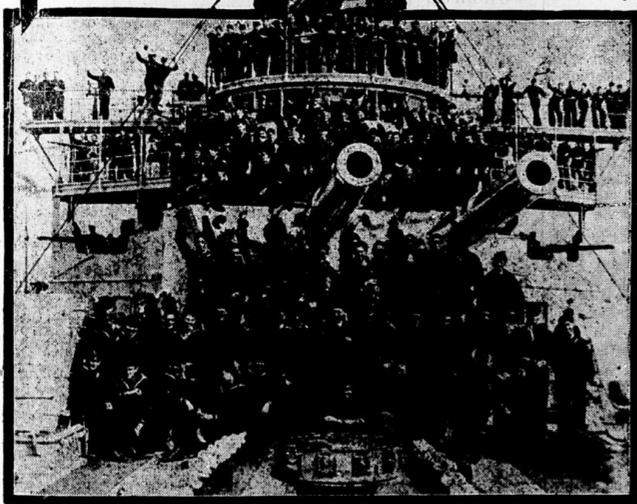
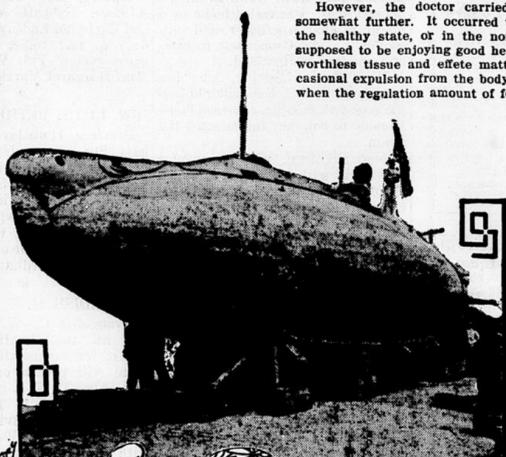


FIFTY BATTLECRAFT IN MIMIC WAR

By CAPT. ELLIS D. MORSON



CREW OF A BATTLESHIP



DISABLED SUBMARINE TORPEDO BOAT IN DRY DOCK

IF YOU had been an eye witness of the great naval battle which was fought off the port of Provincetown, Mass., in the Atlantic ocean, you would say without hesitation that "Uncle Sam can lick the world."

It was a mimic encounter, the feature of this summer's maneuvers of the Atlantic battleship fleet, which were held off the coast of Massachusetts between July 7 and August 5, the exercise, there having just come to an end.

It was a great scrap, bloodless of course, but filled with enough mimic gore to make an American of the coldest temperament throw his hat into the air and yell for Old Glory, the stars and stripes, President Taft and all the rest.

Drawn up in battle alignment were 50 war craft of every size and shape. They ranged all the way from Rear Admiral Seaton Schroeder's 16,000 ton flagship, U. S. S. Connecticut, to the tiny submarine torpedo boat Taran tuia.

Divided into two squadrons, opposing each other, these two divisions of "our friends, the enemy," broke the morning mist on opposite horizons and at the flagship's signals quickly fell into circular battle formation, opening fire at a distance of several miles.

On paper it was a gory struggle. A dozen of the terrors of the sea were "disabled" by Rear Admiral Schroeder's edict and several submarines figuratively carried their crews to Davy Jones' locker, never to return.

The battleship Connecticut led the ships of one division. From out of the cover of each opponent's guns darted the tiny torpedo boats and almost as often their courses were blocked and in some cases the torpedoes and torpedo boats "destroyed."

By nightfall the battle being called a "draw," the searchlights of the two sets of enemies followed each other out of sight and that Saturday evening foes became friends upon reaching headquarters at Provincetown. Every known modern naval device was given its lining during the fight. Torpedoes were dispatched by wireless telegraph, this being an experiment tried in an actual engagement for the first time by the United States. The newly adopted fire control mast, which has been called the "inverted waste basket," proved a success, the officers said. The summer's maneuvers afforded the first opportunity for a crucial test of this invention.

A dozen torpedo boats made attacks on the big battleships and officers and men were required to exert extreme vigilance to also guard against the little submarine torpedo boats, four of which with the parent ship, the gunboat Castine, made things lively for the monster war vessels. Time and again the flagship Connecticut was compelled to dip her nets to ward off the destructive torpedoes which shot little swirls of foam to the surface of the ocean as they sped on their mission of mimic death.

The grim reaper, burlesqued, stalked everywhere during the encounter and time and again ships were declared "sunk," "destroyed" or "scuttled" to prevent capture by the enemy, while admirals, captains, petty officers and men were notified they had been "killed" by a well-directed shell.

The battle of the fleets was the play of the maneuvers. To the able-bodied seamen the work consisted of fleet drills and exercises involving tactical problems and battle evolutions. With their work off Provincetown finished the fleet was scheduled to depart for the southern drill grounds, south of Virginia capes, for record and battle target practice, the results of which were ordered secretly tabulated for the war department.

This shooting will occupy about two weeks beginning August 19. At its close the vessels will return to Hampton Roads and go to their home yards for repairs which may have been necessitated by the vigorous summer campaign. The winter maneuvers will take place in West Indian waters.

Hampton Roads presented a great sight when the big war craft departed from there



U. S. BATTLESHIP INDIANA



ARMORED CRUISER COLORADO

for New England ports, where they spent July 4, preparatory to repairing to Provincetown for the maneuvers and sham naval struggle.

In the northern ports the sailors and officers were granted shore leave in relays from July 2 to July 6. Four ships visited Boston Independence day, two were at Penobscot bay, two at Portland, Me., and one each at Marblehead, Mass., Portsmouth, N. H., Eastport, Me., Brockport, Mass., Gloucester, Mass., and Booth Bay, Me.

With the reassembling of the fleet at Brockport, Mass., three days after the fourth began the summer's work, which was more picturesque than that of any previous year, it was said.

From Provincetown the fleet proceeded to sea each week, returning Saturday nights. On these trips of a week each occurred the fleet drills, the evolutions and other exercises.

One feature of the maneuvers was the presence of the naval militia of several eastern states. The members of these militia bodies are citizen sailors. Each body of militia was taken out for a week's instruction on the big ships. Permission to take the reserves on the voyages was granted through the courtesy of the navy department.

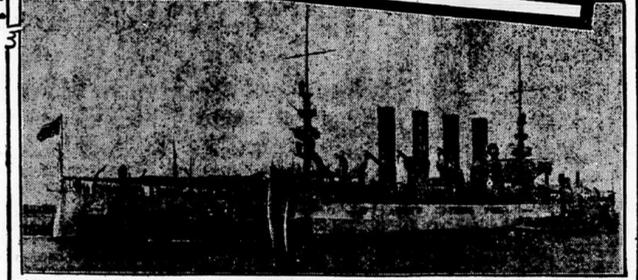
The Provincetown maneuvers presented the spectacle of battleships at practice firing at sea under every weather condition for the first time in the history of American naval art. Night firing under the same conditions was one of the important parts of the program which was carried out to the letter.

President Taft and Secretary of the Navy Meyer were witnesses of several of the maneuvers of the fleet at sea and both officials expressed themselves as delighted with the progress which the sailors have made at marksmanship since their world tour.

Two old torpedo boats, Nicholson and O'Brien, were dismantled, filled with cork to keep them afloat and used as targets for the gigantic projectiles. Time and again they were riddled and finally, the cork having been so thoroughly perforated that they were longer able to keep afloat, they sank to the bottom of the ocean.

They were towed at different speeds by the cruisers and thus the gunners of the men-of-war given an opportunity to gauge distance and motion at the same time, one of the most difficult feats at which the American tar is an adept.

The scout cruisers Chester, Salem and Birmingham and the armored cruisers North Carolina, Montana and New York joined the fleet at Provincetown and took part in the elabo-



U. S. S. WISCONSIN

ARMORED CRUISER COLORADO

rate program. The cruiser Montgomery, which had been fitted up as a torpedo experimental ship, was also with the fleet and took a prominent part in the struggle at sea, its experiments proving of great future value.

The great Atlantic torpedo fleet also deserves mention in connection with the summer's play at war. The flotilla of 12 boats with the cruiser Dixie as parent ship and four brand new submarine boats with the gunboat Castine as their parent ship played spectacular parts alongside of the monster battleships of fifteen and sixteen thousand tons.

Only 12 of the 16 battleships which went around the world were with the fleet of the Atlantic ocean off Provincetown, the other four in Rear Admiral Schroeder's command being new vessels, receiving their first experience at firing in this practice.

STOP EATING AND GET WELL

"In the course of my long experience I have noted," says Dr. Guelpa, one of Italy's best-known consulting physicians, according to the New York World, "that the beginning of a cure of a sick person always declares itself when the bodily weight shows a decrease. Whenever, on the contrary, the weight remained stationary I never failed on any occasion to find that the temperature had increased and that the particular illness of the moment had the upper hand."

And so it was that Guelpa, much to the chagrin and temporary discomfort of his many patients—and he had one of the largest clientele in Italy—was wont to ruthlessly prescribe a "diet of starvation." The patient would naturally protest. He felt weak, he

that position. Now, the eliminating, first of all, of these diseased areas is the first duty of man, woman and child to themselves. Says Dr. Guelpa to his recalcitrant patient:

"When you are attacked by an illness, do you not find, my dear friend, that nature removes from you most of your ordinary desire to eat and drink? You, however, think that you know better than nature. You say to yourself that you must prepare for your sickness by putting in a stock of food—and perhaps drink. Foolish man! Does it not occur to you that nature is trying to teach you how to act and you won't learn. Far from waiting till you are stricken with illness, try an occasional day's starvation and illness may never come. You will, by doing this, rid your system of its effete tissues and its noxious toxic matters or poisons. When you feel that occasional headache; when you feel that 'all-over-ness' that sometimes attacks you; when you are depressed—you call it bilious—well, try a bout of starvation and then watch for results.

How long should we starve, then, according to our Guelpa? He says himself that there are few persons who cannot do three days without food, and that, too, with constant purgatives. At first a general gastric and muscular weakness is felt. That is simply the beginning of the process of elimination. Soon a sense of comfort begins to be enjoyed. Of course the body in this period is more prone to catch cold, a matter that must be provided for by an increase of clothing and a hot drink now and then.

The Chamber of Commerce of Port au Prince offers to place at the disposal of chambers of commerce, producers and manufacturers of the United States and its colonies a space in its rooms for the exhibition of their products.

although his father objected. The animal walked up close to the elder Gibbons, and then to the astonishment of all, dropped from its mouth some money, which, when counted, proved to be five \$1 bills, all new.

Where the dog got the money is a mystery and one that will perhaps never be solved.

The result will be, however, that Mr. Gibbons will keep the dog, as he believes the bringing of the money will likewise bring about a change in luck.

"That may wait," said Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop, and John sprang back out of range.

Vernon was determined, then, to have it out.

"Really, Mrs. Hodge-Lathrop, jesting aside—

"Jesting!" cried Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop, "jesting! Indeed, my boy, this is quite a serious business!" She tapped with her forefinger.

"Well, then, all right," said Vernon, "don't know what I've done. All I have done has been to champion a

HER INFINITE VARIETY

By BRAND WHITLOCK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Senator Morley Vernon's visit with his fiancée was interrupted by a call from his political boss at the state capital, both restricted it, and more than he because she had arranged to attend a dinner that evening with him. She said the yearned for a national office for him. On Vernon's desk in the senate he found a red rose, accompanied by the plea for a vote for the suffrage resolution. He also aided her by convincing others. He took a liking to the fair suffragette. Miss Greene consulted with the lieutenant-governor. Vernon admitted to himself that the suffragette had stirred a strange feeling within him. He forgot to read his fiancée's letter. Vernon made a special order. He was much in Miss Greene's company. Vernon neglected thoughts of Amelia. He took Miss Greene driving and laid out plans for the success of the resolution. Vernon's speech caused a great newspaper sensation. He was being neglected by Amelia, who had not answered his letter. Vernon is "tipped off" that his suffrage resolution will be passed. Miss Greene was due the following morning. He had no fears. Miss Greene arrived and breakfasted. Across the dining room, entrenched behind women opponents of the suffrage resolution, he spied Amelia. He started toward her.

CHAPTER XI.

None of the ladies relaxed at Vernon's approach. Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop least of all. On the contrary she seemed to swell into proportions that were colossal and terrifying, and when Vernon came within her sphere of influence she manner at once subdued itself into an apology.

"Why, Amelia—Mrs. Hodge-Lathrop!" he cried, "and Mrs. Standish, Mrs. Barbourton, Mrs. Trales, Mrs. Langdon—how do you do?"

He went, of course, straight to Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop's side, the side that sheltered Amelia, and he tried to take the hands of both women at once. Amelia gave him her collar, without a word and without a look. He grew weak, inane, and laughed un- easily.

"Delightful morning," he said, "this country air down here is—"

"Morley," said Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop, severely, "take that seat at the foot of the table."

He obeyed, meekly. The ladies, he thought, from the rustle of their skirts, withdrew themselves subtly.

Vernon shrank.

"Morley Vernon," Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop continued, "do you know what I have a notion to do?"

"No, Mrs. Hodge-Lathrop," he said in a very little voice.

"Well, sir, I've a notion to give you a good spanking."

Vernon shot a glance at her.

"Oh, you needn't look, sir," she continued, "you needn't look! It wouldn't be the first time, as you well know—and it isn't so many years ago—and I have your mother's full permission, too."

The chain of ladylike sympathy that passed about the table at this declaration was broken only when its end converged on Vernon. Even then they seemed to pinch him.

"Your poor, dear mother," Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop went on, "insisted, indeed, on coming down herself, but I knew she could never stand such a trip. I told her," and here Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop paused for an instant, "I told her that I thought I could manage."

There was a vast significance in this speech.

The waiter had brought the substantial to the ladies, and Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop began eating determinedly.

"It was, of course, just what I had always predicted," she went on, in a staccato that was timed by the rise of her fork to her lips. "I knew that politics would inevitably corrupt you soon or late. And now it has brought you to this."

"To what?" asked Vernon, suddenly growing bold and reckless. Amelia had not given him one glance; she was picking at her chop.

Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop, raising her gold glasses and setting them aristocratically on the bridge of her nose, fixed her eyes on Vernon.

"Morley," she said, "we know. We have heard and we have read. The Chicago press is an institution that, fortunately, still survives in these iconoclastic days. You know very well, of course, what I mean. Please do not compel me to go into the revolting particulars." She took her glasses down from her nose, as if that officially terminated the matter.

"But really, Mrs. Hodge-Lathrop," said Vernon. He was growing angry, and then, too, he was conscious somehow that Miss Greene was looking at him.

His waiter, John, timidly approached with a glance at the awful presence of Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop, and said:

"Yo' breakfus, senato', is gettin' col'."

"That may wait," said Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop, and John sprang back out of range.

Vernon was determined, then, to have it out.

"Really, Mrs. Hodge-Lathrop, jesting aside—

"Jesting!" cried Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop, "jesting! Indeed, my boy, this is quite a serious business!" She tapped with her forefinger.

"Well, then, all right," said Vernon, "don't know what I've done. All I have done has been to champion a

measure—and I may add, without boasting, I hope, with some success—all I have done has been to champion a measure which was to benefit your sex, to secure your rights, to—"

"Morley!" Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop said, cutting him short. "Morley, have you indeed fallen so low? It is incomprehensible to me, that a young man who had the mother you have had, who was born and bred as you were, should so easily have lost his respect for women!"

"Lost my respect for women!" cried Vernon, and then he laughed. "Now, Mrs. Hodge-Lathrop," he went on with a shade of irritation in his tone, "this is too much!"

Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop was calm.

"Have you shown her any respect?" she went on. "Have you not, on the contrary, said and done everything

for our rights. I think we are perfectly capable of preserving them."

Her look put that question beyond all dispute.

"And now," she resumed, "you would better take a little breakfast yourself; you look as if you needed strength."

Vernon rose. He stood for an instant looking at Amelia, but she glanced at him only casually.

"I suppose, Amelia, I shall see you later in the morning?"

"I suppose so, Mr. Vernon," she said. "But pray do not let me keep you from rejoining your companion." She was quite airy, and lifted her coffee-cup with one little finger quirked up higher than he had ever seen it before.

He went back to where Miss Greene sat, and where his breakfast lay.

"My goodness!" he said, seating himself. "I've had a time!"

"I should imagine so," said Miss Greene.

She was just touching her napkin to her lips with a final air. She carefully pushed back her chair, and rose from the table.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered, getting up himself, "I'll see you after breakfast."

Miss Greene bowed. Then she left the dining room.

CHAPTER XII.

Morley Vernon came out of the dining room in a temper far different from that he had worn when he went in. His breakfast, after so many vicissitudes, was sure to be a failure, though John, striving against fate, had tried to restore the repast to its original excellence by replacing each dish with a fresh one. He affected a heroic cheerfulness, too, but the cheer was hollow, for his experience of men and of breakfasts must have taught him that such disasters can never be repaired.

Vernon, however, had heavier things on his mind. In his new position as

knights-errant of Illinois womankind, he had looked forward to this day as the one of triumph; now, at its beginning, he found himself with two offended women on his hands, and two hopelessly irconcilable mistresses to serve. He began to see that the lot of a constructive statesman is trying; he would never criticize leaders again.

The lobby of the hotel was filling rapidly, and men with their hair still damp from the morning combing were passing into the breakfast room with newspapers in their hands. In the center of the lobby, however, he saw a group of senators, and out of the middle of the group rose a dark bonnet; the flowers on the bonnet bobbed now and then decisively. Around it were clustered other bonnets, but they were motionless, and, as it were, subordinate.

"Can you tell me who that is?" asked Brooks of Alexander, jerking his thumb at the group.

"Yes," said Vernon, "that's Gen. Hodge-Lathrop. She's on her way to the front to assume command."

"Oh!" said Brooks. "I saw something in the papers—." And he went away, reading as he walked.

Vernon looked everywhere for Miss Greene, but he could not find her. The porter at the Capitol avenue entrance told him that she had driven over to the State House a few minutes before. Vernon was seized by an impulse to follow, but he remembered Amelia. He could not let matters go on thus between them. If only Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop were not in command; if he could get Amelia away from her for a while, if he could see her alone, he felt that explanations would be possible.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Taking His Time.

Bacon—It is said that at the present ratio of progress 70 years will elapse before the ruins of Pompeii are entirely uncovered.

Egbert—The "man with the hoe" must be working by the day over there.

AS PAYMENT FOR HIS BOARD

Jonah Dog Carries \$5 to Farmer Who Believed Canine Had Brought Him Bad Luck.

Foreword—This thrilling narrative comes from the occasional contributor in New Jersey whose fame rests on his well-known stories "How Mike, the Rattlesnake, Flagged the Express," "Polly, the Parrot That Raised

the Mortgage," and "How Betsy Raised Hops in a German Beer Garden," says the New York Herald. It is believed that this story is even truer than the others:

Caldwell, N. J., Sunday.—Rush Gibbons, 12-year-old son of William Gibbons, a truck farmer of Fairfield, recently found a dog lying beside the turnpike. The animal was crying and whining as if in great pain, and Gib-

bons, who loves all dumb creatures, especially dogs, discovered that the animal's right foreleg was broken. The dog apparently had been struck by an automobile.

Gibbons took the dog home in his arms and placed the broken limb in splints. He nursed the poor animal back to health and soon it was as frisky as ever. His parents demurred at first, but finally allowed the boy to keep his pet, the dog earning his keep by driving away tramps and frequently preventing thefts of fruit and

vegetables. Things, however, did not prosper with the Gibbons family. The elder Gibbons declared that the dog was a Jonah.

"He has brought us hard luck," said Mr. Gibbons to the boy, "and he must go."

Rush took the dog behind the barn and then cried as if his heart would break. But it was not to be that the dog must leave the farm.

The family was at dinner when the dog scratched at the screen door and the boy hurried to let the Jonah in.