

SWIFTEST AND MOST STIRRING SEA SPRINT

United States Torpedo Boat Destroyers in Contest for Championship

New York.—It was a grueling race when six 30-knot torpedo-boat destroyers recently made the 240-mile dash at sea from off this city to the mouth of the Chesapeake bay. The fighters for supremacy were sisters, built in the same year—long, low, olive-colored craft, four funnels raking aft, the power of 8,000 horses in each hull and 77 men working each. It was the swiftest and longest competition of war craft on any seas.

The fleet and their dimensions follow.

Worden	Displacement	Horse power	Speed in knots
Whipple	433	8200	29.86
Truxton	433	8200	29.84
Hull	433	8200	29.84
Hopkins	433	8200	29.84
Stewart	433	8200	29.84

The race was to try out the scorpions of the navy under war-time conditions. It lasted a day and a night. A hitherto undefeated winner came to grief, and another craft, on which the bluejackets bet their money, nearly foundered. Two others also had mishaps.

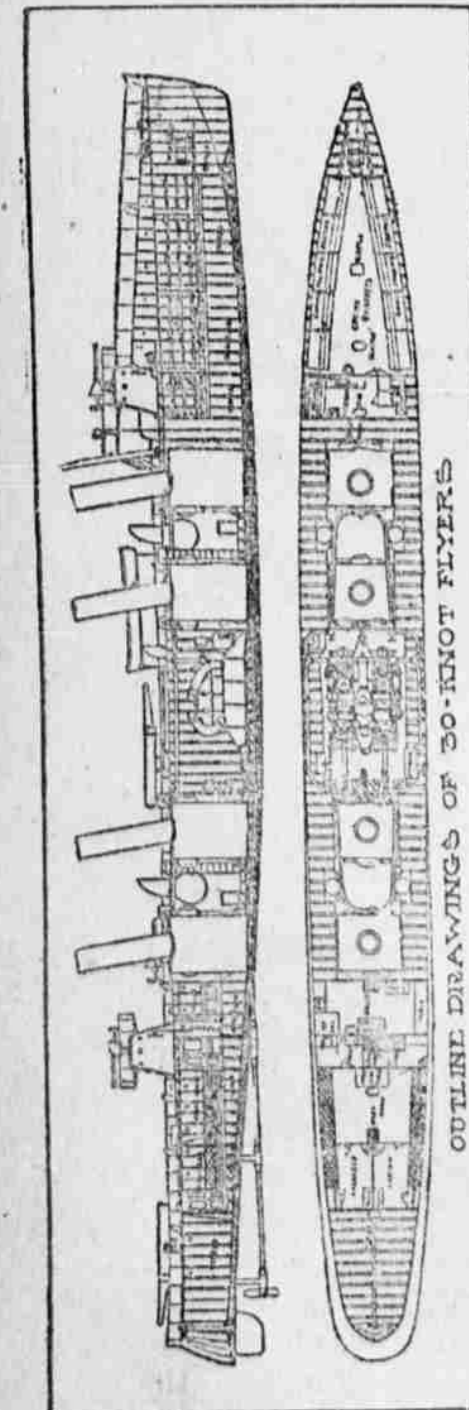
Locked in a steel hull only a quarter of an inch thick while plunging through a rolling sea on a black night is "creepy" business.

Ready for the Fray

The stiletto-looking sextet steamed out to sea from New York in Indian file, stripped for the fray. The rapid-fire guns and torpedo tubes had been stowed below deck. The wide-mouthed ventilators were unscrewed and stowed away. The lifeboats were up-side down on deck, so that the curved bottoms would suffer less resistance to the wind. The canvas coverings had been stripped from the bridges. All ports were closed to eliminate air friction. Everything movable was sent below. The navigators wore automobile goggles to keep the wind from cutting their eyes. The crew were stripped to the waist.

On the bridge of each craft stood the commanding officer, the navigator and the seaman at the wheel. Down in the engine rooms there was a post for every man. Now and then a puff of black smoke rolled out of a funnel or a safety valve popped forth an impatient scream of steam, telling of the suppressed eagerness to be off.

The line headed for the starting point, off the Scotland lighthouse. The wind was fresh, 20 miles an hour from



OUTLINE DRAWINGS OF TORPEDO DESTROYERS

and headed for the starting point off the Scotland lighthouse. The wind was fresh, 20 miles an hour, from the west-southwest, with a lumpy sea rolling off shore. As they neared the post the fleet closed in on one another in confusion in jockeying for position. They cut across one another's stems with the swiftness of an arrow or curved in circles with the gracefulness of a swallow. Now one would plunge ahead, to be halted in a swirl of hissing bubbles, as the twin screws churned the sea to check too much headway, or another would place herself at the head of the line and sullenly wait for the others to come up. Generally it is not good nautical manners to oust the flagship from her place at the head of the line, but the craft were hot for the contest and many, from stoker to shoulder straps, had wagers on the result. It was difficult to pick the favorite. All had made 28, 29, or 30 knots, which equals 35 miles an hour, or express train time, on their trial trips. Considering the deference due the flagship, many picked the Whipple as a winner, others thought much of the Worden, because her bottom had just been scraped and painted, to the non-resistance of greased steel, while all the others had more or less foul bottoms, not having been in dry dock for some time. The majority favored the Truxton, for she had never been beaten in a contest and was supposed to have the best crew that ever stepped aboard a torpedo-boat destroyer. The bluejackets pinned their faith in the well known grit and never-give-up of the Hopkins, while the champions of the Stewart and Hull argued that these vessels could keep up as fast a clip as their sisters.

The flagship Whipple happened to be heading the fleet as the ships bore down on her. Off on her starboard, running nose and nose with the flagship, was the Worden forging ahead. The Stewart, also off to port, was gathering headway and pulling into line. The Hopkins was tumbling the seas outward from each bow as she came up toward the line, and the Hull hung on the left flank.

The Race Begins

Lieutenant Commander Anderson was holding the starter's flag over the contestants until they got in a straight line abreast. At 8:20 a. m. the signal "Make the best of your way" was run up and the race was on.

Each prow pitched forward. The sterns squatted to the suction of the speed and the waves rolled up to a level with the deck aft and swept astern, as if eager to escape the gathering speed. The Whipple took the lead, hugging the shore. Next came the Worden, to port, with the Truxton hanging on to her. It was at least 35 miles an hour from the start, and a gap opened between the trio in the lead, as the Hull, Hopkins and Stewart dropped back, making a second trio fighting it out among themselves.

After two hours the Worden had taken the lead, with the Truxton second and the Whipple third. The second trio scattered astern. The spume flew in showers over bows and bridges and spluttered against the funnels. The sterns, built flat as a floor to counteract the powerful downward suction of the propellers, squatted low, while seas rolled up aft higher than the decks. It seemed that they would tumble in over the sterns and flood the decks, but the swift-moving craft were always just beyond reach as the chaldron flattened out and rushed away in white foam.

Men with big brass syringes stood beside the cans of oil and squirted it over the engines. The machinery churned the oil into yellow butter and then sprayed everything a golden hue. It stung the eyes of engineer-room crews.

Worden Takes Lead

The Worden, going steadily and easily, gradually hauled away from the rest at about noon. Her clean bottom was in her favor. The champion Truxton was beginning to lose her grip in the wake of the leader, whereat there were loud words and much perspiration down in the engineer-room.

Four streams of smoke had been coming from the Truxton, but suddenly the smoke ceased to belch from her two forward funnels. She slowed down to half speed. Something had gone wrong in the boiler room.

The Whipple, running third, was still hugging the shore to cut corners. The Worden was forging steadily ahead, her four columns of smoke merging into one as she appeared low

and black on the horizon ahead.

To the rear and off to the left flank the Hull was riding into the seas and showering the spray over everything forward.

Then came the Stewart, hanging on to the Hull and then the Hopkins, all going like race horses, plunging and mingling steam and smoke, with the spume flying about them. The Hopkins was making desperate plunges to get away from the tail of the procession of flyers. She gradually crawled up to forward the Hull. The Hull was handicapped by being short-handed, but she, too, took on a spurt and overhauled the disabled Truxton. She set a pace that kept the Hopkins straining every nerve to maintain every inch she had gained.

Thus the long, narrow, olive green fighters were strung out from horizon to horizon. They flew past sailing vessels as if the schooners were at anchor. Crews and passengers on coast-wise liners strung alongside the rails of steamers to watch the contest.

Pace Begins to Tell

As the afternoon wore on, the killing pace began to tell. The officers, in goggles, felt the strain of keeping the vessel on the course and all hands keyed up to their best efforts. The helmsman at the wheel never lifted his eyes from the compass.

Down in the engineer-room the flying oil still stung the men's eyes blood-shot; it ran down their arms and chests and out of the eyelets of their shoes. The stationary parts of the engine were inches deep with the butter-like substances that flew out. Now, the boiler rooms are airtight, so that the two forced-draught fans in a wall may suck in air that can escape only by going under the fire grates and up through the coals, and in these prisons were locked the half-naked stokers. They had shoveled tons of coal on the white-hot fires, so fierce that a shovelful of fuel turned red the instant it touched the coals and before the furnace door could be swung shut.

As the afternoon wore on and the sun got down on the horizon, the gleam of Cape Henry lighthouse, at the mouth of Chesapeake bay, showed clear ahead. The Worden was hull down and out of sight in the lead. The rest were strung out until the last craft was hull down astern. The stars

frame. But even steel gives way sometimes. This time it was not in the engine, but in a totally unexpected quarter on the outside of the craft.

Projecting out from the underbody of the stern is a steel sleeve enveloping the propeller shaft. This shaft is held to the hull by an upright as thick as a man's arm. The vibration caused this shaft to break, and the steel bludgeon, swinging around and around with the shaft, tore a hole in the hull before the engines could be stopped.

Barely Kept Afloat

Lieut. Howe gave the alarm, and the after watertight doors were closed, but not before the wardroom had been flooded. As the wide compartments near the center of the vessels filled, she sank until her decks were awash, and preparations were made to abandon ship. A distress rocket was sent up that was seen by the Whipple and the Stewart. They gave up the race for honors and went hard about to aid the Hopkins.

The Hopkins' lifeboats had been un-lashed and swung out on the davits. All the steam and hand pumps were put to work. It was a question of whether the craft would live or founder. It was nip and tuck between the pumps and the onrushing waters.

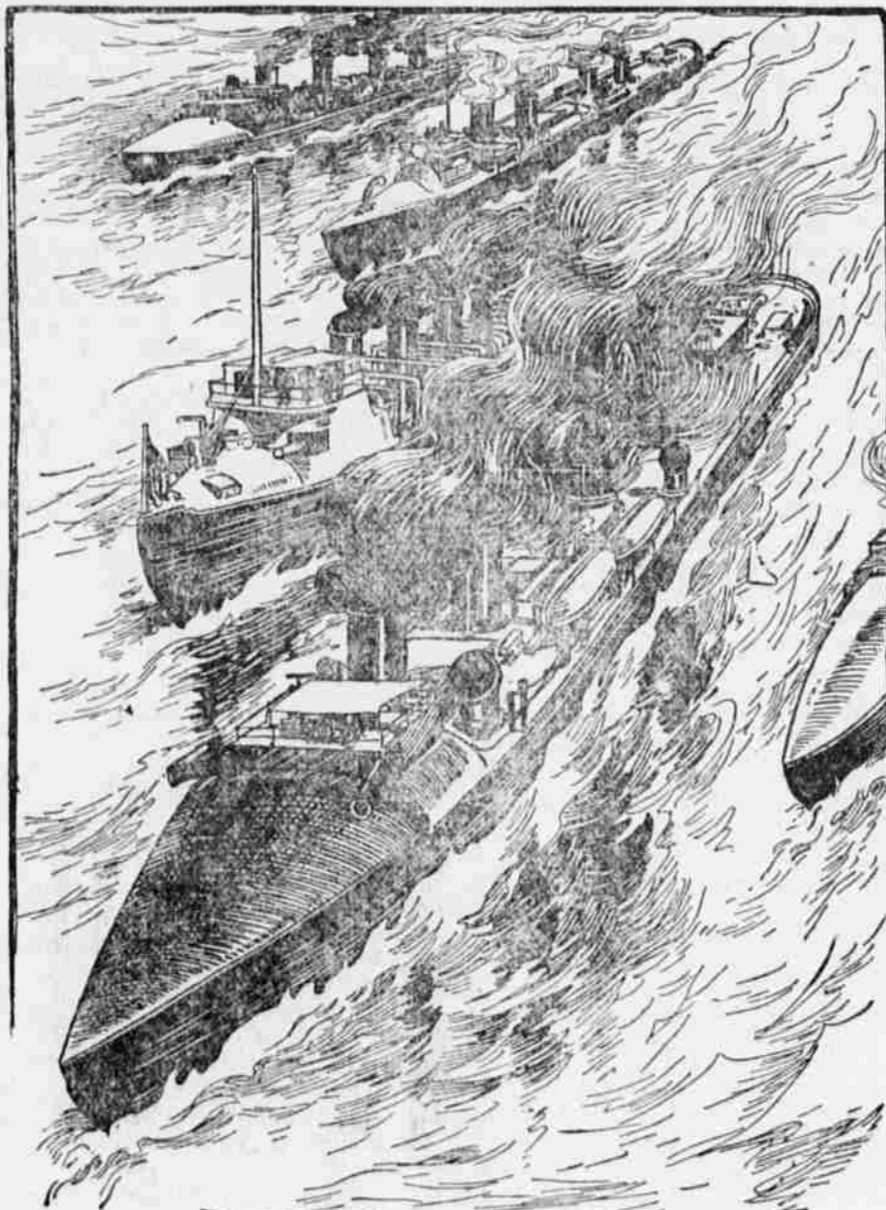
The Whipple and Stewart closed in on the Hopkins. Then the Whipple's wireless operator called on Newport News for help. At daybreak the navy tugs Washneto and Hercules came out and lashed themselves alongside the cripple and towed her into Newport News, where no time was lost in getting the Hopkins into dry dock.

But all that is but a bit of the price of an efficient navy.

HIGH STATE OF CULTIVATION.

People of Northern Luzon Have Made Country Productive.

Gov. Gen. Smith of the Philippines recently made a tour of the mountain provinces of northern Luzon, chiefly inhabited by pagan tribes. On his journey to Manila he said: "The journey through the mountain country was a revelation. I have never seen such cultivation as we saw in the mountains. Those people have terraced the mountains in some instances 1,000 feet high, and every bit of the land is under cultivation. The people are



At the Start of the Race, With the Worden Forging Ahead.

began to shine, and night glasses showed a haze along the shore that might have been mistaken for breakers. Then the Truxton, having repaired her boiler, jumped forward again, anxious to get back in the running.

Worden Reaches Goal

Inside Cape Henry, at Hampton roads, were ten battleships of Admiral Evans' fleet. This was the goal of the destroyers. It was near nightfall when a long streak of olive green came in by Cape Henry, slashing through toward the fleet of big fighters. Her sharp prow cut the waters with the hiss of a razor cleaving a sheet of paper as she swished along like an express train, still going so fast that the rush of wind she created whirled the four streams of smoke into one and flattened it out on the waters astern. It was the Worden, the winner, going easy and strong, 25 miles an hour, as she had from 8:20 o'clock in the morning until 7:30 in the evening.

The Hull, short-handed, came in second. No other vessel came in up to midnight.

In the morning hours of the second day in came the flagship Whipple, with the story of a disaster to the Hopkins, the undefeated. The unbeaten had nearly foundered in an effort to keep up.

During the night the Truxton had fought her way down the coast with all the speed that was in her and had passed the Hopkins, the Whipple and the Stewart. The Hopkins had fought so gamely that the officers had become accustomed to the quiver of her

happy and all were working hard. We traveled without a guard over a country that ten years ago was the most dangerous in the islands. On one of the trains, now used by Filipino farmers to take produce from Isabella into Cagayan, the Spaniards had three heavy outposts. Nothing of the kind is found there now and the trail is perfectly safe.

"I do not believe there is anything in the world that can equal the manner in which the people of the mountains have made their country productive. It certainly surpasses anything I have ever seen. The terraces in Japan are pygmies compared with it. The earth and stone were brought for miles and the most wonderful part about it is that the terraces are as solid and substantial as if they were part of the mountain itself.

"Some of them are 70 or 100 feet high and remain undisturbed through all sorts of weather and landslides. And at the time these terraces were made the people were under arms, working with their knives and shields close at hand and with sentries on every high point of land and mountain top."

Under Escort.

A black goat may be seen almost every day wandering along the streets of Leeds, England. To all appearances it is unattended, but closer observation reveals the fact that there is always a black dog in its immediate vicinity. If any attempt is made to molest the goat, one bleat is sufficient to bring the dog to the scene ready to defend its protegee.

Back to the Old Home

BY ELIZABETH ROBBINS

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Miles Torrey had not written when he was coming home, for he dearly loved a surprise, and so there was nothing for it but to walk the two miles from the railroad station.

When he reached a certain rise in the "swamp" road he paused to take an observation. There, over across on the "Bridge" road, was the old Torrey homestead, looking exactly as it had always looked. Farther on were the Gilsons' roofs, then the Witherells' chimneys, and away beyond the unpainted corner of something that must be the little new chapel his mother had written about. On the nearer side was the Harwood place, and nearer yet, the Caswells' barn, which, from this point, he remembered, shut off the view of the house.

Miles continued on his way with a feeling of lively satisfaction in finding so few changes after five years' absence, so when he had turned the corner and come to where the Caswells' house ought to be, and there beheld only its blackened timbers lying on the ground, he was a good deal shocked.

"When and how did it happen?" he asked his mother, after he had enjoyed to the full her astonishment at seeing him, and each had inquired after the other's health.

"It was three months ago, in September, just after that last letter I sent," Mrs. Torrey told him. "Dr. Burrell came along one day and said old Jed Washburn had been sick, all alone there in his out-of-the-way, tumble-down place, and they packed up some things and started right off to do what they could for him."

"Aunt Mary and Uncle Nathan, all over!" exclaimed Miles.

"They think the chimney must have been burning out, and somehow set fire to the woodwork inside," Mrs. Torrey went on. "At any rate nobody saw the smoke in time to save anything, and everything was flat when they came back."

"Too bad, too bad!" said Miles. "I suppose they went to live with the boys?"

"Yes, though I couldn't find out from their letter which one they're with. Neither Mary nor Nathan were very much for writing."

"Perhaps they'll build again."

"Oh, they can't! They were too good hearted ever to save much, and there was no insurance."

"It isn't likely that Ed. nor Gib can help them any," Miles reflected.

"They're two as good fellows as ever

lived, but they were never money-makers. I would have stopped to see them as I came through the city, if I hadn't been in such a hurry to get home. But I'm going again soon, to talk with an architect."

"An architect?" Mrs. Torrey's face flushed. She had always wanted a new house—one in which the south side was not almost wholly taken up with entries and stairways and closets—a house with a bathroom and bay windows, and possibly a little conservatory. Was her wish to come true? or was Miles thinking of getting married?

"Yes, mother, I've made my pile out there, and you're going to have your house."

"Where are you going to have it?"

"Where the house is now is the sightliest spot on the farm, isn't it?"

"Yes, I think so. What will you do with this house?"

"Tear it down, I suppose," he answered slowly, "though I kind of hate to."

They were both silent for several minutes, then Mrs. Torrey cried out suddenly: "Oh, Miles! Why couldn't it be moved over to the Caswells'?"

He was alert in an instant. "That's so!" he exclaimed, "and not let them know anything about it till 'twas all ready for 'em. Wouldn't it be great?"

"But could it be moved, with this big chimney and all?" Mrs. Torrey asked anxiously.

"Pshaw, yes! I'd risk Andrew Hale to move anything on top of the earth."

"Then that's settled," said Mrs. Torrey happily.

"But, mother!" Miles laughed in the midst of it. "Maybe they don't want to come back. Likely as not they're better suited with the city than they

ever were with the country, and wouldn't come back for anything."

"Maybe so," she assented, doubtfully. "But you will be seeing them pretty soon, and can find out all about it."

"Did they say anything about coming back?" Mrs. Torrey asked Miles on his return from a visit to the Caswells.

"Uncle Nathan did, after we left Aunt Mary's. They want to come and camp out in their barn next summer, he to work for the neighbors. I guess the boys don't think much of it, by the way he brightened up when I said 'twas a good scheme and we'd lend 'em the furniture for it. I made up my mind then and there that they must have this house. We'll give 'em the biggest kind of a surprise."

In March came Miles Torrey with an invitation: "Mother wants you both to come out and stay over Easter Sunday; the new chapel is going to be dedicated then. And I am going to take you there in my new automobile."

The journey was interrupted halfway by the rain, and Miles and his guests had to spend the rest of the afternoon at a hotel. At nine in the evening, however, the rain had entirely ceased, and they started once more. The air was warm, but there was a great deal of water standing on the road, and that and a dense fog made it necessary to proceed at a snail's pace.

Aunt Mary and Uncle Nathan's cheerfulness was unimpaired, but Miles was disappointed and disgusted. This was all so different from what he had planned.

Then suddenly the fog suggested an idea. He would still let them think they were going to visit his mother, and let the situation reveal itself as it would. He could not be a witness to the surprise, but wouldn't it be tremendous!

"Here we are at last," said Miles, bringing the automobile to a stop. "And it is as I feared; everybody is a-bed."

"Don't wake her up!" they both besought him earnestly. "You jest show us to our room, and we won't make a bit more noise than we can help."

A Sabbath quiet brooded over the house when they awoke in the morning. Outside they could hear birds singing—chickadees, bluebirds, a robin, a nuthatch.

They talked awhile in whispers, then Uncle Nathan said: "Don't you s'pose we could get up real still and slip out and over to the old place? Seems 'sif 'twould make it seem more like Sunday somehow."

"I don't see why we couldn't," Aunt Mary answered. "I wonder if we can see it from here."

She got up and went to look out of one of the front windows.

"Why!" She held the curtain farther aside and looked harder. "Why, I can't—make it—seem right. Why, Nathan!—as the sun burst forth—the sun is rising over across the road in the west, or else I'm losing my mind!"

Uncle Nathan sprang out of bed and stared out over her shoulder. "It ain't the Torrey place," he said, slowly. "Miles has been playing some joke on us. If I didn't know it couldn't be, I should think—"

He went to a window on the other side.

"Mary—come quick!" he cried, excitedly. "It's a real elm tree, and our barn; the Torrey place is over there, and their house is gone!"

Aunt Mary sank into a chair. "What does it mean?" she asked weakly.

"I don't know," he answered, beginning to dress in feverish haste. They were both dressed, when a large piece of paper, half under the door, caught their attention. As Uncle Nathan's name appeared on it, he opened and read it.

"Mr. and Mrs. Caswell: This house and everything in it is yours, a free gift from your many friends."

"They moved the Torrey house over here and fitted it all up for us," said Uncle Nathan in an awed voice.

They looked at each other as if stunned for a moment, then Aunt Mary threw herself into Uncle Nathan's arms, and they cried together.

He was the first to recover. "How ridiculous for us to stand here a-weeping!" he said. "Come—let's explore."

Aunt Mary wiped her eyes and followed him into the kitchen.

"Just like our old one, for all the world!" said Uncle Nathan. "And the woodbox full of kindlings, all ready to start a fire."

"They went over the house together. 'I see how 'twas,' said Aunt Mary thoughtfully. 'As long as the house itself was like the old one, they thought they'd make the rooms as near like as they could, and everybody helped. That grandfather clock must have come from Jed Washburn—you know his and our'n was jest alike; the sitting-room carpet is the one Susan Witherell had in her spare room—we bought 'em off the same place; the paper is some Silas Crane had left on his hands when he fell up five years ago; Dr. Burrell gave that old desk—why! I can tell where 'most every single thing come from!'"

Then with grateful hearts they walked along the road they had traveled so many times before, to meet their old neighbors and join them in the Easter service at the new chapel.



Paused to Take an Observation.