

# OUTFITTING A WARSHIP



CHOPPING THE ROPE'S OFF THE SHELLS BEFORE HOISTING



READY TO BE LOADED INTO THE AMMUNITION HOLE



SMALLER SHELLS ARE LOADED FOUR AT A TIME

The decks had lost their clean polish and instead were carpeted with army beans. The ship's two forward guns, usually so trim, and both pointing outward at exactly the same angle, were no longer parallel. One dropped in a decidedly dejected manner. But this was only during outfitting operations.

The crew had been divided into squads, and the first morning had been set to work soon after 8 o'clock.

An car after car and truck after truck deposited their stores on the deck alongside of the ship the sailors proceeded to carry the supplies on board and thence to the various rooms.

A hundred yards or so beyond the dock is the supply station, and close by that the clothing factory.

At one of these depots every article of clothing worn by United States sailors is manufactured, while from the other nine-tenths of all that he eats is sent out.

No matter how far from home a ship may be, her commander knows that all he has to do, when the stock of food and clothes runs low, is to send word to headquarters regarding these conditions, and re-enforcements will be forwarded to the nearest station at which his ship will stop.

The naval clothing factory, which is in charge of Pay Inspector Eustace B. Rogers, is one of the most interesting features of the navy yard.

The long, narrow, red brick building stands close to the dock.

Its upper floor is devoted to the manufacture of wearing apparel, while the lower part offers, principally, storerooms for provisions. In one corner, or end, is constructed the huge coffee machine that grinds practically all the coffee drunk by the thousands of sailors in our service.

Several men are kept constantly at work here feeding the grinder and packing the fragrant grains in large tin cans, which are carefully sealed and soldered for the long voyage in store for them.

There are boxes of beans and rice, cases of all kinds of tinned goods, all the necessities of life as well as a few luxuries, such as chests of plug tobacco, ranged in great rows ready to be put on the line of cars for shipment.

Above the supply department, where blouses and trousers are turned out by the hundreds, a corps of men is employed day after day cutting out garments in blue cloth and white English drill.

The men do the cutting, but the sewing is mostly done by women, except in the case of overcoat-making, which, the officer in charge says, is too heavy work for feminine hands.

Several long tables are arranged down the center of the factory building, and on these layers of cloth are laid, as many as forty, one upon the other.

Then with the stiff pattern the outline is chalked out and an electric cutting machine is carefully run around the marks.

In a remarkably short time forty pairs of trousers, forty overcoats or natty white blouses are cut as neatly as with a die and are ready to be given out to the seamstresses.

When the completed garments are returned to the factory they are examined and if perfect are passed on to the packing department.

Twenty pairs of trousers, thirty blouses or any number of garments that will make a pile of a certain size are neatly folded and laid one on top of another.

They are temporarily roped before being placed under a hydraulic press, which reduces the size of the bundle to about one-half.

While still under this pressure the pile of garments is folded in a square of burip and tarpaulin, the edges are firmly sewn together and then made perfectly water-proof.

When being fitted out for a long cruise these stores are quite as important and necessary as ammunition and provisions, though the process of loading may not be

so picturesque and characteristic as taking aboard businesslike shells.

Shells are brought to the navy yard from the arsenal down the bay on a lighter, which is towed to the side of the battleship.

Though the deadly cargo may not appear very large, it is an extremely heavy one and requires considerable time to put aboard.

In the case of the Kearsarge eight or ten sailors were detailed to work on the lighter, while as many more were stationed on the after-deck of the battleship to receive the shells and pass them on the journey to their resting place in times of peace, far below decks.

The shells were laid in rows two or three deep, and each destructive piece of steel was encased in tip and base with a single coil of rope, which was put on to prevent rolling.

The first work consisted of chopping these bits of rope away, and then one at a time the 15-inch projectiles were rolled into a strong rope net and swung, by means of a derrick, to the deck of the ship.

A dozen pairs of hands were raised aloft as the 11,000-pound shell shot into the air, poised over the heads of the men, and then swung over the side of the ship, where as many more hands waited to guide the heavy missile to a part of the deck protected from possible scars by a thick sheep-skin rug. Inch boards laid close together on the polished deck floor also helped to keep it from being damaged.

As though taking a little rest before its

final plunge into the depths of the ship, the shell was permitted to remain a short time on the skin rug—then it was slowly raised, point up, directly over the circular deck opening, about twice its circumference, and at a signal from the boatwain it disappeared from sight.

Down below men were stationed on each deck at the openings where the shells were passing to lend a hand in guiding them on an interrupted passage to the ship's arsenal, where they were carefully laid in their proper rack.

Smaller shells are sent aboard four at a time after the same manner as the larger ones, but when they are lowered to their own particular deck each one is laid on a car or sort of carriage that conveys it to its place in the department set aside for projectiles of this kind.

While this work is going on on the after-deck men forward are putting anchors and chains in perfect condition; others are unloading trucks and storing away boxes and crates under the watchful eye of a superior. Guns are sighted and every department put in perfect order.

Then, when the last of the stores are tucked away, the decks are hollystoned until they have regained their pristine freshness and brilliance, metal is polished and wood scoured, clean uniforms are donned and, with the same feeling that the conscientious housewife has when her annual period of getting to rights is over, the gleaming white ship slides away from the dock and puts to sea for whatever port fate may be sending her.

## HOW TO CHOOSE CHEESE.

Expert Outlines a Way to Tell the Good From the Bad.

Most housekeepers qualify before that part of the family marketing which relates to the purchase of cheese, and wish the man of the house, who is usually the chief consumer as well as the critic, would always buy it. Such may find the words of an authority of value:

"A cheese with an indication of goodness will have an even-colored, not mottled, rind. The moment you press your finger-tips on the rind you can begin to judge of the interior makeup of a cheese. If it yields readily to the pressure of the fingers, and the rind breaks or does not spring back readily when the pressure is withdrawn, you have got a soft article, caused by the slack cooling of the curd, a want of acid, or both. At best, it will have an insipid flavor and will 'go off' as it ages. Cheese which feels so hard that you cannot press it on the rind is either sour, salted too heavily, caked too much, skimmed or suffering from a touch of all these complaints.

"A good cheese will be mellow to the touch, yet firm. Its rind will be of an even tint, elastic, and free from puffs, and the sample will reveal firm, close-grained, businessy cheese of a nutty flavor."

### WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Preparing a battleship to go into commission means to its commander and crew what spring cleaning does to housekeepers. The work must be done some time during the resting period of each naval vessel, and this is the only time that she ceases to be a mighty reproach to all housewives.

This is the time, too, when, contrary to the customary hospitality of officers, visitors are looked upon with some disfavor. Those whose home is a great white cruiser are too proud of her appearance to want their friends and strangers to see her at so great a disadvantage as when supplies are being put aboard.

Few outside of naval circles have any idea of the work required, sometimes more than a week of it, to fit out a man-of-war for service or a long cruise.

At the Brooklyn Navy Yard it is an ordinary, if not quite a daily, occurrence to see the prides of the navy under the fire of trucks and barges instead of shot and shell. Each one of our 230-odd ships must take its turn at some outfitting station, and nat-

urally the one across East River does its proportionate share in this line.

The usual routine of ship life appears to the outsider to be turned topsy-turvy. Decks above and below are apparently given up to hopeless confusion, but in reality there are the same admirable disciplines and system even about the smallest detail of putting on supplies that are so perfect on gala occasions when under fire.

A short while ago the Kearsarge spent several days at the navy yard dock across the river preparing for a long European trip.

As she made fast to the dock she seemed more than ever an ideal ship, but inside of twenty-four hours after the work of taking on stores her most intimate friends would not have recognized the double-turreted beauty of the navy in this disheveled ship.

Her decks swarmed with burdened sailors; her great white hull was flanked by trucks and cars.

A procession of men filed up the gang plank, each one shouldering a box, a case or a bundle for future use on the other side of the world.