

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

AT BAUM'S, 416 SEVENTH STREET N. W., AT ONE-HALF OF THE ORIGINAL VALUE.

For the past thirty years that we have been in business we have never been so fortunate as to offer our patrons such an opportunity to buy first-class garments at half price. Messrs. Blumenthal Bros., 516 Broadway, N. Y., have advertised to sell out their entire stock of Fur Capes at 40 per cent off. As we had purchased these goods before this we had the choice of the first pick, and these garments will be placed on sale on Monday.

No. 1450 Belgian Black Coney Cape, 30 inches long, 100-inch sweep.....	5.10	Original \$8.50	No. 1408 Brown Sheared Best Coney Cape.....	13.20	Original 23.00
No. 1406 French Black Coney Cape, 30 inches long, 100-inch sweep.....	6.90	Original 11.50	No. 1431 Persian Lamb Cape, 30 inches long, 100-inch sweep.....	15.00	Original 25.00
No. 1410 Plate Astrakhan Cape, 30 inches long, 100-inch sweep.....	8.40	Original 14.00	No. 1429 Best quality Astrakhan Cape, 30 inches long, 100-inch sweep.....	18.90	Original 30.00
No. 1407 Best Sheared Coney Cape, 30 inches long, 100-inch sweep.....	9.00	Original 15.00	No. 1420 Fine Electric Seal Cape, 30 inches long, 100-inch sweep, with skunk collar and edging.....	22.50	Original 35.00
No. 1443 Black Coney Cape, 30 inches long, 100-inch sweep, with Astrakhan collar and edging.....	9.60	Original 16.00			

All our Short Fur Capes have been reduced to selling-out prices. These prices hold good only as long as we have these goods on sale. We also call the attention of our patrons that we have received new Invoices of Ladies' and Children's Jackets of the most desirable styles at popular prices.

416 Seventh St. BAUM'S 416 Seventh St.

BUILDING THE BIG GUNS

Wonderful Process to Be Seen at the Washington Navy Yard.

ENGINES OF DESTRUCTION

How They Are Constructed From Huge, Rough Masses to the Finished Implement of Naval War. Shoot Shells That Weigh 1,100 Pounds.

"As often as one hears the expression, 'got money to burn,' no one, perhaps, has made the application direct to Uncle Sam himself, yet every time he shoots one of those monster thirteen-inch guns from exactly \$600. It is very doubtful if the whole cost of the battle of Lake Erie, estimated this mere bagatelle for our Uncle Sam when he is in the pyrotechnic mood in times of piping peace.

To get the value of one of these thunder-bombs in a moment of a lifetime. Two years ago, when the first thirteen-inch gun was fired at Indian Head, the abolitionists there discovered that they had cracked the shell, and religion was widespread until they investigated the cause of the stupor. Since that time there have been about a dozen of these monsters at work at Indian Head, chattering the atmosphere, playing into the viscera of the earth, and amazing twice, twice, twenty, and even thirty inches of iron plate, and the smoke of the tanager he burns has been an income to the nostrils of Uncle Sam, who for years has been smelling the irresistible naval conflict air off.

There are no other guns in the world than the thirteen-inch, but Lieut. Mason, in charge of the proving grounds, believes that there is no thirteen-inch gun more robust on the seas of our land that is a better engine of horror war than the thirteen-inch of the American Navy. English ships and Italian ships can boast of seven-inch guns, but they haven't yet made much noise in the world. England has two seven-inch guns less than she had when the Commodore ran the Royal Victoria and sent her million-dollar battery to the bottom of the Mediterranean. There are seven-inch guns on the coast of Italy, Russia, and the English Sans Pareil, Renown and others.

In the American Navy there are thirteen-inch guns on the Indiana, Massachusetts and Oregon. There are four of these monsters on each of these vessels and there will be four on the main decks of the new vessels now being completed at the Washington navy yard, where all the finishing of the guns is done. While it is true that the rough material of the guns is obtained from and cast at the big foundries that get the government contracts for that purpose, the gun is as much the work of the expert as the navy yard as the statue is the work of the sculptor.

There are more than a half hundred things about one of these big guns of special interest, each one of which is a subject in itself. The gun perfected has therefore a history and one worth reading.

The first one of these monsters, the administration of Secretary of the Navy Herbert, in pursuance of the plan of making formidable the Navy of the United States, and getting the gun built alongside of at least a power like Italy, the shadow of the great Roman empire. It is expected, of course, that in time with more money slinger ships and larger and more numerous guns, the old song of "Rule Britannia, Rule the Waves," will be a back number. The "Star Spangled Banner" will be made the place now held by the Union Jack. This may be a dream or a prophecy, but it is cherished at the Navy Department.

The genius of the gun is also in the fact whether it be a inch or any caliber up to the thirteen-inch. When they decide that they want a new gun the experts in the ordnance department make the drawings, the plans and specifications, as the architects are of the very best material, the quality being known as open heart steel.

BEGINNING THE GUN.

When the Department and the steel men are agreed the rough castings are sent to the Washington Navy Yard, where the process of really making the gun is begun and finished. When the pieces reach the navy yard they are all of size, and are about twenty in number. They are all made to glow again with the intense fire, are turned and then filed and cooled, and, in fact, so many things are done with them that the poet laureate of America has missed his opportunity by not talking this as a subject, which, while not as sentimental as Schiller's "Lay of the Bell," is capable of a higher and more heroic treatment.

The enormous and weighty things which go to the navy yard in the rough are the tube of the gun, which is forty feet in length and about twenty-two inches in diameter over all, the jacket, which is about one-third the length of the tube and about six inches in thickness and ten hoops. The jacket is put on first and then the hoops in succession, so that when the gun is complete the greatest diameter at the breech is forty-nine inches and the greatest diameter at the muzzle twenty-one inches. This means that at the breech the circumference is one hundred and forty-three inches, or nearly twelve feet, and that the muzzle measurement is sixty-three inches in circumference, or about five feet. The jacket and the hoops are put on in such a way as

PUTTING ON THE JACKET.

In order to receive the jacket the tube is heated up in what is called the shrinking pit. When the jacket has been heated to the degree of heat that it is lifted out of the furnace and lowered or slipped down over the tube to its position. It is a stupendous piece of work, but the object and principle is just the same as that to be observed in a blacksmith's shop, when the cross-pieces of a wagon tire are shrunk and strung over the wooden rim. When the blacksmith makes a mistake he swears and begins again quite easily, but when Uncle Sam's workmen make a mistake it sets the old man back thousands of dollars in time which to him means money.

There is a calculation in time from the furnace to the shrinking pit, and the time it will take for the shrinking mass to exactly embrace with the external grip the receiving tube. An error in any one of these calculations means the reheating of the whole mass, tube and all, to remove the jacket and try again. This has occurred only once and then it was only with one of the hoops. If all the assumptions in time are correct the gun has received its jacket and to this succeeds the similar process of putting on the hoops. The ten hoops are of varying thickness, but when added to the jacket and diameter of the tube bring the breech diameter to fifty-nine inches, the greatest diameter of the gun body.

Then comes the rifling. The total length of the bore is 43.4 inches, but the rifling is only 37.46 inches. The rifling being complete the breech is screwed in, there being nothing unusual in this process. In addition to these pointers about the great gun there are other things and especially as to what it can do to be noted. It weighs thirty and one-half tons, or 135,500 pounds. The rifling contains fifty-two grooves, and the twist of the rifling is from zero to one in twenty-five, the width of the groove is four hundred and fifteen thousandths of an inch and the depth of the groove is five hundredths of an inch. The length of the chamber is eighty and eighty-eight inches, the diameter of the chamber fifteen and a half inches. The capacity of the chamber is fifteen thousand and fifty-nine inches, the total capacity of the gun is about thirty-seven cubic inches. The travel of the projectile inside of the gun is three hundred and seventy-three and fifty-eight hundredths inches.

ENORMOUS POWDER CHARGES.

The weight of the charge for a service shot is five hundred and fifty pounds and the weight of the projectile is one thousand one hundred pounds. The weight of the projectile is one to one hundred and twenty-three, the last representing the ratio weight of the gun. The projectile leaves the gun at a velocity of twenty-one miles a second. At a distance of 1,000 yards it is moving at the speed of 1,997 feet in a second and at 2,500 yards it is moving at the terrific speed of 1,805 feet in a second.

Some idea of its speed may be had from a comparison with a train moving at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The projectile is then flying over the ground fourteen feet in a second. The big gun projectile after passing over a mile and a half with the loss of force flies through the air at a velocity 128 times faster than the locomotive at its average greatest speed.

At fifteen hundred yards, which is practically a mile, the projectile of twenty-two and forty-two hundredths inches in thickness. These guns are swung in turrets aboard-ship and are handled as easily as a woman runs a sewing machine. It is fastened to the turret on what is called the saddle, which describes that part of the adjustment which is attached to slides, and the slides are fixed to the girders. The whole machinery is placed in a turret, which can be revolved in any direction to follow the object of its fire without any range.

Our guns have not yet been trained on any foreign ship, and so far they have been only play things for the gunners and sailors. It is a good thing, however, to know what they are in store for the enemy when they leave in sight, and bell breaks loose from the gaping monsters that swing menacingly through the steel clad turrets of our Leviathans of the deep.

A Bad Case of Buck Ague.

"If ever a man had buck fever Reagan had when he killed his first deer," said Duke.

FRAUDS AMONG BEGGARS

Various Devices Whereby They Impose Upon the Public.

WASHINGTON HAS PLENTY

Startling Transformation of a Deceitful Old Woman Into a Muscular Dame Who Hushed the Growler. How a Nickel Brought Back a Fellow's Sight—Cleanser of Paper Mache.

There are professional beggars, just as there are professional thieves. The former, in their way, are fully as dishonest as the crooks. One class steal by deception, the other by cunning. Admission of the year, as the gay winter social season and the bustling Congressional season approaches, Washington becomes the mecca of beggars, dead-beats, and other species of the genus who live on the wits.

Old Ben Hickman, who was known as the "Prince of Beggars," was a beggar for many years ago, and it has been kept up by worthy and unworthy imitators ever since. Old Ben had reduced "pan-handling" to a science, and his patrons were men of distinction in national affairs.

Just now this city is fairly overrun with the lower class of street beggars, or house-to-house workers. The average Washingtonian is a liberal person, and rarely hesitates to help a worthy person who is really in need. There are worthy beggars here, persons who encountered misfortune and went down in the wreck. Mixed up with the worthy in their struggle for existence, however, are many fake beggars or professional impostors who make arrangements to avoid honest labor during the remainder of their lives.

BEGGARS BY DESCENT.

Of late years much of the pauper element of Europe has been transported to this country. Many of these are what are termed born beggars. That is, their parents, grandparents and great grandparents had lived by alms-taking, and the current of beggary had been sent down through their beings, just as hereditary consumption or leprosy is handed down from generation to generation. There are several colonies of these foreign-born beggars here now, and they are flocking to Washington just as flies swarm toward a sugar biscuit.

Near the corner of Thirteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue northwest, the other night, a First precinct policeman pointed to what appeared to be an aged and decrepit old woman. She was an Italian and apparently emaciated form was concealed from view as she crouched against the wall of a building and ground out a series of the most painfully slow and monotonous notes from a wheezy organette. The woman's head was bowed low and concealed from view by an old-fashioned sun bonnet. On top of the sun bonnet were sixty-four attached to his or her flesh but little difficulty in working upon the sympathies of the stung-up public. Several fakes were picked up by the police and sent to the chain-gang as vagrants.

Several weeks ago an old woman on a street corner in Baltimore, where she asked alms from passers by, was knocked down by a passing vehicle. When taken to the city hospital she was found to be suffering from the nature of her injuries the beggar's body was found to be incased in several suits of raw silk undergarments and a pair of trousers. Her outfit did not cost her a penny less than \$20.

A blind man, who formerly played a wheezy old accordion at Seventh street and Pennsylvania avenues, was holding court at an open air to receive small change from pedestrians. One day a well-dressed stranger attempted to drop a nickel in the woman's tin. The piece of money fell short of the tin and rolled into the gutter.

The supposed blind man waited until the street was almost clear of people, and then walked deliberately to the curbstone and picked up the piece of money. A policeman who witnessed the man's sudden restoration to sight gave him orders to cease begging, under penalty of being sent to the workhouse. Several days later the bogus blind man secured a position as a sweeper in the Capitol park.

In connection with street begging, a good story is told on Congressman Moses of Georgia. He had just returned from his native State. While there he was on a protracted and luckless hunting expedition. While on the mountains his supply gave out and the Representative went hungry. In fact, as he expressed it, he became ravenous. It was the first time, he said, that he had ever been really hungry, and he had never been really hungry before. He vowed he would never pass by a stranger after Mr. Moses' return to the Capitol.

Soon after Mr. Moses' return to the Capitol by a seedy looking individual who asked for money for food. The beggar said he was on the verge of starvation. The Congressman, remembering his own experience when he was in the mountains, without food, gave the fellow 50 cents and bade him go and get a good, hot dinner.

Passing down the avenue a while later, he saw his beneficiary being towed along to the patrol box by a policeman. The beggar was very drunk and boisterous. He had taken the 50 cents and dined up with dumplings at a nearby cheap grocery.

"Well," remarked the Georgia Member, philosophically, "the poor fellow has something on his stomach now, anyway."

WIVES OF OUR MINISTERS

Some of the Charming Women Who Work for Christianity.

THEIR TASKS ARE NOT EASY

Powerful Aids in the Efforts of Their Husbands to Advance the Cause of Christ—They Contribute Largely of Their Time and Means to Various Charitable Objects.

George Eliot, that profound reader of human nature, says in one of her delightful books: "Never risk a single prophecy on a man's career until you see the style of woman he falls in love with."

Perhaps in no profession is a man's success so dependent on his wife as in the ministerial calling. The history of our most eminent divines, with few exceptions, is a history of widely encouragement, devotion, and help. Of course, some of our good men have become great in spite of indifferent wives and uncongenial homes, but the majority owe their success to entirely opposite conditions.

The positions which the minister's wife occupies to the congregation is extremely difficult and trying. In the fierce light that beats upon the throne her every action is exposed to full view, and often to needless criticism, and the woman who stands the ordeal successfully is always one of high capabilities.

Here in Washington there are numerous wives of ministers whose individuality has impressed itself not only on local but on national affairs. For instance, Bishop Hurst, the Chancellor of the American University, and a Methodist clergyman, whose attainments are familiar to the entire American church.

Bishop Hurst has been twice married, and both wives have proven stupping stones to higher fields of usefulness. The first Mrs. Hurst was a woman whose saintly character and untiring zeal is too well known to need mention in connection with a passing word.

The great scheme of a Methodist University here at the nation's capital, found its first and most faithful friend in the wife of the chancellor. "It was her money that made the initial payment on the future site of the college buildings, and her words of advice and encouragement were the confidence in the bishop, when the outlook was rather dreary and uninviting. Her death caused profound sorrow throughout the country.

About three years ago Bishop Hurst contracted his second marriage. His bride was Miss Root of Buffalo, N. Y., a lady of thirty years of age, very intelligent and intellectual, and in every way fitted to occupy the high position for which she was chosen. Mrs. Hurst has shown great activity in all work connected with the church and by her pleasant, amiable manners, has won hosts of friends to her husband's cause.

Just now, she and Mrs. E. J. Somers are engaged in the success of the first mission church called St. Paul's M. E. Chapel, near Dupont Circle. It was recently purchased from the Episcopalians and was known as the Church of the Holy Communion. Since these ladies have taken charge of affairs, the church has been entirely reworked and improved in every way. Mrs. Hurst has borne considerable of this expense, and additionally, she is head of the Sunday school and leader of the choir.

Last Christmas season Mrs. Hurst had no competer among the wives of our ministers and her home on G street is the focus of all the social, literary, and mission work among local Methodists. She is an indefatigable worker in the Epworth League and the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society. The Foundry is one of the most flourishing churches in Washington and it owes as much to the wife of the pastor as to the pastor himself. Dr. and Mrs. Brown have a large family and Mrs. Brown's consistent and maternal qualities are the strongest and most beautiful traits of her character.

Another woman, who is her husband's first lieutenant is Mrs. S. M. Hartsock. She is the wife of the pastor of the Ryland Church. Mrs. Hartsock is one of the most charming women in Washington. She is a very pretty brunette, full of fact and sympathy. Dr. and Mrs. Hartsock had a house warming last week and their comfortable new parsonage was overcrowded with friends and well-wishers. Mrs. Hartsock's social capabilities were most eminently proved and every where it was conceded that while the pastor was an extraordinary success in the pulpit, it was to the wife of the pastor that he owed his success. Mrs. Hartsock was instrumental in both the securing of all their love and gratitude. Last year this gifted woman was president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and her work has made her cause famous.

There is no church in Washington broader or more prosperous than the First Baptist Church on Sixteenth street, and it owes no two people more beloved than its minister and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Charles A. Staley. They are both young,

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\$1.49 Blankets, in white, red and gray, 98c.
75c Blankets, white and gray, 55c.
63c White Spreads, 46c.
50c All-wool Henrietta, any shade, 29c.
25c Cashmere, all colors, 19c.
10c Outing, 6c.
8c Outing, 5c.
25c All-wool Red Flannels, 18c.
20c All-wool Red Flannel, 15c.
98c Table Covers, 50c.
5c Doylies, 2c.
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STERN'S
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\$25 TO \$100

and already they have accomplished the work of a long life-time. Eight years ago Dr. Stakely came here to be pastor of a poor, little, dilapidated church, with a membership of 27 souls, and a meager salary as compensation. By his zeal and untiring efforts he has erected the handsome Baptist church in the District, and has won a large and most prosperous congregation.

While no words of praise can be extravagant in speaking of Dr. Stakely's executive ability or literary attainments, as an active ally or literary attainments, in the foregoing cases, the cause of his success, he says, is in his wife. Mrs. Stakely is little over thirty, but her judgment is mature and she possesses in a marked degree, that greatest of all things, a fund of common sense. She is a graduate of Cox College, Atlanta, Ga., and of exceedingly gifted and cultured mind. In appearance she is very attractive.

Mrs. Stakely is actively interested in all the literary, social and mission work of the church. She is the president of the Young Ladies' Society that last year pledged itself to raise \$4,600 for the church improvement fund, and under her management the society is being reorganized on a more practical basis.

Dr. Samuel H. Greene, pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, possesses a sweet, lovable wife, whose delicate health forbids active participation in his ministerial duties. But "they also serve who stand aside" so Mrs. Greene is a powerful helpmate, by her patience, sympathy, and wholesome counsel.

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