

# Russia's Monster Battleship Built in America

WHEN the Russian unfurls the blue cross of St. Andrew on its field of milky white over the taffrail of the Retvizan, a few weeks hence, he will possess the greatest battleship, in many respects, of which any navy can now boast. To find out if all this is so, the Cramps, who created the vessel, are ready to take it to sea for a preliminary trial, which promises to be of world-wide interest.

This ship, more than any other that is even approaching completion, embodies every development of the monster man-of-war which had for its first model Ericsson's tiny monitor; and the czar's officers, who have watched it grow from the simple center keel plate, smile now and are impatient to exhibit their prize to naval Europe.

A battleship of nearly 13,000 tons that can run as swiftly as an ordinary accommodation train on a first-class railroad, that will house nearly 800 men, and which, at a distance of ten or a dozen miles, can hurl 3,400 pounds of chilled steel and high explosive against an enemy from the four great guns that peer out of turrets of steel that resemble in shape nothing so much as the skull of an orang outang—elliptical balanced turrets, the plans call them—that is the Retvizan.

Warship builders the world over knew that the czar wanted ships a few years ago and all figured on how best to please the imperial marine ministry. But the czar not only wanted vessels—he wanted them of a type vastly improved, and, moreover, he wanted them quick. Then it was that Charles H. Cramp figured out the possibilities, first of the Varieg, now the crack protected cruiser of the Russian navy, and, second, of the Retvizan.

It was the latter which needed the most figuring. To build a ship of the speed required, displacing approximately 13,000 tons—12,775 to be exact—and float it in less than twenty-six feet of water, was the proposition, and its answer is the huge craft now about to seek the sea to try itself. The hull, which carries the typical sweeping American lines that mean grace and speed, is 384 feet long between perpendiculars and 72 feet 2½ inches wide, and, as it lies now, there is nine inches of Krupp armor spread over

the massive sides for two-thirds the entire length. Above this belt there is six inches to the deck line, the gun positions, in casemates above, have five inches of plating. Back of the armor is the curved protective deck, which covers the vitals of the ship. To keep out any stray raking shot that might go through and disable a gun or two,

believe that the indicated horsepower developed will be much in excess of the requirements and that the speed will be nearer nineteen than eighteen knots.

When the Russians accept a ship there is no chance of their getting anything but what they order. A United States government trial, severe as it is, when the

cramped proving course off the New England coast is only fifty knots long and that Uncle Sam's ships steam it over twice to prove their merit, the difficulty of having deep sea room enough to run a vessel twelve hours on a stretch and all the time at eighteen knots an hour must be evident.

But there is a way to overcome this difficulty. The modern battleship is nothing if not a piece of machinery, and machinery well geared, like figures correctly totaled, never lie. So they will run the Retvizan over the measured course, and, knowing the exact distance from mark to mark, will keep a record of the revolutions of the big twin screws until the time comes when a carefully measured space is covered exactly at the required speed.

Then the time will be ripe for the main test, and for twelve hours the ship will be forced onward over a course laid anywhere in the sea that gives the required area of deep water, and throughout the revolutions of the propellers must average at least up to the turns that were found necessary to make the contract speed.

The coming first trial of the big battleship is called a preliminary or builders' test, but it is much more interesting and far more important than the final acceptance trial of twelve hours, for it really shows the qualities of the ship for the first time and in addition every gun will be tested, a feature totally eliminated from United States war-ship trials. Their guns keep silence until long after the vessel is in commission, then the firing trial is ordered.

The Retvizan carries a terrific battery and the big guns are novel to American eyes, for the Russians manufacture all their own heavy ordnance at the Obraikoff works. They are really a modification of the famous French Canon type and have practically the same style of breech block and, like all such weapons, are fired by electricity and loaded by machinery, except for the pushing of the shell into the yawning breach.

There are four 12-inch, twelve 6-inch and twenty 3-inch guns in the main battery, while the secondary group is made up of twenty 47-millimeter Hotchkiss rapid-fire cannon. Every one of these has to be tested, not because the Russians fear the inefficiency of the guns themselves, but to enable them to learn just

how the carriages and the fittings stand the strain and also what sort of a gun platform the vessel is.

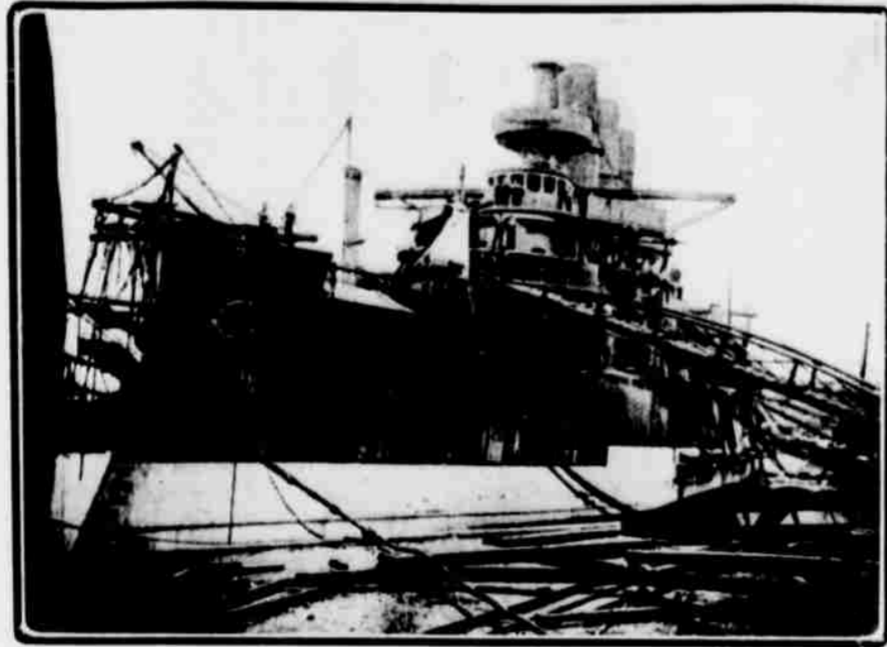
Therefore the Cramps will man the ship with a crew from their yards, all of them skilled engineers and firemen, and Captain Stechensnovitch, the future commander, will take aboard gun crews made up from the 100 or more men who are here as a part of the crew that will take the ship home.

Once compasses are adjusted the nose of the Retvizan will be pointed out of the Delaware capes to the open sea and it will be run slowly to the deep water that is just beyond the Five Fathom banks, perhaps sixteen miles off shore. Then, between the northeast and southwest, light vessels of the bank, known to be just eleven and a quarter knots apart, the first speed run will be made and when all is found satisfactory a northeast course will carry the vessel far away from the track of any regular liners or coasters and the swarthy Russian sailors will be given their chance to participate in the affair.

This they will do by firing each gun at nothing but the water, first with half a service charge of powder and then with the regular war charge and projectile. The effects of each shot on every plate, beam and stanchion will be noted, for the great guns use 210 pounds of the highest power smokeless powder to hurl their 850 pounds pointed cylinders of steel, and the crush and shock of such a discharge is little less than a small earthquake.

There is one thing sure in connection with the Retvizan. It will never catch fire. The lessons of the Yalu river, Manila bay and Santiago are too deeply rooted in the minds of the Russians to permit them to use wood in any form in the construction of their ships. So it has asbestos bulkheads in all the living spaces and the entire interior is sheathed with the same fireproof material. Even its boats will be of metal, a step which has not been taken by the United States yet, though the newer ships have precious little wood about them.

It will be only a few days before the world will know whether this \$3,000,000 combination of steel is a success or a failure, and if it proves the test, as everybody believes it will, then the world must bow, for the era of the eighteen-knot battleship has come.



BOW AND FIGHTING TOPS OF THE RETVIZAN JUST BEFORE COMPLETION.

heavy armored bulkheads are worked in at the ends of the main and casemate belts.

This is the first battleship built in this country with a complete installation of water tube boilers. This was one of the novel features involved in the Cramp plan and all the machinery is particularly adapted to this type of boiler. They will make the steam that will give the two ponderous triple expansion engines the power to whirl the shafts with the strength of 16,000 horses. Then the twin 25,000-pound propellers will be called upon to push the ship ahead at the rate of eighteen knots an hour, though it would be hard to find a man at Cramps who does not

vessel is forced at top speed over the deep course between Cape Ann and Cape Porpoise for four hours, would never satisfy the czar's men. They have a set of tests of their own devising that if practiced on all the ships of foreign navies would likely result in half of them being declared failures.

First, they want no assisted or forced draught used; next, they insist that the vessel shall maintain the contract speed for twelve consecutive hours, and, incidentally, they stand about to watch the indicator cards and see that it is done. When it is considered that the United States gov-



A little peach in an orchard grew,  
A little peach of emerald hue.

That little peach dawned on the view  
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue.

John took a bite and Sue took a chew,  
And then the trouble began to brew.

Under the turf where the daisies grew  
They planted John and his sister Sue.

EUGENE FIELD'S LITTLE PEACH POEM ILLUSTRATED FOR THE BEE BY A STAFF ARTIST—POSES BY CHILDREN OF ALFRED MORRIS.

## Short Strange and True Stories About People

JOHN FOX of Milltown, New Brunswick, N. J., has reached the conclusion that a man can get along just as well without arms as with them if he will but make up his mind to do so. Fox is the mail carrier at Milltown—a position which he held since he lost his arms in a mill accident thirty-two years ago. He has a hook fastened to the stump of each of his arms and with these he can do more than many men who have the use of their arms and hands.

Fox is the champion fisherman of Milltown. He can bait his own hook and cast his line. He can reel in any fish that inhabits Milltown waters. When asked if he had any trouble taking a fish off the hook, he replied that it was not half as much trouble as getting him on. Fox also cultivates a small patch of ground adjoining his house. He can drive a horse to the plow, holding the plow in position with a rope thrown over his shoulders and guiding the reins by the hook arms. He is also an accurate shot, being able to bring a bird or rabbit down with a shotgun. He cuts his own supply of firewood with a bucksaw.

Fox is also an accomplished mechanic. He has constructed without aid a large cider press. He cut out every part, bored the holes for the bolts and fitted the

various parts together without the least difficulty. He is now 72 years of age.

Speaking of how he gets along, the old man said: "Anybody can get along without his arms if he has to. Every time I row, fish, hunt or plow I find a better way to do it and it continually grows easier to get along."

Appraisers appointed by the administrators of the estate of Jacob S. Rogers are proceeding with their work as quickly as possible. The market value of the bonds and stocks in round figures is \$4,700,000. The interest of the estate in the Rogers locomotive works is valued at \$437,000, and there is \$480,000 cash in different banks and financial institutions in New York City. This makes a total of \$5,667,000 of personal property. To this must be added the value of the real estate in various states. One piece of property in New York City could be sold for \$200,000. The real estate in New Jersey is valued at \$350,000.

It will be several months before the estate can be wound up, and much of the personal property will increase in value and earnings. From the total must be subtracted \$250,000 in legacies provided for in the will and the cost of administration and contest.

On a fair estimate it appears that the Art

Museum will receive somewhat more than \$6,000,000 in cash and real estate.

Newport is on the eve of a circus, one out of the ordinary, in that it will be a society affair and will be attended only by members of the fashionable colony. It is called "The Oelrichs Circus," in that it will be given by Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and will take place on the Oelrichs' estate on the Cliffs. It will be the first affair of the kind ever given in Newport and several surprises are in store for those who are to attend.

Mrs. Oelrichs has carefully guarded the features of the show, except that it has been announced that Harry Lehr is to be the ringmaster. A huge tent has been erected on the lawn at Rose Cliff and everything that goes with a circus will be there, even to the side show. A ring has been built and a circus band has been imported for the occasion.

The artists, as far as known, have been secured out of town, but it is understood that special acts will be introduced by members of the cottage colony. There will be no tickets sold to this circus and a squad of policemen will be on hand to see that no outsiders crawl under the tent.

There is a strange society at the Cook county jail known as the John L. Whitman Improvement association and last Satur-

day the organization had an election to fill the place of James W. Beaman. Beaman was the committeeman in charge of the third tier of cells. He was recently convicted of murder in Pullman, but was granted a new trial and secured his release on bail.

Two candidates appeared to fill his place. They were Harry Bowden, charged with the murder of Hugh O'Neil at 2815 Calumet avenue, and Edward Forshay a theatrical man, who killed his wife in West Madison street.

When the ballots were counted there were just nineteen for each candidate.

Up in murderers' row was a prisoner who had not voted. He was George Dolinski, condemned to death. He was appealed to and consented to cast the deciding vote. It was for Forshay. Thus this singular election was settled.

These men, standing in the shadow of death, seem to take a grim pleasure in electing each other to positions in the Improvement association and they canvass for votes with all the interest of a political ward boss.

Senator William B. Allison of Iowa has a better memory for figures and faces than for overcoats, relates the Green Bag. Two years ago when President McKinley passed through Iowa he was met at the edge of

the state by Senator Allison, Governor Shaw and other prominent people. The governor was accompanied by his servant, William Coalson, a colored man with a remarkable memory for hats, overcoats and other articles of wearing apparel.

It was in the fall and the day was rather chilly. When the train reached Cedar Rapids and the program called for a short stop there was a general scramble for overcoats. Coalson brought out a coat for Senator Allison, but the senator refused to wear it.

"That's not mine," he declared, and that ended the matter. A member of the party proffered an overcoat and the senator hurried uptown and made a purchase at a clothing store.

In the meantime Coalson was searching high and low over the car for the lost coat. Finding no trace of it and spying the one which the leader of the senate had rejected, a happy thought struck him.

He began to search through the pockets in hope of finding a clue. In an inside pocket he found some cards. He pulled them out and there in a plain script was the name:

"William B. Allison."  
The president indulged in a hearty laugh when the joke was told him and Senator Allison confessed that it was "on him."