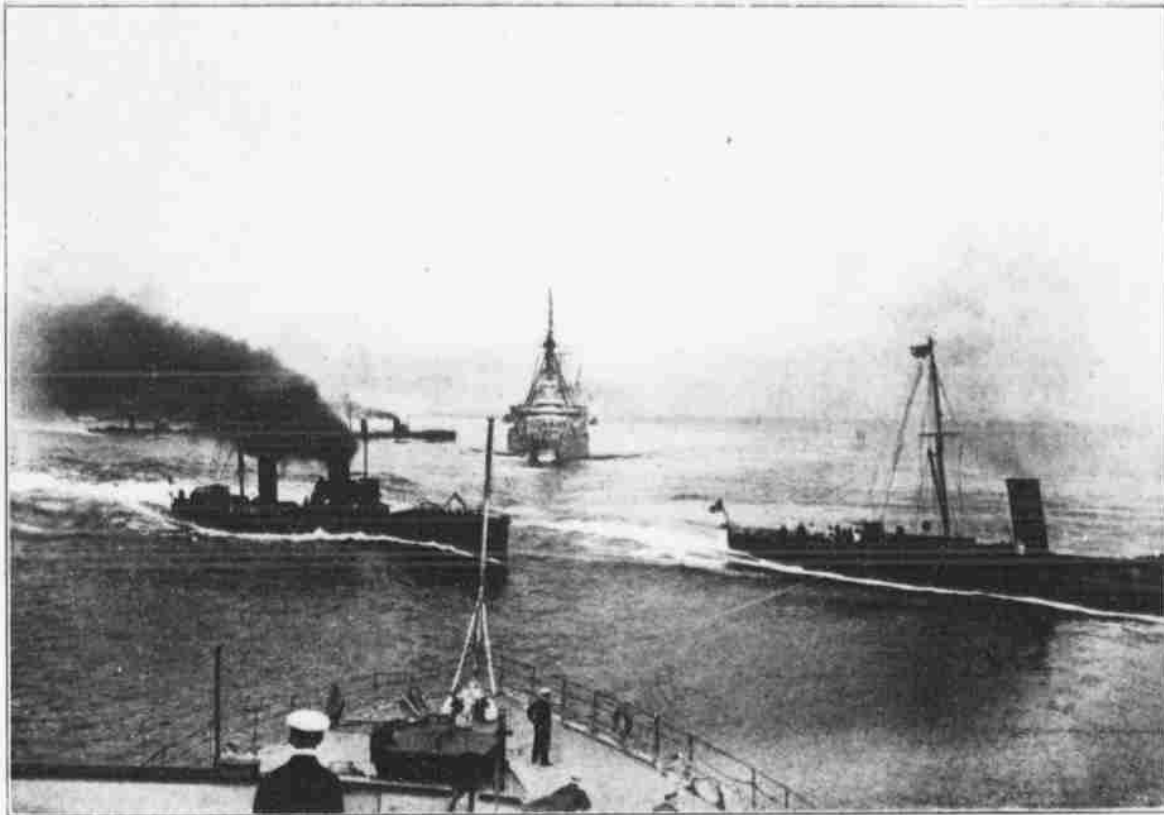
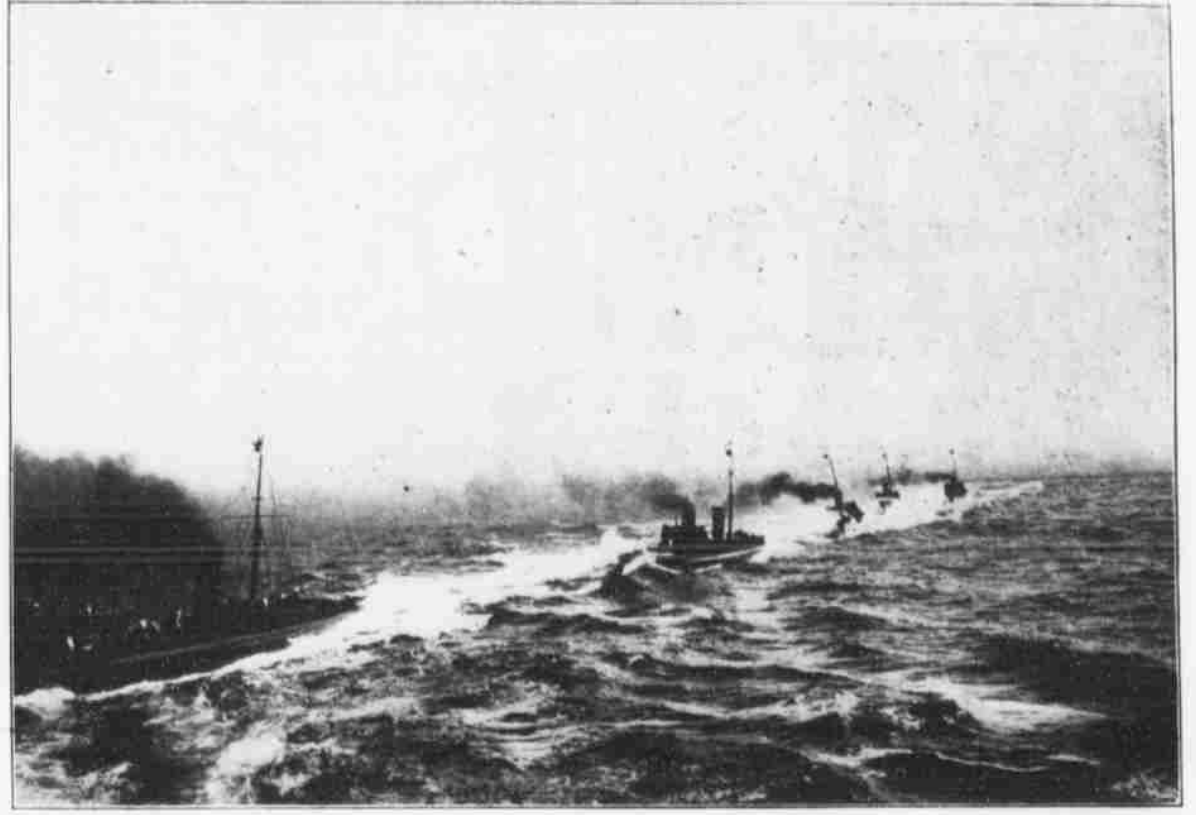


Foolhardy Work by German Torpedo Boat Officers



GERMAN TORPEDO BOATS AFTER BREAKING THROUGH THE BATTLE LINE OF THE BIG SHIPS—
Photo Taken on German Cruiser During the Maneuvers.



GERMAN TORPEDO BOATS RUSHING AT FULL SPEED IN LINE TO ATTACK BATTLE SHIPS—Photo
Taken on German Cruiser During Maneuvers.

PRINCE HENRY of Prussia, our one time guest, has been put this year in command of the first torpedo boat flotilla of the German navy, putting it through those dashing maneuvers which are peculiar to this branch of the German naval service. These German torpedo boat maneuvers, while their practical utility has been questioned, and while they have become notorious for the disasters which they have caused, are, nevertheless the admiration of the naval world for the dash and "elan" displayed by the commanding officers of the boats and the freedom from fear or, as their critics say, even proper caution, which they show in handling their little vessels.

Some remarkable photographs which have just been received in America illustrate this tendency very well. They were taken during the maneuvers of Prince Henry's fleet and show the arrow-like vessels steaming in line at full speed with such slight intervals between the boats that the most trifling accident to one of them would result in the almost inevitable destruction of the boats astern; for it is a matter of fractions of a second between safety and destruction when torpedo boats steam so closely together at such speed as these are making.

Germany still believes in torpedo boats of the very highest speed that can be produced, but England would seem to be moderating its ideas in that respect. Heretofore the British have set thirty knots as the standard speed for a torpedo boat, but the group of four new boats recently completed at Chiswick have a speed of only twenty-five knots. By requiring less speed it is thought that so much will not have to be sacrificed for lightness of construction and the boats therefore will be stronger and more seaworthy.

With her torpedo boats Germany has displayed a disposition to take long chances which has resulted in her losing more vessels of this class in proportion to her fleet than any other nation. The German naval officers went into torpedo-boat work with all the enthusiasm and restlessness that marks the automobilist with a new high-speed machine. In fact, the German tor-

pedo boat commanders may not inaptly be called the "automobilists of the sea," because of the way in which they dash about with the long, lean vessels and because of the chances they take.

The loss of the torpedo boat commanded by Duke Frederick William of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, a disaster in which the duke himself went down with his boat and entire crew, was a catastrophe that called the attention of the whole world to the things which the Germans were attempting with their torpedo boats. The rank of the duke made his loss a matter of such moment as to rivet attention from all parts of the globe. Since then the torpedo boat officers of the German navy have been a little more careful, though they still take risks which officers of other navies would consider as unnecessary and unwarranted. Competent authorities, however, such, for instance, as the editors of the semi-official Statesman's Year Book, declare that while "with the German torpedo boats some absolutely remarkable evolutions are performed which excite admiration, yet their value has been questioned," but adds that "the Germans are probably in advance of all other nations in torpedo work." This is the testimony of the highest British naval authority. So it would seem that, even if Germany has lost more torpedo boats in proportion than any other nation, she has at least accomplished something to be proud of in the drilling and disciplining of her officers and crews.

The Germans do not name their torpedo boats as most of the other nations of the world do, but give them numbers and letters. So in the list of Prince Henry's flotilla, instead of reading such suggestive names as "Viper," "Scorpion," etc., we find that the fleet of his royal highness consists of torpedo boats S. 105, S. 102, S. 103, 104, 105, 107, S. 96, 98, 99, 100 and 101—eleven boats in all of the newest type. The fact that the Germans give their torpedo boats numbers and letters in place of names somehow seems to make the dash with which they handle them all the more remarkable. It would seem to the ordinary person that it would be comparatively easy to show a little dash when in

command of a torpedo boat named the "Adder," or the "Wasp," while to display the same ability on torpedo boat "two and carry one," or "X, 10 and a half," would be next to an impossibility. But the Germans do it.

The torpedo boats which comprise the fleet of Prince Henry are built on the proportion of 183 feet of length to 21 feet of beam. Some are larger and some are smaller, of course, but that is the general relation of beam to breadth in the newer torpedo boats of the German navy. In the older torpedo boats the relation of beam to breadth was in the ratio of 168 feet of length to 18 feet of beam. Of a still older type was the torpedo boat, which foundered at the mouth of the Elbe some years ago.

Her loss was a most dramatic affair and caused much discussion at the time as to the possibility of making a torpedo boat thoroughly seaworthy and still have it of proper dimensions for the uses for which she is intended.

The German fleet had been maneuvering in the North sea, and with it was, of course, a small flotilla of torpedo boats. The weather became stormy, and the fleet, having no special reason for staying out longer, put into port. The torpedo boats, which should have been sent into port as soon as the weather became unfit for them to be out in, were not ordered to leave the fleet, and instead of preceding the warships into harbor, they stayed out until the last in what would seem to have been a spirit of bravado, though the excuse given—and it was a plausible one—was that the officer desired to test thoroughly the seagoing qualities of the boats in heavy weather.

As the torpedo boats approached the mouth of the Elbe the sea became more and more disturbed. One of the two boats which tried to make the port got through. The other "turned turtle" just as she had nearly reached the harbor's mouth, and plunged beneath the waves.

In 1895 the Germans lost the torpedo boat S. 41 off Jutland, and it was in September of 1897 that Duke Frederick William of

Mecklenburg-Schwerin went down in his boat, S. 26.

In 1898 S. 85 went down.

In the course of the naval maneuvers of last year the Germans lost torpedo boat No. 76, a vessel of 150 tons. Only one man went down with it. Last July the German torpedo boat S. 42 was run down and sunk at the mouth of the Elbe by the British merchant steamer Firsby. It went down at night. The night was cloudy but clear and both vessels had their lights burning brightly. The torpedo boat sunk about five minutes after the collision, taking down with it the commanding officer and three of his crew. What came near being another fatal disaster for a German torpedo boat took place last April while the torpedo boat division of the training fleet was proceeding to the Eastern Baltic. Off the island of Moen torpedo boat S. 32 came in collision with the schooner Odin. The schooner sank at once and the torpedo boat was badly damaged. It was, however, able to keep afloat until it got to a dockyard.

The waters of the Baltic and the North sea are stormy waters most of the time. Their intervals of good behavior are not of long duration and when the winds really make up their minds to howl and the seas to roll along their shores they do it with a will.

Before the Kiel canal was built it used to be a favorite maneuver with the torpedo boats to go from Wilhelmshafen on the Baltic, around the northern point of Denmark and so on down to Hamburg or Bremen. It was almost a foregone conclusion that before the voyage was completed nasty weather would be encountered which would try the seagoing abilities of the torpedo boats and the nerve of their officers and crews. If a boat was lost—well, it simply proved that it was unseaworthy; that was all, and that its type must be improved upon the next time one of that class was built.

The completion of the canal connecting the Baltic and the North seas has removed the necessity of sending the torpedo boats on the perilous voyage around Jutland, and they probably will be sent over that route

less frequently than before, though in maneuvering they are at any time liable to be ordered to make the voyage.

The experience gained by the officers and men of the German torpedo boat flotilla and the points which have been revealed to naval constructors by the passage of torpedo boats from the Baltic to the North Sea by way of the northern point of Denmark have done as much as anything else, if not more than any other one thing, to develop the German torpedo boat service so that it stands today in the position it does. It is seldom that a German officer will take chances on running his torpedo boat ashore, but he will take all sorts of chances in keeping her out to sea when the officers of other nations, with boats of similar build, would seek a harbor.

When the German torpedo boats are maneuvering with a fleet of warships of larger growth, a favorite performance is for the entire flotilla to make a sudden dash and try to get inside the line of the men-of-war. This is done in all navies when the torpedo boats go out to play at war with a fleet; but in other navies, as a rule, it is the sneaking up of single boats to try and torpedo a battleship before she is discovered which is the favorite game. But a whole flotilla, making a dash for a lot of men-of-war in line of battle, has something desperate about it which seems to appeal to the Germans who command the little stinging midgets of the sea. In the last two years the British have piled up a list of torpedo boat disasters which makes the German record seem tame, but it must be remembered that England has a much larger torpedo boat flotilla than Germany with which to invite disaster. Last year and this year the British have lost three torpedo boats, the Cobra, Viper and No. 81, and have had no less than sixteen other torpedo boat accidents, some of them serious ones. In the same time France has lost one torpedo boat and had two serious torpedo boat accidents. Italy has had one accident to her torpedo boats, and that not a very serious one. She does not indulge in torpedo boat maneuvering as much as England and Germany. Russia had one accident, not serious, in her torpedo fleet.

Gleanings From the Story Tellers' Pack

NUMBERLESS are the stories which go to show that an Englishman finds it almost impossible to see an American joke. George H. Daniels, general passenger agent of the New York Central, is responsible for a late specimen. It is of an American who told an Englishman that he dreamed he was dead, but the heat woke him up. "Aw, baw jove," said John Bull, "you must have tremendously hot weather in your country if it wakes a fellow out of his sleep."

At a musical where Rev. Thomas P. McLoughlin, known as the "singing priest of Chinatown," was a guest, relates the New York Times, a young woman, with a robust soprano voice did most of the entertaining. She was very proud of her accomplishments and her musical education. She sang songs in German, Italian, French and English. When she appeared to have exhausted her repertoire and the company present were wishing for a change in the program Father McLoughlin paid her some compliments and added:

"Why, Miss Jones, I think you could sing an infinitum."

"I really don't know it," responded the obliging young woman, "but if the music is here, I'll try it."

"I had business in a small town out west," said a Boston man, quoted by the Baltimore Herald, "and I left the address at home, so that some important letters could be forwarded to me. I figured out about

when they ought to arrive and went down to the postoffice to inquire for them.

"No letters here for you," said the postmaster, who was also a justice of the peace.

"'Couldn't have got here yesterday, as old Brown, who carries the mail, was drunk and didn't go over to Josco after it."

"'And how about today?"

"'Well, he's sober enough today, but his old woman has cut her foot."

"'But there will be a mail tomorrow?" I queried.

"'Skassly, sir. We don't have no mail on Thursdays."

"'Then how about next day?"

"'Fridays is sort of off days with the Josco postmaster and he generally goes fishing. If he don't he sends the boy over. I never count on it, however."

"'You seem to have a slipshod way of running postal affairs out in this country,' I said as I turned away.

"'Waal, I dunno but we have,' he admitted as he looked at me over the top of his spectacles, 'but as long as nobody but Uncle Bill Simpson ever gets any mail, and that's only a circular about how to kill cockroaches, we kinder take things easy and let the United States run along without bustin' her biler.'"

Booker T. Washington, talking what he calls "hard sense" to a gathering of his race, was trying to explain the shades of difference between self-help and the mere moral obliquity of self-interest. He told

them that there is little or nothing to be obtained without work, adding:

"There was an old negro, professionally pious, who wanted a luxurious Christmas day dinner, and who night after night prayed to the Lord to send a turkey. The days passed, Christmas approached and the old fellow undertook to compromise by asking the Lord to send him a turkey. He got one that very night."

An elderly and dignified man appeared one morning recently in the office of a railway passenger agent in the city of Boston. The official he wanted to see was out.

"Perhaps," suggested the visitor to the lordly office boy, "you can direct me—"

"No," replied the magnate thus addressed, "I kin do nothin'. No one here gives passes 'cept the boss. You'll have to wait until he comes in."

At this juncture one of the clerks recognized the caller as Senator Hoar and offered his services.

"I wish to ascertain," said the senator, "to whom I owe the price of a meal for which I forgot to pay yesterday when I left the dining car at Worcester. Someone had to pay for what I ate and I want to reimburse him."

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Hoar," returned the clerk. "I guess we need not bother about the matter."

"No, it isn't all right and we will bother about it," replied the senator. And he made the clerk search the office records

with the result that the name of the waiter responsible for the collection of the check was duly ascertained. Then with as much evident satisfaction as though he had succeeded in getting an important bill through congress the senator paid the clerk \$1.50, to be credited to the waiter.

"Is Mr. Depew in?" said a life insurance agent, handing his card to the office attendant.

"I'll see, sir," replied the minion, going into the Senator's sanctum, reports the New York Times.

Mr. Depew glanced at the card and shook his head in the negative. Although the upper part of his body was hidden from public view by his desk, the senator's legs were plainly visible as he sat with his side toward the desk.

"Mr. Depew is out," said the attendant.

"Well," said the insurance solicitor, glancing through the half-open door, "I wish you'd tell him when he comes in that I think my company would positively refuse to accept him as a first class risk unless he will agree to always take his legs with him when he goes out."

A rather good story is told at the expense of "Jack" Daly by Special Officer Garr of the Eleventh and Race streets police station, relates the Philadelphia Telegraph. Daly, before becoming a member of the "force" was one of the best known lightweights who ever stepped in the "squared

circle," and his trim athletic figure shows to advantage in his policeman's uniform. A few days ago, according to Garr, Daly, attired in full uniform, was standing on Ninth street when an elderly lady stepped up and, after looking him carefully over, naively inquired: "Are you a policeman?" When Jack recovered his breath he solemnly said: "Honest I am, lady. If you don't believe me, I'll show you my badge."

Among other well meaning northern men who bothered Lincoln in '64 with impracticable plans for ending the war was a kindly, bland and bald old fellow whose flow of conversation was simply maddening to the good-natured, but busy president. By hook or crook the old fellow managed to get by the sentinels, and Lincoln was too soft-hearted to give him peremptory orders to remain away. One afternoon, when he had interrupted important business for nearly an hour, the president suddenly rose, hurried to a cupboard and drew forth a large bottle.

"Did you ever use this remedy for baldness?" the unwelcome caller was asked.

"Never," he replied, examining the label.

"Well," said Lincoln, with an air of one conferring an especial favor, "you may have it. Here—take the bottle, go home, rub it well into the head and come back—say in three months—and let me know if it did you good."

And he hustled the hairless old chap through the door and bowed him off.