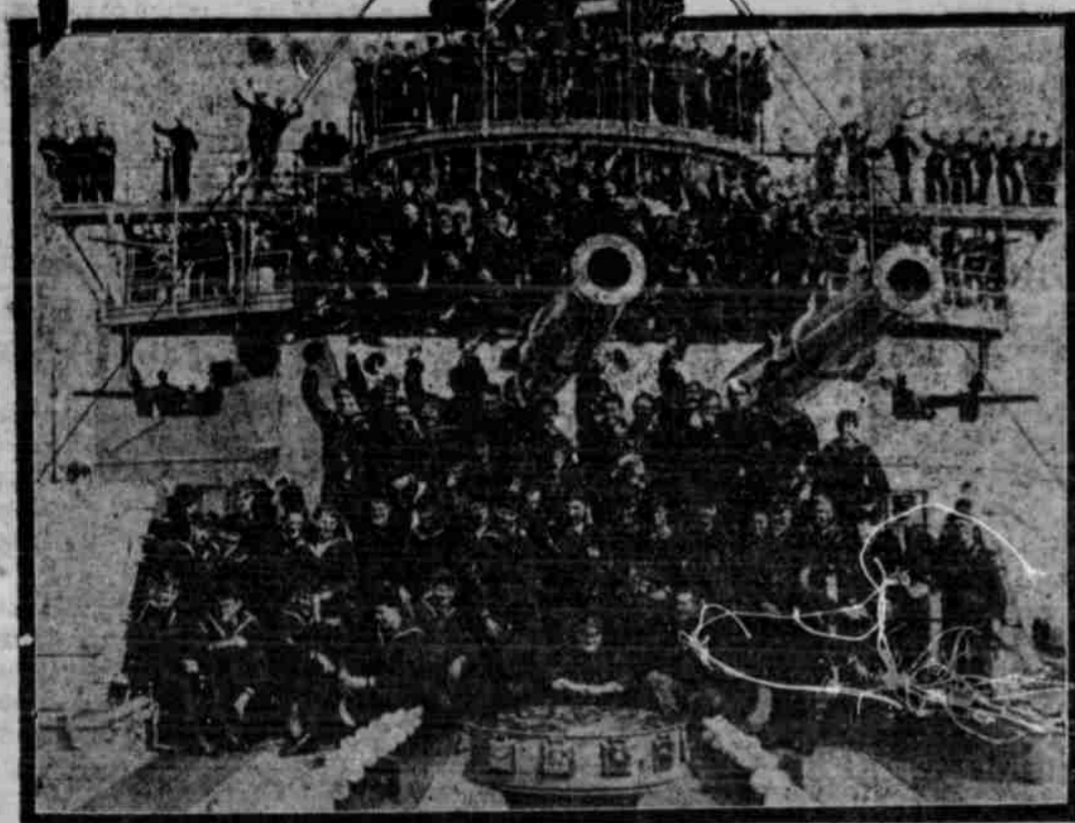
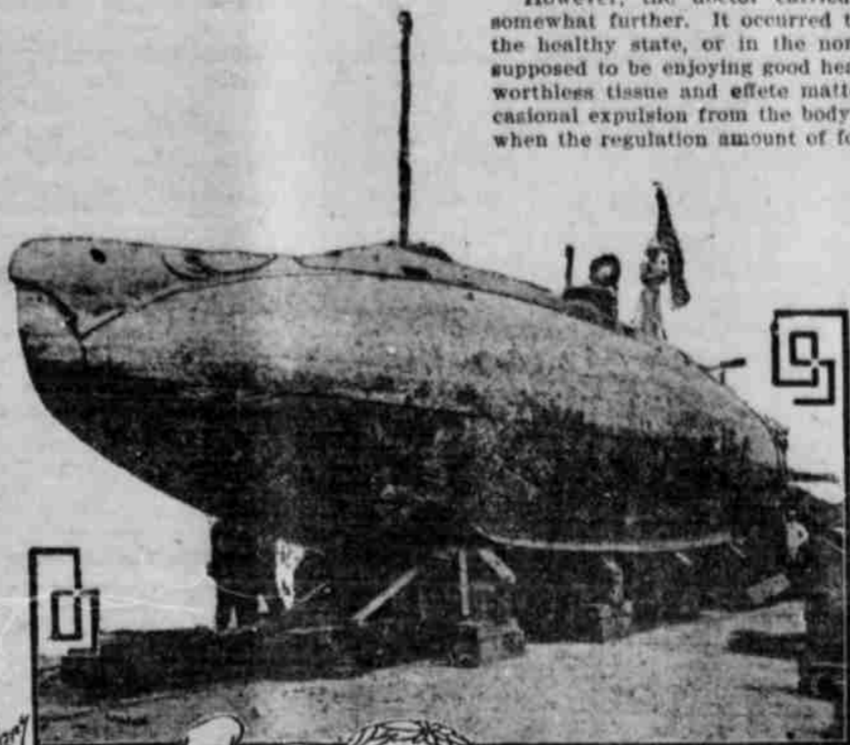


FIFTY BATTLECRAFT IN MIMIC WAR

By CAPT. ELLIS D. MORSON



CREW OF A BATTLESHIP



DISABLED SUBMARINE TORPEDO BOAT IN DRY DOCK

IF 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 Seaton Schroeder's 16,000-ton flagship, U. S. S. Connecticut, to the tiny submarine torpedo boat Taranula.

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 fozec 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 militia 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.

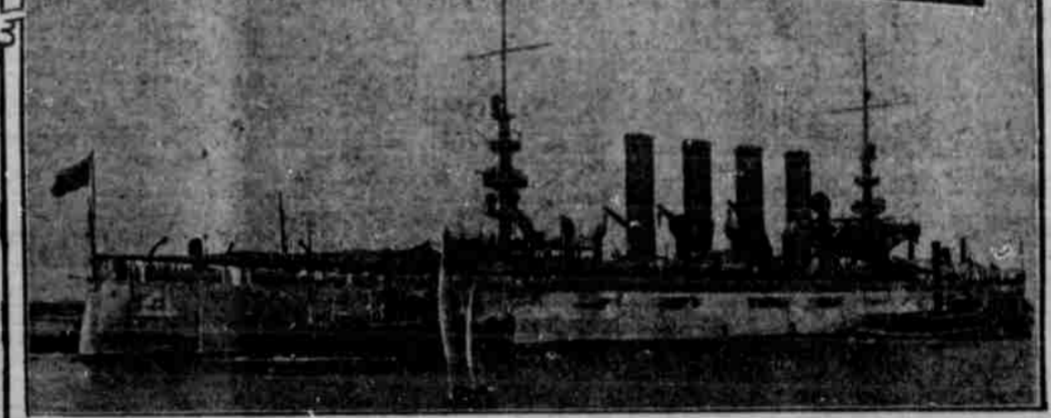
Two old torpedo boats, Nicholson and O'Brien, were dismantled, filled with cork to keep them afloat and used as targets for the gigantic projectiles. Time and again they were riddled and finally, the cork having been so thoroughly perforated that they were longer unable to keep afloat, they sank to the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



ARMORED CRUISER COLORADO

rate program. The cruiser Montgomery, which had been fitted up as a torpedo experimental ship, was also with the fleet and took a prominent part in the struggle at sea, its experiments proving of great future value.

The great Atlantic torpedo fleet also deserves mention in connection with the summer's play at war. The flotilla of 12 boats with the cruiser Dixie as parent ship and four brand new submarine boats with the gunboat Castine as their parent ship played spectacular parts alongside of the monster battleships of fifteen and sixteen thousand tons.

Only 12 of the 15 battleships which went around the world were with the fleet of the Atlantic ocean off Provincetown, the other four in Rear Admiral Schroeder's command being new vessels, receiving their first experience at firing in this practice.

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

HIS MOTHER, 86, LIVES IN A SHED

MISSOURIAN QUOTES SCRIPTURE IN EXPLAINING ACT TO HUMANE OFFICER.

HER HOME IS A MERE HOVEL

Aged Woman, Sick, Says She Is Too Old to Deserve Much Attention—Son Is Owner of Electric Light Plant.

Kansas City, Mo.—The Humane society of Kansas City will try to bring Mrs. Mary Screechfield from the outhouse in which she lives in Lee's Summit, Mo., to Kansas City and place her in a hospital here at the expense of her son and grandson, M. and L. Screechfield, owners of the electric light plant in Lee's Summit. F. E. McCrary, agent of the society, said:

"The Humane society, acting as the agent of public opinion, will consult the attorneys of the society at once and learn if it is possible to have the case of Mrs. Screechfield taken up by the probate court.

"Our sole aim in this matter is to see that Mrs. Screechfield has proper care and medical treatment. She is 86 years old. The agent of the society who went to Lee's Summit reports that her condition is pitiable in the extreme. He reports that there is evidence that her son and grandson will not care for her as this society believes a woman of her age ought to be cared for."

To justify himself for placing his 86-year-old mother in an outhouse in his yard, Screechfield quotes the scriptural text, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and shall cleave unto his wife."

Upon complaint of persons in Lee's Summit, Edgar Warden, officer of the Humane society of Kansas City, went there.

A newspaper man went with the humane officer and with him interviewed the aged woman. Great maple trees shade the white cottage of the Screechfields. Upon the front porch are rocking chairs with soft pillows and in one of these Mrs. Screechfield,



"My Son, Is That You Come to See Me?"

wife of the manager of the electric light plant, was sitting.

"Yes," she said, "my mother-in-law lives here, but you can't see her. She is not presentable."

"That's exactly why we wish to see her," said the officer.

Behind the white cottage in the back yard is a shed six feet wide and eight feet long, hardly large enough to be termed a doghouse. It has a narrow door and one window two feet square, beside the door. This window was closed tightly. The officers saw at the back end of the structure a low and narrow bed. Upon it lay a woman with hair white, a wealth of it that stood up from her forehead in a great pompadour.

Inside the "hut" the air was hot and heavy. One garment of calico hung to the body of the aged woman. She held out a thin hand and smiled.

"My son," she asked, shading her eyes with her other hand and peering beneath its palm. "My son, is that come to see me? I can't see well in here."

The officer bent over her. "No, I'm not your son. I came to see how you are getting along. Doesn't your son see you every day?"

"No, not often; he's busy, you know."

"Do they take care of you pretty well?" asked the officer.

"Yes, pretty well. I've got so old it's no use to take much care of me now," she answered.

"Don't you suffer from the heat?" It's awfully hot in here."

"Yes, yes; awfully hot. That's the trouble; it's too hot. It's hard to breathe in here. And I'm too weak to even leave my bed. If I could only get out once in a while."

"Do you suffer any pain?"

"Yes, I suffer all over; my head and all over my body; it's the rheumatism, I guess."

"Don't you ever have a doctor?"

"No, never. I'm so old it ain't much use doctoring for me. I won't be here long, anyway. At my age a doctor couldn't be much help."