

NEW HAMPSHIRE OFF FOR SPEED TRIALS

The Big Sea-Fighter Expected to
be Assigned to a New Special
Atlantic Squadron.

NEWS FROM ANTIPODES

An Officer of the World-Touring Fleet
Writes That All Are Weary of
the Endless Social Gayety.

The battleship New Hampshire, since her recent visit to Portsmouth, N. H., and known as the navy's "W. C. T. U. White Flag ship," sailed from the Navy Yard for the Rockland, Me., trial waters yesterday afternoon, where she will undergo her Government acceptance trials. It is a foregone conclusion that the big battleship will fulfill all contract requirements, after which she will be formally accepted by the Navy Department.

Capt. Cameron McR. Winslow, the commander of the New Hampshire, came on board a few minutes before the ship sailed, and, although he is supposed to know as much as any officer in the navy about the plans for the new battleships of the Dreadnought type that have recently been the subject of so much public discussion, he declined to do any talking on the subject. Commander Winslow, it was said, was with President Roosevelt when the latter made public the statement in which he said that the Delaware and North Dakota would be, when finished, the finest type of the all-big-gun battleships afloat.

The New Hampshire, it is rumored, is soon to be assigned to the new special Atlantic Squadron, which, it is said, will be formed to welcome home the Atlantic fleet when it nears home water early next year. The other battleships in that squadron will be, if such a squadron is formed, the Idaho and the Mississippi, and probably the Iowa. The new armored cruisers Montana and North Carolina may also be attached to it. An officer said yesterday that it was just possible that the dispatch Dolphin might be made the flagship of this special squadron and one of the navy's best known officers assigned to the command.

One of the young officers on the New Hampshire has received a long letter from a brother officer who is attached to the Atlantic fleet now in the Antipodes. The letter leaves no doubt of the strenuous sociability that is attending the famous world cruise. The officer said that it was breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners every day, with parades, target matches, baseball games, and dances sandwiched in between. He added that the people everywhere had outdone themselves in their efforts to entertain them, and that while everybody on board appreciated it all, they would be mighty glad when they struck New York again, where their attendance on social functions would not be regulated by orders issued from commanding officers.

The New Hampshire was just getting under way yesterday, when a young man, followed by a yelping Dalmation hound puppy, rushed up to where the gangplank had been and inquired of the bystanders if any of them had seen a puppy exactly like the one that was following him. Everybody shook their heads, and then the young man shouted to the sailors who were waving farewells from the battleship's decks:

"Any of you fellows got a Dalmation puppy on board?"

"Maybe we have and maybe we haven't," a lusty-lunged "jackie" yelled back as the battleship backed out into the yard basin.

That was the last heard of the missing puppy, but the impression prevails that there is a new mascot on the New Hampshire.

Capt. Winslow has a dog, a fine Boston bull, named Eli, sent him by a friend on the Pacific Coast, which came to him when he received the New Hampshire command, but Eli is at home aft, and not forward, the result being that he disdains the companionship of the enlisted men. Yesterday one of the enlisted men was bewailing the absence of a forward mascot and he said that unless a goat, a pig, or a donkey, was soon forthcoming, a committee would be appointed to draft a letter to Gov. Floyd of New Hampshire, asking him to get busy and see that his State's big namesake had a mascot worthy of a ship of her size and prominence in the fighting line. This was the plan followed by the men of the battleship Connecticut, with the result that two days before the flagship sailed for Hampton Roads the New York Navy Yard was invaded by a flock of Connecticut paint eating, tobacco chewing, mast climbing goats.