

LAUNCH OF THE BATTLESHIP LIBERTAD.

A twin vessel in all respects of the Constitution. Just brought by England, they can make over twenty knots an hour, being the fastest battleships ever put in commission by any nation.

SWIFT BATTLESHIPS.

England's Libertad and Constitution Exceed Our Fastest.

An unusual degree of interest will be felt in the design of the twin warships, the Libertad and the Constitution, which Chile has just sold to Great Britain. Naval experts have differed among themselves widely about the essentials of a typical battleship. Each of the leading powers pursues a slightly different policy from the others, and even the advisers of a single government usually entertain extremely diverse views of what such a vessel should be.

Every one that is built, therefore, is practically a compromise; and compromises never give complete satisfaction to anybody. In planning the Libertad and the Constitution much greater independence and individuality seem to have been exercised. Of course, the Chilean authorities were consulted, and gave their approval, but the design was almost exclusively the product of a single mind. Sir Edward Reed, who is associated with the great shipbuilding firm of Whitworth & Armstrong, had things pretty much his own way. That the workmanship on both vessels was of the highest order may be inferred from the fact that this firm built one, and the other the Libertad—was constructed by the concern with which Vickers and Sir Frank Maxon are identified.

The problem that Sir Edward Reed undertook to solve was finding the best way to get fighting efficiency at a moderate cost. He did not design a big vessel nor a heavy one, but he made a specialty of speed. That quality is, of course, invariably sought in cruisers. Some experts, though, think that a battleship need be in no particular hurry, if she is only a formidable fortress. Sir Edward is not that opinion, evidently. The Libertad on her trial trip developed a speed of 20.12 knots for six consecutive hours, and for short spurts did even better. Now until recently the best American battleships made only 17 knots. When the Missouri, over a shorter course, recorded 15.14 knots last October it was regarded as a brilliant achievement. However, the class of English battleships of which the Russell is a representative is designed to make 19 1/2 knots, and the enormous vessels of which the King Edward VII is the pioneer should do about half a knot better, only equalling, however, the speed of the recent acquisitions from Chile.

The designer of the Libertad and Constitution did not secure his end by introducing especially big engines. Each ship is able to develop only 14,000 horsepower, while the Missouri's engines give 18,000, and the Russell's 15,000. In point of size the Chilean vessels are just a trifle smaller than the American vessel with which comparison has been made. The displacement of the former is 11,820 tons, and that of the latter 12,300. The Russell is still heavier. The first great resource employed to get speed for the Libertad and her twin sister was slenderness. The ratio between their length and breadth is 6.14 to 1. The proportion between the same dimensions of the Russell is 5.36 to 1. The shape of the Missouri more nearly conforms to that of the Russell than to the outlines of Sir Edward Reed's products.

Something has been accomplished, too, by lightening the armor and guns. It will thus be seen that the vessels just acquired are really big cruisers of the day. So insensibly does one type merge into another that it is difficult to make a strict classification. The same designation has a different meaning in different countries. Still, that high authority, "Engineering," which has just printed a remarkably full description of the Libertad, insists on calling her a battleship. Her four big guns—two forward and two aft—have a calibre of 10 inches, while those of the Missouri and Russell are 12-inch guns. The armored cruiser Tennessee, now building for the United States, will carry four 10-inch guns. The armor belt of the Libertad ranges in thickness from three to seven inches. The barbettes are defended by ten inches of metal. The gun positions of the Russell are shielded by eleven inches, while her armor belt exceeds by seven inches that of the Missouri. The maximum thickness of the water line belt is eleven inches, but her turrets have 12-inch plates. The Tennessee will be protected with from three and one-half to six inches, with 5 inches for her casemates, and eight or nine for the barbettes—enclosures corresponding to the turrets. It should be noted that the ratio between the Tennessee's length and breadth will be about 7 to 1, her displacement is estimated at 14,500 tons, her engines are expected to develop 25,000 horsepower, and her speed is intended to be twenty-two knots.

A comparison of the offensive armament of the battleships and cruiser here mentioned is needed to complete the description. Reference has already been made to the bigger pieces which they all carry, or will eventually carry. The Libertad and Constitution each have fourteen 7 1/2-inch guns, the Russell has twelve 6-inch pieces and the Missouri sixteen of the latter calibre, while the Tennessee is designed to mount the same. The secondary bat-

BOTTLE RAISED PIGS.

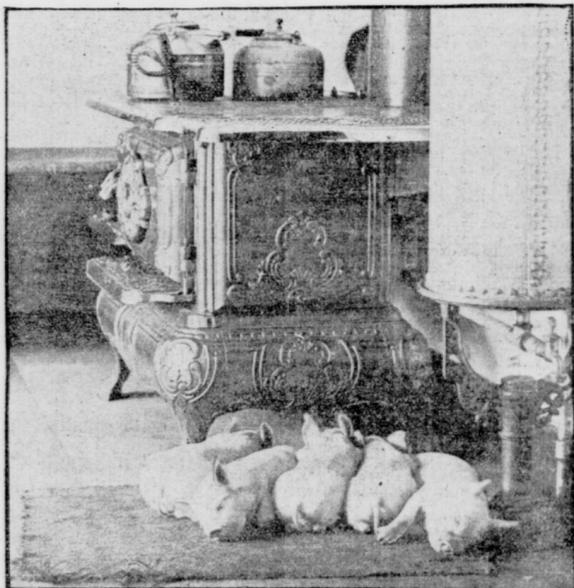
How the Lack of Mother's Milk Was Supplied.

Besides being the inventor of the ocean telephone, Professor Michael I. Pupin, instructor in electromechanics in Columbia University, and leading wireless expert in this country, is the inventor of a bottle trough for raising shoats when the mother refuses to care for her family. The inventor owns a beautiful summer home, the Knowles, in Norfolk, Conn., where he and his daughter, Miss Vava Pupin, spend most of their summer and a few weeks each winter enjoying the climate, for which that lofty tableland in the Litchfield Hills is noted. Professor Pupin keeps considerable fancy stock on his country place, and it is said to be his intention to erect a large stable the coming season, on land which he has been developing for several years at great expense. He once said, "All men have their hobbies, and land development is one of mine." It is estimated that the stone and rock removed from the acreage owned by him, and situated between the railroad tracks of the Central New-England company and the Five Mile Drive, would build three great castles.

Professor Pupin added swine to his farm stock last year, and since that time has raised some huge porkers. Old farmers look upon him as a practical farmer. Norfolk people long ago made up their minds that he is a practical road builder, for he made of a low and swampy roadway leading to his place the best piece of highway in the town. One of his prize sows gave birth to a litter of seven pigs recently, and refused to own them. Instead of showing motherly devotion to her young she killed two of them before they could be taken away from her. How to save the other pigs was a conundrum the inventor-farmer could not answer, and finally Professor Pupin himself was called from New-York in a last hope of devising a means for saving the remaining five pigs. He was equal to the problem that confronted him, and which farmers in the neighborhood had failed to solve, and at once concluded to bring the pigs up on the bottle. He secured five bottles, to each of which was fastened a nipple, and then built a small trough, in one side of which were five holes, just large enough to permit the necks of the bottles and the nipples to pass through. The bottles were filled with warm milk and placed in position. The little pigs took hold of the nipples and sucked away until the bottles were empty. The shoats were fed in this way until they were old enough to drink. To keep the pigs warm they were housed in a wooden box in the kitchen of the farmhouse.

AMAZING WASTE OF BEER.

Tuesday, January 26, was a red letter day in the history of the North River, and it all came about



BOTTLE FED PIGS. Saved from the neglect of an unnatural parent by Professor Pupin, of Columbia College, under whose kitchen stove they are reposing, after being fed through a device perfected by this celebrated electrical inventor.

gether to be covered by that portion of the armor which is 7 inches thick. Although these pieces are ten feet longer than the 6-inch guns so common on other war vessels, they are a little higher up, and hence more advantageously placed for service when there is much rolling on a heavy sea. Fears are often expressed that guns on a main deck will be rendered useless in bad weather. According to "Engineering," the broadside guns of the Libertad are 6 1/2 inches higher than those of the battleship King Edward VII, and from two feet to two feet and eight inches higher than the 6-inch guns of three classes of British cruisers, of which the Diadem, the Cressy and the Drake are types. These and other characteristics of the new ships are sure to prove suggestive to naval constructors all over the world.

ENGLAND'S WORST COLONY.

England's worst colony is undoubtedly British Honduras, situated at America's very doors. It is a slice of Central America, with a fine seaboard, fringing a large and wealthy country. It is not utilized by Great Britain, and has no regular communication with the mother country. Its only connection with the outside world is by an occasional banana steamer from New-Orleans or a leaky log-wood schooner infested with cockroaches. The colonists are a community of hermits, so far as the great world is concerned. They have no cable communication with any part of the globe, and they generally hear of a great event about six months after it has happened. They celebrated King Edward's coronation on the day originally appointed for it, and did not hear of his illness until weeks later. When at last the King was crowned, his royal subjects in British Honduras were holding intercession services to pray for his recovery. Probably they are now rejoicing over the close of the Boer war, and in a month or two they will be exciting themselves over the Venezuelan blockade.—(Boston Advertiser.)

because the owners of the Conrad Stein brewery, in West Fifty-seventh-st., decided to go out of business. The brewery, which was established many years ago by Conrad Stein, has been conducted by his sons, Alexander and Conrad, who have now sold the business to the managers of the Lion Brewery. As the purchasers of the business did not care for the large stock of beer on hand in the Stein Brewery, and as the Stein brothers did not care to retail it, it was decided to open the great casks and empty their contents into the river. Not even so much as a barrel of beer may be thrown away without due accounting to the federal authorities, so Ferdinand Eddman, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Third District, was apprised of the intended sacrifice, and sent men, who dug gauged and measured the contents of the huge casks. Then the bungs were knocked out, and with many gurgles and splashes the flood of amber fluid rolled out onto the cement floor, down through the scuppers into the sewers and on into the river. Three thousand barrels of beer!

"Eleven thousand, nine hundred and sixty kegs," said the mathematically inclined revenue officers. "Three million beers," murmured numerous "gentlemen of the 'Wearry Willie' order, who stood outside the doors and listened to that wild rush of beer dashing itself against waste pipes and sewer walls. The beer stood in a flood seven and eight inches deep over the cement floors of the eighteen cellars, and was surmounted by a great cap of white foam from a foot to half to three feet deep. "Looks like snowdrifts in Central Park," commented one of the onlookers. "Acht!" mourned one of the old brewers present. "The \$2,000 flood of three million beers has passed by Sandy Hook, and is by this time well on into the ocean. Nothing remains behind but the empty casks."

ANCIENT INDIAN JAR.

Rare Specimen Recently Discovered in This State.

R. Horrocks, of Fonda, N. Y., while stalking deer during the last hunting season at the Little Falls of the upper waters of the Sacondaga, near Lake Piseco, caught in a heavy downpour of rain, was obliged to seek shelter from the storm under the ledges of the Little Falls. While sitting there his attention was attracted to what seemed to be a sound, brown bowl, partly covered with moss. Carelessly striking it, it gave forth a hollow sound. His curiosity being excited, he dug away the earth with his hunting knife and soon laid bare a symmetrically formed earthen jar.

The jar stands ten inches high. At its largest circumference it measures thirty inches, and at its smallest twenty inches. The circumference of the top or mouth of the jar measures twenty-four inches. The vessel on the inside bears signs of use, but the outside shows no trace of fire, as is usual in Indian jars. The bottom is rounded. The ornamentation around the top is of the usual style of Mohawk pottery—that is, series of straight and diagonal lines. The jar still bears the moss that had gathered on its rounded bottom that was exposed above the earth. The jar is a well preserved specimen of Mohawk pottery and is of great interest. It is a singular fact that the three largest specimens of Indian pottery now in the valley were found in the lake region of the foothills of the Adirondack Jar, the Horrocks Jar, and the Horrocks Jar.

A DIMINUTIVE DEPUTY.

Admiral Dot an Attaché of the Sheriff's Office in White Plains.

Just how a forty-eight-inch deputy sheriff is to cope with an offender against the majesty of the law, measuring, for instance, six feet and several odd inches, is a problem which has entered into the life of Admiral Dot, the well known White Plains hotel man.

Ever since Nature acted so stingily with Admiral Dot in the matter of stature, Fortune has acted the part of a true friend. Good things have been coming his way with astonishing regularity, and honors have been heaped upon him sufficient to bury him from sight. This last, however, is one of those questionable honors which sometimes fall to the lot of men. The admiral appreciates deeply the high honor conferred with his appointment as deputy sheriff the other day at the hands of Sheriff Merritt, of Westchester County. The badge going with the office has a pleasing glitter and the title has a pleasant ring on the lips of his friends, but there are other things about the appointment which demand consideration. For instance, is there an etiquette about the office, making it impossible for a deputy to stand on a chair when serving a process, and in the event of a personal encounter with an offender would it reflect upon the dignity of the deputy to sidestep a blow by dodging between the offender's legs?

But while the forty-eight-inch deputy sheriff of Westchester County has had his attention repeatedly drawn to these and numerous other possible awkward complications, since his appointment, he is losing no sleep over them. "I never cross a bridge until I come to it," says Deputy Sheriff Dot. "Whenever I am called upon to perform my duty I shall perform it," and when he says this the doughty little deputy has a habit of thrusting his left hand in his trousers pocket in such a manner as cannot fail of causing his coat to fall open, displaying the glittering badge upon his vest. And then he adds, half sorrowfully, half apologetically, "What will you have?" Admiral Dot explains that this last question is a habit he has fallen into since his appointment. All questions of size aside, the admiral is forced to admit that there are substantial reasons why a hotel man with a whole batch of friends is a better hotel man, financially at least, if he be not a deputy sheriff.

"The boys won't give me a minute's peace, they are so enthusiastic," explained the admiral the other afternoon as he climbed up behind his bar to mix drinks for his thirsty friends. The bar in Admiral Dot's hotel at White Plains differs from other bars in that it has a platform back of it so arranged that it can be raised for the use of the admiral when he serves the bar or lowered when the regular barkeeper is in attendance. Were it not for the friendly offices

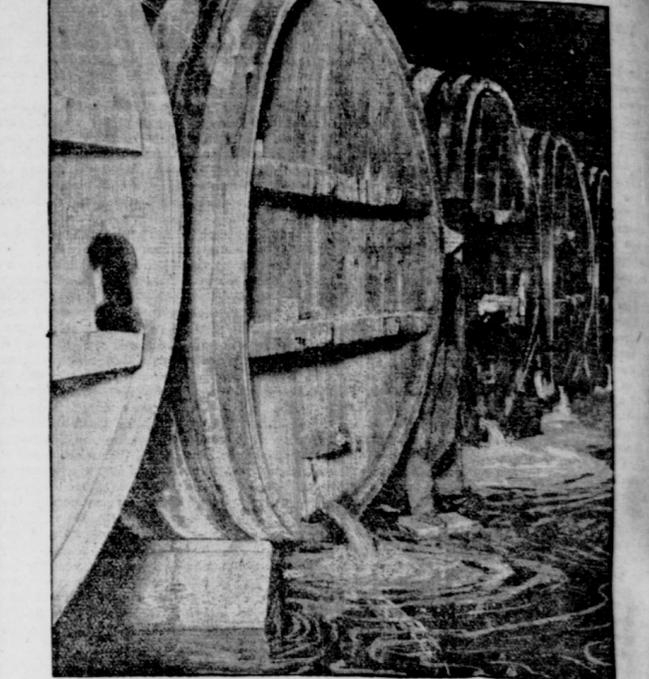
of this platform all that could be seen of the admiral when back of the bar would be the crown of his hat. The admiral can barely reach the rail along the top of the bar, and extremes meet when the admiral's head, waiter, measuring six feet two inches, comes into the bar with an order and lines up alongside his forty-eight-inch employer. The admiral will be forty years old in March, he says. Already his seven-year-old son is nearly as tall as his father. His daughter, ten years old, who is a student at St. Ursula Academy, is also of normal stature. The admiral's wife is only an inch taller than her husband. "Size doesn't count," says the admiral, and his friends believe he is right. At any rate, the employes of his hotel obey him as promptly as if he were a veritable giant, and the diminutive deputy is a popular man in White Plains. He is now treasurer of the Independent Hose Company of that place and has creditably occupied other offices within the gift of the company. Those who knew Admiral Dot back in the days of his puny youth, when he was yet alive would hardly recognize their childhood friend, "Jack the Giant Killer," in the new made deputy sheriff of Westchester County.

Though Admiral Dot may not grow tall, there seems to be no legal or natural objection to his expansion in other directions, and those who knew him in the olden days would now hesitate to stake a large sum on him in an encounter with even a stage giant. But the admiral's good humor and ready appreciation of a joke have by no means deserted him. Though his friends have teased him sorely since his appointment to the office of deputy sheriff, he has taken it all in good part and seems to derive as much real amusement from the situation as do they, though he stoutly maintains that his appointment is no joke. Admiral Dot, or Leopold Kahn, to give him his right name, was born in San Francisco. As early as 1871 he was an attraction in P. T. Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth," then touring the country by wagon. The admiral was on the road for twenty-four years. He has been in the hotel business for nine years.

STRANGE ANTIPATHIES.

Instinctive Dislike to Various Animals and Articles of Food.

The inexplicable aversion to the proximity of "a harmless necessary cat," to which Shylock alluded in his defence of his anomalous monetary transaction with the haughty Venetian aristocrat, is not without occasional illustration in the annals of medicine. Mathioli, the famous commentator of Dioscorides, tells us of a German, who, coming in winter time into an inn to sup with him and some other of his friends, the woman of the house, being acquainted with his temper (lest he should depart angry at the sight of a young cat, which she kept in a chest in the same room where we sat at supper. But, though he had never seen nor heard of a cat before some time that he had sucked in the air, infected with the cat's breath, the quality of his temperament that had antipathy to the creature being provoked, he sweat and a sudden paleness came over his face, and to the wonder of all of us that were present he cried out that in some corner or other of the room there was a cat that lay hid." Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has found numerous instances of morbid susceptibility of his kind among living patients. Marcellus Donatus mentions the case of a nobleman of Mantua that could not endure the sight of a hedgehog without falling into a syncope, and cold sweats immediately upon it. And the celebrated anatomist, Bartholin, tells his readers that "there is in Hafria a man in other respects strong, healthful and of a good courage, who yet so small a one is not only afraid, but also seized with convulsions in his left hand." The venerable history of geography that Germanicus could not bear the sight of a cock possesses the dignity of a classic, and a horror of mice is said to have been guarded on the part of a certain Pharaoh—of the Persian Magi. The everyday horror, especially displayed by women, of beetles and cockroaches, of course, is not a morbid susceptibility, but a natural antipathy to a creature of the human intellect is not safe from such unreasonable antipathies as in some cases a querable horror of the sight of a leveret which possessed the famous astronomer, Tycho Brahe, through his life. Among the extraordinary series of clinical curiosities collected by Schenck is found the following: "Jacobus Fovallensis, the most celebrated physician at his age, hath left it witnessed of himself that if at any time he eat garlic he was no less terrified than if he had eaten a viper, and very same symptoms appearing in him he was cured



WASTING THREE MILLION "BEERS." Scene in Conrad Stein's Sons' brewery, in West Fifty-seventh-st., last week. Some of many great casks of beer that were emptied into the sewer.

COURTSHIP UP TO DATE.

A determined suitor has now found a new way of using the motor car for matrimonial purposes.

In those that are poisoned, and was hurt by the smell of it as if it had been something pestiferous," Johannes Queriquanus, secretary to the French King, Francis I., had such an antipathy to apples that if he was obliged to sit near them at table for any considerable time a copious epistaxis always resulted. We have known one patient in whom the eating of any raw fruit produced severe asthmatic symptoms, swelling of the tongue, etc. Any well cooked fruit could be eaten with impunity. The celebrated Julius Cesar Saaliger always grew deadly pale when a plate of watercress was placed near him. Zimmermann mentions the case of a woman of his acquaintance who trembled violently whenever she touched the velvet skin of a peach. The Prince de Condé, father of the ill-fated Duc d'Enghien, could never attempt to eat fruit of any kind.—(American Medicine.)

WRIGHT'S FINE ESTATE.

Dead Promoter Spent a Vast Sum Upon It.

Les Park, at Godalming, in Surrey, England, was the country seat of Whitaker Wright, the notorious promoter whose death last week followed so closely upon his sentence to seven years' imprisonment at hard labor. He spent over \$1,000,000 upon the estate, and at one time a little army of six hundred men was employed upon its improvement. The house contained a famous palm garden, a huge ballroom, a theatre, a great organ, many suites of guest rooms and an observatory, with a costly telescope of great power. The park comprised



WHITAKER WRIGHT'S SPLENDID COUNTRY SEAT IN ENGLAND.

MORE THAN THAT.

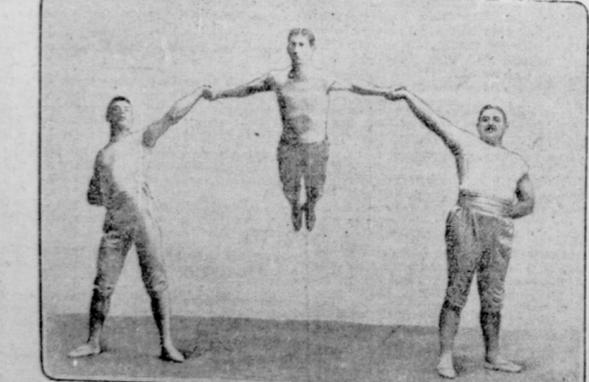
From The Chicago Tribune. The Other Senator—"We can't get around our plain duty to Cuba, my dear sir. It is just as plain now as when—" Beet Sugar Senator—"Plain? It's worse than that, by gad, sir." It's repulsive.

TO SAVE EXPENSE.

From Judge. "Their marriage was a hasty affair. I understand." "Yes, indeed. They told the minister to hurry, as he had engaged a cabman by the hour."

ZEBRA AS DOMESTIC ANIMAL.

It is reported that a systematic attempt is to be made by the British Government to domesticate the zebra for use in South African possessions. It is proposed to catch large numbers of wild zebras and allow them to breed in captivity, training the young as draught animals. No attempt, apparently, will be made to tame and train the captured animals themselves, although this has often been accomplished with selected individuals. The zebra proper is very difficult to tame, but allied varieties, such as the South African quagga, are more easily domesticated. At the Cape, twenty years ago these were often seen working with draught horses. Still better success has rewarded a recent attempt to cross the zebra with the horse and the ass. The resulting hybrids, which are called "zebraids," are lively but docile, and are easily trained. They have unusual muscular strength, and their immunity to the bite of the tsetse fly, which is fatal to African horses, makes them especially valuable for African service. It is thought by some that the zebra will supplant the mule, especially for work in the tropics.—(Success.)



A BALANCING FEAT WHICH REQUIRES GREAT STRENGTH.

In watching the vaudeville athletic performers of to-day, one often wonders if the limits of human strength have not nearly been reached; yet some new feat is constantly being mastered for the delight and surprise of audiences. Such a feat is now being performed nightly in London by a Belgian, who requires astonishing strength for two men to balance a third in the air at the extremity of outstretched arms, but it can be done, as the picture above,



ADMIRAL DOT IN HIS BARROOM. His bar-waiter is standing behind him.