjicks acrost th' sea.

"Th' English pa-apers almost wint crazy with approval. Says wan iv thim: 'Thaydoor Rosenfelt is not a statesman in th' English sinse. He wud not compare with our Chamberlains or aven Markses. He is of more vulgar type. Judged be th' English standards, he is a coorse an' oncultivated man. But in America he stands high f'r good taste an' larnin'. He regards his iliction as a great triumph f'r th' Anglo-Saxon race. So long as Sicrety Hay can restrain his longin' to rayturn to his home, an' continue to sit on Captain Rosenfelt's head, th' two conthries will be bound together in a way that will double our joys an' their sorrows.

"'While Jawn Hay, that gr-reatest iv American statesmen, an' almost good enough f'r anny office ie a parochial nature in this counthry, remains in charge iv th' Governmint at Wash-'nton, it can have our frindship with all that this implies. Afther tast we hope to have our tariff again thim in wurrukin' ordher an' we won't care. We await returns f'm th' City iv Texas an' th' State of Ohio, Matsachoosets, befure makin' anny further commint.'

"So, ye see, Hinnissy, 'twas th' Anglo-Saxon vote that did it. I see now what th' Prisidint was up to whin he sint f'r Cassidy iv th' Clan-na-Gael. Th' Clan-na-Gael is wan iv th' sthrongest Anglo-Saxon organyzations we have. It's whole purpose is to improve Anglo-Saxon civilyzation be illivatin' it. There's only wan way to do it, an' that's th' way they do.

"Th' raison Cassidy an' Kelly an' Murphy an' Burke an' Shea an' all th' boys up an' down th' street voted f' Rosenfelt was because they ar-re Anglo-Saxons. Th' A. O. H., which, in coorse, ye know manes All Ol' H'Englishmen, was f'r Rosenfelt f'r th' same raison.

"So it was with th' Anglo-Saxon turnvereins an' sangerfests. Me frind Schwartzmeister down th' sthreet voted f'r Rosenfelt because iv his strong feelin' in favor iv climintin' th' alliance between th' two nations. An' he was illicted, I hear.

"I wondher how he'll threat th' Anglo-Saxon fr-m now on. I'm proud iv bein' a mimber iv that gr-reat race now that me attintion has been called to it. Gawd bless Anglo-Saxony, says I with all me heart, it has made us a free counthry. But in handin' around th' medals afther th' victhry, I fain wud see a few pinned on manly coats that were not made in Bond sthreet. Give all th' branches of that noble herd a chance.

"But this is th' way it usually goes. About a year befure iliction a man by th' name iv Sheehan or Sullivan or Casey makes up his mind that it's about time to think iv nommynatin' somebody f'r the prisidincy. He looks around him an' havin' wanst run acrost a fellew in th' lligislachure fr'm down th' state somewhere that niver made a speech, he jumps aboord a thrain an' tears off f'r the counthry. Afther some hours he finds a man that can steer him to th' home iv th' people's choice, Judge Silas Higgins.

"Th' judge raycelves him in th' barn on account iv th' fam'ly an' accepts th' call fr'm th' people. He's surprised he hadn't heerd it befure. Casey says th' counthry is fairly ringin' with it. Casey comes back to town an' takes off his coat an' goes to wurruk. He argues an' pleads an' palavers an' punches together a majority iv votes in th' manetime keepin' Judge Higgins chained down at home an' feedin' him fr'm time to time with canned principles.

"Th' judge is nommynated an' makes a whirlwind campaign. He supplies th' wind an' Casey supplies th' whirl. Ivrybody takes a kick at Casey. Th' opposition papers ar-re in favor iv hangin' him. Th' papers iv his own party lament that th' campaign shud be in th' hands iv such a man whin there are such pathrites as Perkins an' Sanderson who ought to be at headquarters.

"They are at headquarters, on'y the papers don't know it. They ar-re at headquarthers an' Casey is rehearsin' thim in their speeches an' showin' thim where to mark their ballots.

"On iliction day Casey fixes it up with his frind Mulligan in New York, O'Brien in Saint Looey, Mulcahey in Boston, O'Shay in Hartford, Butler in Buffalo, Doherty in San Francisco, Lorney in New Orleans, Heaness in Columbus, Sullivan in Chicago and McGann in Keokuk, an' Judge Higgins is triumphantly ilicted. Th' mornin' afther iliction Casey larns that th' raysult is looked upon as a triumph f'r an Anglo-Saxon policy. He don't shout himsilf hoorse over that because his on'y acquaintance with an Anglo-Saxon policy was whin his fam'ly was dhriven out iv th' County Kerry be a bailiff with an Anglo-Saxon bludgeon, but he goes over to see the judge.

"'Well, Casey,' says he, 'I done very well,' he said. 'Ye did, f'r a fact,' says Casey. 'It was a great triumph for me,' says the judge. 'I think what knocked thim was me last speech in Hoboken.' 'It was a great vote-getter,' says Casey. 'Well,' says th' judge, 'I can't spare ye anny more time today, me humble frind,' he says. 'I'm busy makin' up me cab'net,' he says. 'I have decided to appint the Hon'rable Peabody Perkins, iv th' District of Columbia, sicrity iv state. He is partic'larly fitted f'r th' place, havin' spit all but th' last six weeks iv his life in England. His appintment is indoorsed be th' London Times.

"'I have also,' he says, 'offered th' job iv sicrity iv th' interior to th' Hon'rable Ponsonby Sanderson. He is th' high chief guy in th' Life Orange Lodge, an' will know jus' how to handle th' public school question,' he says. 'Thank ye,' says Casey. 'I have th' names iv a few fellows that have wurruked hard an' I'd like to find places f'r thim,' he says.

"'My man,' says the judge, 'd've ralize that ye ar-re talkin' to the president-ilict iv these United States?' he says. 'If I did not feel kindly to'rd ye' f'r ye'er arnest if sometimes misguided efforts in me behalf, I wud have ye raymoved be the dure-keeper,' he says. 'As it is,' he says, 'ye can sind th' applications iv ye're friends to th' clerk iv th' civil service commission who has charge iv th' day laborers,' he says.

"And there ye ar-re. Why do boys go to Harvard an' Yale? Is is because iv Eliot an' Hadley, or because iv Hurley an' Hogan? I read th' accounts iv th' futball game. Th' lineup was as follows: Hogan, Rafferty, Murphy, McGuire, Hurley, Cooney, Shevlin, Muldoon, Cassidy, Peabody, Van Renseller.

"Afther fifteen minyits Peabody retired. At th' end iv twenty minyits Van Renseller was called out be his ma. Flaherty an' Hinnissy in. Hogan through guard. Murphy pushes McGuire through tackle. Cooney slams Saltonstall on th' ground and breaks his back. Shevlin throws Witherspoon over th' fence. An' so on till me eyes fill with tears an' I have dhreams iv invadin' Canada with an ar-rmy iv young Anglo-Saxon futball scholars fr'm Kerry an' th' County Mayo.

"An' that night Prisidint Hadley or Prisidint Eliot makes an addhress at th' King's birthday dinner an' rejices in our inthrest in Anglo-Saxon sports and congratylates th' wurruld that hereafther if England has a war we will have a chance to do most of th' fightin' an' pay half th' money.

"I wondher why it is? I suppose it's because we like th' game more thin th' rewards. Wan iv th' Anglo-Saxons who helped ilict Rosenfelt has' Choosdah wud give up his job rather thin be a pollytician, an' I suppose Hogan is thinkin' all through th' game that it's th' Prince iv Wales he has against him on th' opposin' line."

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "if I thought this was an Anglo-Saxon victhry I wud niver have voted th' way I did."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Dooley. "An' did you, too? Well, be hivins, if it hadn't been f'r me it wud have been unanimous."

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A recent estimate of numbers adhering to the great religions of the world is as follows: Christians, 549,017,341; Mohammedans, 202,048,240; Jews, 11,037,000; Confucians, 253,000,000; Taoists, 32,000,000; Shintoists, 17,000,000.

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AN AMERICAN ELECTION CARTOON.

Making Up to the Widow.

Interesting Gossip About Notable Men and Women.

BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

Among the features of the visit of the King and Queen of Portugal to Windsor was the invitation which has been addressed by King Edward to the Duke and Duchess of Orleans to join the royal party there. This will be the first time that the French pretender will have crossed the threshhold of the castle since Edward's accession to the throne. For the only intercourse that has taken place between him and the present English ruler since the death of the late Queen Victoria has been a brief and formal interview at Buckingham Palace about eighteen months ago, following the apologies offered by the duke for the disgraceful letter which he addressed to the Parisian artist, Willette, congratulating him on his disgusting caricatures of Queen Victoria.

Queen Alexandra, while she is exceedingly fond of the duke's younger sister, Princess Helen of Orleans, Duchess of Aosta, has always disliked him, and on one occasion when he stayed at Sandringham some time prior to the beginning of the Boer war, was horrified by his coarse treatment of his wife. Neither does the King like him. In fact, Edward VII. has always preferred the Bonapartes to the Orleans. Consequently the visit of the duke and duchess to Windsor at the present juncture can scarcely be altogether agreeable to their royal host and hostess.

It was difficult, however, to refrain from asking them, in view of the fact that the Queen of Portugal is the pretender's elder sister, and that the duke, with the object of forcing, so to speak, the King to invite him, took care to be in England when the Portuguese royalties arrived in that country. For he realized that King Edward, having consented to pardon him for the Willette letter and to become formally reconciled to him, could not very well after that subject him when in England to the affront of refraining from asking him to meet his sister, the Queen of Portugal, at Windsor Castle.

The Hon. Wilfred Brougham, whose death has just taken place, was a nephew of the famous statesman and lord high chancellor and next heir to the Brougham peerage, now held by his elder brother. Like his younger brother Reginald, Wilfred Brougham was unfortunate in his matrimonial affairs, and his first marriage, to an Italian lady, resulted in a rather sensational suit for divorce. For the evidence went to show that although Mrs. Brougham had run away from him during the Cowes week in 1871, he had made no attempt to secure a divorce from her until 23 years afterward, although he was well aware of her mode of life in Paris. When finally he did institute proceedings for a divorce it was because he met the lady who now survives him as his widow and was anxious to marry her. He had no difficulty in obtaining the divorce from his first wife on the strength of his evidence of her behavior at Paris. But before the decree could be made absolute and final it was rescinded by the intervention of the Queen's proctor, who showed that Wilfred Brougham had been all along aware of his wife's misconduct in the French capital, and that if he had refrained from taking any action against her during all those twenty years of separation, it was because she was paying him an annuity of $4,000 a year, which he was reluctant to lose. The court regarded this evidence as constituting a condonation by Wilfred Brougham of his wife's offenses, and declined to dissolve the bonds of marriage, so that he had to wait until the death of his first wife a year or two later before he was able to wed his second wife, now his widow.

A particularly painful feature of this extraordinary matrimonial embroglio was the evidence which the only son of the first marriage was called upon to furnish in court against his mother, his testimony injuring his father, however, quite as much. It is this son, who also bears the name of Wilfred, who will in course of time inherit the peerage of his father's elder brother, Lord Brougham.

Merton, the old English country house of Great Britain's most famous admiral, Lord Nelson, and standing in some pleasant grounds of about thirteen acres in a picturesque portion of Surrey, is for sale. It was put up for auction last July, and bought in, but will shortly come under the hammer again, and unless some steps are taken to prevent it the land will be cut up into building lots and the house demolished. Merton deserves a better fate. It was there that Nelson entertained his captains and his friends. Against its mantelpieces he was wont to lean when discussing past experiences and future plans with them, and the staircase is the one up which he flew to take a last fond look at his little daughter Horatia, before he started off on his last journey to Portsmouth and to Trafalgar, from the place which he described as his "dear, dear Merton." There is still in existence in the grounds the long broad gravel walk stretching the whole length of the gardens, and called by Nelson his "quarterdeck," and the whole place is full of memories of Great Britain's grandest naval commander, which are only relegated to oblivion owing to the fact that its associations are mingled with those of Emma, Lady Hamilton, who played so important a role in the latter portion of his career. But while it is difficult to countenance this particular feature of his private life, it is surely carrying the celebrated English prudery too far to permit Merton to be demolished solely because Nelson permitted the lovely Lady Hamilton to act as its chatelaine.

Val Prinsep, the Royal Academician whose death has just taken place, was more famous as a man about town and in society than as an artist, and thanks to his marriage with the sister of the late Sir Herbert Naylor Leyland, of the former Leyland line of ocean liners, was exceedingly rich and entertained most hospitably. He was a brother-in-law, therefore, of the beautiful Lady Naylor Leyland, who was Miss Jeannie Chamberlain, of Cleveland, Ohio. The late Sir Herbert Leyland died in 1893. He was a good looking and popular man, but his entire life was blighted by the fact that when a young fellow he had the misfortune to kill his father accidentally while out deer stalking in Scotland, which led to his receiving from cynical, callous London society the significant nickname of "Bagdad."

The Hon. Henry Dillon, who has just returned to England after a visit to America to marry Miss Brenda Smith, of Crawley, Sussex, is the only son and heir of Viscount Dillon, who is president of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, and the great iconoclast of all our most cherished popular illusions with regard to the Tower of London. He has proved, for instance, that the headsman's ax shown to visitors as having done duty at the execution of Queen Anne Boleyn is necessarily a swindle, since Anne was beheaded by a sword and not with an ax at all. Then, too, he took the armor suits, one by one, and demonstrated that the familiar lay figures were most ridiculously arrayed with pieces of armor manufactured in different centuries and at different epochs, and that the weapons described as having been the spoils of the Spanish Armada could never have figured as part of the equipment of the celebrated fleet of King Philip of Spain.

Lord Dillon is a frequent visitor to America, and among the features of his collection at Ditchley Park, his ancestral home in Oxfordshire, are a number of flint implements found on the site of the Virginia town which takes its name of Ditchley from his old English home.

It was while visiting Ditchley, Va., some 20 odd years ago that he made the acquaintance of the Canadian girl, Miss Julia Stanton, who became his wife. Lord Dillon has royal blood in his veins. Among his ancestresses is Lady Litchfield, the illegitimate daughter of King Charles II., who was, indeed, one of the former chatelaines of Ditchley Park, where all the "merrie monarch's" confidential correspondence with her is still preserved in an antique brass-bound chest. A number of English sovereigns have been entertained at Ditchley Park, notably Queen Elizabeth, and the grand old paneling of the billiard-room is still adorned with several heads of red deer shot in 1608 and in 1610 by King James I. and by his son Henry, Prince of Wales.

The French courts have just rendered a final decision strictly prohibiting the fascinating Madeleine Deslandes from making use of the name of "Princess Robert de Broglie" owing to the fact that her marriage to Prince Robert—a son of that Prince Amadeus de Broglie who is a younger brother of the Duc de Broglie—is invalid in the eyes of French law, having been contracted in England while he was under age and without the requisite sanction of his parents. The ex-princess is one of the most gifted and brilliant women in Paris, famed far beyond the boundaries of France as an author and as an artist under the pseudonym of "Ossit." A daughter of the late Baron Deslandes she was married when barely 17 by her grandmother and by the late Princess Mathilde Bonaparte to Count Fleury, son of that General Fleury who was master of the horse to Emperor Napoleon III., his ambassador at St. Petersburg and his principal crony and confidant throughout his reign. The marriage was dissolved a few months later alike by the church through annulment and by the French courts through divorce, whereupon Madeleine resumed her maiden name, styling herself Baroness Deslandes.

Her salon soon became celebrated as the rendezvous of every one who was witty and brilliant in the literary and artistic world, and, being possessed of a very large fortune in her own right, she entertained extensively at her beautiful pompadour house in the Rue Christophe Colombe. Among her most fervent admirers was the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the royal academician, who painted a most exquisite picture of her as one of the muses holding in her hand a globe of pure crystal, and without any jewels at all. Many fell deeply in love with her, but young Prince Robert de Broglie is the only one who has ever been able to boast of having his love returned. In England they are husband and wife, but in France their union is illegal.

Instead of glass the Philippine islanders use windows made of plates of the shells of a kind of oyster. These windows do not let in a bright light, nor floods of sunshine, but where they are shaken by the frequent earthquakes of that country they do not break as easily as glass windows would.

EMISSARIES OF THE EVIL ONE

CATERPILLARS, EARWIGS AND OTHER WINGED TERRORS SO STYLED BY THE ANCIENTS.

Guile of the Caterpillar Pest Is Amazing—An Insect That Has No Redeeming Feature.

Solomon prayed to be delivered from caterpillars. The ancient priests of Isis believed that caterpillars, with earwigs and other winged terrors, were the direct emissaries of the evil one. Modern gardeners, unfamiliar with either the tenets of Osiris or the composition of the Satanic Heptarchy, must be much of the same opinion—caterpillars are unrighteous and things wholly unholy. It is remarkable that in the visitation of the plagues on Old Egypt Pharaoh's magicians could imitate the feats of Aaron's rod until it came to the miraculous invention of vermin; then they confessed their impotence; as Heine reminds us, they admitted it was the finger of God.

There is no redeeming feature about caterpillars, except that one must express a note of involuntary admiration for the skill with which they perpetrate their wickedness, demonstrating a depth of depravity significantly Beelzebubian; and a united voice goes up from an afflicted mankind in consonance with Solomon's sigh for delivance, Beelzebub is the reigning prince of the kingdom of vermin, and this may the more readily explain the extreme proneness of the caterpillar to ways that are wily and machinations conceived in the spirit of diabolical artfulness. A caterpillar always seems precisely what it is not. Flies, in an endless denomination, are easily distinguished potentates of mischief; they work their evil openly and unashamed. The caterpillar is the very height (or depth), of Satanic cunning. It appears in a variety hopelessly bewildering, and always with an assumption of innocence quite affecting. The favorite rose trees (it is always the best which is favored of caterpillars, a clear indication of a Beelzebubian connection), are gradually denuded of all their most succulent new growths; the gooseberry bushes are stripped naked in a week, exposing the fruit to the glare of the sun and spoiling the entire yield; to see one's carnations makes one tearful. The despairing gardener uses all the liquid deterrents scheduled in the imagination of man, all to little purpose. The devastation goes on.

ONLY ONE REMEDY.

There is only one remedy—extermination. This is a crusade the caterpillar has studied to meet, and centuries of effort have made it most diabolically adept in evasion. It has found innocence the most perfect protection. The guile of the caterpillar is amazing. Working under cover of the darkness in the historic method of all most potent emissaries of the evil one, it recently poses by day as an unpretending piece of herbage, and so cleverly and dexterously done that only the most practiced eye can discover the deceit. Mimicry in nature is well known; even large animals practice it, and human beings in many tropical countries protect themselves from their foes by throwing their limbs into the fantastic shapes of tree forms and maintaining for hours an impassive rigidity. The caterpillar, however, has achieved the highest success in this branch of self-preservation. Nestling under a branch or beneath a leaf, it takes on the color of the foliage and practically renders itself indistinguishable. To this gift it owes its being, for the caterpillar has a myriad enemies, quicker than outraged gardeners, and enemies infinitely more discerning and skilled in the elusive methods it has adopted. Where the caterpillar is not an esteemed dainty for its foes, it boldly advertises its uneatable qualities, as in the garish coloration of the hairy caterpillar, a familiar friend in all gardens and the particular sport of children. But it is not these caterpillars which do the damage, that is, so much damage, for all caterpillars are undeserving of sympathy; it is the caterpillars which go their ways stealthily, walking the earth with fearsome care; as witness the sad havoc in the promising patch of cauliflower and the hopeless interior perforation of our best cabbages.

PANGS OF THE HOUSEWIFE.

The gardener is indeed an unfortunate creature, who suffers on earth the torment, or some part of it, which is the fate of those condemned to ultimate residence in the more legitimate field of operations of Beelzebub, but probably his sufferings are as nothing to the pangs which women undergo. To the housewife the caterpillar is Beelzebub himself, and enormously magnified. What can save furs and winter woolens from the caterpillar of the clothes moth? Womankind has given up the problem in despair. A multitude of devices has been devised to scotch this ingenious but evil-working grub. Rasis and Caton recommended pungent odors, vinegar, peppermint, soda; M. Meaumur experimented with and endless variety of specifics, many of the most drastic composition. But, as in the famous jackadaw rhyme, none seemed a penny the worse; on the contrary, they seemed rather to enjoy the treatment. It is altogether surprising what caterpillars and grubs can survive, and appear to like it. Some mites live on strychnine, eating it with avidity. Prof. Attfield tried the same fare on cheese mites, and up to 50 per cent of strychnine they lived and thrived as perhaps only mites can be expected to do. Over 50 per cent of poison they found to be an error of diet, and promptly died. There is a sort of caterpillar which lives on magnesia, one wonders vaguely whether a perpetual course of magnesia is not found somewhat enervating. But, then, the caterpillar is a being wholly depraved, which nothing can kill. The grub of the fur moth particularly is an indiscriminate feeder, liking wool as readily as fur, and a horse's hide as well as either, and will dine heartily on such poetic fare as butterflies' wings. And it is destruction personified, taking a wanton pleasure in cutting off a multitude of hairs more than it can possibly require. And nothing seemingly can kill it—turpentine, sea salt, tobacco and sulphur fumes—these "remedies" only drive it away, that is all, as the passengers in Hans Andersen's coach used a sprig of myrtle to drive away the flies.

NATURALLY MISCHIEVOUS.

The caterpillar in all its varieties is a beastie wondrously skillful and preternaturally wicked. Immediately it is hatched, tiny though it is, it takes as naturally to its work of destruction as a duckling falls out of its shell into the pond. The clothes moth caterpillar (many housewives attribute the havoc in the wardrobe to the moth, but, of course, it is the caterpillar which works the mischief), is the most ingenious of its order. Silk worm and other caterpillars, when their increasing bulk renders their outer skins too tight, get over the difficulty by discarding them, making unto themselves new suits. The clothes moth caterpillar simply slits open his cloak from end to end and lets in a new piece of the requisite size! This little caterpillar is, indeed a craftsman of most surprising dexterity; and is somewhat of a dandy. Its vest is of silk, the outer envelope is built on this fastidious foundation, and is composed of bands of the various fabrics it feeds on, presenting a harlequin appearance of bands of differing colors, according as the taste of the grub has led it to devour cloths of varied dyes. As this caterpillar, like all caterpillars, quickly increases in diameter and length, it everlastingly employed in making itself clothes, an accomplishment which it shows in a marvelous way compelling our reluctant admiration, weaving the filaments of wool or fur, cutting off unnecessary lengths with its scissorslike mandibles, deftly sewing in the wool with its spinning tube, and using the finest silk thread. It would be an interesting little beastie if it did not attire itself at our expense. The only remedy for this caterpillar, as with others, is extermination. The caterpillar is wholly indifferent to preventive medicine. The crusade of the housewife should be wholly against the moth, which is the mother of iniquity. All through the summer evenings the moth flies about, searching out for a proper—which, of course, is a highly improper—place to deposit its eggs, generally five in number, and quite infinitesimally small. The gardener, when he sees the white butterfly hovering suspiciously over his cabbages, at once girds up his loins for the fray; the housewife must wage similar war against the moth. There is no other "remedy."—London Globe.

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How Mines Are Laid.

"Battleships, Mines and Torpedoes" form the subject of an instructive paper by Park Benjamin, in the American Review of Reviews. He thus describes the three chief forms of mines: The simplest and oldest form, equally dangerous to friend and foe, is the contact mine, which explodes only when a vessel actually strikes its projecting firing pin. A safer and better arrangement depends upon the closing of an electrical contact by the vessel colliding either with the mine itself or with a buoy connected with it, thus establishing a circuit automatically or at the will of the controlling operator. This is the usual expedient. The wires are led to a shore station or a ship. When not automatic, the electric arrangements are such that each mine, as soon as struck, signals that fact to the operator, usually by lighting an electric lamp. He then presses a key, which closes the firing circuit and explodes the charge. He may be far inland and entirely safe from hostile fire, and, of course, it is not necessary for him actually to see the devoted vessel which thus sends in a signal for its own destruction. Ground mines, which rest on the bottom, are fired in the same way, and are especially employed when there are swift currents which would bear buoyant mines from their anchorages.

The phenomenal success of mines in the present war has naturally concentrated the attention of naval experts. Because of the perfection to which these devices have been brought and the comparative safety with which mines may now be handled, they are rapidly becoming a part of the equipment of war vessels. Squadrons or single ships now secure protection from attack in harbors in which refuge is taken by quickly mining the approaches; and in our navy this is made a regular drill during the summer maneuvers, and every effort is exerted to do it with the utmost celerity. So, also, an inferior force may shut up an enemy in port by laying lines of mines across the entrance.

The writer says: "The most immediate of all questions is whether there is any protection obtainable by any method or means for the bottoms of battleships against torpedoes. It is widely believed, for example, that by devoting less weight to superstructure and guns, and more to strengthening the framing and bottom plates, a hull can be made which will resist such attacks." He pleads for consideration before we go on building huge battleships of the old type.

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