

BLOCKADE AND SIEGE OF PORTLAND MAINE.

ARMY AGAINST NAVY IN THE FINAL STAGE OF THE GREAT FLEET MANOEUVRES



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE OPERATIONS AGAINST PORTLAND

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Portland-to-day is as impregnable as the army can make it, and I am not anxious about the result.

In these few words General George L. Gillespie, Chief of Engineers of the army, summed up the outcome of the effort which the army has been so sedulously making to meet the storm so soon to burst upon that city, the attack of the navy upon the port, and in which every available naval vessel in North Atlantic waters will take part.

There will be the crash of heavy guns and the glare of searchlights, the eruption of mortar pits, the exploding of mines and all the rest that goes with the death grapple between a powerful fleet and a strongly defended city.

On one side will be ranged the flower of the American navy, grouped in three divisions and led by three flag officers of renown. In this superb fleet will be no less than seven battleships, each, in the fine faith of individual commanders, capable of smashing any fort that was ever constructed.

Accompanying these hard hitters of the battle line will go the lighter and more nimble craft of the cruiser type, the ones which Add a pair of look-alikes to run Carry the safety Hotchkiss gun from the grip of a close fought fight.

These, with their array of rapid-fire guns, will be employed to sweep the defenses of the defenders, and to protect the landing of naval battalions in case such landing can be made.

To defend the port from the furious onslaught 2,000 regulars and nearly twice as many National Guardsmen will garrison the place.

The harbor defenses comprise four forts. The oldest of these is Fort Preble, on the South Portland shore, at the most westerly point bordering the entrance to the inner harbor. It has within the last few years been equipped with battery of sixteen mortars. Fort Williams, the next oldest fortification now in permanent use, is located on the Cape Elizabeth shore, near the outer point of the harbor entrance, within a rifle shot of the Cape Elizabeth Light-house.

It has disappearing and rapid-fire guns, twelve in all.

Across the main channel from Fort Williams in Cushing's Island, on the southerly side of which has within a year been established Fort Greaves, which has a 12-inch, two 8-inch and four 4-inch guns, beside several small rapid-fire guns.

Fort McKinley, said to be the best equipped of New England's coast defenses, has five batteries of big guns, commanding a range of every entrance to the harbor. This fort is on the easterly side of Great Diamond Island.

Just east of Great Diamond is Cow Island, on which has been established a battery especially designed to guard the harbor entrances to the harbor.

Since early spring the army has been preparing for this attack, and since July company after company of artillery and infantry have been arriving day by day, reinforcing the garrison regularly stationed here.

Mines will have been laid in every one of the harbor approaches and a systematic patrol will be organized to watch the vicinity of Portland and elsewhere along the New England Coast, where a sharp lookout will be kept for a sign of the enemy.

Co-operating with the Signal Corps will be the Weather Bureau and the Lighthouse Service, and observers at the various stations on the New England Coast, as well as the Lighthouse-keepers, will be instructed to watch out for signs of the hostile fleet.

The military organizations which are to support the regulars consist of the Massachusetts First Regiment of heavy artillery, comprising twelve companies; the two regiments of the National Guard, with Signal Corps and Ambulance Corps, two batteries of light artillery from Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., and two regiments from New York, two of heavy artillery.

One purpose of the War Department in utilizing National Guardsmen in this drill is to familiarize the men in the work of manning the coast defense batteries, with the use of the various pieces of ordnance, and a great share of the responsibility of coast defense.

To assault the parts and their defenders the best under Admiral Barker will put to the test the strength of the fleet, which he commands, may steam in by broad daylight and leave to impartial onlookers to say whether the four forts of the city are working ruins, with their dead and mangled crews, or whether the attacking fleet has been hove out of water

by exploding mines or put out of action by gun or mortar fire.

All together, a lurid and exciting play, war is not, and never can be, an exact science.

If it were there would be no war. Nor can there be anything exact in the work of determining which side wins in this collision between an irresistible force and an immovable body. But science, which plays so large a part in these efforts that make so much toward perfecting the defensive energies of the nation, has formulated a plan by which the result can be approximated.

It worked fairly well during the maneuvers of last year, and is expected to give an even more accurate knowledge in the coming test.

This measuring of strength between fleet and forts is to extend over a period of five days, from August 25 to August 29. "The period of preparation," as it has been designated, begins forty-eight hours before, and it is during this period that the fleet must put to sea and the army make ready for its reception, not "with bloody hands to a hospitable grave," but to a contest which is to have all the elements of battle save actual bodily danger, and one in which the acute rivalry already existing between the two branches may be still further accentuated.

This savage war of peace will come on the departure of the fleet, and in the ensuing forty-eight hours of tides the men charged with the defense of Portland must see to it that everything has been done that military skill can accomplish before the armistice has elapsed.

It is assumed that the war has burst suddenly on the country and that the city to be first menaced has had but forty-eight hours' warning.

It is during these days that the harbor approaches must be mined and such other obstructions placed in the channel as engineering skill would suggest.

The location of these mines is now a carefully guarded secret, neither the number nor location being disclosed. The reason of this secrecy, of course, is that no information regarding the mines should reach the "enemy," who, if possessed of this knowledge, might turn it to his own advantage.

It promises to be one of the most gunpowdery and explosive passages that has ever taken place on this side of the Atlantic.

But back of the spectacular features is a purpose which both army and navy have much at heart.

There are three problems at issue with these men in blue—three which have important bearing on modern war and which it is believed that this mimic game will do much to solve.

The points to be determined are, first, control of the air, night and day; second, operation and searchlights; third, use of infantry and light artillery in preventing the

forts from being attacked in the rear by landing forces.

The fleet that will move to the attack will be the most powerful ever assembled since the great gathering at Culebra last winter. The fleet will be divided into two squadrons, each of two divisions.

The composition will be as follows:

First Squadron, First Division—Battleship Kearsarge, flagship of Rear Admiral Barkley; and battleships Alabama and Illinois.

Second Division—Battleship Texas, flagship of Rear Admiral Coehlin, and battleships Indiana and Massachusetts.

Second Squadron, First Division—Cruiser Olympia, flagship of Rear Admiral Goshlin, and cruisers Baltimore and Toledo.

Second Division—Cruiser Yankee, flagship of Rear Admiral Wise, and cruisers Prattle and Panther.

Accompanying the fleet will go 124 destroyers.

During last year's maneuvers it was found that the army was lacking in adequate method for controlling fire from its modern sea-coast guns. That "make believe" game of war was the subject of much rivalry at the time, but the men charged with the defense of the nation paid small heed to the ridicule and concerned themselves with the lessons which the maneuvers taught.

This deficiency in fire control was one of the main reasons why the army men set about rectifying it. Various plans have been suggested, and these will be tried out under the supervision of a board of army officers, who will assemble at Portland for that special purpose.

As now arranged, the fire from all four of the forts will be controlled by an elaborate system of submarine cables.

The main station is to be located at a strategic station on the easterly point of Cape Elizabeth. Officers stationed there will be able to direct the fire of all the forts, even that of Fort McKinley, nine miles distant. Needless to say, this station is well protected, practically invisible from the sea, and will be strongly guarded.

Last year's maneuvers further showed that the army had much to learn about searchlights, now regarded as an important adjunct of coast defense.

Some experiments were made in the use of blinding lights, but the experience they obtained convinced many army officers that the advantage of using this light had been greatly exaggerated, and that the occasions when the blinding light can be effectively used are very few.

In the coming maneuvers elaborate tests will be made of searchlights and of lights for illuminating mine fields and flank positions.

The third point in the problem has to do with the use of infantry and light artillery in defending forts from attack in the rear.

From a spectacular viewpoint, this problem is by far the most interesting event of the series—naval battalions beating their way through the surf and swarming up the shore, their landing being disputed by army defenders.

perceiving a Damoclean blade suspended over James's plastered hair.

One Monday morning James, instead of recounting the details of Coney and bulldozing through his teeth, ascended the wagon with a heavy sigh. All day he sat dumb, his spiritlessness wilted, his assurance crushed, his stolid face, squared arms and stiff spine but empty mummies.

Hickey, at the reins, observed that the Boss must have been combed. James's hair, he urged him not to take it too hard, as he did need toning down, as you might say. James only sighed, staring distantly, as though discerning, far off, unhappy things.

For a week consolations were vain, then he began to mend. His dress and deportment were beyond suspicion, he was soberly cheered, but his wink had fled and even the perk in his nose seemed subdued. His sole lapse was on the morning of Heinrich Boss's fire, when he ran out to watch the ambulances pass, and forgot to return for an hour. Hickey judged that the boss must have combed James's hair ahead for him made the afternoon trip very hair and nerveless, and for the rest of the week his was the face of one who realizes that he has done, left undone, and there is no health in him.

One morning the wagon started half an hour earlier than usual, James was obliged to spend most of his dinner hour at work in the packing-room, and that afternoon he was given a new route on an unusually full wagon. There was also unusual decorum on the part of young ladies; many rushed downstairs before the maid had fairly opened the door, and some opened the door themselves. James questioned his driver listlessly.

Kelly, a bachelor, had not delivered flowers for twenty years without becoming a trifle cynical.

"Oh," he snifed, "it's what-you-call-it Day-Valentine's, an' every feller who's scrapped with his girl gets a chance to try a feeler. You see, he don't have to put his pastebord in the box. She knows where it comes from, all right, an' if it don't come, she knows it's all off. See, a wogonful of v'lets, which stands for love, an' nine-tenths of 'em stands for red-hot scraps! Funny, ain't it?"

James said it was, and sighed.

To cheer him, Kelly got out his tally sheet and explained the reason 'd'etre of every bunch: This one was a regular weekly, and represented an engagement; that

CUPID: FLOWER BOY. BY MELVILLE CHATER.

was a three-times-weekly, and represented, he guessed, a would-be engagement. Here was a monthly, and a newly married couple, to whose wedding Kelly had carried the decorations. All those there used to be weeklies, and represented the making up of scraps, as sure as James was a foot high.

A bit further on, he concluded, James was to get out and deliver Haight's roses, while Kelly, would make two stops down a side street, and overtake him. Haight was No. 312, right near St. Catherine's. James glanced up, "St. Catherine's," he repeated.

"Hospital," explained Kelly. "North end of the block."

For a long while James sat stiff and silent. Suddenly he asked:

"Which gets the most?"

"Oh, Dainton. She's good for near every day. First time this week, though. Here we are."

After a prolonged rummage behind the wagon, James started off, while Kelly wheeled westward, humming the Dainton's man would ultimately shake her, as she ought to have taken him on long ago.

She, standing cloaked and gloved at an upper window, was debating the reverse. There was no earthly reason why he should send them at all, if he didn't want to, but if he did—she finger-nailed a whole row on the calendar, then glanced in the mirror for reassurance. Besides, he knew that it was visiting day at St. Catherine's, and her night at the opera, and certainly he knew, or should know, that to-day was To-day! She capitalized the word in an indignant burst, then glanced out for the tenth time that half hour—to behold the familiar purple and silver wagon.

She sent the maid to the door. Presently, hearing the driver's voice in prolonged explanation, she descended the staircase with dignity.

He advanced, apologizing that her volutes should have been forgotten. The boy must have overlooked them when loading the wagon.

She crushed his assurance of a special messenger with a haughty, "I shall see it is repeated," and swept past into the street.

The creature which makes all other crouch and grovel," added the acquaintance.

"I should like to see any foreigner attempt to twist—"

Here the conductor interrupted the patriot's declaration, and drew from the Americans' beads of derisive laughter whom he addressed the Italian brusquely:

"Say, what do you think this is—a circus?"

any encountered girl friend obviously violent.

As she turned the corner a gray figure, swinging a box, descended some steps and wheeled northward. She recognized cap and uniform. The young gentleman who forgot the violets, and on such a day! He hurried on ahead, whistling blithely about "Just One Girl." She strode after, an approaching Nemesis, welding him more closely at each step to the lost legion of cigarette-smoking, novel-reading messengers boys.

She was just departing of his capture in at St. Catherine's.

She had explored several wards and was pausing irresolutely near the screened corner of another when a pastebord cover on the floor met her eye. She stopped, then straightening, with an angry frown, marched menacingly up to the screen and drew "ack."

By a cot stood the gray uniform, head hung, fumbling his cap and shuffling his feet. Pile upon pile, sat a pop-eyed, pig-failed little girl. She was grinning to the knees. One arm was bandaged; the other hung to her right gown a huge bunch of violets.

"An' say," she was confiding between prodigious sniffs, "I wasn't reekee mad at you—not a bit!"

Outside Miss Dainton met the purple wagon. Its driver approached, groveling.

"The matter is settled," she interrupted loftily. "I have no complaint," and stalked on.

An Unintended Slur on the British Lion.

Mr. Gourley, a member of the Canadian House of Commons, is noted for his intense hatred of the United States. Only a few weeks ago he made utterance that "the United States is a greater tyranny than Algeria."

Last summer, while a number of Americans were enjoying a trolley ride in a Canadian city, Gourley and an acquaintance happened to be on board. The meager criticisms which the Americans bestowed on things Canadian nettled the vitriolic statesman. An Italian entered the car. He carried in his arms a large paper-mache lion, which he placed on the seat beside him.

"Represents the strength and power of the greatest nation on earth," said Gourley loudly, pointing to the lion.

The creature which makes all other crouch and grovel," added the acquaintance.

"I should like to see any foreigner attempt to twist—"

Here the conductor interrupted the patriot's declaration, and drew from the Americans' beads of derisive laughter whom he addressed the Italian brusquely:

"Say, what do you think this is—a circus?"