

The Greatest Cruise in History

HAMPTON ROADS, VA.— Battleship races, ship against ship, and squadron against squadron, marked the final leg of the cruise of the Atlantic fleet when the United States armada started from Gibraltar for home. The maneuvers of the fleet, re-enforced by nine warships from home waters, were the most elaborate ever undertaken by United States war vessels. And when the fighting craft cast anchor here February 22, they were in fit condition to steam out to face an enemy.

The program for the reception of the fleet on its return to Hampton Roads was elaborate and worthy of the proud record made by the ships. It practically reversed the program carried out when the fleet sailed.

President Roosevelt, on board the Mayflower, anchored between the Hornet and the USS Oregon, reviewed the fleet as it passed in. Rear Admiral Sperry, the other commanders and executive officers, then went aboard the Mayflower to receive the president's greetings, after which the president in turn visited the flagship of each division and met the assem-

blished officers and six representative sailormen selected from the divisions. The cruise has been a practice trip throughout, but it remained for the final lap to institute the maneuvers and tests planned. The intention was to give the vessels the severest trials at the finish of their long journey, in order that any defects in them might be demonstrated.

In addition to the 16 battleships that composed the fleet, there were the Yankton and Panther, two storeships, and two colliers. These were started ahead from Gibraltar. Before they had negotiated much of the distance westward across the Atlantic they were met by the welcoming fleet sent out from the United States. This consisted of the battleships Maine, New Hampshire, Idaho and Mississippi, the armored cruisers Montana and North Carolina, and the scout cruisers Salem, Birmingham and Chester. When they joined the others it made a fleet of 20 battleships, five powerful cruisers and two smaller fighting craft. As soon as the warships were assembled the real work of the homeward cruise was undertaken. Admiral Sperry had framed

NEW RECORDS FOR SAILING.

None Other to Compare with Achievement of Our Fleet.

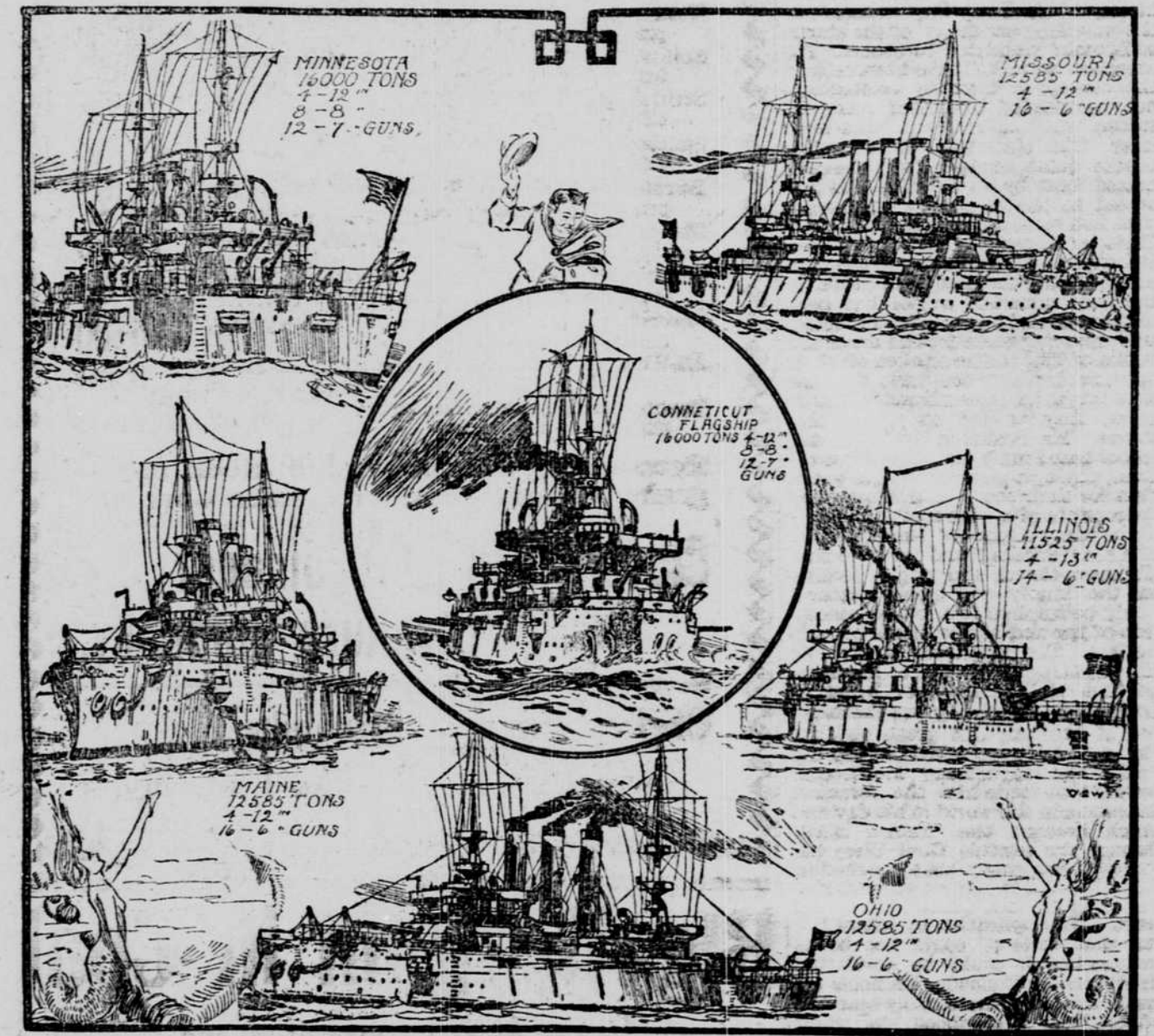
SINCE the famed cruise of the Argonauts of old there have been many famous cruises in history, but none that can compare, either in magnitude of vessels or in length of miles,

an elaborate program, in which all the vessels took part. While the fleet, or the main body of it, joggled along at a pace that brought it into Hampton Roads February 22, the individual ships were put through speed trials and endurance tests. Ships of similar class raced to determine individual excellence, while battleships of different designs were tested one against the other to determine the superiority of style.

There were also races between squadrons, and battle maneuvers, in which squadrons and divisions participated. There also was gunnery practice under practically battle conditions, and new records have been made.

When President Roosevelt gave his first order that the Atlantic fleet should start for its "practice cruise" to the Pacific from Hampton Roads, all the European naval experts on the continent permitted themselves to doubt whether our ships could ever be so ready in time, and whether the long cruise could ever be accomplished without serious disasters. But every English speaking sailorman knew in his heart that the great fleet would be all ready and would start exactly on time, to the minute, as it did.

Had Confidence in Fleet. What is more, we all knew that the great fleet would swing around the



to the great world cruise just finished by our fleet. When Admiral Rojestvensky took his doomed ships from the Baltic to the Sea of Japan, this was heralded to all the world as the greatest armed cruise in history, and so it was up to that time. Yet apart from the singular fact that these Russian fighting ships were foredoomed to disaster, what a miserable achievement it was as compared to the magnificent, resistance, onward sweep of our own fighting ships!

Significant Historical Fact.

To the historian it cannot but appear as a significant fact that all other previous great cruises in history, with the exception of those undertaken by English-speaking sailors, have only resulted in disaster and shame. There was the great cruise of the Spanish armada, for instance, launched against England by Philip II of Spain, which ended in such utter rout and disaster.

Then, there were those ambitious naval projects of the great Napoleon resulting in the famous French cruises

world, looking in at the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, into China and Japan, and back again without the slightest shade of doubt in the soul of any American that the fleet would always acquit itself well and achieve what it set out to do.

This, indeed, is the great thing that has been accomplished by the fleet. For the first time in history the Pacific ocean has been put into commission. This is a great fact, a great achievement, the results of which can never be changed or lost. Henceforth in the world's history the Pacific ocean, which first came into international prominence only with Dewey's great victory in Manila bay and the Japanese victories in their own waters, will loom up in historical importance as did the Mediterranean before Columbus' great cruise opened up the Atlantic.

A better result even than this enviable achievement during the fleet's world cruise, perhaps, is the moral impression made upon the world at large by the majestic appearance and efficiency of our ships while under the eyes of foreign observers.



FORMATION OF THE SQUADRONS.

Ships Grouped According to Resemblance in Tonnage and Type.

THE ships most like each other in tonnage and in type were grouped together during the long voyage in each division. Thus Admiral Sperry's flagship, the Connecticut, steamed together with the Louisiana, Vermont and Kansas, all four our latest achievements in American warship building. The captains of these four ships, respectively, are Osterhaus, Walnwright, Potter and Vreeland.

In the second division of the first squadron were the flagship Georgia, with the New Jersey, Rhode Island and Virginia, commanded respectively by Capt. McCrea, Southerland, Murdoch and Schroeder.

In the first division of the second squadron sailed the flagship Minnesota, with the Ohio, Missouri and Maine, commanded by Capt. Hubbard, Bartlett, Merriam and Harber.

In the second division of the second squadron, i. e., the last division, were the Alabama, with the Illinois, Kearsarge and Kentucky, commanded by

Capt. Veeder, Bowyer, Hutchins and Cowles. These four battleships are all of the type that carries superimposed turret turrets.

The armored cruiser squadron, commanded by Admiral Sorens, comprised the original "big four," the Tennessee, California, Nebraska and South Dakota, and the two new cruisers, Washington and St. Louis, which preceded the big fleet through the Magellan Straits.

In the torpedo boat flotilla, commanded by Lieut. Hutch I. Cone, were the Whipple, Hopkins, Hull, Stewart, Truxton and Lawrence, commanded, respectively, by Lieuts. Cone, Howe, McCommons, Hellweg, Kerrick and Ensign Frederick.

In the auxiliary division were the supply ships Glacier and Culgoe, the repair ship Panther and the tender Yankton, commanded by Commanders Hogg, Patton, Nelson and Lieut. Gherardi.

Food Value of Sugar.

Experiments with sugar as food made in the French army have shown that it is a great source of muscular energy.

THE MODESTY OF GREATNESS.

Picture Machine Man Received Compliments in Becoming Manner.

After a recent lecture on "The Art Spirit of Southern Europe," given with much brilliancy and illustrated by moving pictures, one of the audience sitting at the back of the hall noticed a studious looking man coming up the aisle.

"Splendid, wasn't it?" he said.

"Oh, thank you," replied the man, modestly. "I'm glad you liked it. I hope every one enjoyed it as well."

"Undoubtedly," answered the first speaker, rising to the occasion. "It must take a great deal of study and peculiar gifts of mind to prepare anything of this sort."

"It does," said the man simply. "And your voice is so beautiful, too," pursued the enthusiast.

"I beg your pardon," said the man. "I did not speak."

"What?" he gasped. "Are you not the lecturer?"

"Oh, no," said the man. "I do the important part. I run the picture machine."

DYNAMITE TRIO

By GEORGE T. PARDY

A True Story Unrevealed for Years.

TALL, dark and forbidding, on the banks of the St. Lawrence river loom the massive stone walls of Kingston penitentiary where the desperate criminals and all long term convicts of the Province of Ontario, Canada, are confined. Within its gloomy precincts, occupying separate cells, are three men whose sentences are for life. English law, just but merciless, has seized them in its iron grip, a grip never to be relaxed until the angel of death strikes the fetters from the limbs of the prisoners.

The crime for which these three men are undergoing expiation was no ordinary one. It involved a conspiracy against the British government by which, through the use of dynamite, a reign of terror was to be inaugurated throughout Canada, and thousands of innocent lives sacrificed. The intervention of fate, Providence—call it what you will—prevented the outrage from being successful, but the failure of the plot was not owing to any lack of zeal on the part of the human instruments employed to carry out the design. To Detective John Wilson Murray is due the credit of having gathered together the evidence which shed light on the past careers of the "dynamite trio." Evidence which proved them to be outside the rank of ordinary criminals who execute desperate deeds in the hope of financial gain, placed them in the category of men who would willingly wade through seas of blood to accomplish their political aims.

At seven o'clock on the evening of April 21, 1900, the little Canadian town of Thorold, lying along the waterway of the Welland canal, within easy walking distance of the Niagara frontier, was shaken to its foundation by two terrific explosions.

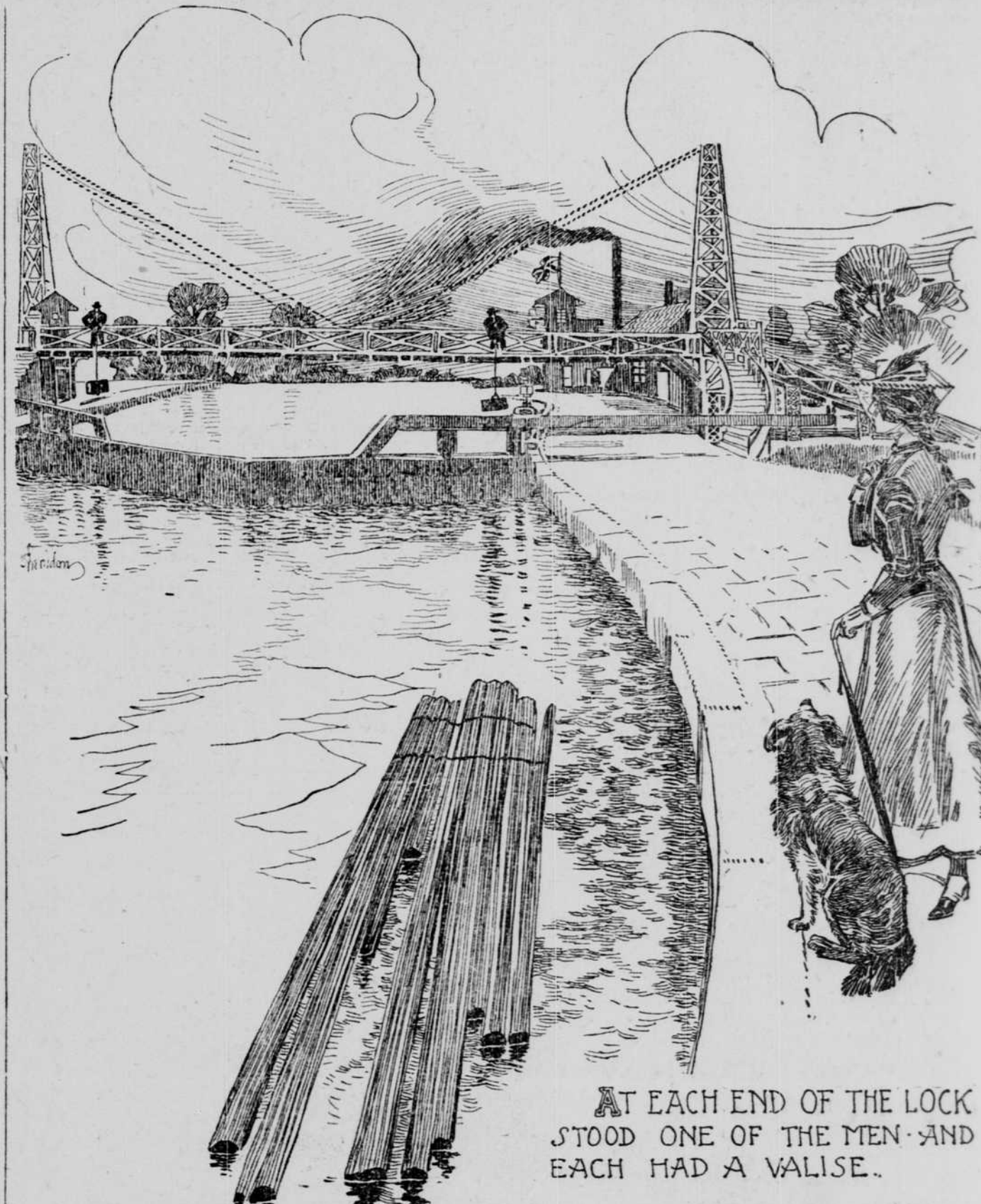
Masses of solid rock were torn up by the shock, immense spouts of water leaped high in the air, window panes were shattered into minute crystals and for a few awful seconds the firm earth trembled as though in the throes of an earthquake. For miles around the people, terror stricken and amazed, waited dimly for the aftermath, a descent of death and destruction, which would sweep them and their homes into the black chaos of oblivion. But it did not come, the blind gods of chance had averted a calamity almost too horrible to contemplate.

One of the eye-witnesses of the explosion was Miss Euphemia Constable, a 16-year-old girl who lived with her parents about 300 yards from the lock No. 24. She was going to see a friend across the canal about 6:20 o'clock, and when nearing the bridge, which is by the lock, caught sight of two men.

Then came the thunderous roar of the first exploding charge. After the first shock Miss Constable lost consciousness and knew nothing of the second explosion. Both of the valises lowered into the lock contained dynamite. They were fired by fuses and the explosions were not quite simultaneous. They broke the castings on the head gate, tore up the banks on both sides of the lock, knocked people over who were sufficiently near, smashed windows and shook the country roundabout. Water surged upward in huge volumes, but the gates held. The dynamiters had blundered by lowering the dynamite into the gate pits instead of into the gate holes. Experts later showed that there was not sufficient resistance to the explosive matter, and this fact alone prevented the dire disaster that would have followed if the dynamite had done the work planned for it and had smashed the gates.

A third man who had been seen around with them before the explosion, and who was staying at the Ross house at the falls, was also arrested. The third suspect gave his name as Karl Dallman, and the two men had declared themselves to be John Nolin and John Walsh. The three prisoners were taken to Welland jail and guarded by soldiers, while other soldiers patrolled the canal. Murray, who had been sent for immediately after the explosion, arrived on the scene and hastened to the jail.

He communicated at once with Scotland Yard and sent descriptions and photographs of the prisoners to the police of London, England. Nolin and Walsh seemed unmistakably to be from across the sea, and Walsh had particularly the manner and speech of a man just over. In search of information regarding the movements of the men on this continent he visited New York and saw friends there, both in and out of the police business. He also made journeys to Philadelphia, Washington, Virginia and other points



AT EACH END OF THE LOCK STOOD ONE OF THE MEN—AND EACH HAD A VALISE.

whither the trail led. The results of his persistent quest were as follows:

In the year 1894 three young men set sail for America. They were John Nolin, a young machinist, John Rowan, a mechanic, and John Merna, a mechanic. They arrived in New York and on May 17, 1894, Merna declared his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States, took out his first papers and gave his residence as No. 41 Peck slip, New York. Nolin went to Philadelphia.

The four Johns, after spending a few days in Philadelphia, went to New York. They stopped at the lodging house of John M. Kerr, 45 Peck slip, and hung about New York until December, 1899, when Rowan returned to Ireland, and went to work at his trade in Dublin. Nolin and Walsh applied to the South Brooklyn branch of the Amalgamated Society of Machinists for donation money, which amounts to \$3 per week for those out of work, and the request was complied with by John A. Shearman, secretary of the society, who worked in the Pioneer Machine works in Brooklyn. In the latter part of this month Nolin, Walsh and Merna went to Washington, D. C. Nolin remained there a short time and then went on to Richmond, Va., where he obtained a job as fitter in a foundry.

On Christmas day, 1899, Merna went to work as bartender in a Washington saloon, at 212 Ninth street, of which Joseph McEnerney was proprietor, and on January 1 Walsh was given a similar position in the same saloon. They relieved each other at the bar and shared a room together over the saloon. They worked as bartenders for McEnerney through January and February and along into March, while Nolin stayed on in the Richmond foundry. Early in March Karl Dallman had registered at the Stafford house, in Buffalo, and had then gone away.

On Monday evening, March 12, Merna was found dead in his room over the saloon. Somewhere about April 10, 1900, Nolin received a communication from a lodge to which he belonged, known in secret circles as the Napper Tandy club. It was a Clan-na-Gael organization and the members met at Tom Moore's hall, corner of Third avenue and Sixteenth street, in New York. Nolin and Walsh were both affiliated

with this club, having been introduced into it by a man named Jack Hand, a sailor. Nolin's instructions, sent to him in Richmond, were to go to Washington, get John Walsh, and go with him to Philadelphia, where, at the Philadelphia & Reading railroad station, at 7 p. m. on Saturday, April 14, they would meet a third man who would give them further instructions. Nolin obeyed the summons promptly and hastened to Washington from where, accompanied by Walsh, he went to Philadelphia as instructed. As they stood in the station at the appointed time a well-dressed, stout man came up and accosted them. Their replies being satisfactory the stranger said: "I am the man you want to see," and engaged them in earnest conversation.

At the conclusion of their talk the stout man handed \$100 to Nolin, with two railroad tickets and sleeping car coupons from Philadelphia to Buffalo, over the Lehigh Valley railroad. He then left them and Nolin and Walsh took the Lehigh Valley train for Buffalo. They arrived in the latter city at noon on April 15, went direct to the Stafford house and registered as John Smith of New York and Thomas Moore of Washington. They were assigned to room 88, and immediately ordered up drinks. While waiting for the refreshments there was a knock at the door, and Dallman stepped into the apartment. He introduced himself and a satisfactory understanding was reached between the trio. Dallman told them to prepare for an early start next day, and after breakfast on the following morning, April 16, he gave to Nolin and Walsh two canvas grips, or telescopes.

In each of these grips were about 80 pounds of dynamite, mixed to the consistency of stiff dough. Fuses were with each cake, lying on top, but unattached. It was shortly after this that the near-catastrophe occurred.

Karl Dallman, the arch plotter in the conspiracy, turned out to be an even more picturesque character than Murray had suspected before commencing his investigations. For, following up one clue after the other, the detective became aware that the so-called Dallman of Trenton, New Jersey, was none other than Luke Dillon of Philadelphia, who had figured prominently in the world-famous Cronin case. Dillon was a member of the executive committee of the Clan-na-

Gael, and defended that organization and publicly championed it, achieving more than national notoriety when, in his official capacity, he went to Chicago at the time of the murder of Dr. Cronin. At that time he denounced Alexander Sullivan, raised funds for the prosecution of those accused of Cronin's murder; advocated the throwing off of the oath of secrecy, so far as necessary to run down the assassins, went on the witness stand, and by his testimony revealed the secret of the Triangle, the chief three who had ruled as the executive of the Clan-na-Gael; made public the charges against Sullivan and fought throughout on the side of the anti-Sullivan wing. The identification was made absolute and final. Men who knew Luke Dillon, who had worked day by day near him, visited Karl Dallman and identified him positively as the former high official of the Clan-na-Gael.

But above all Murray's careful, unerring tracing of the chief suspect's career convinced the Canadian government that Dallman and Dillon were one. Originally Dillon was a shoemaker. In 1881 he was working at his trade at 639 Paul street, Philadelphia.

The members of the dynamite trio were brought up for trial on May 25, 1900. With the mass of damning evidence accumulated by Murray's patient efforts and submitted to the court, there could be but one result. As the clock struck six on the evening of May 26, the jury retired to consider the verdict. Four minutes later they re-entered court and the three prisoners were declared guilty. The dynamiters were sentenced to imprisonment for life and taken to Kingston penitentiary.

For two years after the trip entered upon their prison life the general public knew nothing of the identity of Karl Dallman. Then a Buffalo paper made known the fact, telling of his connection with the Cronin affair. The story was denied by some of Dillon's friends, who asserted that he had been killed during the South African war while fighting with the Boer army against the British. But the real, grim truth is that the once famous leader of the Clan-na-Gael is buried alive within the walls of Kingston penitentiary. (Copyright, 1908, by W. G. Chapman.) (Copyright in Great Britain.)

PEASANTS OF SOUTHERN ITALY

Bear Burden of Poverty with Resignation and Fortitude.

During three months spent in the southern Italian provinces, I saw enough to make me wonder why the people have borne the burden so long. In several of the towns through which I passed there were pointed out to me caves cut into the solid rocks of the hillside where people are living. In

one such cave house in Scili, Sicily, there was a rough bed on one side of the cave, on the other an oil press turned by a donkey. Often I have seen houses whose walls were constructed of brush and mud and the roofs made of rough tiles or thatched with straw. The peasant has been most patient. Naturally light-hearted and long-suffering, he would cheerfully eat a piece of black bread and an onion for his

morning meal, corn-meal mush seasoned with a little olive oil and bread for dinner, boiled potatoes and a piece of goat's cheese with more black bread at night; and then, at the close of his humble repast, stoop down and touch the ground with his hand and kissing it, thank God for his favors. In some of the remotest towns the simpler-minded people continue to do so. But contentment under such conditions could exist only so long as there was no contact with the outside world. Whether the land-holders desire it or

French Home Life.

No home life in France! Why, it is in that favored country that the family is the one compelling social fact. The love of parents for their children, and of children for their parents, makes the everyday life of the foyer lovely with the sweet influences of the most tender and beautiful human relationships.—Co-Operative News.