

PREY OF "LAND SHARKS"

THE TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF A NAVAL OFFICER

Had to Swim Ashore With the Men Pursuing Him in a Boat.

On the 13th March, 1904, the Mediterranean Fleet arrived off Corfu, and the Admiral signalled, "Twenty-four hours' leave by water," to commence on Monday, the 21st, at 7 a.m. Thus it came about that troops of blue-jackets landed on the following Monday morning, and amongst those who set out to enjoy themselves was William Daniels, petty officer of H. M. S. Intrepid.

For hours he explored the town and surrounding country, and at last, finding it was very late, thought it advisable to seek lodging for the night. Being unable to find this, however, he decided to return to his ship, and going down to the quay, found some dozens of Greek and Italian boatmen clamoring for a fare. He selected a boat in charge of two Greeks, and, jumping in, told them to pull to the Intrepid. The boatmen were big, hulking fellows, dressed in rather loose, baggy trousers, and open-fronted shirts, and, as ultimately transpired, both carried knives in their pockets.

SHOW THEIR COLORS.

After they had pushed off from the shore Daniels leaned back in the stern of the boat, lazily contemplating the hills in the distance. Suddenly he was brought to his bearings by seeing the two boatmen earnestly unship their oars, and just as smartly each man drew a knife. Quick as thought they leapt into the stern of the boat and demanded the sailor's money. They then proceeded to rifle his pockets, during which unpleasant process Daniels sat perfectly still, offering no sort of resistance.

He realized that he had two desperate criminals to deal with. "This was the situation as it presented itself to me," Daniels said, when relating the incident afterwards. "The men, I knew, would not dare to land me alongside the Intrepid, for fear that I should have them detained. Furthermore, they could not put me ashore, because discovery would be equally sure there, and we should probably come across some of my shipmates. Evidently, then, they meant to kill me and dispose of my body. Desperate measures, it was evident, were necessary if I wished to save my life."

Having rifled his pockets, one of the men turned to his companion and said something in Greek. This was Daniels' opportunity. While the man had his back half turned towards him

HE LEAPT TO HIS FEET.

struck him a severe blow on the side of the face, and knocked him into the bottom of the boat. Then he turned his attention to the other man.

"As I made for him," said Daniels, "he thrust his knife savagely at my stomach—the spot for which ruffians of this class invariably aim. I caught the weapon with my left hand, but, unfortunately for myself, by the blade. With my disengaged right hand I fought hard to get possession of the knife, which would have put me on better fighting terms with the scoundrel. The boat rocked violently with our quick movements, and, to make matters worse, the man I had knocked down had recovered himself and was now striving to aid his comrade.

"Backwards and forwards we lurched, this way and that, and during this terrible struggle the knife-blade cut deep into my hand. By this time, however, the other pirate had managed to rise, and thrust at me viciously with his knife. With my right hand I caught the knife, endeavoring to wrest it from him. This, however, I was not able to do, as the pair were raining blows on to my head and neck with their hands, while, clinging desperately to the two knives, I kept my head bent to save my face, fighting with my feet and head as well as I possibly could.

"It was no good, however, for the knife in my right hand also began to cut from the wrenching motion, and, losing my hold on the two weapons,

I FELL BACK EXHAUSTED.

Thereupon both the men seized me, trying to batter my head on the stern of the boat, but I prevented this by thrusting my neck forward and keeping it stiff, receiving the blows on my shoulders. One of the ruffians made a thrust at my body, the point of the knife penetrating my jumper and jersey, but a quick backward movement saved me from receiving further damage. As I lay quite still, however, utterly exhausted, they no doubt concluded that the last blow had done its deadly work, for they promptly seized me by the head and hoists and dropped me into the water."

But the fight for life was not yet over. The cold water revived Daniels, and he struck out boldly for land. The assassins, however, noticed his recovery, and rowed towards him with the intention of running the boat against his head. Time after time they nearly succeeded in braining the gallant sailor, who in the meantime cried out loudly for help. He only evaded the bow of the boat by sinking at each critical moment and allowing it to pass over him.

He was almost exhausted with the chase, and still some distance from the shore, when he was at length gratified to see the lights of some boats coming out to the rescue. His cries had been heard at last, and the assassins fled. He related the story of his terrible adventure to the police, who at length arrested two men; but Daniels failed to recognize them, and, so far, the real culprits have not been captured.

TWO GOURMANDS.

Big Ships Will Spend \$1,500,000 Each Year for Supplies.

Some \$60,000 worth of American food and drink will be loaded aboard the two new ocean steamers Olympic and Titanic each time one of these big liners docks in New York, according to the commissary officers, who are victualling such ships. Should the Government make their landing there possible by lengthening two of the Chelsea piers, these two ocean liners can bring and take away 2,700 passengers on each voyage, in addition to a crew of 800. If both boats are able to begin their regular trips next spring to ports adapted to their bulk, \$1,500,000 will be spent in New York in a year simply to stock their capacious larders.

For meats alone \$15,000 is to be paid each time either of the big sister ships comes into port. Large quantities of beef, lamb, pork, veal and mutton will be brought from all over the country and stacked away in refrigerators that must hold enough to feed 3,500 people on a transatlantic voyage. Waggon-loads of poultry costing \$5,400 are to be added to this array, with piles of fish worth \$2,000. For shellfish the orders of the ship's cooks will amount to \$1,200 in addition.

Farmers from all about the neighboring country will be called upon to send \$4,000 worth of butter, cream and milk to be used on each trip of these big boats, while \$1,500 is also to be spent solely for eggs, and \$3,200 for vegetables. Fruits worth \$3,500 are to be added to the ship's stores, while its bakery will lay in flour to the extent of \$3,300 on each voyage. The biggest bill, next to that for meats will be \$5,500 for all sorts of groceries. Far away in the frigid depths of the new liner's cold storage compartments \$1,200 worth of ice cream is to be stored.

For cigars \$2,000 will be spent. Wines and spirits costing \$5,000 are set down as necessary for each shipload of passengers, together with some \$3,000 worth of beer and mineral waters.

Altogether the lowest cost of victualling such boats as the Olympic and Titanic is set down as \$56,200.

A LAW UNTO HIS PATIENTS.

Paris Doctor Won Strange Bets Through Their Obedience.

One of the most successful physicians, at least in his hold on his patients, was David Gruby, who died in Paris in 1898. He was a Hungarian by birth, but had lived many years in the French capital. His methods of treatment, while entirely logical in principle, were often original, not to say fantastic, in the form they took, yet it was to them, in a great measure, that he owed his remarkable vogue among the most intelligent classes of Paris.

His influence over his patients was such, says a writer in the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette, that he was able as the result of a wager to induce some of the best known Parisians to walk up and down the Avenue des Champs-Elysees during a whole forenoon.

In accordance with his prescription each one of these patients—lawyers, engineers, writers, dramatists, gentlemen of leisure—was to swallow a prune every ten meters while walking along the avenue, and this was carried out to the letter and with the utmost seriousness, to the amazement of the fellow practitioners whom Gruby had invited to witness this singular therapeutic procedure.

One of his most distinguished patients, Alexandre Dumas, was said to have obtained great benefit from a green apple which he was instructed to eat every day under the Arc-de-Triomphe de l'Etoile after a walk of given length.

MINIATURE SPECIALIZATION.

A young medical student was being quizzed by one of his teachers: "In what will you specialize?" he was asked. "Disease of the nostril," replied the student. "Good," said the professor, enthusiastically. "Which nostril?"

WARSHIPS AT \$700,000,000

COST OF NAVAL VESSELS NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

This Great Sum is for Battleships and Armored Cruisers Only.

According to the returns compiled by "Lloyd's Register of Shipping" the total number of warships now being built in the United Kingdom for the British Government is fifty-nine, the aggregate displacement being 280,695 tons. At the Government dockyards six warships are under construction for the Government (one battleship, one armored cruiser, two third-class cruisers and two submarines), with a total displacement of 56,550 tons. At private yards there are five battleships, three armored cruisers, four protected cruisers, thirty-six torpedo boat destroyers and five submarines under construction, with 223,785 tons total displacement.

Statistics from another source show that the total number of battleships and armored cruisers now being built by the nations of the world is seventy, with a tonnage of 1,500,000, representing \$700,000,000. This is exclusive of small craft.

Germany is building 153,000 tons and fitting out 128,000 tons; the United States is building 80,000 tons and fitting out 70,000 tons, and France is building 46,000 tons and fitting out 110,000 tons.

The naval correspondent of the London Daily News compiled a comparative table of battleships launched and completed by the Powers in 1910. Armored ships completed for service are taken first.

GREAT BRITAIN.

during the year, got ready five armored ships. These were the three battleships provided for in the 1907-08 estimates (St. Vincent, Collingwood and Vanguard), which have been passed into commission; the Neptune, which was commissioned for service recently, and the armored cruiser Indefatigable, which has passed her trials, but which will not be commissioned for a few weeks yet.

Against this total of five ships Germany can show three (Rheinland and Posen, battleships, and Von der Tann, armored cruiser); France, none; United States, none; Japan, one (Satsuna, battleship); Italy, one (San Marco, armored cruiser); Brazil, two (Minaes Geraes and Sao Paulo, battleships), and Austria, one (Erzherzog Franz Ferdinand, battleship).

Great Britain also took first place as regards the launching of ships. In the spring there were launched the Hercules and Colossus, battleships of 22,350 tons, each armed with ten 12 inch guns; August saw the launch of the record-breaking Orion, displacing 22,680 tons and armed with ten of the new 13.5 guns; and also of the battle cruiser Lion, which is to displace 20,360 tons, to steam twenty-eight knots and to carry eight of these same powerful weapons.

GERMANY

launched two ships (Oldenburg, battleship, and Moltke, armored cruiser); France, the battleship Vergniaud, and the United States the battleship Florida. Japan, Austria and Greece also launched one armored ship (Kawachi, Zrinyi and Giorgio Averoff respectively); no others were launched during the year.

Lastly, as to the ships laid down Great Britain claims six—the battleships Thunderer, Conqueror and Monarch and the armored cruisers Princess Royal, Australia and New Zealand. Germany has laid down four (Ersatz Agir, Ersatz Hagen and Ersatz Odin, battleships, and the armored cruiser J). Two ships have been commenced for the United States (Wyoming and Arkansas, battleships), and two for France (Jean Bart and Courbet, battleships).

The following is a brief statement of the Dreadnoughts now actually under construction or ordered for the leading Powers:

| | Ordered or on the stocks | Total |
|---------------|--------------------------|-------|
| Great Britain | 4 | 11 |
| Germany | 5 | 7 |
| United States | 2 | 4 |
| France | 0 | 2 |
| Japan | 2 | 2 |

These are in addition to completed Dreadnoughts, of which Great Britain has twelve, Germany five, the United States four, France nil and Japan one.

The super-Dreadnought Neptune, which was commissioned at Portsmouth the other day, is

THE BIGGEST BATTLESHIP

afloat in European waters. She was laid down at Portsmouth on January 19, 1909, and was launched on September 30, 1909. She has thus been completed for service in a week under two years.

In general details the Neptune is similar to Britain's earlier Dread-

nought battleships, but her design embodies an important modification in respect of the disposition of the main armament. All British Dreadnoughts so far completed have ten 12 inch guns, and this is also the case with the Neptune; but whereas none of the earlier ships can fire more than eight guns on the broadside the Neptune can train all her big guns on either beam.

She has three gun turrets on the centre line, one forward and two aft; and the turrets on the beam are arranged diagonally, so that they can fire on either broadside. Astern the aftermost turret is on a lower level than that immediately behind it, so that the latter can fire over the former.

The principal dimensions of the Neptune are: Length, 510 feet; beam, 85 feet; draught, 27 feet; weight of hull, 12,450 tons; displacement, 19,900 tons; turbines, 25,000 horse-power; cost of armament, \$702,500; total cost, excluding stores, \$8,642,300.

In addition to ten 12 inch guns of the new 50 calibre pattern, weighing 65 tons 17 hundredweight and each firing a shell of 850 pounds, capable (as muzzle range) of passing clean through a steel plate

40 INCHES THICK.

the Neptune is furnished with sixteen 4 inch quick firing guns for repelling torpedo attack, and with three 21 inch torpedo tubes which discharge automobile weapons that can travel 7,000 yards under water.

It has been reported that the British Admiralty was about to construct a motor Dreadnought. The only foundation for this report is the fact that the Admiralty has decided to experiment with oil engines fitted to an obsolescent cruiser.

It is contrary to Admiralty practice, it is pointed out, to put into a first class battleship engines of a type which have not been tested previously and found satisfactory in smaller vessels.

Great Britain is about to introduce into her navy a new type of despatch vessel capable of standing between 38 and 40 knots an hour. Several of them will be laid down at an early date.

SERVANT PROBLEM IN JAPAN.

About As Acute As It Is In This Country.

The servant question in Japan is fully as acute as in Western lands. The servants are notably unreliable, but most hotels and private houses keep them because they are gentle and cheap—while they stay. Unfortunately they are particularly fond of playing the vanishing trick on their mistresses. Evelyn Adam, writing in the Wide World Magazine, instances a few cases of desertion for inadequate cause.

A lady friend of mine possessed a very good man servant—a perfect treasure. She happened to be an artist, and every day when she went to paint in the woods this treasure carried her panel. One afternoon he returned without an important piece of it. Although greatly annoyed, she said nothing, knowing that her "pearl" was sensitive to criticism, like most of his race. But the effort at self-control was entirely wasted, as things turned out, for the man came the next day to "give notice."

"Why do you wish to leave?" the mistress asked, in deep distress. "Surely you are not upset over the case! I said nothing about it, did I?"

"No," the man admitted, "but you made a difficult face."

A lady of my acquaintance in Tokyo possessed a valuable mesan of somewhat mature years who rejoiced in the poetic name of "Oharu San"—"The Honorable Miss Spring."

One day Miss Spring brought in luncheon. All seemed serene; there was not a shadow of a cloud in the domestic sky. But at tea-time no tea appeared; neither, in answer to calls, at first patient and afterward impatient, did Oharu. After a while the lady went herself to the back regions and found—desolation. The charcoal-bowl was filled with gray ashes, the kettle cold, half the luncheon plates lay immersed in a bowl of soapy water; the other half stood on a sink ready to be put away. Oharu herself simply was not.

The next morning, however, she reappeared, very much on her company manners, with a clean kimono, and her hair done in a shining bun to denote the star of a matron, demanding the fragment of wages due to her since the beginning of the month. The lady expostulated, and asked why the servant was leaving thus suddenly.

"Oh," replied Oharu, "just as I was washing the plates yesterday, I remembered that Saito San, the pawnbroker wanted a wife. Therefore I went out and married him."

PROVERBS IMPROVED UPON.

Poets are borne, not paid. Where there's a bill there's a pay.

A bird on the tree is worth two on the hat.

Flour by any other name would cost as much.

Heaven help those who help themselves—without permission.

RETORTS OF THE POLITICIANS

A FEW ECHOES FROM RECENT BRITISH ELECTIONS.

A Collection of Anecdotes Which May Give Hints to Public Speakers.

At a meeting in Liverpool during the last British general election a candidate was eloquently appealing for the support of his audience. Suddenly a raucous voice bellowed forth, "I'd rather vote for the devil."

Swiftly but sweetly came the retort, "Yes, but, as your champion is not standing, may I not rely upon your vote?" This not only brought down the house, but secured a convert.

From the centre of the hall the eulogy of the candidate was interrupted with the remark, "I never saw a bigger fool in my life."

"Then go home and look in the glass," was the instant rejoinder, which set the meeting in a roar. The laughter increased as amidst cries of "He's going," the discomfited interrupter got up and left the hall.

At another meeting, an elector was unkind enough to hurl an ancient egg at the candidate who was speaking. It missed its intended victim and struck the wall, its malediction character at once becoming evident.

The candidate paused for a moment, looked at the bespattered wall, and then at

THE EGG-THROWER.

following this up with the remark, "Can you wonder that their aim is as rotten as their arguments?"

Talking of eggs is reminiscent of the reply given by the late Sir Henry Havelock-Allen to the thrower of an egg at an election meeting. In this instance the aim was truer than in the previous one, for the egg struck Sir Henry on the neck.

Pausing in his speech and fixing his gaze on that part of the hall from which the egg had been thrown the candidate smilingly exclaimed, "I say, friend, the hen that laid that egg had very bad breath."

The disturbing powers of one man with a big voice at a political meeting are great. This was well illustrated at Glasgow, where, seated in the centre of a group of his sympathizers in the middle of a long seat, a man would persist in interrupting remarks.

The meeting, indeed, was on the point of proving a fiasco through his sallies, when suddenly a voice rang out from the platform, "Shut up, Smith, or I'll send for your wife." The audience simply roared, but none so much as the interrupter's own particular supporters.

Well they might, too, for nobody knew better than they what a terror Smith's wife was in her own territory, or how she was dreaded by her noisy spouse. He collapsed at once, so the hint conveyed in a note to the chairman was the means of

SAVING THE SITUATION.

At the 1906 election a speaker was addressing an audience in the North of England. In the course of his speech he happened to put his hands in his pocket, whereupon "a rude fellow of the baser sort" shouted from among the audience, "Take your hand out of your pocket."

The speaker, however, kept it there, quietly replying, "I put my hand into my pocket; the interrupter is, perhaps, too fond of putting his into other people's." There was no further interruption from that quarter, and the audience were hugely delighted.

To be strictly impartial, one should quote some instances where the laugh was with the interrupter. It was very much so in the case of a candidate who was wooing a certain constituency in the provinces.

In illustration of his great devotion to truth, the would-be M.P. stated at one of his election meetings that he underwent a thrashing when a boy for telling the truth. Imagine the sickly feeling which came over him when a gruff voice called out from the centre of the audience, "I guess it's cured yer, guv'nor!"

Almost as damaging was an interruption of which Sir William Temple was at one election meeting the victim. He had come straight from his duties in India to become a candidate for this particular seat, and proceeded to tell the meeting of the fact.

He remarked that he had "travelled 8,000 miles and surrendered £5,000 for the privilege of contesting and, he hoped, representing this great constituency."

The statement seemed likely to carry great weight with the audience until the whole effect was spoiled by some merciless wag amongst them suddenly shouting out,

"OH, WHAT A FOOL!"

A certain Unionist candidate, holding a meeting in Auld Reekie

in January, at which the heckles were much in evidence, failed to give a single answer, which was judged to be satisfactory by his audience. Towards the end of the meeting a canny elector rose and quietly asked,

"Sir, would you tell us what might be the name your second initial stands for?"

The unfortunate candidate, greatly puzzled at the purport of the question, asked in what way might that interest the audience.

"Just to see if you could answer one question, anyway," came the reply—and the resolution was negatived amidst much laughter.

Of the few nippy retorts that lent zest to the last general election, one is credited to Sir Robert Cranston. An elector of somewhat pompous bearing was heckling the knight, and a portion of the audience made no attempt to suppress their feelings.

"I must be heard," shouted the consequential gentleman, "for I belong to the town."

"That may be," responded Sir Robert; "but the town doesn't belong to you."

Captain Ward-Jackson, who unsuccessfully contested South Manchester in January last conducted his campaign on genial lines. At one of his meetings he had been sorely put to it by the hecklers. Oranges, said one of them, came from Spain for the most part.

NOT FROM OUR COLONIES.

"Now, if you put an import tax on oranges it will not do our colonies any good, and moreover—"

The mail was going on at great length when the Captain stopped him.

"Say," he said, regarding his heckler genially, "what an awful nuisance you must be to your friends!"

The chairman of a Liberal association in the East of Scotland, who is also a landlord proprietor in the county, was presiding over a rather turbulent audience. Number one, a flourishing commission agent with a rubicund countenance, got up and in an angry tone said to the chairman:—

"Don't you think I pay as much in the way of taxes as you do?"

"Perhaps you do," said the landlord gentleman; "but if there was a tax on lemons I might beat you there."

NEEDS HAPPINESS FOR SELF.

Self-sacrifice Too Often in Life of Wife and Mother.

Charles Reade says that instead of the perpetual preaching women get about unselfishness, they need continual holding back from self-sacrifice. Is it not true that, as a rule, wives and mothers neglect themselves far too much? Too often the pleasant room, the appetizing delicacy, the becoming suit, even the tender care and sympathy in hours of pain, are only here to give, not to have. How adroit she is in securing the poor potato and the burned biscuit! How quickly the parlor fire is smothered and the lights extinguished when she no longer need the room!

"If she is happy in doing it," you ask, "is not that enough?"

No; she should be led to enjoy "the pursuit of happiness" for herself. By self-sacrifice she defeats her own ends, storing up anguish instead of joy for her dear ones.

Many a good mother has I seen on the walls of both hall and cottage, but never one to express what a young husband recently said on bringing his bride to the new home: "The first comfort of this house must be your comfort, health and happiness."

CONTENTMENT.

Contentment is a happy bird, And many times we fail In our attempt to sprinkle salt Upon its nervous tail. We reach our hand to capture it,

But, lo, it isn't there! In place of bringing down the prize We get the bird of care.

Some tell us if we eat and drink The proper kind of food That we can lay our hands upon A member of the brood.

Some say it is a mental trick And we can so engage Our minds that we may view it there Before us in a cage.

At any rate, we find it is A most elusive bird That will not come for amiles or frown, Or for a coaxing word.

We cannot hope to own the bird In full and simple fee; About the best that we can do Is view it up a tree.

One swallow may not make a summer, but one grasshopper makes many springs.

She—"How far can your ancestry be traced?" He—"Well, when my grandfather resigned his position as cashier of a country bank they traced him as far as China, but he got awa."