

## FAST VESSELS BUILDING.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC WILL BE A MATTER OF THREE DAYS.

The New Turbine Boats Will Perform Wonders—They are Expected to Travel at a Rate of Forty Miles an Hour.

Two boats, each to travel at the amazing speed of forty-three miles an hour, and each capable of crossing the Atlantic in forty hours, are the latest projected marvels of marine engineering. One, an ocean liner of 10,000 horse-power, modeled after the now famous Turbinia, is being built at Wallsend-on-the-Tyne, London. The other, a torpedo boat of the latest improved design, is the invention of an American, Mr. Planton, of New York, who has submitted his designs to the navy department, with every prospect that this boat will be accepted. This little war dog will surpass the speedy Turbinia in the fact that she has twelve propellers on six shafts to the Turbinia's nine. While the latter is run on the turbine principle of direct steam propulsion the new torpedo boat will be run by electricity, the current running to each shaft from switches which allow all shafts to be run singly or collectively. Like the Turbinia, however, the power is direct, and can be run up to any required standard, developing the astounding burst of speed for which the boat is designed. Unlike the Turbinia, the propellers can be reversed in an instant, and the vessel be made to run full speed astern, with almost the same rapidity.

That the ocean liner is no visionary scheme, but a well-considered commercial venture, with the solidest kind of financial backing, is shown in the fact that the British admiralty, a very conservative body, have ordered one like her for their own purposes, and she is now being constructed alongside the first one.

Plans have already been drawn up for the formation of a giant transportation company which, if the new boat proves a success, will at once order a fleet of the same kind. Simultaneously there will be begun the construction of a submarine tunnel between Ireland and England, so that the point of departure of this surprising line.

### HARBOR ON AMERICAN SIDE.

On the American coast the summer harbor is intended to be Hall's bay, in Newfoundland. Between this place and the west coast of Ireland the running distance, across the ocean is only 1,650 miles, or about half that between Liverpool and New York. At Hall's bay trains of Pullman cars will be in waiting for the new swift steamers. The new railroad construction which will be necessary to connect this place with the railway system already in existence will be comparatively slight. A tunnel from Newfoundland to the American continent, built on the same lines as the Irish tunnel, will probably be pushed through.

By means of this astonishing system, which is now attracting much attention in financial circles in London as the new boat at Wallsend is approaching completion, New York will be brought within a little over three days of London. When the new trans-Atlantic line is put into operation, as is now thought to be likely, you can eat your breakfast in New York on Wednesday morning and take dinner in London the following Saturday evening.

This new boat, which is expected to revolutionize the navigation of the world and bring London nearer in point of time to New York than New Orleans or Denver, is being constructed upon the turbine system of propulsion. She is a development of the astonishing little Turbinia, which was invented by Hon. C. A. Parsons, and surprised everybody at the great naval review a year ago by her swiftness and novelty.

She has no engine. She has three propeller shafts, each with three screws, nine screws in all. They enter the water at a slight downward slant, about twenty-five feet forward of the extreme stern. The screws are driven by a jet of steam direct from the boiler. (The jet of steam acts directly upon hundreds of small turbine blades, geared directly to the shaft, which is thus driven with amazing rapidity. The Turbinia was a mere toy, weighing only forty-five and a half tons and measuring only 100 feet in length, with a nine-foot beam. She flew away from every vessel at Spithead a year ago, leaving the fastest torpedo boat of the British navy behind and she developed the wonderful speed of thirty-four and a half knots an hour.

### FORTY-TWO MILES AN HOUR.

This amazing record was, however, subsequently beaten by the Turbinia. She is reliably stated to have reached forty-two miles an hour. Exactly what her highest speed has been Mr. Parsons declines to say. Some of his friends, however, assert that from what they knew of the recent improvements he has made in the turbine system of propulsion, and from the plans of the new boats, they will make fifty, and possibly sixty, miles an hour. The Turbinia had 2,100 horse power, so that the two new boats will each be five times more powerful.

The steam of the Turbinia was produced by a water tube boiler. The

total weight of other machinery, including turbines, auxiliary engines, condensers, boilers, propellers, shafts, tanks, and the water in the boilers was twenty-two tons. Thus about 100 horse power was attained per ton of machinery and nearly fifty horse power per ton of displacement. This beat all previous records.

The new boats are being built by the Parsons Marine Steam Turbine company. This corporation was formed last autumn for the purpose of developing the new system. The company has a capital of \$5,000,000. A vast tract of riverside land was bought at Wallsend-on-the-Tyne, where enormous workshops have been erected. The first of the new boats was commenced late last autumn. She will be 200 feet long on the water line, with a horse power of 10,000 which is only a little less than that of the Campania and Lucania. A board of officers from the admiralty, including several of the chief constructors of the British navy, inspected the frame and plans of this boat a few months ago and at once ordered a duplicate built for use as a torpedo boat.

These new turbine boats consume relatively very little coal. This gives them a larger steaming radius than any other ships afloat. The figures already obtained about the two boats now being built by Mr. Parsons show that they will consume 15 per cent less coal than ordinary engines traveling at the same speed. As the vessels and the engines increase in size, so does this difference increase. The higher the tonnage and the larger the ship the greater is the superiority of the turbine to the ordinary engine in this respect.

### FUNNIGRAMS.

He—Oh, Miss Ethel, how can I ever tell you my love's She, wearily—You might try the long-distance telephone.

Claribel—They say he is worth half a million, at the least! Matlea—How I should like to be his widow.

Pa, what is a scheme. I can't define it, my son; but it is something which will fall through quicker than anything else on earth.

Omens—To snuff a candle out accidentally is a sign of marriage. Yes, and to turn down a lamp intentionally is a sign of courtship.

What is the difference between a donkey's tail and Hopkins? Give it up. A donkey's tail is the end of an ass, but Hopkins is no end of an ass.

In a Book Store.—Have you a book entitled Short Road to Wealth? Certainly, and I suppose you'll want a copy of the penal code, too?

From a Novel.—Adolar was bewitched. Never had the Countess seemed to him so beautiful as at this moment, when, in her dumb grief, she hid her face.

Miss Adept, with friendly interest—Been playing golf, eh? What did you do it in? Miss First-time-round—Do it in? Oh, my old black bicycle skirt and a shirt-waist.

No, said the positive girl, I will never tie myself down to one man. Perhaps, he replied, sarcastically, if I organize a syndicate you will consider our offer.

Not a Society Topic—Rusher—Clarence made a dreadful break at the Noodleboodles' dinner. Miss Askins—What was it? Rusher—He asked Mr. Noodleboodle what business he was in.

Little Harry—Pa, why do they call them stump speakers? Pa—Well, I guess it's because so many of them are stumped when you ask them to explain where they got their figures.

Profundity.—Mr. Gizzley seems to be a very deep thinker, remarked the impressionable young woman. Yes, replied Miss Cayenne. He can't talk five minutes without getting away beyond his depth.

At the Lawyers' Club.—Briefs—So Lawyer Sharkey got ten thousand dollars for his service in breaking old Hannigan's will? How much of an estate did old Hannigan leave anyway? Hailaw—Why, ten thousand dollars, of course!

A Thorough Success.—How about that Klondike mining company you were interested in about a year ago? I thought it was going to be such a big thing. It was a big thing. We disposed of nearly \$500,000 worth of stock.

An Innovation.—Meeks—My wife is nothing if not original. Now what do you suppose she said when I asked her to marry me? Weeks—Oh, something about its being so sudden, I suppose. Meeks—No, indeed! She said, Well, I think it's about time; I've been expecting you to make a break for three months.

Teacher—Parse the sentence, Yucatan is a peninsula. Pupil, who never could understand grammar.—Yucatan is a proper noun, non-tive case, second person singular—How do you make that out? First person Icatan, second person Yucatan, third person Hecatant; plural, first person Wecatan, second person—Go to your seat!

Looking into the Future.—I guess I might as well quit school papa, said the boy. Why, my son? Oh, there ain't any use going, except to be able to help my little boy when I grow up, and if they have changed the way of doing things since you were a boy so that you can't help me now, it's likely I'm just wasting my time getting ready to help my little boy. He got the help he wanted, but it was a good thing he didn't hear what his father had to say about newfangled school-books after he had gone to bed.

## A MAN'S HOUSE EXPERIENCE.

"Maria," observed Peter Grigwell to his better half, as he decapitated his second egg at the domestic breakfast table, "I suppose your strongly developed feminine proclivities will not allow of your foregoing, for once in a way, the delicious delights of a thorough 'spring cleaning'?"

"If, Peter, in plain English, you mean that you wish me to shirk my duty as a British housewife by neglecting to clear away a twelvemonth's accumulation of grime and cobwebs, you suppose correctly," retorted Mrs. Grigwell in a dry, matter-of-fact tone of voice that ought to have silenced any average man.

But Peter had become so acclimatized as it were, to his wife's very own style of oratory that it had ceased to impress him ever so slightly.

"Twelve months' accumulation!" he cried, in well-feigned astonishment. "Why, I have always labored under the impression that the house was kept pretty clean, week in and week out."

"Pretty clean, of course," returned Mrs. Peter, with a sniff and toss of her head, "but the carpets are not taken up weekly. But perhaps you have been so absorbed in the consideration of weightier matters that you have failed to notice such a detail as that." This was said in Mrs. G.'s most sarcastic vein, but it only elicited a gruff "Humph!", from her husband, so she returned to the charge with "Then look at the ceilings. You cannot truthfully deny that they require whitening, and badly, too."

"I suppose the process is inevitable," observed Peter, a rifle wearily. "No home complete without it, so to speak."

"I should think not," exclaimed the lady in a ringing voice of triumph.

"There is one thing I am fully determined upon, though," said Mr. Grigwell, calmly, "and that is, I am not going to be mulcted to the same tune as I was last year. Dasher's bill was a paralyser. A few more like it would compel me to undergo the process of whitewashing myself."

"What do you intend to do, then?" asked Mrs. Grigwell, in a voice as hard as the primest cut of beefsteak.

"I intend," answered Peter, in a self-reliant tone, "to whitewash myself."

"Yes," observed Mrs. Grigwell, sweetly—bitterly sweetly, in fact, "but who is going to whitewash the ceilings?"

Peter gave his wife a penetrating glance, having a hazy notion that she was trying to get at him, as the saying goes, but as she bore his gimlet-like stare without flinching, he appeared satisfied, and said:

"Yes, I am determined to distemper—they call it now in the bill—the ceilings entirely on my own. See?"

Mrs. Grigwell felt the situation to be desperate, indeed, but knowing from experience rained in the past how utterly futile would any attempt be on her part to reason with the self-opinionated Peter, she determined to try the effect of ridicule.

"Peter Grigwell," she said, in her most withering manner, "you will surely never be quite such an idiot as to attempt to whitewash the ceilings of this house?"

"Madam," retorted Mr. Grigwell, grimly, "your remarks are in exceedingly bad taste, and ill become the wife of a far-seeing husband, whose sole intent is the welfare of his family, and to preserve them from being plundered by rapacious distemping demons."

"You will find that your silly fad will cost you dear in the end," retorted Mrs. Grigwell, with a derisive laugh.

"Bosh!" exclaimed Peter, hotly. "That's just the way!—but there, what's the use of arguing with a woman! Lemme see, to-day is Wednesday; I shall make a start with this room to-morrow at 10 sharp. You hear, Maria, at 10 o'clock."

Peter spent the remainder of the forenoon in getting together all the old newspapers in the house, and with the aid of a large lobster tin full of paste, a brush and a pair of garden shears, he fashioned from several of the broad sheets mysterious looking things bearing a weird resemblance to inordinately roomy trousers, and an expansive coat with balloon-like sleeves.

Next morning Peter was up in good time, and set about mixing his white-wash in a zinc bucket, so as to be in readiness for his work as soon as breakfast was out of the way. By 10 o'clock the course was clear for Peter to commence his wrestle with the distemper business. He, with calm politeness, requested that he might be left alone, as he required no assistance, and the whole thing would be done within an hour. Mrs. Grigwell gave her husband a pitying look, then silently left him to his own devious devices.

Then Peter set to work in desperate earnest. With a number of newspapers he enshrouded the various articles of furniture; then spread a further quantity all over the carpet. Next he proceeded to invest the walls with the order of the paper collar, as one might term it. All this done, Peter looked around upon his handiwork, a smile of satisfaction meandering across his face as he did so.

"Who said it was impossible to whitewash a ceiling without spoiling everything in the room?" he soliloquized. "I'll show 'em how it's done."

The self-satisfied Peter then proceeded to conceal his own rotund form with the mysterious paper combinations previously mentioned. Certainly his appearance was more that of a circus clown than of a respectable rate-paying citizen, especially when he con-

cluded his toilet by placing on his massive (some called it fat) cranium a paper cap of the orthodox sugar loaf shape so much affected by grotesques of the sawdust. However, there was nobody present to see him, so what did it matter?

Up the handy pair of steps sprang Peter, bucket and brush in hand, and without unnecessary delay he made dash No. 1 at the ceiling—which, by the way, he had forgotten should have first been water washed—with the brush heavily charged with the beautifying mixture. The result was not quite as the amateur distemperer may have wished. A far greater percentage of the whitening descended in a thick shower on Peter's paper dittoes than went on to the ceiling, to say nothing of sundry big splashes upon various parts of his upturned face, causing him to sneeze so violently as to very nearly lose his balance and topple off the steps ignominiously to the floor.

After ten minutes' wild dabbing and splashing Peter thought he might as well assist exhausted nature by blowing the fragrant weed during work, just as though he were a real British workman. So he came down from his perch, found his beloved briar, charged it with some of Taddy's "Myrtle Grove" and lighted it with a British workmanlike—dropped while still aflame on to his improvised paper druggot.

No sooner had Peter again mounted his rostrum, than, glancing downward, he saw to his dismay the devouring element skimming along the floor. Downed scuttled the alarmed distemperer with the intention of stamping out the blaze. But alas! in the excitement of the moment poor Peter forgot the nature of his improvised overalls. The next moment the tongues of the fiery serpents crawling on the floor had licked Peter's "ready-mades" and he was soon frantically occupied in tearing off the paper covering and burning his hands to a rather "sulphury" tune.

The situation threatened to develop into something serious, as the fire had commenced to mount the walls, so Peter was reluctantly compelled to fling open the door and yell for assistance.

Mrs. Grigwell rushed forth from the back regions, and, giving a wild look into the room, fled, screaming, to the street door, which she flung open, and then she proceeded to shriek out:

"Fire! fire! Police! police!"

Suddenly a great commotion was heard in the front, the street door was thrown violently open and a brass-helmeted figure loomed faintly through the thick smoke which filled the entrance hall. The next instant a shining copper tube was pushed forward into the room, and before Peter could find breath to tell the man who pointed the nozzle full at him that all danger was past he was almost off his feet by a powerful jet of water which drenched him to the skin.

However, he soon found his tongue sufficient to overwhelm the fireman in some choice vernacular that nearly had the effect of starting the fire afresh.

With an injured look beneath his metal headpiece, the fireman threw down his hose and, going to the street door growled out to his colleagues outside:

"Turn off!"

The following day the professional "distemperers" came as heretofore, and at Christmas their little (?) bill will come to Peter Grigwell as usual. The house furnishers too, will benefit by Peter's laudable but misdirected effort to economize. Taken altogether, Mrs. Grigwell's prophecy was pretty accurate.

### GREATEST HORSEWOMAN.

The Baroness Von Rahden, who is at present astonishing all London with her remarkable equestrian feats, is the only child of a Russian banker, and was born at her father's country house near Riga 25 years ago. From childhood she evinced a great love for horses, and as the years rolled on she became an expert rider.

When the Baroness was 18 years of age financial difficulties overtook her father, and pressure was used by her family to induce her to marry a wealthy but somewhat ancient suitor. Rather than submit, the high-spirited girl determined to take her future in her own hands, and secured an engagement to ride in the circus at Moscow, much to the chagrin of her relations, commencing her professional career in 1891.

The Baroness, who has a wonderful influence over horses, soon distinguished herself in the profession of her adoption, by completely subjugating a most vicious horse that had been bought by the Director of the hippodrome out of a racing stable after the brute had killed a groom.

The Baroness owes her introduction to her husband to an accident. About four months after the incident mentioned, the Baroness was performing in St. Petersburg and had arrived at her sensational finale on Czardas, where she makes the horse rear up and walk on his hind legs, she throwing herself right back until her head nearly touches the horse's tail, when the animal over-balanced himself and fell backward. The Baron Oscar Von Rahden, aid-de-camp to his uncle, the Governor of Siberia, leaped into the ring with several other gentlemen, the Baron being the first to assist the fallen artist. They were married four months later. Although the Baroness has been the cause of no less than six duels and one tragic death she is entirely free from blame in the matter, having lived a most exemplary life, and never has the breath of scandal smirched her fair fame.

The Baron died last October, at Brunswick, of heart disease, accelerated, doubtless, by the years of nervous tension which culminated in the shocking tragedy at Clermont-Ferrand in August, 1894, when the Baron shot an infatuated Danish nobleman who had persistently pursued the Baroness for two years, with his undesirable attentions, and with whom the Baron had already fought two duels.

## HEALTH.

### HOW TO MANICURE.

Get a small bowl or finger glass and dissolve therein a small piece of pure soap in some hot water. Then soak the finger tips for five minutes, wipe dry and then with a knife or an ivory manicure implement gently loosen the layer of skin around the root of the nail so that it can be trimmed off with cuticle scissors, especially curved scissors for the nail, and press the skin well back to distinctly show the half moon or "onyx." This may not be possible at once, when the nails have been neglected. Still, two or three manicure treatments will show a marked improvement. With the ivory implement remove any dirt from under the nails. Trim them oval shape with cuticle scissors, rub down any unevenness with prepared toilet emery paper, then apply the nail powder, with a chamouis polisher. Rinse the nails in warm water, wipe well and rub the nails again with polisher or with the palm of the hand, and do this after washing, which will serve to keep them polished, for a week. If the nails are brittle and dry, rub a little vaseline over them each night. Perfect cleanliness is the greatest adjunct to beauty, but, for all that, do not wash your hands too often. Washed seldom but thoroughly they will keep in a far nicer condition than if they are continuously being "rinsed," as it were, which simply serves to grind the dirt into the pores. When gloves are worn at night, be careful that they are perfectly clean inside, otherwise the grime and dirt are absorbed by the over-heated glands and the effect is opposite from what was desired.

### FOR A PERFECT NECK.

A perfect neck is not often seen. The shoulders may be well rounded and the skin white and fine, and yet ugly hollows and distinct shadows of collar bones completely spoil the contour.

This can all be remedied, and that easily.

Let any girl who has such a neck try the effects of gymnastics fifteen minutes every night and morning for a month.

The result will surprise her.

Stand with the toes turned out well hold the knees rigid and keep the shoulders still.

Now, with the neck of your dress and all bands loosened, be very deliberate and slow in all the movements, as trouble is likely to result in the way of "stitches" and strains.

Let the hands hang at the sides.

Now drop the head as low upon the neck as possible, as limply as you can, without moving any part of the body below the neck.

Revolve the head slowly, keeping it drooped as low as possible.

At the first symptoms of weariness of vertigo rest until relieved; then repeat the movement, turning the head as slowly as possible.

This will do more to strengthen the undeveloped muscles of the neck, reduce large, ugly cords, and give the head a free, graceful poise than boxes of skin food, although cocoa butter slowly and patiently massaged into the flesh before and after the exercise will help it wonderfully in the good results.

The back of the neck and the upper part of the shoulders will become especially beautified, and the "salt cellars" will rapidly disappear.

### BRUISES.

The appearance of a simple bruise is familiar to everyone. The swelling and discoloration are caused by the rupture of small blood-vessels beneath the skin, and the consequent escape of the blood and serum. The best application is cold in some form. A handkerchief or old piece of linen is dipped in cold water, or in equal parts of alcohol and water, and applied to the part. This must be renewed sufficiently often to maintain its coldness; or an ice-bag may be used, the ice chopped very fine and enclosed in a piece of muslin or linen, or in a rubber ice-bag. Equally good applications are extract of witch hazel, and laudanum and water applied in the same way. These remedies should be used as long as any tenderness is present, when they may be discontinued, and, in their stead, the part rubbed once or twice daily with spirits or soap liniment. When the head is the seat of injury, a physician should be consulted, as sometimes serious consequences result from a blow on this part of the body; particularly is this true when paleness or vomiting follow the accident.

### WOMEN HOTEL KEEPERS.

One of the large hotels to be opened next winter in New York will be entirely in charge of a woman, who, through a previous successful experience, has qualified herself to assume a place of such responsibility. Women proprietors of hotels are not unknown in the United States but they have not hitherto operated in a field so large as that of the woman who will manage this new building. One of these had charge of a private hotel which was unique, at least in one particular. During one winter the proprietor had 60 cooks, and the young woman who struggled against this visitation of ill-fortune did not seem to think that she had been through an experience especially trying. But she admitted that keeping a hotel furnished splendid discipline for the character. Women hotel keepers have been successful in many parts of the country, and no occupation seems more suitable to their abilities. One of the largest hotels in one of the best known summer resorts is kept by a woman, who has maintained for years the high reputation and exclusiveness of the house.