

**THE APPEAL STEADILY GAINS BECAUSE:**  
1-It aims to publish all the news possible.  
2-It does so impartially, wasting no words.  
3-Its correspondents are able and energetic.

# THE APPEAL

**THE APPEAL KEEPS IN FRONT BECAUSE:**  
1-It is the organ of ALL Afro-Americans.  
2-It is not controlled by any ring or clique.  
3-It asks no support but the people's.

VOL. 13. NO. 7.

ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1902.

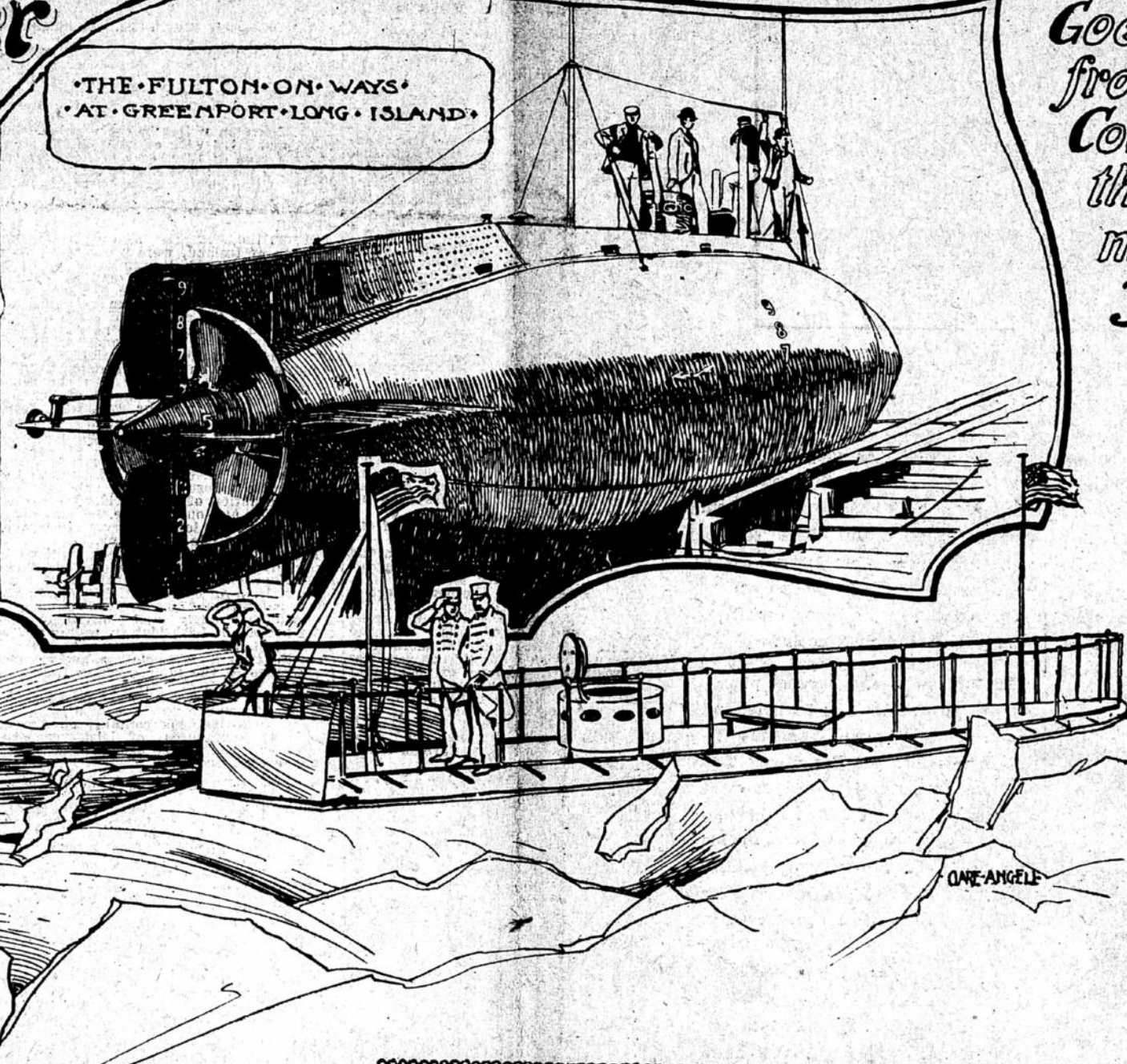
\$2.40 PER YEAR.

## Submarine Boat Fulton to Cross the Atlantic Under Her Own Power

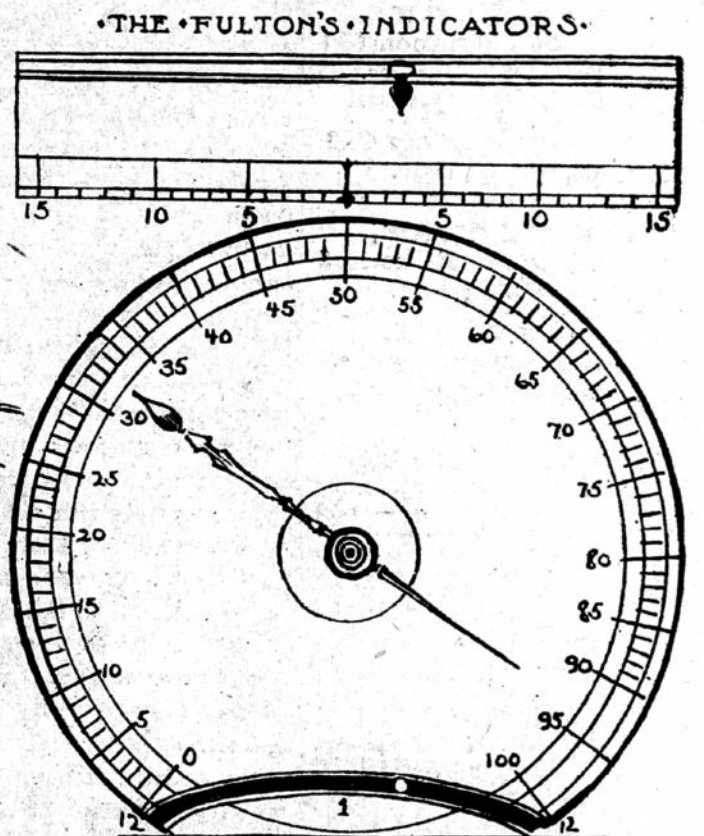
*Goes First to Washington from New York, and Will Cover a Good Part of that Voyage While Submerged at a Depth of 35 Feet*



CAPTAIN FRANK CABLE, COMMANDER OF THE FULTON.

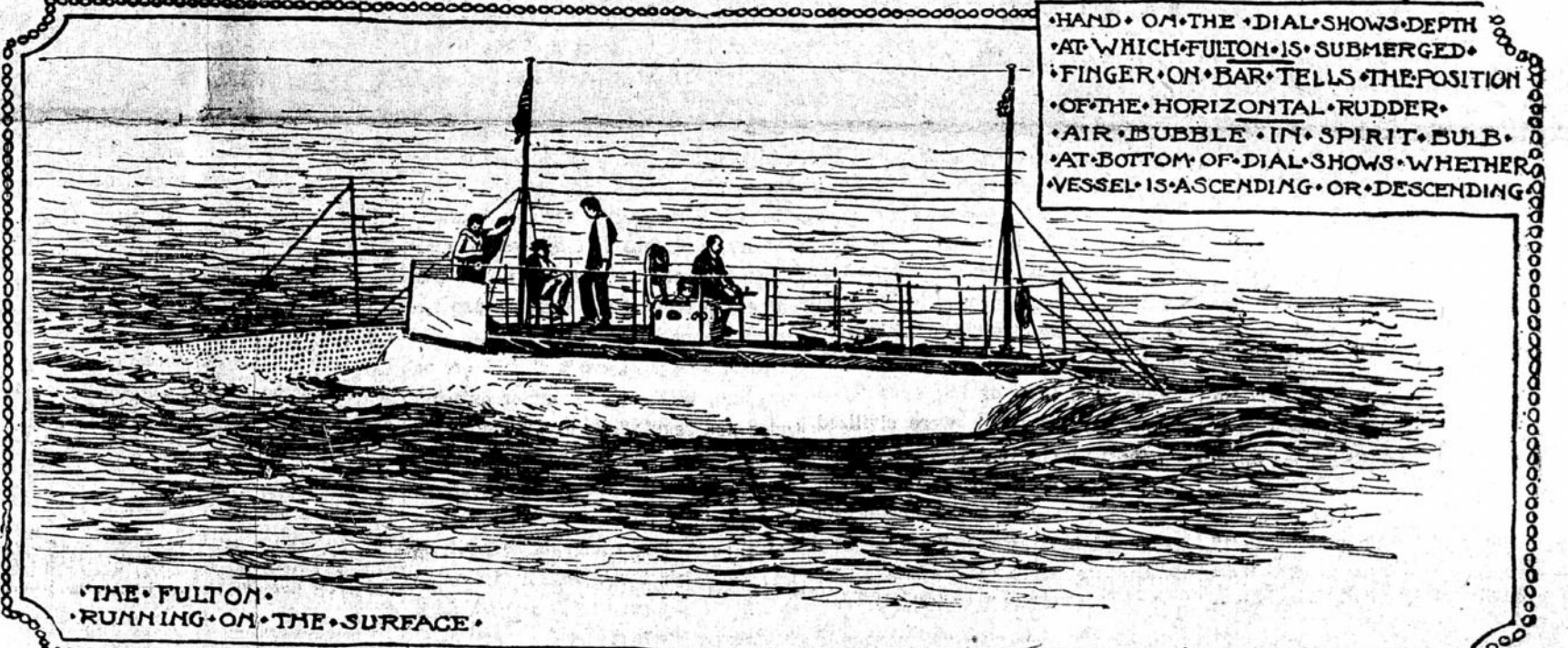


THE FULTON ON WAYS AT GREENPORT LONG ISLAND



THE FULTON'S INDICATORS

HAND ON THE DIAL SHOWS DEPTH AT WHICH FULTON IS SUBMERGED. FINGER ON BAR TELLS THE POSITION OF THE HORIZONTAL RUDDER. AIR BUBBLE IN SPIRIT BULB AT BOTTOM OF DIAL SHOWS WHETHER VESSEL IS ASCENDING OR DESCENDING.



THE FULTON RUNNING ON THE SURFACE

It is now the intention to send the American submarine boat across the ocean. A trip of more than three thousand miles over and under the sea is contemplated for the audacious little Fulton.

Should it be carried out successfully the navies of the world again will be electrified by Yankee spirit and daring, as the torpedo boat is only 83.4 feet over all and the intention is to send her under her own power.

While such a feat would have been undreamed of even a year ago, her captain and crew speak of it as being neither improbable nor even startling. She has proved herself so stable that there will not be the slightest difficulty in getting her crew to make the trip.

"I would sooner go in her than in a liner," said Capt. Frank T. Cable. "Should a storm come up we can sink at will until it is over." This statement, showing perfect confidence in the stability of the boat, was made to a correspondent for the Sunday Pioneer Press who was permitted to go aboard and inspect the little marvel on her recent trip, when she made a run from Greenport to New Suffolk for the purpose of trying a new and more powerful propeller.

And on that trip she gave a new performance that showed she possessed a merit that even her enthusiastic owners never gave her credit for.

She proved herself a wonderful ice breaker, going through four inches of solid ice as if it were paper and at the same time losing little speed, to the delight of her captain and proud crew and the deep gratification of the navy.

The little Fulton traveled full tilt for the ice field with her nose about a foot under water. She lifted up the ice, hurled it on either side as a plow would overturn soft soil. As she lifts the ice up on her stern bow, which slants upward from the submerged nose toward the coming tower, it breaks into cakes, which either fall on top of the ice further away or are thrust under it. In this way she makes a cleavage for herself and does not waste as much power as if she crashed into the ice field and broke up a path by mere force.

So impressive was the performance and so successful was the Fulton in a work for which she had not been designed and which was attempted merely as a side issue that Capt. Arthur MacArthur, the government naval expert abroad, was both astonished and pleased. He is a son of Gen. MacArthur and will be in command of the Adder, another Holland submarine boat, when it is launched from the New Suffolk yards in a couple of weeks.

Though the Fulton is not owned by the government, and is commissioned as a private yacht for the company's purposes in steadily experimenting so as to get the highest possible grade of efficiency, her trip to Washington about the last of February will be the first step taken to show that she is perfectly able to cross the ocean with safety to herself and those on board. This trip will all be made entirely in the open sea, and has been ordered to settle the question whether or not submarine boats are of use only in the still waters of a harbor.

They being built only for harbor defense, but their designers believe they also have great seagoing ability. The trip to Washington will be only the first step after it will come the more serious enterprise—the trip across the ocean, as the fuel carrying capacity of the marvelous little craft must be increased largely for such a long voyage.

ing lines showed plainly in the night. Always at ease, her white sides rested gracefully on the stocks, as if they pressed but lightly against her dear old bones. Two masts showed that her present owner, Perry Chubb, had rigged her as a yawl on pleasure bent. He had put her to bed on the stocks last ice or storm dressed, and she lay there, a white thing of peace and beauty, and dozed undreamed of her maiden days of conquest.

So close beside her that they almost touched was the Fulton. The dark red of her sides showed black in the night. The timbers on which she rested could not be seen. Her great propeller flared from the stern and she seemed an unsouth bird of prey, poised by the bird of peace beside her.

A cheerful party of two was found in the saloon the Giralds—Captains Cable and MacArthur. The commander of the Fulton, who is a relative of the novelist, is a cheerful, and a very serious face. Though young, deep lines emphasize an expression of much dignity and strength. He is a man of whom one can well believe it is often said: "Well, if Capt. Cable says so it is all right."

Beside him, and equalling his scant six feet, was Capt. MacArthur, the ideal handsome young naval officer. With such a father he might have had preference and a brilliant future. But that was not his liking, and on leaving Annapolis he volunteered immediately to take command of the sinister Adder when she is put in commission. Only men who volunteer for the duty are placed on board of a submarine boat. This service is the "extra hazardous" as a seafaring insurance agent would say.

MacArthur and Cable have become great friends during their few months of acquaintance. The former is not inclined to take life as seriously as the latter, but Cable's smiles are frequent when they are together. Their conversation was devoted almost entirely to the topic of submarine boats; when the Adder and Moccasin were finished in New Suffolk; the Porpoise, Shark and Plunger at Annapolis, and the two boats, as yet unnamed, building in the Union Iron works at San Francisco. Work on all of these boats is going on day and night, forty men being busy at New Suffolk. Of course they also talked of the probable coming of the other boats and wars and rumors of wars and the part they might be called upon to play some day.

"The old men finished up the last war neatly and quickly," said Capt. MacArthur, who had served on the Vixen as a junior officer during the war, "but it looks as if young men will have something to do with the next one, should it come. My crew for the Adder is now about twenty-eight. The oldest man is Capt. Cable's crew is only thirty-one years, and it looks as if the other crews for the submarines will be young men."

Though it was late the steward of the yacht here interrupted with a dinner, one of the several appetizing courses being sweet fried scallops, for which the entire Peconic bay region is so celebrated.

"When do you expect to make Washington trip?" Capt. Cable was asked. "Probably in the latter part of February. I intend to carry ten men on that trip, including Capt. MacArthur, who goes along to make a report on it as an expert for the government."

"I won't say a European trip is impossible," said Capt. MacArthur, "but I would call it improbable. Still, we thought the Oregon's feat was improbable when she started for home, but she came all right as I seem to remember. More room could be made by taking out the thirty-ton storage battery in the Fulton and either putting in an improved and more compact battery, or more gasoline for the gas engines. Now I am absolutely enthusiastic about these submarines and have full confidence in them; and if Cable says they can go across the ocean, I believe him. In case of war that would be a very easy thing to do. All we would have to do would be to seal them up, then tow them to a place of action or around the world as necessary. This would be necessary to carry ten men, absolutely fresh when their services are needed. Of course a trip across under her own power would be merely for exhibition purposes."

"That is what the ocean trip to Washington is not taken out of her, enough is left to give her the very slightest inclination to rise; so if left alone she gradually would come to the surface. This is the way, the mate, James Wilson, had a little experience the time that the Fulton sank that he never told until on this trip. He told about it in a modest way, but it was evident that he had a fight for his life and only his cool head saved him."

As the Fulton lay at her pier her stern was raised to permit an examination of the muffs. This depressed her nose, as was expected, but what was not expected was that some one had left the torpedo valve open in the bow. Wilson was with the boat at the time and as she began to fill he ran forward to try to climb to daylight, but the solid body of water pressing on the hatchway was too strong for him. As the Fulton sank she tilted a little to one side, then lay hard on the bottom. In perfect darkness the cool fellow stood straight up in the boat until his head touched the steel frame. Every few feet there are ribs of steel about six inches deep, and between this as the water raised, air cushions formed. By pressing his face close and sideways to the shell of the boat he could breathe, with some difficulty and gasping, but still breathe.

There he stood until the boat had filled as much as she could, the air cushions, of course, preventing her from filling completely. Then, in darkness, when he believed she had taken in all the water she could, he started for the ladder. It was only a short dive, as he knew right where it was, but never was there such a dive under such circumstances. He passed up through the hatch, which he easily raised, as pressure had been equalized, through solid water and in a few moments was being congratulated by his friends above. They had counted exactly on what he would do, and decided not to send down after him, for fear of mixing things up with two men in the narrow hatchway. In another minute, however, Charles Bechtold, the gunner, would have been after him, as he was stripped with little trouble closed the torpedo valve. The raising of the boat then was easy. Thus luckily ended the only accident.

After the hero of the story had told it with the scantiest detail, Capt. Cable permitted the reporter to stand in the conning tower, to see how the boat is steered when submerged. Above water one can see plainly through the small, thick glasses in the tiny towers, which in the head and shoulders of one man, and when submerged he seems only by a compass, which is in front of him. Attached to the side of the boat is a queer buoyancy of thirteen tons—that is, it takes thirteen tons to send her to the bottom, but she is only sent there for experimental purposes, as she was in that recent dive. The Fulton is a very easy thing to do. All we would have to do would be to seal them up, then tow them to a place of action or around the world as necessary. This would be necessary to carry ten men, absolutely fresh when their services are needed. Of course a trip across under her own power would be merely for exhibition purposes."

"What about this submarine wonder?" Capt. Cable was asked. "Well," he said, "with one of his rare smiles. 'Give me the submarine for safe-ty. I made more than 500 dives in the old Holland, and the Fulton can do anything I can do. I am going to cut it with her to-morrow. Come, it's time to turn in.'"

The next morning nothing was done early or in a hurry, and the launching of the Fulton was postponed. The country folk than if a new sailing boat were slipped from the ways. At first they had looked upon the submarines with wonder and incredulity, but this has all staled with custom and little attention is given even to their most marvelous performances. The Fulton may dive like a lion and dart about like a porpoise all the countryside cares. She speedily grew to be a fact with them, and her appearance in the bay does not even excite a remark. About the most interesting thing to them is the coming and going of the new crews, for the men must learn the ways of the different boats. Each has a way of her own, for it is impossible to build twins that act exactly alike. Though perfect twins in appearance and construction, each has her peculiarities in the center of the boat. It only admits that must be studied to be mastered.

About the most bustling thing concerning the launching and preparations for the trip to New Suffolk with the Kelpie, the tender for the Fulton. She is a fat, little thing, as far removed from the eerie water spirits of Scottish legend as one fast for the tender, so he knew right where it was, but never was there such a dive under such circumstances. He passed up through the hatch, which he easily raised, as pressure had been equalized, through solid water and in a few moments was being congratulated by his friends above. They had counted exactly on what he would do, and decided not to send down after him, for fear of mixing things up with two men in the narrow hatchway. In another minute, however, Charles Bechtold, the gunner, would have been after him, as he was stripped with little trouble closed the torpedo valve. The raising of the boat then was easy. Thus luckily ended the only accident.

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