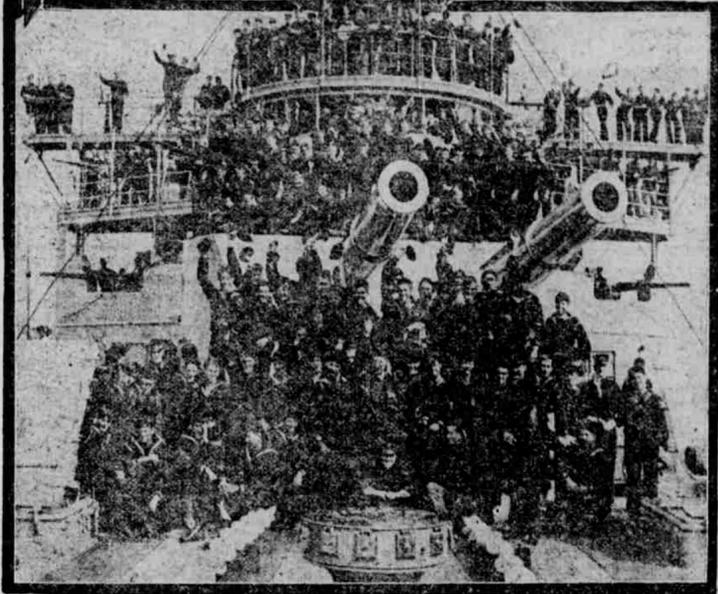
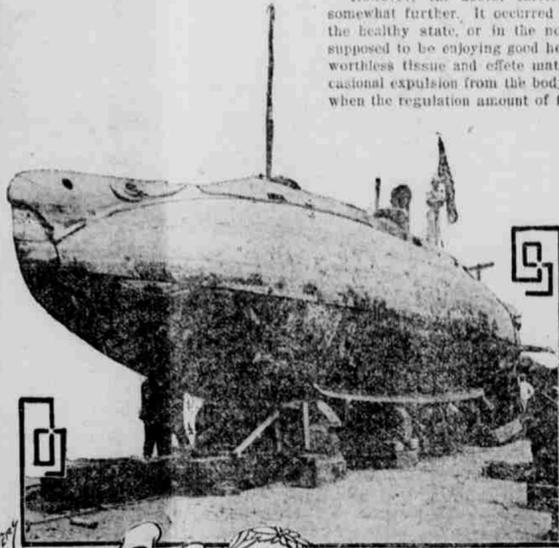


# FIFTY BATTLECRAFT IN MIMIC WAR

By CAPT. ELLIS D. MORSON



CREW OF A BATTLESHIP



DISABLED SUBMARINE  
TORPEDO BOAT IN DRY DOCK

**I**F 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 rugged Massachusetts coast between July 7 and August 5, the exercises 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 Scaton Schroeder's 16,000-ton flagship, U. S. S. Connecticut, to the tiny submarine torpedo boat Taran tula.

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 inning 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

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 militias 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.

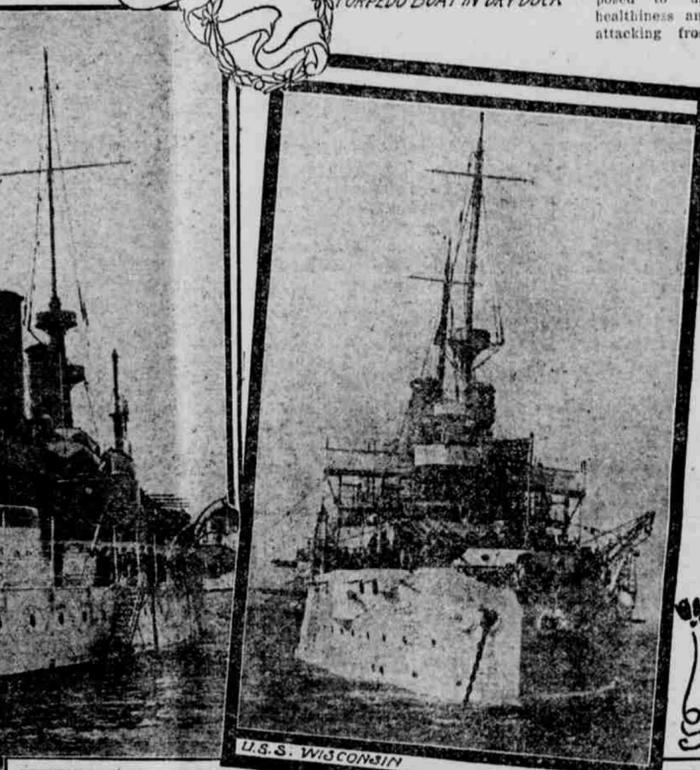
The Provincetown maneuvers presented the spectacle of battleships at practice firing at sea under every weather condition for the first time in the history of American naval art. Night firing under the same conditions was one of the important parts of the program which was carried out to the letter.

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.

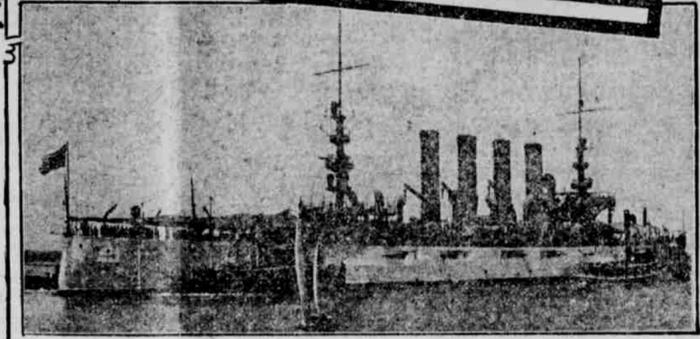
Two old torpedo boats, Nicholson and O'Brien, were dismantled, filled with cork to keep them afloat and used as targets for the gigantic projectiles. Time and again they were riddled and finally, the cork having been so thoroughly perforated that they were longer-able to keep afloat, they sank to the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

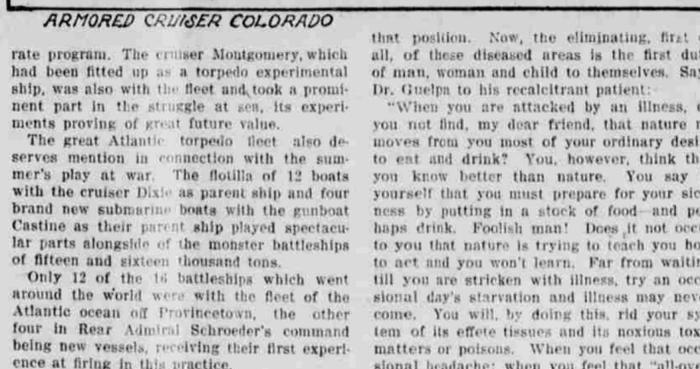
The scout cruisers Chester, Salem and Birmingham and the armored cruisers North Carolina, Montana and New York joined the fleet at Provincetown and took part in the elaborate



U. S. BATTLESHIP INDIANA



ARMORED CRUISER COLORADO



## 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

would declare, and then Guelpa would talk to him somewhat after the following manner:

"My friend, you feel weak—and why? Simply because at the present moment your body, in the process of starvation, is expelling from its various departments a bad superabundance of toxic matters and diseased or worthless tissue which while you were overfeeding your system were unable to be thrown off owing to the calls you made upon your digestive and kindred organs. Not only do I starve you now, my poor friend, but tomorrow I will give you a purgative. You think I am cruel, do you? Not at all. All these noxious matters will be carried away from your system; but nevertheless I shall continue to starve you, caro amico. When your temperature has gone below the normal—that is to say, when in a couple of days the excess of toxic matter has been eliminated, then you shall have something to eat. No, not till then."

However, the doctor carried his investigations somewhat further. It occurred to him that even in the healthy state, or in the normal body which is supposed to be enjoying good health, this used-up or worthless tissue and effete matter must require occasional expulsion from the body. It is obvious that when the regulation amount of food is consumed the

body's digestive and kindred organs have their allotted tasks to perform. Consequently, the refuse or worthless matter remains in the system, thus forming an object of attack in the case of disease, a source of debility and a happy hunting ground for those noxious phagocytes that prey upon the healthy body, first intrenching themselves in a center of the body which is predisposed to unhealthiness and attacking from

## THE ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT

### BLADE OF AN ANCIENT JOKE



Though stove pipe jokes are now n. g.,  
Yet stove pipes still cause wrath  
to-day.  
The same old serpent swims the sea  
Though jokes about it do not pay;  
The self-made man jest is passeé  
But self-made men still rise to fame;  
The old-maid joke, is bent and gray—  
The joke is dead, the fact's the same.

The goat that once charmed you and me  
By eating posters just like hay  
Has joined the bloomer girl, and she  
In dull oblivion has to stay;  
The ma-in-law jest had its day,  
The mat's-heel joke long since went lame;  
The rock-the-boat quip's lost its sway—  
The joke is dead; the fact's the same.

No more in print may any see  
Church-social-oyster jestings gay,  
Nor read how many men there be  
Who churchly dues with buttons pay;  
The didn't-know-'twas loaded jay  
In print no longer takes his aim;  
Smart children seldom have their say—  
The joke is dead; the fact's the same.

L'ENVOI:  
Prince, though you moodily inveigh  
Against the jester's ancient game,  
To this you cannot answer nay:  
The joke is dead; the fact's the same.



### The Affable Man.

The affable man is an individual who runs to silky side-whiskers and a set smile.

He is so careful not to hurt your feelings that he earns your anger every time you meet him. In his anxiety to say something nice he invariably dwells upon the good qualities of your second cousin once removed. This is the only relative of yours he can think of; also it is the only relative you have who ever let you in on the ground floor of a deal and then dropped the roof in on you.

The affable man is fond of having the verses about, "Have you a kindness shown? Pass it on," framed and hung in every room in his house. Some day he will ask you to his home and you will be in the right mood and set fire to the place.

At church picnics everybody else makes a mark of the affable man. He has to carry all the baskets, put up the swings, mix the lemonade, shoo the mosquitoes, pick up the dishes and square things with the farmer whose 40 acres of corn have been trampled down by the joyous children.

Once there was an affable man who got tired of it, shaved off his silken whiskers, detached his smile and mixed things up generally with anyone who dared to affront him.

But this only made matters worse. This teaches us that the world doesn't want us to laugh for it.

### She Boiled Over.

"Mrs. Swellener certainly made a spectacle of herself yesterday when she jumped from her carriage and thrashed a photographer when he was trying to make a snapshot of her. They say she even jumped up and down on his camera and completely wrecked it."

"There were extenuating circumstances," says the person who can always make excuses for others. "She wouldn't have minded his making the snapshot if she hadn't been suffering with a boil on her nose."

### A Big One.

I would not be a hunter—No!—  
And slay the elephants  
For fear that through my life I'd go  
Pursued by frightful haunts.

Of all the awful ghosts and things  
By which one is accursed  
I'm sure that though it has no wings  
The elephant's worst!

### Asking Too Much.

"Yes, sir," says the proud inventor, standing by his apparatus. "With my new system of wireless telegraphy I can transmit the human voice to Mars. To night I shall send a message over the millions of miles of space to that planet."

"Well," suggests the visitor, "before you do that can't you put me in communication with my home town a hundred miles from here?"

Enveloping his reply in a haze of technical terms, the proud inventor explains why such a thing cannot be done.