

# HOW A BATTLESHIP BEHAVES IN ACTION

## Disastrous Powers of the Massive Steel Structure That Hurls Shots Weighing Half a Ton with Deadly Aim at Targets Six Miles Distant.

R. G. Stewart in the Chicago Times-Herald.

The battle ship in action is not an untried factor in modern warfare. We know something of its disastrous powers in the hands of Chinese even hampered by imperfect ammunition and other consequences of official peculation. But just what to expect of a strictly modern battle ship in the hands of either European or efficient Americans is something too magnificent to predict.

A modern battle ship is the most typical aggregation of all the fruits of present cunning, and the man that can utilize successfully all the powers placed there at his command will be able to deal such blows as only the most vivid imagination can begin to compass. Aided as we are by nature's working in the science of a thunder storm, still the worst fury of lightning is modest beside the individual force of some of the guns carried by a modern battle ship.

As the most formidable example of our commissioned battle ships, consider how we have prepared the Iowa to give and take, and try to follow in part what might reasonably be expected of her in action.

### MASSIVE STEEL STRUCTURE.

Clothed in her protective dress of white paint, one scarcely imagines her a massive steel structure of something over 12,000 tons, so lightly does she seem to rest upon the water, and clothed in her war-time garb of ghostly gray, she would be even more delusive. But wait till she is seen to be uncovered upon a neighboring rock, and then her ponderous might is realized. Think of the force within that must be generated to make her move along against wind and tide at the rate of sixteen knots an hour, and then try, if possible, to picture the blow that she would fall upon the unucky one to be across her rushing course.

The Iowa is really a navigable fortress 360 feet long, a trifle over seventy-two feet wide, and, omitting her smokestacks and bridges, is fifty feet tall from her keel up to the top of her superstructure amidships. Laid on her sea half of this body lies below the water line. That she may be comparatively insensitive to moderate injury below water, she has a double or inner bottom reaching from the keel up to a short distance below the load line, and the space between these two bottoms is to speak, is minutely subdivided into numerous water-tight compartments to further localize injury.

### GRIDDED BY ARMOR.

Her hull for a distance of quite two-thirds her total length are gridded by a broad band of heavy armor seven and one-half feet wide, about equally divided above and below the water line. Along the sides, amidships, for 185 feet this belt is fourteen inches thick and proof against all but the heaviest enemy's shell at very close range. The outboard ends of this grille then turn inward at a sharp angle and terminate on the center line, where they form the main support for the ponderous barbettes that shelter the vital mechanisms of the big 12-inch guns. This formation results in a massive hexagonal bulwark of hardened steel, which presents a well-nigh impenetrable front to shot or shell from any point off the bow, the stern or either of the sides. Upon this six-sided wall is laid the middle portion of the protective deck two and three-fourths inches thick, which houses the engines, furnaces, and craft. Below this deck, behind many feet of sheltering coal, so wisely is her supply of 1,800 tons distributed, and beneath the water, lie her engines, her boilers and her 350 tons of ammunition that await the hostile's attack, and worthy of that powder and hardened steel. From the lower sides of this armor belt inboard the protective deck, slightly thicker, runs forward and aft to the ends, and forms at the bow the sills for the ponderous ram which lies just far enough below the water line to gore an enemy where he is weakest.

### TORPEDO TUBES.

For a distance of ninety feet amidships and to a height of seven feet above the heavy water-line belt, the sides are of armor five inches thick and it is from behind the protective shelter of this steel wall that the two torpedo tubes on each side are viewed. The ends of this thinner belt also turn slightly inward and afterward terminate likewise against the barbettes for the twelve-inch guns. Forward and aft this lighter armor the sides are reinforced by a broad band of corn-pitch collars, which will swell and automatically plug all shot holes admitting water.

The whole interior of the craft is cut up into something like 140 water-tight compartments, and powerful pumps of great capacity stand ready to hold in check the consequences of accident or leak. Woodwork is ruggedly allowed, ground cork and white paint standing instead for appearance and healthfulness, and such as is present, from the seaman's ditty-box to the admiral's easy chair, is fireproof to a process of tried efficiency.

The fewest possible passages are cut through the protective decks, and, with the exception of the air passages to the engine-rooms and foreholds and the uptakes for the smokestacks, are covered by heavy armored gratings to keep out shell. The rest of the openings are closed with solid covers as heavy as the neighboring deck.

### FORMIDABLE GUNS.

The main battery consists of four 12-inch and eight 8-inch rifles of great power. A secondary force of six 4-inch and twenty 6-pounder rapid-fire guns will guard against the approach of torpedo craft and sweep destructively the exposed positions and lightly armored parts of an enemy's deck. The 12-inch guns are mounted in two massive turrets of 15-inch Harveyized armor—the defensive equivalent of quite 20 inches of normal nickel steel.

These turrets revolve within barbettes or cast columns of like material and thickness rising bodily from the protective deck below. Within this great tube of hardened steel rest the foundations for the turrets and the mechanisms vital to the management of the turrets and the guns; and up through this sturdy passage are brought the powder and shot from the sheltered folds of the magazines and shellrooms way below.

Each of these guns weighs 45 tons as it rests upon its carriage; has a total length of 78 feet, and a greatest diameter of nearly 4 feet at the breech. The iron is rifled with 48 twisting grooves that bite into the copper band on the base of the projectile and give them that rapid rotation so essential to accuracy of flight and high power of penetration. With an impulse of 430 pounds of powder the 850-pound shot of hardened steel goes speeding on its way at the rate of 1,000 feet per second to a distance of 2,100 feet a second—the equivalent of something over 1,400 miles an hour. With the greatest elevation permitted by the turret ports, 15, 15, 15 degrees, each of these guns has a range of quite 32 miles. Bombarding a city from that distance the shot would reach its destination in a scant twenty-four seconds—three whole seconds in advance of the sound of the discharge that sent it. At the muzzle one of these guns could send an armor piercing shot right through 24 inches of solid steel, and a mile and a half away the same kind of shot would go unformed through 12 inches of the same kind of material. The destructive impulse latent in that shot as it leaves the gun is equivalent to the force required to raise one foot twice the total weight of the whole ship when heavy laden.

### FIRE 250-POUND SHOTS.

The 8-inch guns are protected by 5 and 6 inches of hardened metal, and fire a 250-pound shot with force enough to pierce 12 inches of steel a mile away. The 4-inch guns can fire eight thirty-three-pound shot in a minute, easily able to bore their way through seven inches of steel 1,000 yards away; while the twenty-six 3-inch guns can maintain an unintermittent hail of explosive shell into open ports and upon the unarmored portions of a foe. The torpedoes, each with its deadly burden of 12 pounds of TNT, and three-fold powerful gun-cotton, could tear their way through the toughest fabrications of steel, and make the mightiest battle ship bow in submission. These are some of the powers placed at the captain's command.

### IN TIME OF WAR.

Take your watch in hand, and at the sharp, shrill call of the boatswain's whistle, the crew will be called to the ship for action, and scarcely has the last note drifted off on the breeze before every man is at his post and hard at work, except the prisoners. You who have known the craft in times of peace, dressed parade, water her now. Down come all the shining railings and polished hatchway canopy frames, and over the open ways in the wake of the guns are fastened the huge grates of steel. All unnecessary articles are stowed below, and their deck-holes filled with metal disks. Great anchor cranes are turned down out of the way of shot and shell, and the decks left bare but for the flash plates that take the first blast of the great guns. The anchors are freed from their cables, and the chain, if not stowed below, is wrapped for protection about unarmored parts.

### AMMUNITION SUPPLY.

Boat davits are detached and stowed either down along the sides or bodily removed beyond the sweep of the guns. All awnings are soaked with water, and the deck is covered with a layer of sand to guard the ammunition supply from splinters and sparks or swathed about such of the boats as are not filled with water or set adrift. Overboard go the turpentine and other inflammable stores, and all chests, furnitures, and other movable woodwork calculated to shed splinters and cause injury are sent below or stored where they may do no damage. Down below the protective deck are sent the compasses, the chronometers, the delicate instruments of navigation, and the portable funds are placed in such shape that they may be either easily removed or destroyed, as the case may need. All needless stowage is cut off above the protective deck, and every article, including in case of accident, and hose are coupled to fire mains and the pumps are set pulsing for instant use.

### STRIPPED TO THE WAIST.

Look at the ship now. In just one hour and fifty minutes she has been stripped to the waist, so to speak, and all her bulky lines stand out in bare relief, doubly emphasizing the might of her main battery. The masts are hoisted straight out with an ominous absence of compass. At the masthead, in unspooled beauty, flutter the proud folds of Old Glory. A few short tops of the drum and all her rigging are left to the wind, and the most of the men bared to the waist for the sake of freedom of movement demanded by nervous impatience. The captain, who has really endeared himself to the crew by a feeling of manly fellowship, goes about quietly taking first from the mast and then another from a little packet which is to be sent to the loved ones at home in case anything should happen, or exchanging a few words of kindly, helpful cheer with those that seek his greeting. In a few minutes he will go below to help the doctors and to smooth the chilling brow of some poor shipmate.

### WAITING FOR THE ENEMY.

With the delivery of the last report of readiness, and with one wide, unrestricted glance at those smoking apertures just coming above the horizon, the captain steps into the conning tower and behind the sheltering folds of its 19-inch steel gables at the tell-tale dials upon its rounded walls and reads the messages that come up to him from every part of that great craft beneath him through the armored tube that leads below to the protective deck.

### With bared hands and naked feet

the crew cluster with beating hearts for the moment that will bring the enemy in range and give to their quivering nerves the self-forgetfulness of activity and din, while the crews of the lighter pieces are mustered handily behind the nearest protection till closer quarters may call them into service and the open exposure of the tops and superstructure.

### About each gun a number of rounds

of ammunition has been gathered, and quick-footed bearers bring the fixed ammunition from the passages to the stations of the waiting guns.

### ALL IS SILENCE.

Silence reigns on all sides, save for the quiet commands of the divisional officer, the rush of the water without, the steady running of the driving engines and the pulsing sound of the running pumps. Up on their bridges the men at the range finders keep them bearing on the approaching foe, whom we near at the rate of thirty knots an hour, and down in the conning tower, the turret, and before the principal gun stations, the dials register the distance of the coming ships. Way below the protection deck the men stand ready at the ammunition hoists, the shell whips and the magazine rooms are manned by nimble, naked-footed crews, and by the torpedo tubes the men stand ready to launch their burdens fraught with such irresistible force. In the engine-rooms the steady roar of the machinery fills the ears, and the air reeks with the hot smell of oil and escaping steam. At the throbbles of the engine-rooms and at every joint and crank a watchful assistant, shining piston rods, long steel arms, and jiggling levers fly back and forth in and out, with dazzling speed. The journals and bearings foam like the bits of clamping war horses. The floor pumps pant and wheeze. The floor swims with oil and water scattered from the moving parts, and but for the thundering life of the ponderous engines one might almost think the attendants ghosts as their long shadows slide through that steaming mist backed by the ghastly glow of the electric lights. Such are the conditions in each of the engine-rooms.

### IN THE FIRE-ROOMS.

Forward, through a water-tight bulkhead, closing the door behind us, we stand in one of the four great fire-rooms. Above us tower the cumbersome boilers, and before us glare the glowing grates of the roaring furnaces. In the half-light of the swinging globes the firemen and stokers rush back and forth, braining coal, tending valves and watching the pressure in the shivering gauges. With averted heads, panting breasts and blistered eyes they goad those seething beds of flames or throw into those flaming throats the coal that must satisfy their greed and keep the boilers pulsing with a mighty pressure. The air, hot, dry, and of a hundred and thirty degrees, is laden with dust and grime as it rushes into the flaming pits backed by the great stacks of blowers and eagerly sucked upward by the draught of those great smokestacks towering a hundred feet above.

## ANTHRACITE IN NAVAL OPERATION

Interesting Article on Subject in April Letter of Operators' Association.

### THE ADVANTAGES OF HARD COAL.

By Day the Absence of Smoke is Important and at Night There is No Flame at Top of Funnel Such as Soft Coal Gives Forth When Under a Heavy Forced Draught—Many Other Arguments for Hard Coal.

The April Letter of the Anthracite Coal Operators' Association has the following interesting article on the value of Anthracite in naval operations: "In view of the possibility of active service by the vessels of the navy, much surprise has been expressed that a smokeless coal has not been provided for coast service and foreign coaling stations. Following the widespread use of smokeless powder, it would seem that as many advantages would attach to a fuel from which no smoke was produced. Instead, however, soft coal which, when burned, and especially under forced draught, yields an enormous volume of black smoke. As a consequence of this, the presence of a vessel can be discovered at nearly fifty per cent. greater distance than if no smoke came from its funnels. In other words, where in attacking an enemy, a vessel burning soft coal may be discovered while at a distance of some eighteen miles, it could, if burning anthracite, move to within twelve miles without being observed.

In blockading, and especially for the coast defence vessels, this is a matter of the greatest consequence, as during the day time there is every advantage through the absence of smoke, and at night there is almost as much, since luminous coal, when under heavy forced draught, often produces a flame at the top of the funnel.

### DISADVANTAGES OF SOFT COAL.

A further and more important disadvantage caused by smoke is in the fact that, when a squadron of vessels is in motion, a dense cloud of smoke hangs around them, preventing a prompt reading of signals or the ability to locate each vessel, and, in an engagement, seriously interfering with accurate firing by obscuring the range. This is especially true when the atmosphere is heavily charged with moisture or the wind blows in the same direction as the vessels are moving.

### Still another serious disadvantage

of soft coal is in the constant danger from spontaneous combustion in the ship's bunkers. This is a matter of such common occurrence on board the vessels of the navy that it creates little remark, though the least inattention on the part of those whose duty it is to observe the temperature of the various compartments might result in the loss of the vessel and all of its men. This same difficulty arises in the supply of soft coal kept at coaling stations. They are liable to take fire and be destroyed, or a vessel or squadron depending upon securing coal at that point with which to continue its cruise, might have its usefulness seriously impaired through a shortage of fuel, and even be compelled to seek another port before being able to carry out its sailing orders. Still further, even though the stock of soft coal did not suffer from spontaneous combustion, it is a well-known and frequently demonstrated fact that it deteriorates rapidly through exposure.

### TORMENT FAR BELOW.

A great cloud of smoke and a thin wreath of escaping steam way up at those funnels' tops tell the story of the torment far below, shut down below the protective deck, ignorant of the fire of battle, and almost sure of certain death in case of a blow from either torpedo or ram.

With the first flash and a momentary veil of smoke from the bow guns of the enemy, still and in a twinkling, the game is opened, and at the sharp, rattling splash this inboard through the open ports of the 4-inch guns, our own 12-inch rifles belch a more telling response. From that time till the exhausted enemy, still and in a twinkling, is cast overboard, the crew of the lighter armor from their fastenings and hurled them inboard in tangled heaps of dismantled guns, bleeding bodies and mazes of twisted plating. Old Glory sits waving but only over a modest part of the men that carried the ship into action.

### CIVIL MARRIAGES LEGAL.

The President Peru Runs Up Against a Snag. From the Philadelphia Press.

A notable victory for civil and religious liberty has lately been won in Peru. The laws have brought details which supplement vividly the bare telegraphic dispatches. The question at issue was the recognition and registration of civil marriages, and the only marriage recognized as valid was that solemnized by the priests of the Roman Catholic church. The agitation began over the marriage of a daughter of Rev. Dr. Wood, a Methodist missionary, to a Protestant gentleman. There was no way to legalize that marriage, and the president of the republic even took pains to claim in a special edict that all non-Catholic marriages were illegal and not entitled to registration.

### AFTER A TWO YEARS' STRUGGLE

in which the clerical party employed all their influence and resorted to every device to prevent it, the congress passed the civil marriage bill with a great hurrah over the president's veto.

### THE TOWN NOGOOD.

My friend, have you heard of the town of Nogood? On the banks of the River Slog, where the sunbeams never reach their air. And the soft Genesis grow? It lies in the valley of Whateverson. In the province of Leterside, about Three-Hundred is native there. It's the home of the reckless hobnobbers, Where Giveitups abide.

### IT STANDS AT THE BOTTOM OF LAGYHILL.

And is easy to reach, I declare. You've only to fold up your hands and gills. Down the slope of Weakwill's toboggan's slide. To be landed quickly there.

### THE TOWN IS AS OLD AS THE HUMAN RACE.

And it grows with the flight of years. It is wrapped in the fog of others' dreams. Its streets are paved with discarded schemes.

### AND SPRINKLED WITH USELESS TEARS.

The College-foot and the Richman's heir. Are plentiful there, no doubt. The rest of its crowd are a motley crew. With every class except one in view. The Foolkiller is barred out.

### THE TOWN OF NOGOOD IS ALL HEDGED ABOUT

By the mountains of Despair. No sentinel stands on its gloomy walls. No trumpet to battle and triumph calls. For forwards alone are there.

### AND LIVE UP TO IT EACH DAY.

Just follow your duty through good and ill. My friend, from the dead alive town No-good. Take this for your motto, "I can, I will." —W. B. Penney, in New Haven Register.

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## THE GREAT STORE. THE GREAT STORE.

### Items of Much Interest

Tersely Told.

Spring Millinery. An addendum to the Opening Days was yesterday's great crowds in THE Millinery Store. The assortment could not be better, for in it is shown the best of the world's best. In addition to the Imported Hats are shown the Beautiful Concepts of our own milliners—under the direct supervision of Mr. Edward Long. Personal attention is given to the department by Miss Bristol and a large corps of competent assistants.

Remember, if our Trimmed Hats don't suit you, we'll trim one that WILL suit. Flowers, Feathers and ornaments of every kind—at every price—always lowest.

Second Floor.

### DRESS GOODS AND SILKS

New as the morning. Beautiful as the rainbow. But prices within reach of all during this Festival Week.

60-inch All-Wool French Novelty Poplins, the shadow-embroidered weave, in delightful effects of the latest Spring colorings; a fabric expressly designed for high-class wear. Imported to sell for \$1.25 each for \$1.15 each.

50-inch All-Wool English Cover Cloth, in magnificent color mixtures, neatly sold at 75c. A wonderful bargain for the quality at 49c.

### JONAS LONG'S SONS

In certain sizes, the market situation will be greatly strengthened. "Until there is some definite announcement as to spring prices, no decided buying movement can be looked for. Even after this step has been taken, there is little hope that there will be any large purchases for investment, in view of the utter failure last year to maintain prices, or keep the output within the consumption in the most critical months. "Taken as a whole, the market may be stated as firm in price, but with little demand, and the April movement depending on the action as to spring prices."

### STOP WEARING FEATHERS.

### The Only Way to Stop the Slaughter of Birds.

It has been said, but with how much truth we have no means of knowing, that the agitation by newspapers, the endeavors of Audubon societies, and the appeals of humanitarians, have had no appreciable effect as yet in diminishing the slaughter of birds for the sake of their feathers. If it is true that this wholesale destruction of our harmless and beautiful little friends has shown no diminution, it will not jump to the conclusion that we must not come at all. It takes time for fashion to change, or for a movement that has common sense as its inspiration to get under full headway.

The principle upon which the present crusade against the slaughter of birds has been started is certainly correct. If women will agree not to wear feathers, the destruction of the birds will cease. The question is, however, whether women will ever be persuaded that they can dispense with this addition to their toilet. At a single auction of birds in London last year, there were, among the articles sold, 13,382 ounces of ostrich plumes, 22,539 Indian parrots, 16,490 humming birds, and thousands of bottles of other varieties. This sale was followed by others later in the year, but it, alone, was large enough to mean the early extinction of many beautiful species, for the sake of a vanity that does little credit to the fair sex.

Unfortunately, fashion is proof against the appeals of common sense or of morality, and as the English press has shown, in a voluminous correspondence upon the subject, the British matron will be unmoved by anything but the example of royalty itself. If an empress, be she the empress even of China, will pronounce against the fashion, English society will sweetly submit to be shorn of its feathers. The same may almost be said of Americans. The tireless energy of all the societies for the protection of birds cannot begin to do the cause so much good as could a few of our autocrats of style in pronouncing against the use of such adornments, quite regardless of the grounds upon which the edict was made.—Current Literature.



Keep Your

# Three Specials

## For Easter.



Keep Your

On Our Windows. On Our Windows.

Our new Spring Stock of Boy's and Children's Clothing has been marked much lower than last season to meet the cry of hard times. Here are three specials for Easter week, and the prices quoted could not be expected in any store but this. We buy lower because we buy much.

**SPECIAL NO. 1.**

Vestee Suits for Boys from 3 to 8 years of age, of nobby Scotch coatings, latest overplaid and plain covers, beautifully braided on front of vestee suits. These suits unquestionably sold for \$4.00 and \$5.50.

**Our Price For This Sale, \$2.25 and \$3.00.**



**SPECIAL NO. 2.**

Boys' Two Garment Knee Pants Suits, all the new stylish Spring patterns, made of the ever standard "Berwyne and Forest Mills" double and twist suitings, strongly built and lined throughout with the best Italian cloth and rib serge. See them before buying elsewhere is our advice to you. They will cost you every cent of \$5.50 and 6.00 later on.

**Our Price For This Sale, \$3.00 and \$4.50.**



**SPECIAL NO. 3.**

Boys' Confirmation Suits, long and short pants to fit the boys, in ages from 12 to 18 years, in black or blue, fine twill all wool "Condore Cloth," black unsharped worsted or the quiet grey mixed. Now the time has arrived for you to buy that boy his dress suit. You have paid double these prices.

**Our Price For This Sale, \$5, \$6.50 and \$8.**



# SAMTER BROS.,

CLOTHIERS, FURNISHERS AND HATTERS.