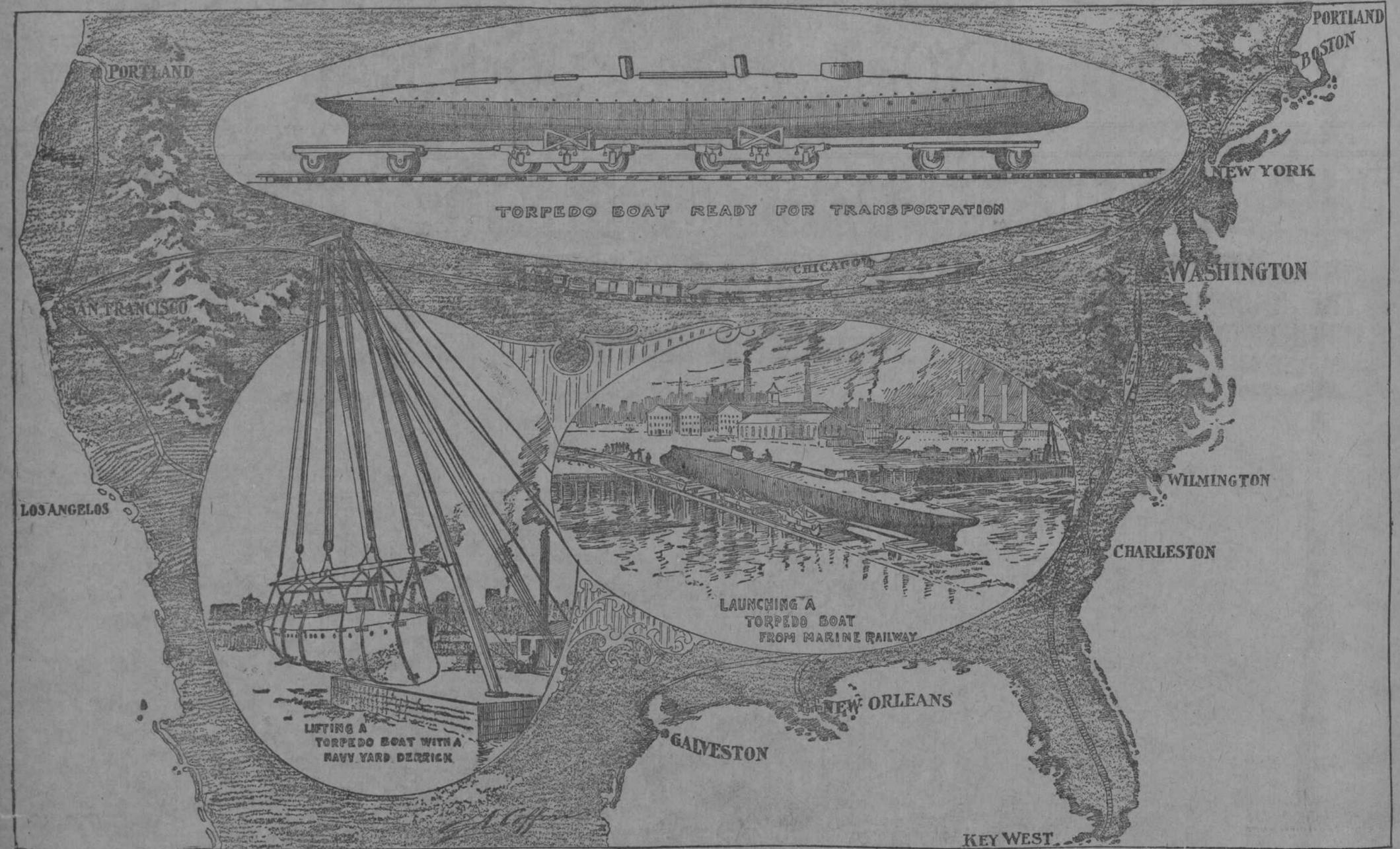


UNCLE SAM'S TORPEDO-BOAT RAILROAD IN CASE OF WAR.



Plans Are Under Way and Drawings Made for the Construction of New Steel Trucks for Flat Cars, on Which Torpedo Boats 140 Feet Long, Resting on Cradles, Can Be Carried Across the Continent. The Cradles Rest on Ball Rollers, and as the Trucks Take the Curves the Cradles Move Independently, So That the Boat Is in no Danger of Being Twisted.

How the Torpedo Fleet Will Be Mobilized.

THE Navy Department has succeeded in utilizing the great railway systems of the United States to effect a concentration of torpedo boats at any threatened point of attack on this country's coast.

The most minute plans have been prepared which permit of the torpedo boats being actually taken out of the water and transported with crews and armament to any desired place.

These plans are now on file in the Naval Intelligence Office of the Navy Department, and on the authority of officers who have

had to do with their preparation it can be said that should it become necessary to suddenly concentrate a fleet in the Pacific against Japan or any other power of the Far East, every torpedo boat in the country could be mobilized in San Francisco harbor inside of two weeks' time.

The same statement, so far as concentration is concerned, applies with equal force to the Great Lakes and to the Gulf of Mexico, but the time consumed would be less than that incident to sending torpedo boats across the continent.

Modern railway transportation has solved the problem. For the past two years the Navy Department has been gathering all available data on the subject. Railroad officials versed in the transportation business have been freely consulted, and having gotten all assistance obtainable the Naval Intelligence Department set itself to the task of preparing working plans. The officer to whom the credit is given of having prepared the first practical sets of plans is said to be Lieutenant W. I. Chambers. As finally decided upon, though, the drawings are simply known as Navy Department

plans. Officers on duty at the Navy Department prepare plans under the orders of superiors, and except for receiving credit for ingenuity displayed are seldom permitted to claim more than the honor of having had something to do with their preparation.

So complete are the calculations which have been made with reference to the strength of trucks and the general equipment of the torpedo trains that it is found possible to transport the new 140-foot boats which are now building. These boats have a length of 140 feet, a beam of 14½ feet, and a mean draught when loaded of 4½ feet. The displacement, with all stores on board and with coal and water in place, is 105 tons. With the stores and movable accessories out of the boat, the weight will be reduced some 35 tons.

Next in size to the 140-foot boats are the new 105-foot boats. These latter are single screw craft capable of attaining to a speed of 20 knots per hour. Their principal dimensions are: Length, 105 feet; beam, 12½ feet; and mean draught, when loaded, 4½ feet. The displacement on the

deck. The boat will be brought up under the great crane, and the smaller boats will be swung up from the water and landed in place on the trucks. The Brooklyn Navy Yard crane can be counted upon to lift 100 tons. The third class boats will not, however, subject it to any such strain.

The 140-foot boats are not to be swung up out of the water. It is the intention of the Navy Department, it is announced, to build an inclined railway for these torpedo boats. The railway will lead out of one of the dry docks or from alongside of a quay. A railway float will be backed up to the end of the railway and a boat run on board of its own trucks. Once on the railway float the boat is taken to the land and run out on the tracks.

As a matter of economy several boats will be transported by the same train. A train 700 feet long is set down as the limit of length. When heavy boats are to be transported in an emergency they are to be sent out singly, as the time required to get one in place is much longer than that demanded by the smaller boats. This order is to obviate delay.

Mixed trains, made up of large and small boats, will not be permitted, since the speed of the trains must be that demanded by the larger boats. The third class boats can be gotten over the country in much quicker time, and to place them in a train with second class boats is equivalent to delaying their transit.

Each boat when en route is to be accompanied by its crew and complete outfit. The only exception in the item of stores is coal and water. In making up the train there will be, according to the instructions, two flat, or box cars, for the boat's accessories, both preferably ahead, but the lighter one astern if needed to complete the coupling.

Next to the problem of building trucks strong enough to hold up the torpedo boats, the question which had to do with curves and the height of tunnels bothered the naval experts the most. In this country the tunnels were found to be for the greater part on a tangent, or straight, and whenever they are not, the clearances are greater than in straight tunnels.

In order that the boats might not be in-

jured on curves, the trucks were designed to be fitted with pivots, and so long as the torpedo boat trains would not have to pass other trains on a curve, it was found that, for the longer boats, the placing of the pivots at a distance of sixty feet apart would enable the boats to take all standard clearances in cuts. On the trucks, as designed, the saddles, or frames, in which the boat rests, stand on live rollers, and in taking a curve the frame is free to travel transversely across the track.

A torpedo boat is a very lightly constructed craft, and when it is borne in mind that the machinery is adjusted in the vessel to a nicety of precision it will be evident that any twisting strain on the hull would tend to throw out of line every adjustment in the boat.

When the boat is in its cradle it must be carefully shored up wherever necessary. The bearings of the shores or wedges against the boat are to be longitudinal pine strips, by which the strains caused by the boat swaying from side to side, are distributed throughout a considerable surface of the bottom.

of the bottom.

OF CORSETS, OF STOCKINGS, OF GARTERS AND OF LOVE THE BEAUTIES GOSSIP AND COMPARE NOTES.

(Continued from Page Thirteen.)

"No, not so, no, no. For the inside—How you say? To make one fat-like you?"

Marie literally rose to the question of weight. She stood up and showed her round, trim little figure. "Just 133 pounds," she said, "which means that I don't need to resort to aia. And I needn't abjure wine."

Translated it reached Miss de Merode's ears. "The little Benglesah longs to have the weight like yours. But what would you? She must instead content herself with what she has."

"Ah! Perhaps she has too much. Your legs must taper at the ankles, which beauty axsets should be extremely delicate in form. Fleshings aggravate faults, though they intensify qualities," said Cleo, with her air of deciding eternal disputes with a phrase.

"I do not wear fleshings ever," the English girl, with the slightest curl of her lips, said quickly. "I would not wear you. I would refuse to wear them in any case, even if the future of the stage depended on it."

"I!" said Cleo. "Then you need not worry about the form of your legs. With me it is so different! I can think of little else to the hours of my work. What a severe tension on your brains a ballet must be! General de Gallifet said to me one night, 'No, I replied, 'It's on the legs.'"

"You are scientific, I suppose, and wear supporters attached to your waist and stockings, instead of garters?" Miss Studholme said, in an interrogative tone.

"Yes. And what do you do?" asked Cleo.

"Wear garters above my knees, clasped with buckles," Studholme replied. "They are prettier."

"Do you sit on the floor to put on your

stockings?" Miss de Merode was asked.

"No, she replied, "in an armchair, with a book in my hands, which I read in the five minutes when the maid puts on the stockings. I never do this myself. If I did I could not read."

"I," said Studholme, "put on my stockings sitting in an armchair, or on the floor, or in bed, and I have never thought that another person could do this office for me."

"I cannot, on the contrary, even put on my corset without my maid," said Merode, "and yet it is a simple affair, very high in front, very low in the back, and worn to dance on the stage as well as to walk on the street."

"Not having to dance," said Miss Studholme, palliating as well as she could the expression of her superiority as an actress whose dancing is secondary, "I have never had the ambition to appear as straight as a rod in front and to be able to throw my head backward almost to my waist."

"Ambition? I haven't much. I may say I haven't any. I am happy—that is the height of it. To stay so, what shall I do? Well, I will not marry. As to that I give you my word. And you, mon amie?"

The little Studholme became suddenly sad. "I have done it," she said. "When I know no better. I was nineteen."

De Merode interrupted her. "I am nineteen now," she said through smiling lips, "and I have known better always, ever since I first went on the stage at nine. To be in love? Yes. To marry? No. Just now I love with all my soul. Will it last? Oh, in-a-lala! Who is he? He is rich, he is literary. He understands me when I say:

"'Voici des fruits, des fleurs, Des feuilles et des branches, Et suis votre mon coeur. Qui ne bat que pour vous.'"

"You ask my favorite lines. Those are they, from Paul Verlaine. And yours?" The Gaiety girl grew pensive.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,

Life is but an empty dream,
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem,"

she murmured softly.

"Tiene—tiene—can you not divorce him?" inquired the Merode kindly.

Through the interpreter Miss Studholme answered: "You ask the height of my ambition? Well, it is to be able to leave the stage and live comfortably in a little cottage far, far away, seeing only those I care for. I like to cook!"

"Then she must love him," breathed Merode.

"To experiment, you know. I often make my own dresses."

"Oh, la-la-la! You wear them after?" asked De Merode. And for the first time it seemed she glanced at her companion's gown. She half closed her eyelids and said: "You do not care for Doucet and Worth?"

"There are some of us who can get on without them!"

"Sibyl Sanderson? She asks about Sibyl Sanderson?" asked the Frenchwoman. "I did not understand her. I did not catch the name. We figured as rivals in a beauty contest: that is true, but no comparison was drawn. We belonged to different types. As well compare the Venus de Milo and the Fornarina. Will Antonio Terry marry the Sanderson? I put it the other way—will she marry him? Will she give up all the others when she has this one without the sacrifice?"

The little Studholme looked puzzled, and this time she herself changed the subject. "How do you pass your days?" she asked the coryphe.

"Ah, it goes quickly enough. At 7 I rise—"

"Sevent! Then, when do you rest?"

"Oh, not too much. Too much rest is as bad as too little, bad for the limbs and bad for the brains. Mine are closely connected. I go to bed at 11 perhaps, perhaps later. I rise at 7. I make my toilet at my leisure while thinking of other things.

Then I rehearse, from 9 or 10 until 1, when I eat my first morning meal, a heavy déjeuner. No coffee; no, never. Afterward more rehearsing, then a drive—a few friends—the opera. There you have my life."

"If it is not necessary to rehearse I sleep," said the Studholme, lazily.

The long lashes of her limpid blue eyes caressed the roses on her cheeks. The pink flush of babyhood bathed her skin. In the sunlight the soft down peculiar to very young children was just visible.

Is it all due to rest?

The dark, penetrating gaze of the other seemed to ask the question. For the moment a healthy glow obliterated the blue veins in her transparent forehead, the red lips grew fuller, not a line could be detected in the clear, fair skin, not a shadow even on the broad, dome-like forehead.

Is it all due to activity?

"Do you keep your love letters?" asked Studholme of Merode suddenly.

"No," replied Merode; "Do you?"

"No. All the love letters say—I love you, whether they be in ten lines or in ten pages, or mean those three words, and nothing else. I do not know why one should take the trouble to keep them," said Studholme.

"Or read them," continued De Merode. "The one addressed does not read the words written, softer than all music, but the words thought of or desired. I am sure that a letter which I received today, for instance, is full of prices on the Bourse, the condition of wheat everywhere, and other speculations. But it all means 'I love you' to me—nothing else."

"How about the love letters of strangers?" I asked. "Does either of you reply to them?"

"When they are from children, yes," both replied laughing at their simultaneous expression. "But not to the love letters of strangers when we detect they are men."

They had spoken as if an unwritten law of the stage guided their behavior, so ab-

solutely precise and emphatic was their answer.

"Is your favorite love letter writer jealous of the others, Miss Cleo?"

"Yes."

"And you—Are you jealous of him?"

"No. Ah, that surprises you! I have tried to explain it to myself and this is the result of my psychological inquiry. You smile, perhaps, and think me a pedant. Well, all the same, listen to my ideas."

"Women in our old world have been accustomed for centuries to share the loves of men. It gives us that this is so, and breaks our hearts sometimes, but we have been prepared for the experience. Men, on the contrary, have always regarded the love of women as due to one only. The fear that it may be divided is a tradition."

"And you, Miss Studholme—were you ever jealous?"

"Never. But this may be a question of temperament. You might as well tell a man or a woman upon whom a signboard had fallen on the street that they should have kept from under it, as to tell them it is silly, undignified to be jealous."

It was my turn now—the interpreter's. "She has told me what she thinks of you"—I ventured haphazard.

The little Studholme looked curious.

"She has?"

"Yes, it is a confidence."

"Then it is not complimentary?"

"Well!" I imitated the Frenchwomen and shrugged my shoulders.

A pause.

"You want to know what I think?" said the Studholme, breaking it. "First, then, I am not jealous. Ah, that is not because I think too well of myself, but because she is a pretty thing that has given me pleasure. The forehead, I like. The hair? I wish I might dress it in English fashion. The figure I must see in tights. In a frock, don't you know, it lacks the roundness— Ah, if there is a fault, she is too thin, too delicate. I would like to borrow for her some of the robust quality of

the English girl. She needs a year of outdoor life in English woods. She weighs 122 pounds, you say? Well, ten pounds more, don't you know?"

Marie Studholme's weight is just 132 pounds.

I said to Miss Cleo: "You know, Marie Studholme thinks you are thin, pretty enough for a little girl of your inexperience and not at all intellectual. Not at all intellectual is rather a compliment."

"She has a babyish air," replied Cleo, "which her hair, in curls in the English fashion, intensifies. I think she is pretty. Can she act? What? Operettas, vaudevilles or small comedies? I should like to see her on the stage, when, I suppose, she tries really to be beautiful."

"Why does she not try always? Her dimpled smile is attractive, because her mouth is small and her teeth are white; but why is it always the same? In ten years—how old is she?—her teeth will be long, and that smile on those teeth! But it is wicked of me to talk ill of her face. She made it so cordial to greet me. As for her figure, her dressmaker is, I am sure, the most inartistic in England."

They pushed their chairs back from the table.

"So pleased," said Miss Studholme.

"Euchante, madame," said De Merode.

"Of all my days in America!"

"The most charming has been this!"

"To meet you, ma chere amie!"

A touch on both cheeks.

"To make your acquaintance, my dear friend!"

A kiss resounded on the lips of Merode.

"Good-by."

"Au revoir."

A froon froon of skirts and two lights at the Waldorf went out.

And, finally, and highly interesting, in this odd little fact about Miss Cleo. The only English words she can talk are as follows:

"The roses are red, the violets are blue;
Sugar is sweet, and so are you."

Why Central Park Monkeys Fear Firearms.

The keepers of the simians at Central Park have been watching of late for the bad boy who spread the report that monkeys are afraid of anything that looks like a gun. It appears that in some natural history or other the founder or all the trouble read that by pointing a stick at a monkey and aiming it as though it were a rifle the result would be a wild scampering, mingled with cries of alarm and grotesque faces.

Therefore, the boy tried it and found, to his delight, that the monkeys (sliply went almost insane in their efforts to escape. Like any other boy, he communicated the information to his friends, and ever since then the youngsters who make the Zoo a sort of headquarters have been driving the keepers crazy by pointing sticks at the monkeys and upsetting their peace of mind.

It is very amusing to see an east side gadman sneak into the monkey department with a stick concealed down his trousers leg, and, when opportunity offers, point it at a peaceful monkey who is minding his own business. Instantly the whole corridor is filled with shrieks and chattering, and pandemonium reigns, while the boy makes his exit, adding his own yell of approval to the din.

It seems that monkey hunters, when out on a capturing raid, frequently use firearms to drive wild animals away. The result is that the monkey, having once heard a rifle discharged, or worse still, witnessed its deadly work, carries the memory of it all his life, and is in constant dread of the alarm as loud as he lives.