

## MAN-O'-WAR AMUSEMENTS

### A NAVAL CHAPLAIN'S EXPERIENCE ON A BRITISH SHIP.

**How Officers and Men Amuse Themselves**—Games of all kinds, Athletic Sports, Singing, and Music on all kinds of Instruments constitute the chief amusements of the Jolly Tar.

The great change which has occurred in recent years in the build of our ships has caused some change in the habits and customs of our Blue-jackets. In former days, for instance, a ship would take five months or more going out to Australia, whereas our fast modern cruisers will do the trip in little more than as many weeks. So in every class of cruise much less time is spent from port to port than used to be the case, and less sea work is necessary. The men are consequently less thrown on their own resources for amusement than they used to be, and much more addicted to find their pleasures ashore. However, the old order has not entirely passed away, and we find in corvettes, with their six knots economical speed, and in many smaller craft, the older sailor man in his perfection. Island cruising in the Pacific, East Indies, and Africa takes up generally more than half the year. How officers and men amuse themselves, and pass the time away, and keep themselves in health will interest many.

Of the midshipmen little need be said. They are young and "full of beans," and at sea, when they are not under instruction or drilling aloft, give themselves up to sky-larking. The most popular forms of their amusements are—"Sling the Monkey," "Baste the Bear," and "High Cock-a-Lorem." The two latter are rough games, which most shoregoing schoolboys delight in. "Slinging the Monkey" is, I think, peculiar to the Service. A rope is procured from the genial bo'sun. One end is made fast to some convenient place in the main rigging, the other end reaching down to the quarterdeck. On the end is made a loop to go into the monkey's armpits. The young gentleman who has the misfortune to be selected as first representative of his ancestors get into this loop with his feet on the deck, and so much slack as to give him a good swing off to any desired point of the compass. He holds in his hand a rope's end or well-knotted handkerchief, and his enemies are similarly armed. The object of the game is to run in and

**BASTE THE MONKEY** as much as possible, while the monkey's object is to strike one of his opponents. If he succeeds in his efforts the one struck has to take his turn in the loop. The condition of the players afterwards is stripy, and next day black and blue. However, it is a fine rough game, and good withal for the temper; so may it long remain a chief favourite with our embry admirals.

The time from evening quarters, from 4 to 5 p. m., until dinner, is not wasted by the more senior officers in a vigorous ship. The horizontal bar is rigged up, clubs, gloves, and singleticks are provided, and many a hard knock is given and taken in good humour. And when the fancy so inclines the gentle game of ship's quoits serves to occupy the time and to prevent the liver from usurping an undue authority in the internal economy, and acquiring the size and consistence of a hat box. In some ships it is a common thing to see the men come aft and have a round or two at the gloves or singleticks with their officers. There are many captains who disapprove of this as being bad for discipline. My own experience is quite the reverse, and nothing promotes good feeling and consequently willing service more than allowing the men to participate as much as possible in all sports ashore or afloat. Nights at sea are necessarily quiet and early. One lieutenant has the first watch, another has to get in two or three hours' sleep before midnight for the middle watch, and a third must be on deck by 4 a. m. However,

**A RUBBER OF WHIST** can generally be managed, or, if not, a game of chess, "checkers," or backgammon. Recreation for the ship's company is, however, a much more important matter. They are so much the more numerous class, and besides they go on shore far less frequently and make the ship much more their home than officers do. They do not need physical exercise in their leisure hours so much, as racing midshipmen into the tops and crosstrees, drilling aloft, and heavy gun practice suffice to keep them smart and in condition. There are some, however, whose energy is inexhaustible, and who must always be on the move. One man, I remember, would put money on himself to run, walk, jump, swim, sail a boat, or indeed almost anything against any other man in the ship. In the hottest tropical weather he would be seen training for some contest. He was a very popular fellow, as he won or lost with equal good temper. His favourite events were composite ones something like this. Run a mile, ring 50 quoits, carry weights a mile, ring 50 more quoits, swim a mile, altogether against time. It was a cunning enough plan, as nobody knew how long it would take, so our friend generally won back what he had lost on single contests. Music is the chief thing to pass away the evenings from 5 to 9 p. m. First and foremost is the "squeeze gee" band. This is a fife, drum, and anything else band voluntarily got up in ships whose complements are not sufficiently large for a proper band. The members as a rule cannot read a note of music, and yet after a few months can play nautical and other airs with

**WONDERFUL EFFECT.** But besides this there is much individual playing in the men's messes. In one mess may be found a man serenading his lost love or addressing his mother's grave on the gentle flute; in the next a sailor is whistling Irish airs on the shrill fife; a third and others are scraping wild and lively jigs on the fiddle; while yet another or two are picking out painfully as with a pin

"The Blue Bells of Scotland" on mandolins. The instrument which is sometimes really well played, and a pleasure to hear is the banjo. It is principally used for accompanying singing on the upperdeck. Well it is for a ship if some officer with musical taste take the heterogeneous crowd in hand and form them into a string and reed band. I have seen this done with such success that pleasant and reliable dance music could be supplied when wanted, songs accompanied, and very creditable selections played. Such music is invaluable for concerts and entertainments given for charities on shore or on board, and I have seen them referred to in the local press in such terms as "The excellent string band of H. M. S. Blank discoursed sweet music during the evening."

But what Jack really loves the best of this kind of thing is a nigger minstrel, or as he would call it, a "blackface" show. The rehearsals give amusement to the performers for many weeks. Composing topical songs and jokes soothe many lonely hours. "Massa" Johnson is chosen with universal consent, as a man of easy manners and striking presence is required. But I regret that often

**MUCH HEARTBURNING** occurs over the corner men. Each man thinks that these are easy billets, and that he is specially qualified to make the greatest impression on the audience. I have known more than one troupe come to grief on this question, and think it a pity there are not corners for each member. They might have at least a "triangular duel."

Dancing is another favorite pastime. Every fine night when there is nothing else to do a cornet and a couple of fiddles or some such combination is got under weigh, and as many couples, in bare feet, as can find room take the boards. This valse is undoubtedly the prime favourite. The style of this dance is best described by Jack himself. Talking to a young sub-lieutenant who prided himself not without some reason, on his grace in the ball-room, a quartermaster said, "We dance the valse by spinning round but yours is a kind of springy 'op, sir." The steering and reversing are, however, excellent. Quaint set of quadrilles are also performed with wonderful precision and accuracy, and a form of kitchen lancers, involving many novel figures, is always seen. The old dances, too, the polka mazurka, Highland schottische, &c., are still well supported, while the barn dance is rarely omitted. All these are performed without any tendency to horse play, though the restraining influence of the ladies is absent, in fact with a gravity which sometimes approaches the stage of melancholy. Of course, the men often give dances on shore in return for hospitalities received. These are very excellent and enjoyable affairs, and conducted with a decorum which I am afraid is sometimes less marked at much more pretentious shore-going entertainments.

Older family men spend their spare hours very profitably in tailoring, as all clothes worn by the men are home-made, and the sound of the sewing machine is seldom absent in spare hours. Making cloth and cord mats and woollen shawls is very common, especially during the last year of commission.

It is a well-known fact that the harder the day's work or the dirtier the weather, the more merry is Jack. I am convinced that a happy ship is nearly always a smart ship, and likely to turn out a good fighting ship; so may our British Blue-jackets ever be cheerful over a job of work, and merry and free when it is over.

### MOTHER AND SON.

**Pathetic Story of Life in a Great City.** Here are the facts in a story of real life. They are taken from the police reports of the New York Herald, and are true in every detail except the names.

One morning last winter a policeman came into the Jefferson Market Court in charge of a stout lad of twenty. The boy stared vacantly about him, and his face which was honest and good-humored was bloated with a long and heavy debauch. Close behind him came a little old woman decently clad. Her hair was white and her countenance pale and anxious.

"Who's this, officer?" the justice said when the boy's turn came.

"It's John Cleary, your honor. We've got his mother to enter complaint against him for habitual drinking. We think if he had a month at the island, it would give him a chance to pull up."

"You can do nothing with him yourself, Mrs. Cleary?" asked the kindly magistrate, who used as he was to scenes of suffering was startled by the dumb agony in the old woman's face.

"I cannot, sir. It's five years since he took to the drink. It's not Johnny's fault. There's four saloons near by. He was as good a boy as ever mother had. He's good now when he's himself."

"He's mad when he is drunk," the policeman interrupted. "He tried to kill her twice."

"Sign the complaint, Mrs. Cleary," the magistrate ordered, nodding to a clerk who laid a printed form on the table before her, saying, "Write your name on that line."

She took up the pen, and then turned to the justice again. Her thin face was bloodless.

"Cor," she said, "he's all the child I've got! I've been fightin' the devil for him for five year. If I sign that paper, I'll never let him go. He'll never forgive me. He'll never come home again."

"It's the only chance to save him," the officer said.

She wrote her name. John was told to stand up.

"Now go into the witness-box," a policeman directed her. "You must swear agen him."

Her foot was on the step. She suddenly turned. "I can't swear agen him! I can't! She clutched her breath with both hands. It's killing me! Johnny, come here!"

Her son sprang toward her, but she fell at his feet. She was dead when he lifted her.

"Mother! mother! I'll quit the drink!" she started and cried. But she did not answer. The physicians said it was heart disease.

An ambulance was summoned. Some one whispered to the justice.

"Discarded," he said, and the wretched lad followed his dead mother home, to be probably held by his vile habit to a life of shame ending in a pauper's grave.

## A \$500,000,000 PLUNGER.

### EXTRAORDINARY RISE OF THE SPECULATOR, BARNEY BARNATO.

**Once a Street Fakir and Circus Performer, He Has Made Millions in South Africa's Mining Boom—All England Buys His Stocks—Extraordinary Rise in Mining Shares.**

His name is Barney—Barney Barnato—and he is one of the very richest money kings in the world. Barnato is the Kafir bonanza king, and his fortune to-day is estimated at \$500,000,000. That's the figure to-day; what it may be next week no one can tell, for Barnato is the central figure in the most gigantic and reckless speculation since the famous South Sea bubble.

This speculation has plunged Englishmen and Frenchmen and Germans who have a dollar to risk into a feverish and unprecedented craze to buy, and sell "Kaffirs." On the London, Paris and German exchanges "Kaffirs" is the name of a confusing multiplicity of South African mining stocks, the lively ups and downs of which have for the past few months been making and unmaking fortunes.

Barney Barnato, the man who has really launched this unprecedented speculation, has himself made millions out of it, and when the crash comes, if it comes it must, it is believed that he will still be an enormously rich man. Most of his fortune is said to be on paper, but he holds the upper hand in all the big deals and he is not the sort of man who has let the "dear public" in on the ground floor without making them pay him a profit.

Of his origin as little is known as of the astonishing rise of the boom he has created. It is believed that he was a

### LONDON STREET ARAB.

He is still young—not yet forty—slightly over 5 feet in height, fat, squat and short-legged. His appearance is altogether ugly. All sorts of vague stories are told of his early career. He is said to have been a barber, a second hand clothing dealer, a bagman, a broker's clerk, a messenger, a street fakir, a tumbler, circus performer, contortionist and prestidigitator. He has dealt in South African diamonds, and about their spuriousness nasty stories are recited by his enemies who knew him in the mines. He left there when he was about eighteen years old.

Three years ago, penniless and unknown, he appeared in London. Not long after there sprang up among speculators and investors great interest in South African mining stocks. Companies were formed to develop these mines, and European capitalists, big and little, were invited to take stock. It was easy to find money backers for these enterprises. Africa was a name to conjure by. The Dark Continent was a mystic y not unminged with romance. Its resources were unlimited, its possibilities incalculable. New strikes of rich veins were reported. With each strike sprang up a company to work it. Kafir stocks were in every man's mind. The English newspapers helped on the widespread public interest by publishing long letters and dispatches from the scene of activity. Conservative English journals inveighed against it, but the people gave no heed.

Barney Barnato got into the Kafir swim. He plunged deep. His natural daring and cool effrontery stood him well. He won enormously. Then he branched out independently and drew about him his own following. It was another case of

### THE LUCKY GAMBLER.

leading the way for the unlucky. He organized companies to float "Kaffirs." There were Barnato "companies," Barnato "groups," Barnato "shares," but there never were any Barnato losses. He made money even more rapidly than the great bonanza kings of California in the palmiest days of the Argonauts.

Shrewdly he made a conquest of Sir Edgar Vincent. Sir Edgar and Barney became financial bosom friends. Sir Edgar gave the plunger position, which he never had in spite of his fortune. Barnato had been blackballed at the London clubs. The rich turf set out him, in spite of his heavy support of races and his fine strings of horses. Sir Edgar first of all made sure that Barnato and his South African enterprises were "safe." He went out to South Africa with Barney as Barney's guest, and was accompanied by his wife, the beautiful Lady Helen Dunscombe, sister of the Duchess of Leinster. What Sir Edgar saw in Africa convinced him. He took up Barney, gave him financial and social prestige, not in London but in Paris, and by clever manoeuvring secured for him the ear of the great Parisian financiers and boosted him forward in Parisian society. Sir Edgar now shares with him the title of "King of the Kaffirs."

Barnato's latest coup was the creation of the "Barnato bank, Mining and Estate Corporation, Limited." It needed no prospectus; the mob were only too eager to tumble over each other getting "on the inside." By the mere stroke of a pen Barnato created an enormous capital out of nothing.

The nominal capital of this bank was £2,500,000. The shares were £1 each, and on the morning of the issue there were 1,500 brokers, with orders to buy hundreds, and in some cases thousands, of shares at the market. The shares opened from £3½ to £4½ premium, and the capital of the bank is now valued at nearly £9,000,000. At the last settlement, when there was talk about difficulty in carrying over stocks, Barnato announced that he would lend £10,000,000 on the stocks of companies in which he was interested.

The trading in these shares developed one of the most exciting scenes ever witnessed on the London market. For a time there was an almost

### INDESCRIBABLE FRENZY.

and the shares were bid up to more than four times their face value. They subsided later, but the confidence of the public is

well attested by the fact that they are still quoted at over three times their face value.

The blind faith of the English people in this modern Midas upsets all theories of their national conservatism. It is estimated that not less than \$150,000,000 has been subscribed, a large part of it by small investors, in the schemes and enterprises of the plausible Barney.

He was and is to-day the speculative foe of Cecil Rhodes, and resembles the latter in the scope of his enterprises and nerve with which he backs them. Rhodes companies and Barnato companies are rivals for the favor of capital wherever "Kaffirs" are quoted.

Barnato resorted to the familiar method of working a number of mines under the same capital. From this union of workable mines came the name "groups."

In London Barnato is spending a million on a palace in Piccadilly, which he will occupy when it is finished. Meanwhile he is occupying Earl Spencer's house. He is a lavish spender, and among his luxuries, so it is reported, is a bath of champagne. Alfred H. De Montgomery, a mining engineer of New York, who was in Kimberley ten years ago, said he saw Barnato at that time walking the streets peddling watches, matches and all sorts. "His fortune was made by an accident, which nobody had foreseen. Shortly after the mines of Kimberly were discovered there were about 20,000 diggers working the surface of the mine. About one hundred feet down the ground suddenly changed from yellow sand to

### SOLID BLUE GROUND.

hard as granite. All the miners gave up their claims, thinking the mine worked out. Only one digger went down about 200 feet, but he was stopped by the rainy season which set in. He left about 200 tons of solid blue earth lying on the floor and left the country.

"After four months 'Barney' walked over the mine and found a thirty-carat blue-white diamond lying right on top of the soil which came out of the 200 foot shaft. With the action of water and air the ground got pulverized and a small fortune was looking on Barney. He sold the stone and pegged all the mine out in his name; there were several thousand claims, worth at least one million pounds sterling at that time. Lot after lot he sold out to different companies for cash and interest, and through this streak of luck he was possessor of about £2,000,000.

In 1892 all the companies amalgamated with De Beer's company, which is the sole possessor of the fields at the present. Cecil Rhodes, the Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, Barney Barnato and Tom brothers are the biggest shareholders in this company.

"Long before the amalgamation, in 1886, 'Barney' went to Johannesburg gold fields, in his Transvaal Republic, where he bought several mines for a mere song, as the diggers could not afford to pay the heavy license money each month to the Government. The mines turned out trumps, as everybody knows, and 'Barney' is now the Gold King of South Africa, ruling the Kaffirs. Although he is the richest man in South Africa, except Cecil Rhodes, his manners are not up to the standard. Through his bad language and

### INSULTING MANNERS.

to the leading members he was expelled from the Kimberley Club, and eight months afterwards from the Rand Club, in Johannesburg. The Rand Club is the leading club of all South Africa.

"I don't think that 'Barney' is proud of his ancestors, as he was born and brought up in Whitechapel, in London. This I know positively to be truth. But in London society money washes many sins and bad reputations out."

### NEW TELEGRAPHIC MACHINE.

**A Thousand Words a Minute Can be Sent Between Distant Points.**

A test of the telegraphic printing machine of Patrick Delaney for sending mail matter was made in Philadelphia recently. The new system is worked automatically, a punched tape taking the place of the sending operator. Its great advantage over other systems is that over a single wire as many as 1,000 words a minute can be sent between points as far distant from each other as New York and Chicago, while the very best that can be done by other high speed systems does not exceed 150 words a minute. The weather was unpropitious for such a test. The first message sent, however, over a line of high resistance 218 miles long, was received in perfectly legible shape as was every other sent during the test. The speed, which was at first 720 words a minute without decrease in the eligibility was increased to 940 a minute.

Mr. Delaney, stated that with a wire weighing 850 pounds to the mile, which would give a line resistance much less than that used to-day, he could send a thousand words a minute with equal legibility and a cost not exceeding five cents for 50 words. The system is an electro-chemical one, the message being received on a moistened tape, the dots and dashes appearing upon it in dark brown produced by the action of the current upon the tape. All electro-chemical systems heretofore have failed as high speed systems because the dots and dashes would run together so as to be indistinguishable.

### Bicycles Good for the Lungs.

Of all means of training the respiration Dr. Fortesque Fox thinks cycling is the best. When a person first takes to cycling he is troubled with shortness of breath, his heart beats uncomfortably and his legs get tired, but after some training these discomforts disappear. Why should not people liable to attacks of asthma also train their respiration by such a kind of exercise—of course, on the condition of the heart and lungs being in perfect health? Cycling exercise first of all increases the depth of breathing, and that without fatigue, as the respiratory movements are automatic; at the same time it will accustom the rider instinctively to take in at each respiration the volume of air required to aerate the blood and to eliminate a fixed proportion of carbonic acid, leaving in the circulation the precise amount compatible with health.

## MIGHTY LONDON.

### A Group of Facts About the Greatest City in the World.

London has a larger area than New York Paris and Berlin all put together.

Ten millions of eels are annually consumed in London.

A London fog cost \$35,000 for extra gas burned.

In London 861 streets are named after the Queen, besides which there are 167 Queen streets.

A thousand piano organs are played in the London streets daily. This does not include common hand organs.

Ten days of London fog cost 25,000 people on beds of sickness.

About 1,250,000 articles are pledged with London pawnbrokers weekly.

London consumes 4,000,000 pints of periwinkles each year. There are 200 periwinkles to the pint. Total, 800,000,000 periwinkles. What becomes of the shells?

About 2,500 dress suits are hired out in London each night.

It is estimated that in London fully 3,000,000 people never enter a place of worship.

There are 90,000 paupers in London. There are more than 4,000 pledged abstainers among the London cabmen.

The London jam trade provides employment for 16,000 people and 65,000 tons of sugar are used yearly in the trade.

More than 1,000,000 ready made cigarettes are smoked in London each day.

Twelve thousand people are employed at the London theaters.

London has nearly 320,000 maid servants. Only one person in four in London earns \$5 a week.

In the year 1894 some 13,000 pewter beer pots were stolen from North London public houses. They are used to make counterfeit money.

A London confectioner says he is often called upon to furnish wedding cakes weighing 1,000 pounds each and puddings of a size sufficient for 500 hearty appetites.

A single firm in St. Paul's churchyard once received an order for 1,000,000 ladies' mantles from a retail customer.

London contains 250,000 working single women, whose individual earnings do not average more than 25 cents a day.

On an average every London policeman arrests but seven people a year.

London streets are very long and each one is crossed by an unlimited number of other streets running at right angles to it or cutting it diagonally or otherwise. From this it results that there are an unconscionable number of street corners, each one the junction of two streets, or three, or four, as may be. You may stand at any one of them without being told to move on and take in the vista of that portion of the town in which you happen momentarily to be. In this way the eye may grasp the perspectives of two, three or four streets successively, almost simultaneously, without as much as changing the position of one's body, in fact by simply turning one's neck. These streets are composed as follows: A row of houses to the right is paralleled at a distance of fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty or fifty feet by a second row to the left, or vice versa, the fronts of each row of houses facing the fronts of the opposite row of houses, unless it be the backs which face each other, when it is a mews. A long and comparatively narrow space is thus left between the rows of houses, the center being a roadway for vehicles, and the edges being for the safe passage of pedestrians. This is the street. When you get tired of walking on it you can call a cab and drive back to your hotel.

It is estimated that London drinks every year 45,000,000 gallons of malt liquor, 8,000,000 gallons of wine and 14,500,000 gallons of spirits.

It is estimated that the great smoke cloud which sometimes hangs over London weighs 300 tons, fifty tons of which is solid carbon and 250 tons of which is hydrocarbon. It is calculated that the smoke of the year is worth \$10,000,000.

London pays nearly a third of the whole income tax of England.

There are over 12,000 artists in London. In winter as many as 40,000 per day of dead larks frequently find their way into the London markets.

The cow population of London is 18,000. On an average rain falls in London on 128 days of each year.

Over 1,000,000 pawn tickets for sums under 10 shillings are issued weekly in London.

One million eggs are brought into London daily from Italy alone.—Chicago Times Herald.

### Quite Possible.

A correspondent asks if it is not practicable for a person to carry enough electricity and use it for the purpose of heating the body by means of electric heating apparatus placed under the clothing. We presume it is. A few 200 ampere-hour cells scattered among the pockets, connected in series ought to do the business. They would probably weigh 500 pounds or more, and to this must be added the weight of heat apparatus. The latter need not necessarily be in the form of a street car heater; it could be spread out on a flat surface. It would not look well, for instance, to carry a box-shaped heater across the stomach. Care must be taken to prevent short-circuiting, which might result in roasting to death.

### All Are "On Time" at Glasgow.

The Town Council of Glasgow, Scotland, has established a vast system of electrically-worked public clocks, all connected with the standard timekeeper at the Glasgow Observatory, so that, as it is quaintly remarked, there will no longer be any excuse in the difference of clock-times for "missing a train or being late at Church."