

**THE RECORD-BREAKING RACE OF THE ILLINOIS.**

By Stanhope Sams, Special Correspondent of Collier's Weekly.

She seemed almost conscious of the part she played—the great battleship Illinois—as she settled down to her race through the ocean path that had been marked out for her to prove that she was the swiftest, and withal the most terrible, sea-fighter of her class afloat. She gave the impression that the beauty and splendor she will some day wear had been renounced, and that here she was to exhibit only her winged power of flight and her deadly strength. So stripped was she that every muscle seemed laid bare, and she was still begrimed with the sweat of labor that had fitted her to run and win the race against a hundred rivals in the navies of the world.

The Illinois, a dull, dingy, gray hulk, lay beyond the brooding islands and

ting or quivering, Admiral Evans said she could easily be forced to eighteen knots.

As soon as the members of the trial



LOOKING OVER THE STERN—HOW THE BATTLESHIP STIRS UP THE WATER IN HER BROAD WAKE.

board, which consisted of Rear-Admiral Evans, Captain C. J. Train, Captain J. N. Hemphill, Commander Charles Roelker, Lieutenant-Commander Charles E. Vreeland, Lieutenant-Commander T. S. Rodgers and Naval Constructor J. J. Woodward, had made a tour of inspection of the ship, she left her anchorage in President Roads and steamed slowly out of the bay. At first she moved with

moving at that wonderful speed. Over the white benten foam she dashed wide and far in the bows, and left in a broad sweep behind her, told of the tremendous power and speed with which she was being driven. Admiral Evans, President Calvin B. Orcutt, of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Company, the builders, who were on the bridge, Admiral W. T. Sampson, who watched the first part of the trial from a station near the wheel, and all the other naval officers present, held their watches to catch the exact time of the start and finish of the first reach, as if the ship were a racehorse nearing the wire in a sharply contested heat.

The gunboat Hist saluted as the battleship crossed the starting-line, and the great fighter snorted curtly through her siren whistle in acknowledgment.

At this moment, as the Illinois had attained almost her utmost pitch of speed, she presented a remarkable spectacle, viewed from her own forward fighting-top.

That she could and would make the

future battleships to strive for. The Illinois had made 17.31 knots. But as a fighter, it is not enough that a battleship can steam fast. She must be able to vanquish her adversary after running her down. Can the Illinois do this? Let "Fighting Bob" Evans answer:

"The English sometimes say we overburden our ships with armament. That is what the fighting ship is for—To carry all the guns she can effectively use. She is a floating battery, and if she can hurl more weight of metal than her enemy, and can hurl it as accurately and timely, she will win, and the ship is built to win. She must get to her fighting ground quickly, and outfight her foe.

"I believe the Illinois can do both. I believe she is the fleetest ship of her tonnage and fighting power on the sea to-day and can whip anything that can now force her to fight, and many battleships that she could force to fight her on her own terms."

The Illinois was launched October 4, 1898, at the yards of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Company, Newport News, Va. Her hull is 368 feet long at load-water line, her beam seventy-two feet, and draught at normal displacement of 11,525 tons is twenty-three feet and six inches. Her indicated horsepower is 10,067; her speed is 17.31 knots, and her coal supply is 1500 tons. She will have forty officers and 499 seamen and marines. She has triple-expansion twin-screw propeller engines, capable of 120 revolutions a minute.

Her armor consists of a belt four feet below and three and a half feet above the load line, of sixteen and one-half and nine and one-half inches thickness. The turrets are protected by seventeen inches of steel plate.

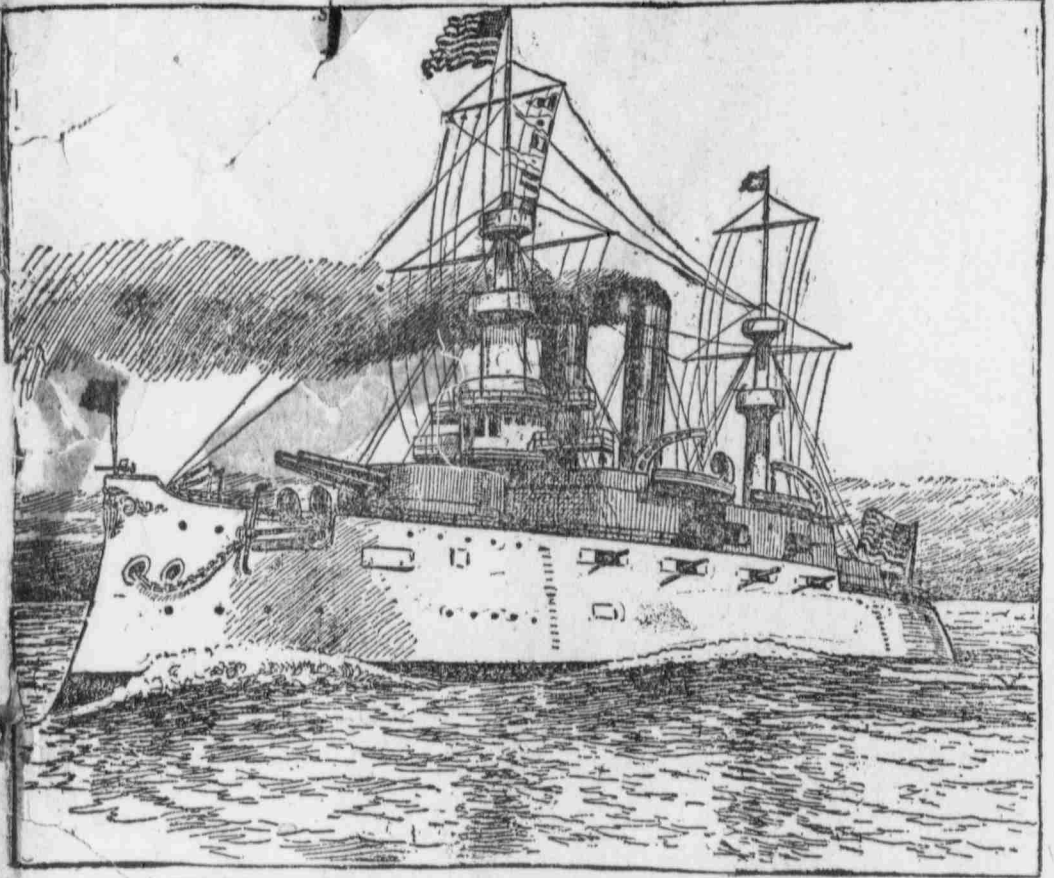
She carries two thirteen-inch guns each in her forward and aft turrets, fourteen six-inch rapid-fire guns, and a secondary battery of sixteen quick-firing six-pounders, and four quick-firing one-pounders, and two 100 and two field guns.

The speed of the Illinois in the trial race, as given above (17.31 knots an hour) is the actual time made against tide and currents. Her corrected speed, calculated by the Board of Inspection and Survey, is much better—17.45 knots. This great speed places her still further in the lead of American battleships, and is her warrant to rank pre-eminently as the fleetest ship of her class in the navies of the world.—Collier's Weekly.

**TALLEST IN AMERICA.**

Texas Man Who Enjoys a Unique Distinction.

Living on a big ranch of his own in Titus County, Texas, lives a man with several claims to distinction. His name is H. C. Thurston, and he stands seven feet eight inches in height in his stocking feet. Mr. Thurston is a native-born American, and now at the age of seventy-one years he is still enjoying good health. He was one of the original forty-niners, and went around the Horn and back across the isthmus in the days when the trip meant something. When he broke out Mr. Thurston participated in the Confederate campaign until the surrender of his regiment in 1865. His great height and towering figure made him a favorite target for Federal marksmen, and it is estimated that thousands of shots were fired directly at him during the war. But some good fortune seemed to watch over him, and he was wounded but once, and then slightly. In 1871 Mr. Thurston removed to Titus



THE BATTLESHIP ILLINOIS, THE FINEST WARSHIP AFLOAT.

the busy harbor traffic of Boston, on the morning of June 12, awaiting the supreme moment that should see her transformed from a germ in iron and steel into a battleship. She had lain there for some time, and every hour her picked crew and her stowaway builders had made her fiercer, stronger and fleet. They had let the grime and dirt accumulate on her decks, and on the white of her gracefully curved sides; but they kept the machinery clean and free, and as sleek with oil as the mouth of a millionaire.

The test of the ship had been regarded by all as a dramatic climax toward which everything was moving. Her builders had been preparing her for this moment ever since her launching on October 4, 1898; and the United States Navy, which was to reject or accept her on the result of the trial, had selected a trained body of officers to witness the race. As if to mark the occasion as a sort of baptism of fire, Rear-Admiral "Fighting Bob" Evans was placed at the head of this Board.

On one, however, not even her builders or her crew, expected that she would run the marvellous race she

extreme caution, as if wary of the tortuous channels, and her helm was in the hands of a harbor pilot. Then, as the wide seaway opened before her, she dropped the pilot, shook off her swaddling bands, as it were, scorned all guiding hands, save those of her masters, and turned her head toward Cape Ann for her life or death race.

The course of fifty-three knots had been carefully measured the day before, and was marked by six boats and buoys stationed at intervals of little more than six knots, the total distance to be gone over twice, out and in. The path lay directly across the deep bight in the shore-line of Massachusetts and New Hampshire and ended off Cape Porpoise beyond Mount Agamenticus on the Maine coast. The gunboat Hist was the first stake, and the others were, in their order, the training ships Lancaster and Essex, the gunboats Newport and Peoria, and the naval tug Potomac.

Long before the Illinois reached Cape Ann she had worked up to a high speed, and when she swept around the first stake-boat and swung easily into the path she had to follow, she was making more than seventeen knots an hour. So smoothly did she

speed required by her contract—sixteen knots an hour—was evident to all from the moment she righted herself from the turn and moved down the line of stakeboats that disappeared in the direction of the Maine coast.

The crew, from Captain Hanlon and helmsman and engineer down to the

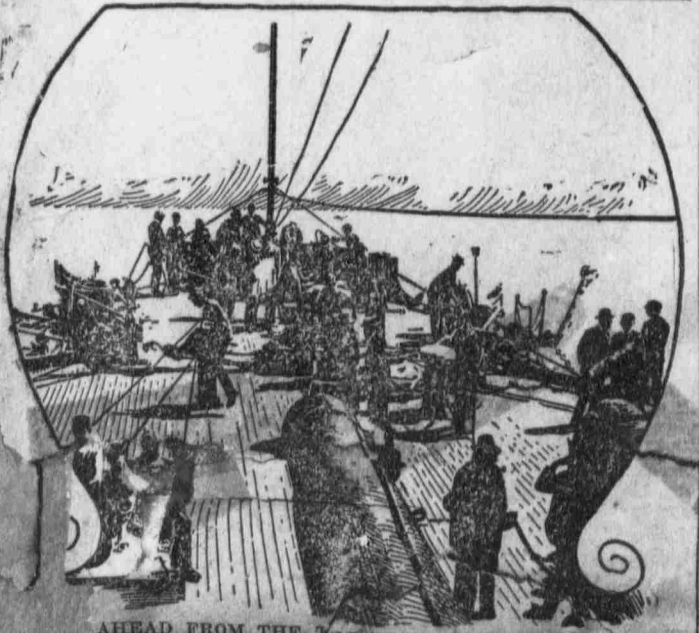


ON THE BRIDGE AT FULL SPEED.

deckhands, regarded the race as a personal affair. Each knew exactly what the Alabama, the Wisconsin had done, and, therefore, what the Illinois was expected to do, and each felt the heavy responsibility that rested alike on steering, engine shaft, or sack of coal on a single drop of oil.

At the end of the course a singular thing happened. Until the race is finished every minute the ship is guarded against rocking. For this reason, the ship usually steams about on an easy helm, and the test of her ability to turn in small circles to the very end of the race. But there was some confusion in orders, and the ship suddenly came about, hard a-port, and then suddenly and mysteriously swung back to the board, like a tipsy sailor. Then she swung again in a hair curve, and came round, snuffing lightning herself, and seemed to leap back into the path for her second reach. She behaved exquisitely well under the severe strain, neither listing to leeward, nor throbbing or quivering under the immense tension of her engines.

At the finish, the how quickly she came to a complete circle was a matter of length. Then she dropped anchor again in President Roads, and the great race had broken up.



AHEAD FROM THE TOP OF THE FORWARD TURRET.

all records. But after she coasted off her wonderful speed of 17.31 knots so steadily, without a ripple or clatter, that even the naval experts could hardly believe she was

until the surrender of his regiment in 1865. His great height and towering figure made him a favorite target for Federal marksmen, and it is estimated that thousands of shots were fired directly at him during the war. But some good fortune seemed to watch over him, and he was wounded but once, and then slightly. In 1871 Mr. Thurston removed to Titus



THE TALLEST MAN IN THE UNITED STATES

County, Texas, where he has since resided. He is one of the prominent planters of Mount Vernon in the Star State, and has refused countless offers to exhibit himself as an attraction at a dime museum.

The River State during the summer is dry along the greater portion of its course. The water in the main stream only reaches the mouth of the river.

**Expected More Company.**

New York Commercial Advertiser: An Irish servant girl of recent importation was preparing the ice cream, tea and cakes for a Brooklyn evening party when her employer remarked to her daughter, "You've made too much of the kitchen."

"I'm afraid those mosquitoes will come in tonight over the back fence."

"Going down stairs, the kitchen gallons of tea made, and several already made."

"You've made too much of the kitchen," she said. "I told you full would be enough."

"Sure, that's so, girl, but that was anything about the kitchen?"

"What other girl, hostess in a kitchen?"

"Why, the Misses said were coming."

An... w... c... s... d... l... t... those clients.

Moth... doesn't... crying... act so.

Mr. Han—Oh, no, that was; I am used to it—haven't seen a well child for years.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**No Guarantee Given.**

"What is the matter with your weather bulletins of yours?" a man who complains about what he has heard.

"My dear sir," answered the prophet, "those are mere predictions, not promises."—W. Star.

**A Clean Swipe.**

On his way home from Mr. Jymes was held up and believed of all his valuables.

"What did they get, Mr. Jymes?" asked Mrs. Jymes, who reached his home and found a loss.

"Everything except the watch," he groaned.—Chicago Times.

**Good Girl.**

She—I only paid \$4.00 for it.

He—Good girl. She—And the milliner can trim it beautifully.—Somerville.

**Rainy-Day.**

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