



CHAMPION CREW OF THE ALABAMA'S AFTER TURRET.

In the centre, wearing a cap, stands Lieutenant Wilson, who trained the gunners. On his left is a crack gun pointer named Allen. Behind is a target showing four hits out of four shots, one of which was a bull's-eye. The hits were made with a 13-inch gun, at a distance of 1,600 yards, in the record breaking time of three minutes and ten seconds. The gun was pointed by a seaman named Brightup.

Come for him. Hearing of the nature cure, he decided that he might as well try that as a last resort. A month after he was enabled, he declared, to leave off his body brace and give up the use of his crutches. The crutches stood against the side of the house, a mute witness to the efficacy of the cure.

The business man was found lying in his "grave" contentedly smoking a pipe. A book and his watch and tobacco pouch lay on the ground at his side. He confessed that he remained in the ground no longer than the law required. He said he was suffering from locomotor ataxia and had been told by physicians three years ago that he could live only six years longer at the most. "I was told," he said, "that I must use as little of my energy as possible, as I could not regain that which I lost. When I had a block to go I was told to take a car whenever possible. Later I began to forget the names of people. I heard of this treatment and have been taking it for a long time. I believe it has done me good. I have walked to the railroad station, five miles away, twice this summer."

"John," the attendant, persisted in keeping up his diet of nuts and grapes all last winter, while working at his trade as a tanner, notwithstanding the fun made of him. His fellow workmen did not like his habit of opening the windows in midwinter.

The "Doctor" has been conducting his air park for four years. It is closed between November 1 and May 1. This summer sixty persons have spent more or less of the time in its sunny confines.

**MIGHT MAKE A STATESMAN.**

A woman who lives at the hotel where "Uncle Joe" Cannon always makes his home while in Washington was recently talking to the next speaker of the growing incorrigibility of her youngest boy.

"I don't know what has come over little Dick," said the worried mother. "Do you know, he is forever inciting his playmates to all manner of mischief. Then he leaves them to fight it out among themselves."

"Well," remarked "Uncle Joe," with a grim smile, "I wouldn't be excessively anxious on his account. Let him alone. It looks as if he might have the making of a statesman in him some day."

**HOW OUR NAVAL GUNNERS BREAK RECORDS.**

*Their Marvellous Accuracy Only Attained by Constant Practice with Most Ingenious Mechanical Aids.*

Almost simultaneously with the publication of a statement by a British general that the practice of English naval gunners was so bad that he offered to take girls out of school who could do as well, the United States battleship Indiana sailed into this port with the boast that her gunners had broken the world record. With an 8-inch gun of the Indiana a seaman named Treanor had hit a bull's-eye four times consecutively. The mark was four feet square and at a distance of 1,600 yards. The four shots were made in the record breaking time of 2 minutes and 16 seconds. Had the target practice occurred in Fifth-ave., the cannon might have stood at Forty-second-st. and the target could have been represented by an umbrella near the Flatiron Building.

Many attachés who are stationed in this country have been instructed to learn the secret of American marksmanship and to report to their home governments; and to the attachés has been accorded every opportunity to carry out their mission. But they have learned no secret. They found no new mechanism, no novel combination of levers and wheels which were not already known to the naval experts of Europe. As one expressed it:

"It's the American gunner; not the American gun. The American sailor practises until he can't miss. The European gunner too often practises until he is tired."

Although the United States Government does not spend so much for new battleships as England or Germany, it lays more emphasis upon marksmanship than any other country in the world. More time and ammunition are exhausted in the American Navy in proportion to its size than in any of its rivals. There are seven practices a year for full calibre ammunition, six sea practices when the number of hits is not recorded except for the immediate instruction of the gunners, and one record practice, which is reported in detail to Washington, so that the head naval officials know what every gunner can and cannot do. Still further to encourage expert marksmanship, the Navy Department, on the recommendation of President Roosevelt, has now provided that men who qualify as first class gunners shall obtain \$10 more a month. Second class gunners are to get an additional \$6. This order went into effect on the first of this month.

Although sham battles and deep sea target practice are important in training the gunner, nevertheless, these are not the chief contributors to his skill. When a visitor boards a warship and chances to ask the "man behind the gun" what has done most to train his eye, he will answer:

"It's the little popgun up there," and he will point to an apparatus on board which looks more than anything else like a Coney Island shooting gallery. "That gives me daily practice. A man can never get stale with a Morris tube aboard."

Every day on board American men-of-war at the present time the men practise with the big guns and the little guns, by means of the Morris tube. The rivalry is so keen between the different ships, and between gunners on the same ship, that every man in the crew is eager and anxious to excel as a marksman. Every one has a chance, the cook as well as the sea-

man, the stoker the same as the Annapolis lieutenant; and if the cook and the stoker prove that they can "hit," they are the men who point the cannon in the big test manoeuvres.

A party of Westerners chanced to be aboard the Indiana the other day at the navy yard, when one of them, who looked like a Populist, exclaimed:

"What is that popping I hear? I thought first that some one was roasting corn, but the pops don't come often enough for that."

"That is the target practice on the after deck," replied an officer.

"And what are they shooting with?" asked a

St. Louis brewer. "That sounds something like bottles popping."

"The men are practising with the 13-inch guns," was the reply. "They are the largest we have on board."

The Populist and the brewer looked as if they had bought a gold brick. They saw they must have blundered, but wondered how.

"Just come this way and I'll show you," said the officer.

On the barrel of a huge gun which, with its prim partner, projected far out of the after turret sat a sailor astride. He was as far back from the muzzle as he could get, and was so intent on loading a small rifle that he did not notice he was being watched. The rifle was supported by two steel uprights, bound fast to the cannon. It looked like any shooting gallery rifle of .22-calibre, except that an electric wire hung from its trigger. The wire ran into the turret.

Just above the gun's muzzle hung a miniature target, on the face of which were nine black squares at regular distances one from another. At first glance they looked like a tiny checker board. Each black square was .7 inch by .9 inch in size.

"You see those black spots up there," said the officer. "Well, each one of them is a target. We put up nine all at once, so we don't have to stop after each shot and put up a new mark. Now, you notice that the collection of targets is by no means stationary. It hangs from the end of a boom, which one set of ropes makes roll up and down to imitate the roll of a ship, and which another pulley swings sideways in place of the longitudinal motion of the ship as it speeds on its course."

At this moment there was a puff of smoke from the toy rifle. It was the same sort of pop they had heard before. At the same instant the sailor astride the cannon ejected an empty shell and thrust a fresh cartridge into its place. Then the Populist, who had just finished studying the target through some heavy spectacles, exclaimed:

"Say, but I don't see where the bullet struck!"

"It went through one of the black spots," was the officer's answer. "That toy rifle, which is made fast to the cannon, is called a Morris tube. Its barrel is exactly parallel with that of the 13-inch gun. Its muzzle is twenty-nine feet away from the target, which is so small that it is no easier to hit it with this .22-calibre gun than to hit a twenty-foot target 1,600 yards away with a 13-inch cannon."

"But how does the gunner aim so exactly?" interrupted the Chicago man.

"Do you see those three hoods on the top of the turret?" replied the navy man. "The gun pointers of the two guns are in the end hoods. The gun trainer for both guns is in the central hood. That little hole in the front of each hood is where the marksman looks out through his sighting telescope. The gun pointer elevates and lowers his gun and tries to keep on his



THE TARGET AS SEEN THROUGH THE GUN POINTER'S TELESCOPE. The gunner adjusts the cannon's mechanism until the wires of his telescope cross the target.



THE MEN WHO BEAT THE WORLD'S RECORD WITH EIGHT-INCH GUNS. H. W. Treanor, who stands on the right, pointed the cannon which made four bull's-eyes with four shots, in two minutes and sixteen seconds. H. B. Hagberg trained the gun. Both men belong to the crew of the Indiana. (Photograph by Charles Curtis.)