NIGHT FIGHTS FOR LIFE OF ST. LOUIS POLICEMEN.

Officer "Dick" Delaney's Desperate Struggle With a Drink-Crazed Madman.

Officer "Dick" Bunting's Star Stopped a Bullet Fired at His Heart.

Officers Richard Bunting and Richard Delaney are known among the patrolmen of the Fourth District as the "two Dicks." They are in charge of what is known as the office beat, and are on hand for any emergency call received through the station at Seventh and Carr streets. Delaney recently performed the feat of climbing a telegraph pole to secure a turkey which roosted on one of the cross-poles. He was appointed to the force August 21, 1899, and during his comparatively short term of service has had his share of exciting experiences. He was formerly in the Sixth District, but was transferred to the Fourth early last spring. He is of slight build, but, nevertheless, is possessed of considerable strength, and is extremely fleet of foot.

Officer Bunting has been a member of the force since September, 1896. For nearly three years he walked a beat in the "bad lands," in the vicinity of Twelfth and High streets, and has engaged in more than one desperate encounter.

"Then I suddenly threw up my arm and fired two shots in the air in rapid succession."

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

"My first six months as a policeman were spent in the Sixth District in North St. Louis," said Officer Delaney. "I had been up there about four months when I had an experience which came near putting me off duty for good. I still have scars on my right leg and knee, which are the marks left by the teeth of a strong man, who at the time was drink crazed.

"On the night of December 17, 1899, I was standing on the corner of Twentieth and Penrose streets. It was after 11 o'clock and I was waiting to be relieved. Suddenly I heard shouts of 'Watch! Help!' which were succeeded by a sort of half-choking cry. The sounds came from a house at No. 4139 North Twentieth street, and I ran through a narrow passage and mounted a flight of steps in the rear to the second floor. Inside I saw a man choking a woman who had fallen to her knees, and who was almost unconscious. I forced him to loosen his grip on the woman, who was his wife. He then seemed to see me for the first time, and said 'Hello, what do you want here?' I could see from his strange actions, and the wild look in his eyes that he was demented. I afterwards learned that he was suffering from delirium tremens. He was a tailor, Adam Krauss by name. He was very strong and a much larger and older man than I was. Added to this he had the strength of an insane man, and I felt that something would be 'doing,' and that right soon. For a moment he stared at me and then with an awful curse on his lips sprang at me. The attack was so sudden that I had no time to get out of the way. I grappled with him and we fought around the room, he cursing and struggling desperately. Finally we lurched through the door in the rear and fell together to the floor of the porch in the rear.

"It was a fight for life with me, for I weighed at the time only 148 pounds, and the man was evidently doing his best to kill me. Fortunately he had no weapons. As we fell together he sank his teeth in my right thigh, through my clothes and underclothes, and repeatedly bit me. I managed to grasp a short thick rubber billy which hung suspended from a thong at my wrist. I brought this down heavily on his head and face, striking with all the force I could muster. I rained blows upon his face, but he still held on with a grip like a bulldog, frothing at the mouth and cursing me through his clenched teeth. Finally, from the sheer force and number of the blows, his head sank, and he rolled over, as I thought, unconscious. I recovered myself and stood up. I was nearly fagged out and was so breathless that I could not speak. As I was contemplating my torn clothes and bleeding leg, I heard a snarl, and in a moment we were at it again. This time he bit through the flesh at my right knee, completely severing the tendons. I started in again with the club and struck him several hard blows, but they failed to knock him out. While we had been fighting thus we had gradually rolled toward the steps which led to the yard in the rear of the place, and now down these we rolled—he fighting, scratching, snarling and biting, while I was using my billy the best I knew how. First he would be under and then I, and when we reached the brick floor of the yard we rolled all over it.

"At one time I thought that I was in a pretty tight box. We had rolled around until we were under the steps. By a sudden movement he twisted about until he lay on top of me. We were both so closely wedged in under the steps that I could not raise him from me. As we lay there I could see plainly his drink-inflamed eyes, and feel his hot breath. He snarled like a dog, and made several efforts to bite me in the face. He would duck his head toward me, but every time I threw my head aside by a quick movement and I could hear his teeth click together as his jaws met.

"I think I must have been nearly gone then. I remember that I determined to make one more effort. I brought up both my hands and gripped his throat. I twisted his throat with all my strength, at the same time pushing his head to one side. The effort succeeded, and he rolled off. I was once more on top and again began the club play. We fought all around the yard again and in some way which I can never explain I forced him through the passage to the street. My billy had failed to knock him out and he was even more full of fight than ever. We fought out in the street, and I finally forced him back to the curb."

"I crowded him against the wall of the house and gained a moment's respite. Reaching around under my coat, which had been torn open, I drew my revolver. I would have been justified in shooting, but I hated to do it. Nevertheless, I determined that, if the struggle continued much longer, that I would shoot. Then I suddenly threw up my right arm and fired two shots in the air in quick succession. Officer William Aylward, a young officer, who is now in this district, was attracted by the shots and came to my assistance. Meanwhile Krauss had renewed the struggle. Aylward took in the situation at a glance and asked me what the trouble was. He took a hand in the struggle and I dropped back. I tried to answer him, but my wind was completely gone and I could only gasp. Anyway I hardly think he would have heard as Krauss was giving him about all the excitement he needed. Well, they fought for a few minutes pretty desperately, and then a well-directed blow from Aylward's club knocked Krauss insensible. We took him to the police station, and then I turned my attention to my wounds. I was unable to walk and was taken in an ambulance to the North End dispensary. There it was found that the skin and flesh from my right thigh down nearly to my knee was badly lacerated, and the doctor in charge grafted back the skin which had been torn loose. The tendons at my right knee were completely severed, and the doctor said that he feared that I would always be lame. I was pretty weak for a few days, but I soon recovered."

"Krauss was a very desperate man. A week before the incident occurred which I have related he was arrested by Officers Pat Quinlan and Charley Hewitt for being desperately intoxicated. They were compelled to beat him with their clubs before he would submit to arrest. Then they called an ambulance to convey him to the dispensary. When the ambulance arrived Hewitt stepped in first, followed by the prisoner. Quinlan stepped in last and locked the rear doors of the ambulance. He was standing in a half-stooping posture and did not observe Krauss. The latter drew back his knees and suddenly shot forth his feet, which caught Quinlan in the pit of the stomach. Well, you can imagine the force of the blow, for Quinlan toppled backward through the locked doors and into the street, where, for the next few minutes he was occupied in exhibitions that would have done credit to a contortionist, bent nearly double and with his hands pressed to his injured anatomy.

"Had it not been for my star, which stopped a bullet from entering my heart one night," said Officer Bunting, "I hardly think that I would be here talking to you to-day. A bullet was fired from a revolver in the hands of a desperate man and would surely have killed me if it had not been for star No. 954, which I was wearing on my vest at the time.

"The shooting occurred about 10 o'clock, the night of March 11, 1898. I was off duty and was riding downtown in a Washington avenue car, accompanied by my wife. When we stopped at Twelfth street and Washington avenue I saw a woman run out of a house on the north side of Washington avenue, near the corner. She was followed by a man who leveled a revolver at her and fired two or three shots. The woman fell screaming to the sidewalk and I jumped off the car and ran to the scene. I was not in uniform at the time, but wore my star on my vest under my coat and overcoat. When the man saw me he turned and ran back into the house. I gave chase, and he started up a flight of stairs. I followed, and he turned and fired two shots at me. Both bullets struck the wall immediately beside me. He continued his flight, and I followed, about one flight of stairs behind. In this way we both mounted to the third floor. He had the advantage of me, and before we reached the top floor fired two more shots, but his aim was bad and the bullets flew wide.

"When he reached the top floor he wriggled through a small square door, about three feet square, into a garret. I was at the door a moment later. I peered in, but all was quiet. Without hesitating, I started to enter through the door, and had barely crept through when bang went his revolver. He was standing within two feet of me, so near, in fact, that the powder nearly burnt me. I felt something strike me with so much force that I reeled back.

"In a moment I recovered and, finding that I was not seriously hurt, drew my revolver. I had located the man by the flash of his revolver, and now I jumped forward and brought down my gun on his head. He was full of fight, and I had to beat him into insensibility before I could get him out of that garret. I took him to the station, and when we were inside opened my coat to see whether I had been wounded by the bullet. I opened my overcoat and undercoat in turn. As I threw open the undercoat, exposing the star on my vest, two objects dropped and rolled on the floor. They were picked up and proved to be the bullet which I had felt strike me, and the seal of my star, which had been shot off. The bullet had pierced the two coats and was in direct line for my heart when it struck the star.

"On every policeman's star there is the round seal of the State of Missouri on a raised portion in the center, about half an inch in diameter. The bullet had struck this with such force as to knock it loose from the star. Its force was then spent, and I did not know what had happened me until the bullet fell to the floor at the station. The man who fired the shots was John Barkendorf, a notorious police character. For some reason he was discharged in the Police Court and escaped punishment."

"He was standing within two feet of me, so near, in fact, that the powder nearly burnt me."

SERGEANT McGLYNN IN RANGE OF ANOTHER POLICEMAN'S BULLETS.

Danger Came in Assisting at an Arrest.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Sergeant McGlynn, who has charge of the third precinct of the Fourth Police District, has been connected with the Police Department for the past ten years. The earlier part of this period was spent at the police headquarters. Upon the reorganization of the districts three years ago, he was assigned to his present position.

"About the hardest knocks I ever received," said Sergeant McGlynn, "was during the recent street-car strike. I was stationed at the police barracks in the old City Hall for a time, and later was on duty on the South Side, where the feeling against the street-car men was very intense for a time.

"One day in June I was standing on the corner of Twelfth street and Geyer avenue. Very few cars could be run in that part of town and whenever one of them passed it was the signal for a large crowd to assemble and oppose the passage of the cars. Besides myself, there was only one other man stationed in the immediate neighborhood, and we were two against a thousand. The day I mentioned there was an unusually large demonstration, and we attempted to drive back the crowd with our clubs. After a few minutes of this sort of fighting we saw that we could not accomplish any good in this way. Drawing our revolvers we 'covered' the whole crowd and gradually forced them back. To do this, however, we were compelled to thrust our guns into the very faces of the foremost of the crowd, and narrowly escaped several heavy missiles which were thrown at us. Suddenly there was a commotion in the rear of the crowd. It seems that a special officer dressed in citizen's clothes had attempted to place a man under arrest. The crowd interfered and the man broke away from the officer and ran south on Twelfth street, where he entered a store. The detective gave chase and the other officer and myself ran east on Geyer avenue and turned up the alley to cut off the fugitive's escape from the rear. In the rear of the store was a little court, and we stopped and blocked the entrance. Just then the back door of the store flew open and the man we were after ran out, followed by a bullet from the pursuing officer's revolver. The bullet came unpleasantly near us, and we were figuratively between two fires. The officer came running through the store and fired two more shots. We were compelled to stand in the entrance, however, and risk the possibility of being struck or take our chances on letting the man escape. When the man reached us he stumbled and fell, but, still being full of fight, it was necessary for us to give him a few taps to subdue him. When we picked him up we found that the detective's aim had been very accurate. He had aimed at the lower part of the man's body and the two last shots had taken effect, one in the fleshy part of each leg. At no time were we in danger from any shots fired by the prisoner, but it was rather unpleasant to stand there and take chances on being shot by another policeman."

"ELEANOR," MRS. HUMPHREY WARD'S NEW NOVEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

One of the best novels of the year is Mrs. Humphry Ward's new book, "Eleanor." It is a stronger story than her "Robert Elsmere." Mrs. Ward has written with a pen touched by the warmth and beauty of Italy. The romance of centuries of life on vine-covered hills, in marbled palaces, and among the treasures of the world's art has somehow penetrated the warp and woof of the story.

This is the setting of a story about English men and women and an American girl. Mrs. Ward's characters are never commonplace, and they are unusual, indeed, in "Eleanor." (Harper & Bros.)

One pities Eleanor, the sweet, frail, intellectual woman of the world, in her tragic and desperate effort to find just a little happiness in life, but after all Lucy is the heroine of the story. This American girl, with her austerity, her sweet reasonableness, her strong convictions and her great devotion to all that is held to be love and truth is Eleanor's rival, a suffering and innocent one, and firmly resolved not to be a successful one. The girl and the woman cannot help their friendship and their unpremeditated rivalry. It was Manisty himself who called it "inevitable."

Lucy Foster goes to visit those English people of class in their villa near Rome. Her rich Boston cousins had entertained the Manistys in America, when the famous writer and statesman, accompanied by his aunt, had made a tour of America. Thus it is that the leading characters are brought together, the American girl, crude, yet to be brought to such beautiful development, the brilliant, intense, inconsistent and famous Edward Manisty, and Eleanor, charming, sweet and delicate, Manisty's distant cousin.

Further along in the book comes Father Benecke, a German priest, who was afterward excommunicated, a dear soul, learned and devoted, a taking figure in his white hair and simple manner. Ah! Father Benecke is a master creation!

Mrs. Ward has told this story with all the charm of her cultivated, artistic style. She is adept in expressing much in little, and the reader is borne along on the current of the record of these very real people in constant delight with the surroundings which the author has arranged. Her characters are strong and delicate minded, human and good mannered. All the delicacies, the shades of meaning, and the delights of description gathered into one sheaf in this book may not be even touched upon in a review. The end of the story comes naturally. It seemed inevitable that the fair young American girl should know happiness, and that the fair Eleanor should achieve a conquest over herself, a subtle conquest, yet none the less real. Poor Eleanor! She was destined not to know happiness save by glimpses, by deviations, and by the great power of renunciation. Poor, triumphant Eleanor, perhaps hers was the better fate, even if Lucy was left in all the glow of her glorious womanhood to a joy that was like the rose, with a thorn beneath.

Italy and Rome have laid hold of Mrs. Ward and compelled her to acknowledge its power. Witness the description of the Pope's Mass at St. Peter's at Easter time. The party from the Manisty Villa are all there. Here is how they made their way through the strenuous crowd to their seats:

"On they hurried, borne along with the human current through passages and corridors, part of a laughing, pushing, chatting crowd, containing all the types that throng the Roman streets—English and American tourists, Irish or German or English priests, monks, white and brown, tall girls who wore their black veils with an evident delight in the new setting thus given to their fair hair and brilliant skin, beside older women to whom, on the contrary, the dress has given a kind of unwonted repose and quietness of look, as though, for once they dared to be themselves in it, and gave up the struggle with the years.

"Reggie Brooklyn maintained a lively chatter all the time, mostly at Manisty's expense. Eleanor Burgoyne first laughed at his sallies, then gently turned her head in a pause of the general advance and searched the crowd pressing at their heels. Lucy's eyes followed hers, and there far behind, carried forward passively in a brown study, losing ground slightly, whenever it was possible, was Manisty. The fine significant face was turned a little upward; the eyes were full of thoughts; he was at once the slave of the crowd, and its master.

"And across Eleanor's expression—unseen—there passed the slightest, subtlest flash of tenderness and pride. She knew and understood him—she alone!

"Lucy found the three hours' wait but a moment * * * 'A quarter to 11,' said Manisty, with a yawn, looking at his watch. 'Ah! listen!'

"He sprang to his feet. In an instant half the occupants of Tribune D were on their chairs, Lucy and Eleanor among them. A roar came up the church—passionate—indescribable. Lucy held her breath.

"There—there he is—the old man! Caught in a great shaft of sunlight striking from south to north, across the church, and just touching the chapel of the Holy Sacrament—the Pope emerges. The white figure, high above the crowd, sways from side to side; the hand upraised gives the benediction. Fragile, spiritual as is the apparition, the sunbeam refines, subtilizes, spiritualizes it still more. It hovers like a dream above the vast multitudes—surely no living man!—but thought, history, faith taking shape; the passion of many hearts is revealed. Up rushes the roar towards the tribunes. * * *

"Lucy alone—the alien and Puritan Lucy—Lucy surrenders herself completely. She betrays nothing, save by the slightly parted lips and the flutter of the black veil fastened on her breast, but it is as though her whole inner being were dissolving, melting away, in the flame of the moment. It is her first contact with decisive central things, her first taste of the great world-play, as Europe has known it and taken part in it, at least since Charles the Great.

"Yet, as she looks, within the visible scene, there opens another: the porch of a plain shingled house, her uncle sitting within it, his pipe and his newspaper on his knee, sunning himself in the April morning. She breathes the atmosphere of the house; its stern independence and simplicities. Then, in a proud timidity—as one who feels herself an alien and on sufferance—she hangs again upon the incomparable scene. This is St. Peter's; there is the dome of Michael Angelo; and here, advancing toward her amid the red of the Cardinals, the clatter of the guards, the tossing of the flabellae, as though looking at her alone—the two waxen fingers raised for her alone—is the white-robed triple-crowned Pope.

"She threw herself upon the sight with passion, trying to penetrate and possess it; and it baffled her, passed her by. Some force of resistance within her cried out to it that she was not its subject—rather its enemy! And august, unheeding, the great pageant swept on. Close, close to her now! Down they sink, the crowd upon the chairs; the heads fall like corn before the wind. Lucy is bending, too. The papal chair borne on the shoulders of the guards is now but a few feet distant; vaguely she wonders that the old man keeps his balance, as he clings with one frail hand to the arm of the chair, rises incessantly—and blesses with the other. She catches the very look and meaning of the eye, the sharp, long line of the closed and toothless jaw. Spirit and specter; embodying the Past, bearing the clew to the Future. * * *

"One more moment there was, very different from the great moment of the entry, yet beautiful. The mass is over, and a temporary platform has been erected between the confession and the nave. The Pope has been placed upon it, and is about to chant the Apostolic Benediction.

"The old man is within thirty feet of Manisty, who sits nearest the barrier. The red Cardinal holding the service book, the group of guards, clergy and high officials, every detail of the Pope's gorgeous dress, nay, every line of the wrinkled face and fleshless hands, Lucy's eyes command them all. The quavering voice rises into the sudden silence of St. Peter's. Fifty thousand people hush every movement, strain their ears to listen.

"Ah, how weak it is! Surely the effort is too great for a frame so enfeebled, so ancient. It should not be exacted—allowed. Lucy's ears listen painfully for the inevitable break. But no—the Pope draws a long sigh—the sigh of weakness ('Ah, poverettol' says a woman close to Lucy, in a transport of pity)—then once more attempts the chant—sighs again—and sings. Lucy's face softens and glows; her eyes fill with tears. Nothing more touching, more triumphant, than this weakness and this perseverance. Fragile, indomitable face beneath the papal crown! Under the eyes of fifty thousand people the Pope sighs like a child, because he is weak and old, and the burden of his office is great; but in sighing, keeps a perfect simplicity, dignity, courage. Not a trace of stoical concealment; but also not a trace of flinching. He sings to the end, and St. Peter's listens in a tender hush.

GRAMMAR BY RULE.

THE master who gives his pupils "simple rules" for determining questions which confront them, and particularly grammatical questions, is apt to find that such rules frequently disastrously fail to fit all cases, says an English exchange.

Once an examiner was questioning the pupils of a country school. He wrote on the blackboard the sentence, "The fly has wings," and asked a class what part of speech each word was.

They passed the "the" without any trouble.

"What part of speech is 'fly'?"

"Adverb!" shouted all the class in unison.

"What? Fly an adverb?"

"Yessir!" shouted the boys with great positiveness.

"What makes you think it is an adverb?"

"Cause the master told us last week that all words that end in "ly" are adverbs."

The Protected Cruiser St. Louis Is to Be Imposing.

Since the beginning of the "New Navy," the United States has steadily advanced in warship construction until at the present time she is recognized as one of the great naval Powers. Instead of following in the wake of foreign nations, they now seek and follow American ideas. The size of the United States Navy has not increased in the same proportion as those of the other Powers, but in design, material, equipment and efficiency it is the equal, if not the superior, of any navy in the world. This result is due, to a great extent, to the ability and energy of Rear Admiral Philip Hichborn, Chief Constructor of the Navy and Chief of the Bureau of Construction and Repair. When the "New Navy" was in its infancy, and some time before he was appointed to this arduous position, his counsel and advice was sought, and his knowledge of the requirements for naval vessels is plainly proven in the designs of some of the early warships. The latest products are the fourteen vessels for which bids will be opened within three months, consisting of five battleships of about 16,000 tons displacement, six armored cruisers of about 15,000 tons displacement, and the three protected cruisers of about 10,000 tons displacement. The protected cruisers named the St. Louis, Milwaukee and Charleston (the latter to continue the name of the 3,700-ton vessel wrecked November 2, 1899, off Kamiguin Island in the Philippine group), are the most formidable of their class in the world. In fact, so close do they approach the type of second-class armored cruisers that they might easily be mistaken for such. In an engagement they would prove themselves a match for some of the armored cruisers of other navies. A comparison of their principal data with that of the British Monmouth class will demonstrate their value:

United States.

St. Louis, Milwaukee and Charleston—Length on L. W. L., 424 feet; breadth, extreme, 66 feet; trial displacement, 9,700 tons; mean draft at normal displacement, 23 feet 6 inches; engines, twinscrew, one-horse power, 21,000; speed, 22 knots; normal coal supply, 650 tons; coal bunker capacity, 1,500 tons.

Armament: 14 6-inch rapid-fire guns; 18 14-pound rapid-fire guns; 12 2-pound rapid-fire guns; 4 1-pound automatic; 8 1-pound rapid-fire guns; 2 3-inch rapid-fire field guns; 2 machine guns, 30 caliber; 8 automatic guns, 30 caliber.

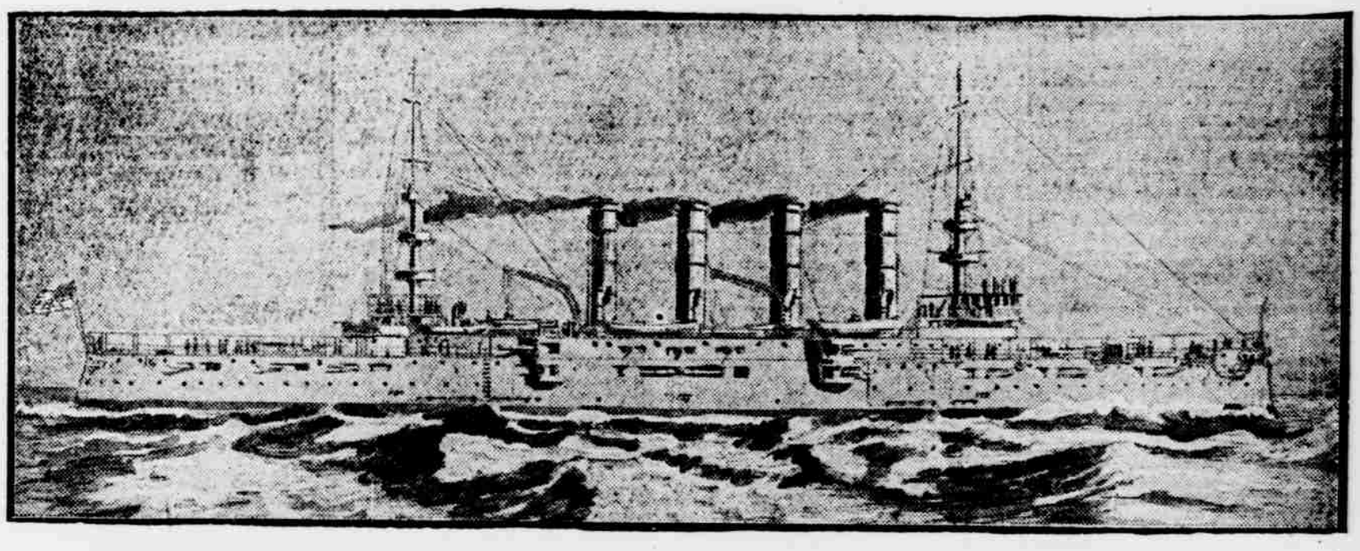
Protection: Main side armour, 4 inches; lower casemate armor, 4 inches; upper, 4 inches; 6-inch gun protection, 4 inches; conning tower and shield, 5 inches; signal tower, 4 inches; splinter bulkheads, 2 inches; protective deck, 2½ inches.

Great Britain.

Monmouth, Essex, Kent, Bedford—Length of L. W. L., 440 feet; breadth, extreme, 66 feet; trial displacement 9,800 tons; mean draft at normal displacement 24 feet 6 inches; engines, twin screw, one-horse power, 22,000; speed, 23 knots; normal coal supply, 850 tons; coal bunker capacity, 1,600 tons.

Armament: 4 6-inch rapid-fire guns in turrets; 10 6-inch rapid-fire guns in casemates; 10 12-pound rapid-fire guns; 2 2-pound rapid-fire guns; 8 machine guns.

Protection: Main side armor, 4 inches tapering to 2 inches at bow; conning tower and shield, 4 inches; protective deck, 2 decks, 1¾ inches and ¾ inches.



THE FORTHCOMING CRUISER ST. LOUIS, AS IT APPEARS IN THE BUILDER'S DRAWINGS.

The act authorizing the "St. Louis" class states that these vessels shall carry "the most powerful ordnance for vessels of their class and to have the highest speed compatible with good cruising qualities and great radius of action"; all these qualifications have been embodied in the design for these vessels. The general appearance of these cruisers suggests that trite quotation: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." "Beauty" and "joy" applied to these vessels mean easy lines, graceful exterior, speed and the ability to sustain that prestige upon the sea which has been maintained by the navy of the Republic since its origin.

The main deck of these cruisers is supplemented amidships with a covered superstructure, within which are located four 6-inch rapid-fire guns and six fourteen-pounder rapid-fire guns. Outside the superstructure are two more 6-inch rapid-fire guns, located on the center line, one forward and the other aft. On the gun deck the greater portion of the battery is located, consisting of eight 6-inch rapid-fire guns, twelve 14-pound rapid-fire guns, and four 1-pound rapid-fire guns. Sixteen rapid-fire guns are stationed on the superstructure deck and bridges, and the remainder of the battery is located in the fighting tops of the two military masts. Additional platforms are built upon the masts to accommodate the two searchlights. Electric ammunition hoists are designed to supply the guns with the greatest rapidity, making it possible to hurl against an enemy a broadside of about twelve tons of metal per minute.

The four lofty smokestacks, extending to a height of 76 feet 6 inches above the normal load water line, provide draft for the sixteen straight water tubular boilers, located in four water-tight compartments, and, together with the engines, protected by the side armor, sloping deck armor and a twelve-foot coal bunker

The inner bottom of these vessels extends to the under side of the protective deck, above the protective deck a cellulose cofferdam thirty inches wide and forty-one inches above the normal load water line, extended throughout the length of the vessel.

In the construction and equipment of the "St. Louis" class as small a quantity as possible of wood is to be used, and wherever used is to be electric fireproofed. Each vessel of this class is fitted to accommodate a flag officer and staff, in conjunction with the regular complement. In commission the number of officers will be thirty-nine and the crew will number 525 men, for which are provided sixteen boats, ranging from a 36-foot steam cutter to a 16-foot dinghy, and in addition to these, two 12-foot punts and two life rafts will be carried. These boats are stowed in chocks on the superstructure deck and swung out by four cranes.

All the latest and best improvements in construction and equipment are to be provided for the accommodation and comfort of the officers and crew.