

# The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1904

(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

## Modern Naval Action

Preparations that are Made and the Awful Realities of the Fight—Some Protection Afforded Gunners.

In the cabin aft—stripped of its shining wood and heavy furniture—the captains have met, and, under the Admiral, discussed the plans of the morning and weighed the possible issues of the battle. The defeats and weaknesses of the enemy's ships have been considered. The secretary hands around the memorandum describing the Russian vessels, and the little men scan their papers carefully. As they leave, the Admiral nods a farewell, half friendly, half ceremonious. They file out of the room, saluting the Mikado's portrait hanging in the cabin passage.

Sacks have been sanded, sacks of gunpowder are stacked around the base of funnels, and mats of chain and rope have been suspended between the gunners in the superstructure to protect them from the effects of the splinters. In casemates housing the 6-inch kippers the shells are stored in the guns in brackets, and big boxes of cartridges are lying in rows, ready for instant use. When these guns begin firing at a range of four shots a minute, and 2-pounders are pumping some rounds a minute, the drain on the magazines becomes terrific. In order to be prepared against the possibility of a dangerous pile-up of powder, the guns are kept about pieces. Underneath the beams of the superstructure a hemp splinter net protects the gun crews from falling fragments, while the few boats—maybe a steam pinnace and a couple of whaleboats—are all covered with wet canvas as protection against fire. The ship, once so spick and span, is bare and naked; all her yacht-like fittings and the shining brass of her quarter-decks have disappeared. She looks big, grim and ready. The gun uniforms and the white gloves are missing. Instead, dirty figures in powder-stained clothes, walk across the big deck which has lost its snow-white beauty. The great ship is ready, and when a shrill note from the bugle awakens the figures about the guns, she becomes a living thing—a unit of fighting strength.

In the very bowels of the vessel, small, naked men are feeding the furnaces. As the furnace door is thrown open a lurid glare penetrates the fire-room, outlining the maze of pipes and fittings on the bulkhead. The figure of the stoker throws a deep black shadow on the iron floor as he fills the great fire, while the new coal crackles in the white heat. The coal is heaped in front of the boilers by the coal-passers, whose sole duty is to keep the pile from diminishing. Bending over the heap, the swelling veins of his forehead mark nervously the terrific strain under which he works. The crash of the falling coal

the noise of dropping shovels, the hot glow on the toiling men, are all a part of this inferno below the level of the sea.

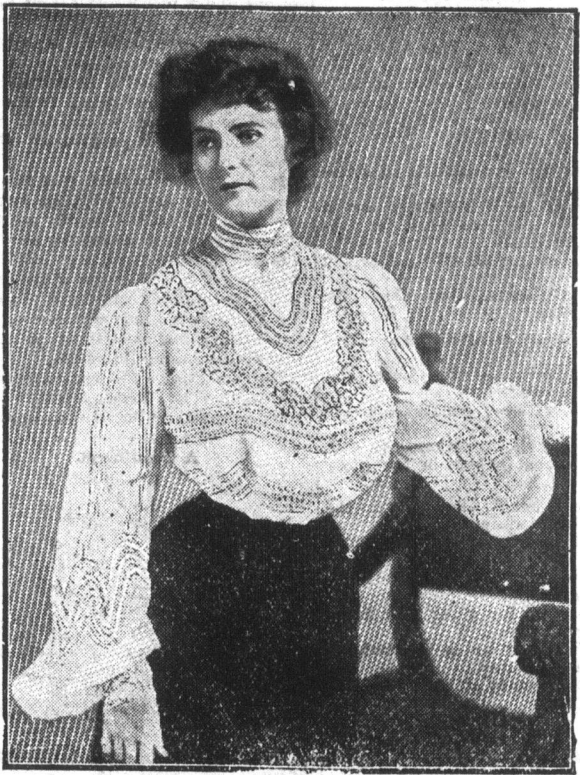
From the fire-rooms beneath the hot walls of huge boilers, passages lead through watertight doors to the engine-rooms, one on each side of the ship. The heat there is worse than in the fire-rooms. Shut out from air and sunlight, but in the lee of the protective deck, these immense engines breathe a rhythmical chug-chug at the command of bridge and conning tower. Quiet figures, almost nude, glide between the moving parts of pistons and rods, oil cans in hand. The warrant machinist is at the starting gear, with one eye on the telegraph dial, which glitters under the glare of the electric light. The gong behind it rings, and before the echo has died the steam is rushing into the great cylinders with a heavy vibration which goes through the entire length of the ship. From the flagship bridge, some sixty feet above the swash that laps the side armour, the Admiral moves his feet. Near him is the flag lieutenant and the ship's captain. The officer of the deck, the navigator, and the junior officers are at the engine annunciators. They are all on the fore bridge, right over the conning tower, whither the Admiral repairs when the action begins. Here the signals are sent or unbenet, as the flag lieutenant passes over the orders of the Admiral to the "bunt tossers." It is "hoist" and "haul down," and the flags snap in the breezes in long, bow-like strings from the yards above. The Admiral, a dignified figure of great mental strength, moves his squadrons without noise or turmoil. His orders are uttered in a quiet tone and executed in the same manner—sharply, and precisely, and without confusion. At the drop of a flag the fleet is again moving, and the black ships form into two columns, flanked by the swift cruisers and 12 destroyers. The screws cut long lanes of white foam, which melts in the haze behind. Far off on the horizon there is a smudge—it is the smoke of the enemy's scouts. The hoods with their long guns are swinging from starboard to port as if they were searching for prey. The muzzles rise and fall at a touch of a button or a lever from the officer in the sighting hood, who is carefully adjusting the sights. Inside the steel walls the crew bend over the shining breech-blocks, and for the hundredth time overlook the electric gear and its connections. The guns are loaded, and the ammunition carriage between them holds the next round of powder and projectile. Big electric fans are placed in the rear of the guns to drive out the smoke and fumes. Be-

tween them are the telephones to the conning tower and magazines. Should these be shot away, voice-pipes carry the communications. Various electric meters and gauges are parts of the machinery. Big tubs of water are kept underneath the gun and breech and block are cleaned and cooled with wet sponges.

In the sighting hoods, one to each gun, the gun pointers train their pieces. To them the range of the enemy is sent, or telephoned from the range finders on the bridge, fore and aft, and sometimes in the tops. At the bottom of the 14-inch barbettes, which enclose the entire mechanism, and below the protective deck is the handling room, from which the charges are sent up from the magazines.

The captain stands beside the slant-eyed quartermaster, who turns the wheel of the steam steering gear. The Admiral is still outside on the platform. The view outside is better; it allows of a stronger grasp on the fleet. Near him is his flag lieutenant with the lead-covered signal book. As

steam of a disabled boiler. The turrets are jammed and useless, and only from amidship there seems to be an effort to answer the fire. The conning tower is one mass of ruin under the collapsed bridge. Some figures stand on the after bridge; one is waving a signal to a cruiser far astern. The red dot in the flag moves frantically up and down, as if calling for help. An armored cruiser, her torn sides spitting fire, is the last ship in the column. Of her nothing can be seen save her white ensign, which is fouled by the broken spar of the wireless. Her fire suddenly ceases; she reels and her guns sway to and fro. As she sinks, the great red bow glimmers in the air. Far down toward the horizon a cruiser is fleeing as fast as her mended steam-pipes permit. The battle is almost won, and with that the command of the sea. Outside the conning tower stands a limping man in torn clothes. Two officers are leading him over the wreckage of the fallen bridge. His life is wrecked—the concussion from



Pretty white waist of India linen lawn with the ever-popular fagotting on waist and sleeves, and further adorned by insets of Swiss embroidery. The sleeves, tight-fitting at the top, where the fullness is confined by means of groups of loops are of ample proportions where they are attached to the cuffs.

the Admiral enters the conning tower he looks down pityingly into the superstructure, where the quick-firer crews are awaiting the signal to commence firing; they are almost without protection.

A tongue of flame shoots from the forward 12-inch gun and a black dot curves through the air. With a crackling sound the 6-inch battery blazes over the water, covering it with a green misty smoke, which soon reaches high above the fighting-tops, which are literally squirting streams of steel into a sneaking torpedo craft. A bluejacket is megaphoning the fall of the shots reported by the midshipman in the fighting-top. There is no shouting, no excitement. The little men move as if part of one machine, and when one falls another steps in to take his place.

The range is decreasing. The range-finders report 4,000 yards, and at that distance the 12-pounders begin their havoc in earnest. The superstructure, the open gun-ports, the men in the tops, are the target for the murderous fire. Through the mist the ships of the squadron are seen like big black blotches, and over the yellow haze great smoke clouds roll out of the funnels. The seas are torn by the shells. Over all hangs a sickly, faint smell of the powder, which stains the faces and uniforms of the men. The flagship is leading and is nearing the enemy's centre, and on her the hottest fire is directed. A bursting shell striking the bows rips up the deck and throws the anchors into the sea. The gun-crew of the forward 12-pounder is instantly destroyed; a cushion of air sweeps by the conning tower, knocking down the messengers near it, who are killed by inhaling the fumes of the bursting charge. Meanwhile the "idlers" of the ship are collecting the wounded, bringing them down below. But many hobble their way back to the guns. An intense heat penetrates the batteries, and the gunners are hidden under the smoke. Sinewy hands grip the projectiles and cartridges, and as the breech-blocks close with a snap the gun pointer bends over his sights, and by a press of his finger the shell leaps ahead, throwing the gun back in recoil.

Through the openings in the smoke the enemy's line looks broken. Their fire is less rapid, but better directed, than before. The shells soar and whirl in the air with the noise of a runaway locomotive. Some of the hulls are almost hidden behind the great jets of water that the spent projectiles raise. Here a mast disappears, its black fighting-top tumbling down on a torn deck with a smashing thud. As it falls it looks as if a catapult had tossed its crew high into the air. They drop behind the ship and scatter in the water. Funnels split in twain, and behind the jagged edges the smoke shoots upward, forced by the

a shell striking the conning tower has paralyzed him. He is without speech, but the battle is his. — H. Reuter-dahl, in Collier's Weekly.

## FISH IN HOT WATER.

Marcellin Pellet, a traveller who has recently returned from Guatemala, describes a curious fish, the Pacilla Dorri, which he found in the boiling lake of Amatitlan. It passes its days literally "hot water." So hot is the water of this lake that to thrust one's hand into it means scalded fingers. Its heat is, however, somewhat tempered, as the really boiling water rises to the surface, leaving a temperature in which they can easily live at the level where the fish are found.

Frank Buckland states in one of his works that the naturalist Bronson found by experiment that some fresh water fish would live for several days in water so hot that a human being could not keep his hand in it for a minute.

De Saussure, the Swiss scientist, discovered living eels in the hot springs of Aix, the temperature of which averages 113 degrees Fahr. Humboldt also saw living fish thrown up from a volcano in South America.

## WATER BOWLS AS TIMEKEEPERS.

There is exhibited in the Egyptian galleries of the British Museum, one of the earliest forms of clocks known, and probably the forerunner of the medieval hour glass.

It consists of a large bowl of black basalt, tapering towards the bottom. There are twelve small marbles in the inside and in the bottom are a number of holes.

The bowl was filled with water, the holes at the bottom having been previously stopped up. When full the plugs were withdrawn, and the water slowly trickling through the bottom, the time was read by the water line on the small marks at the side.

It would require refilling every twelve hours. These clocks were first used by the Romans, and introduced by them into Egypt.

A few days ago a gentleman called up his wife by the automatic 'phone but when a voice responded knew there must have been a mistake in the number. The question hovering on his lips slipped out anyway, and he said:

"Is supper ready?"

"Yes," replied the unknown lady.

"I'm coming up immediately."

"All right," said she, "but who are you?"

He hung up the receiver hurriedly. — Nebraska Journal.

Manhood cannot grow under patronage.

## The Days of Auld Lang Syne

Interesting Events of Ye Olden Times Gathered from The Planet's Issues of Half a Century Ago.

From The Planet files from April 17th, 1860, to May 5th, 1860.

Messrs. Salter and Johnson, Provincial land surveyors, got out a map of Chatham.

Married, in this town, on the 25th inst., at the Wesleyan Methodist church, by Rev. Mr. Clement, Charles McCrae, Esq., to Miss Eliza Dolson, third daughter of Mr. John Isaac Dolson, of Raleigh.

We are told that the Rev. Mr. King, of Buxton, has again left Canada for the old country on business connected with the Elgin Settlement, having sailed from Quebec one day last week. There are also rumors of a possibility of Mr. McKellar following him. Mr. W. Day is at present in Scotland.

By a new bill introduced into Parliament by the Hon. Solicitor General East, M. Morin, it is provided that coroners shall have the same powers and duties with regard to fires occurring in country parts as are now vested in coroners when fires occur in cities incorporated, towns and villages.

On Wednesday last, the 2nd inst., we were informed that a most serious and fatal accident happened to a little girl daughter of Mr. James Holmes, of Raleigh. It seems that the child was in the barn, and for some cause which we did not learn a beam fell upon her head, knocking her down senseless upon the floor. She was as soon as possible removed into the house and medical aid sent for. At last accounts the child was in a very precarious state.

Several vessels are now lying in different parts of the River Thames within the limits of Chatham, shipping lumber, timber, staves, etc., for foreign markets. We are glad to see this. It looks business-like. We hope, however, that fall will bring many vessels to Chatham to ship grain, which it is to be hoped will be in abundance, from the anticipated good crops of wheat, corn, peas, corn, etc.

The case of Wiede vs. Crow, created quite a lot of interest in the spring assizes. H. C. R. Becher appeared for the plaintiff and John Wilson appeared for the defendant. During the progress of the above case, which was an action for damages alleged to have been sustained by the plaintiff Wiede in consequence of the defendant Crow having detained the steamer Despatch in Canadian waters by running her ashore on the bank of the River Thames. While addressing the jury Mr. Becher read the following piece of poetry,

Your Crows are but young birds, who by their first caws thought they proved for friend Becher a match,

But our bird is a Wiede one unused to your laws, And all we ask is Despatch.

Mr. John Wilson conducted the defense and during his speech put in the following as a rejoinder—

I'd not trust my caws (cause) To the very wise laws Of the most learned Becher, But do as they did in spite of the laws And "Beach her." He beached her 'tis true, And it's what we all do When panics are playing their pranks; He ran her ashore, But it was nothing more Than a run upon Canada banks.

Geo. D. Ross advertises his hardware business.

An examination of school No. 4, Chatham, was held on Friday, the 20th inst., and largely attended by the most influential inhabitants of the section. At the close of the examination it was moved by James Smith, Esq., seconded by W. A. Everett, Esq., and carried unanimously, that the inhabitants of S. S. No. 4, Chatham, fully appreciate the faithful and diligent exertions of Mr. P. McV. Campbell as teacher of the school, and that they hereby tender him this expression of gratitude and thanks for his able services. Also that they wish him the highest measure of success and prosperity in the future.

The Howard and Orford Agricultural Societies adjourned plowing match took place agreeable to public notice on the 1st inst. The managing committee had the field laid out in proper order for the plowmen to commence work. The field was not in as good shape for plowing as was desired by the committee. After the usual forms observed at plowing matches were through with each plowman went to work. The gauge for plowing was six inches deep and nine inches in width. There were eleven entries, seven in the first class and four in the second class. The judges made their decisions with the remark that the plowing done in both classes showed superior workmanship, but the boys deserved the most praise.

## PRIZES AWARDED.

1st prize—Archibald McDermott, a plough given by James Graham, of Morpeth.

2nd prize—James Smart, \$3.

3rd prize—Andrew Allison, \$2.

4th prize—Edward Tyhurst, \$1.

## BOYS' CLASS.

1st prize—Joseph Crowder, \$4.

2nd prize—Malcolm Campbell, \$3.

3rd prize—Alfred L. Stone, \$2.

4th prize—Henry Simpson, \$1.

D. H. GESNER, JR.,

Clearville,

Sec. H. and O. A. S.



PRETTY DRESS OF LINEN

(Caption.) White piped with the new shade of Japanese green is one of the smartest combinations for linen gowns this season, and the above design shows how effectively the colors can be employed. The skirt is extremely simple in outline, having merely a wide box plait at the back on either side of the front. These plaits are piped with green linen, as the tucks on the sleeves. The bodice has a zouave effect outlined in green and white lace. A smart sailor hat completes the costume, and if trimmed with loops of green velvet and crushed white roses.



Gown of coru, taffeta with insets of cluny lace. These lace centres are enlarged by aid of circles of taffeta and fagotting. The yoke is of Arabian lace.