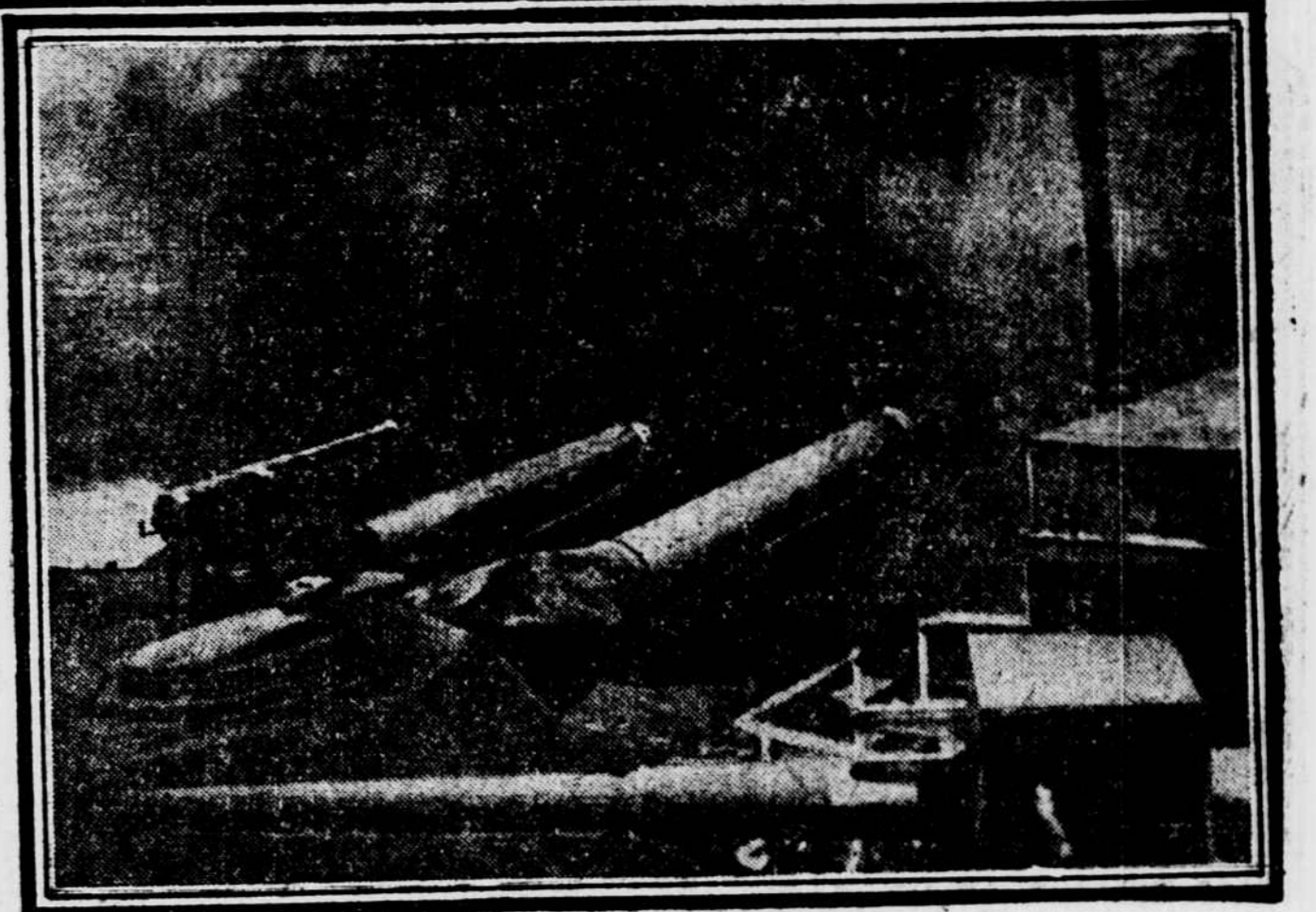
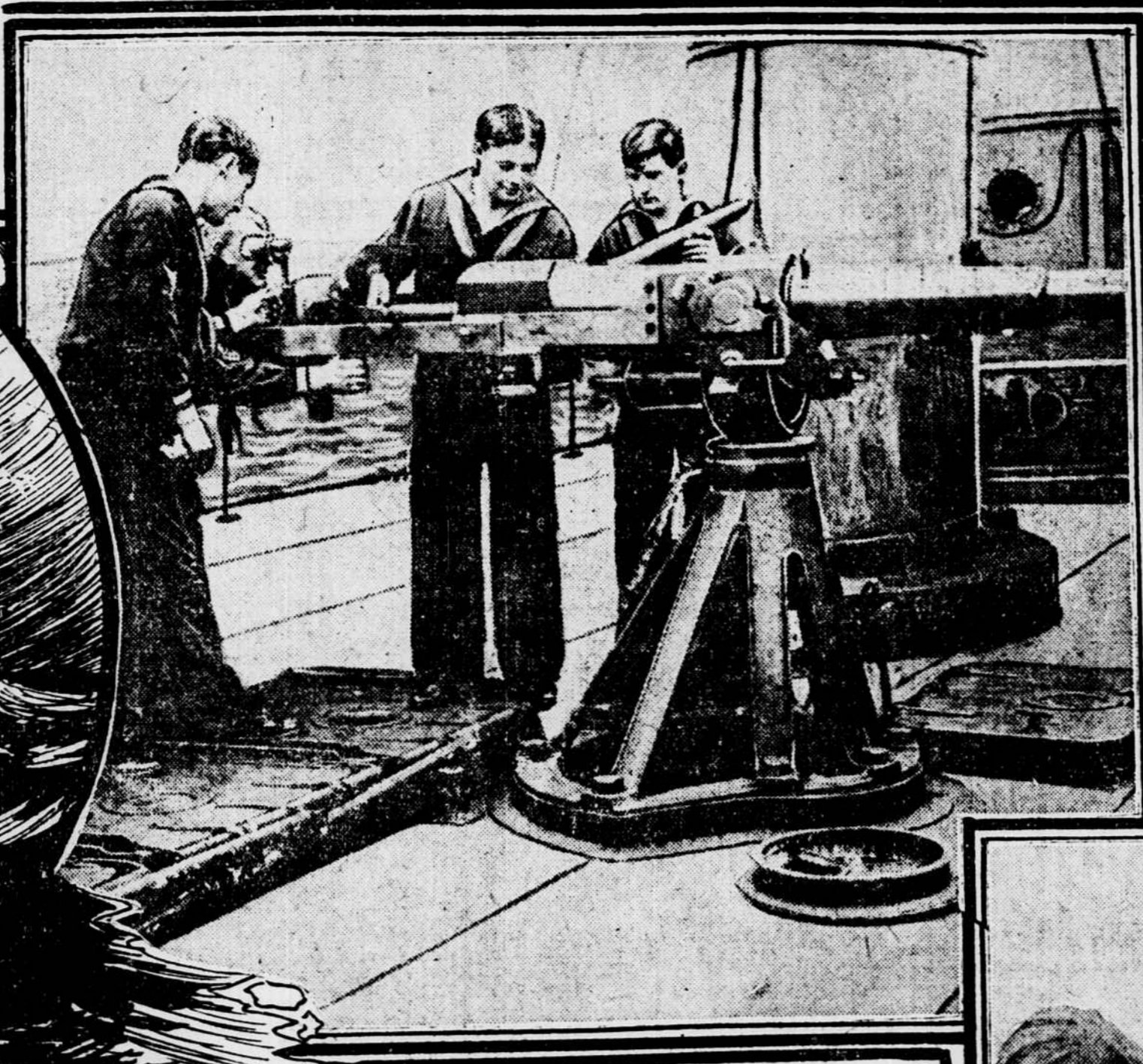
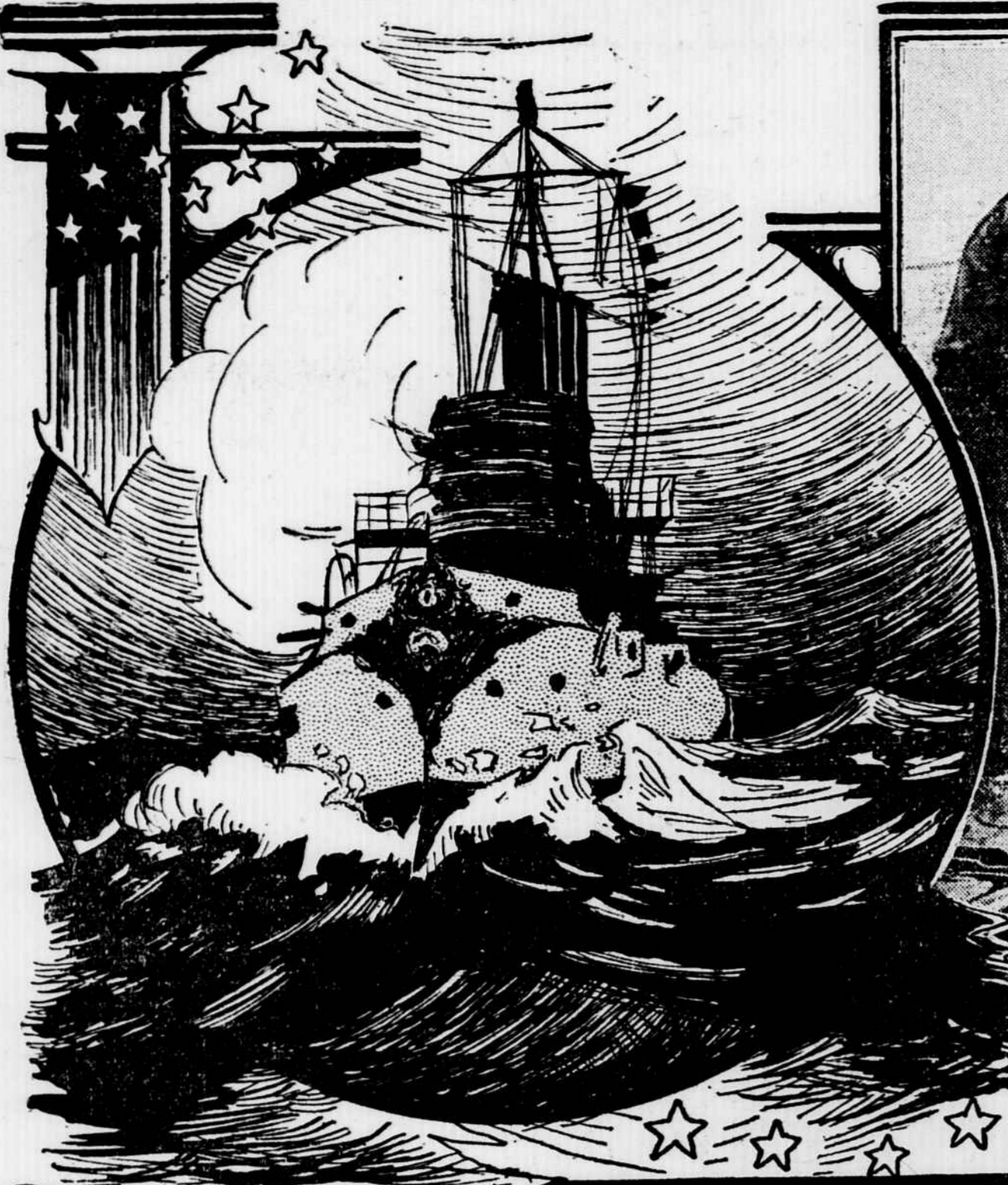
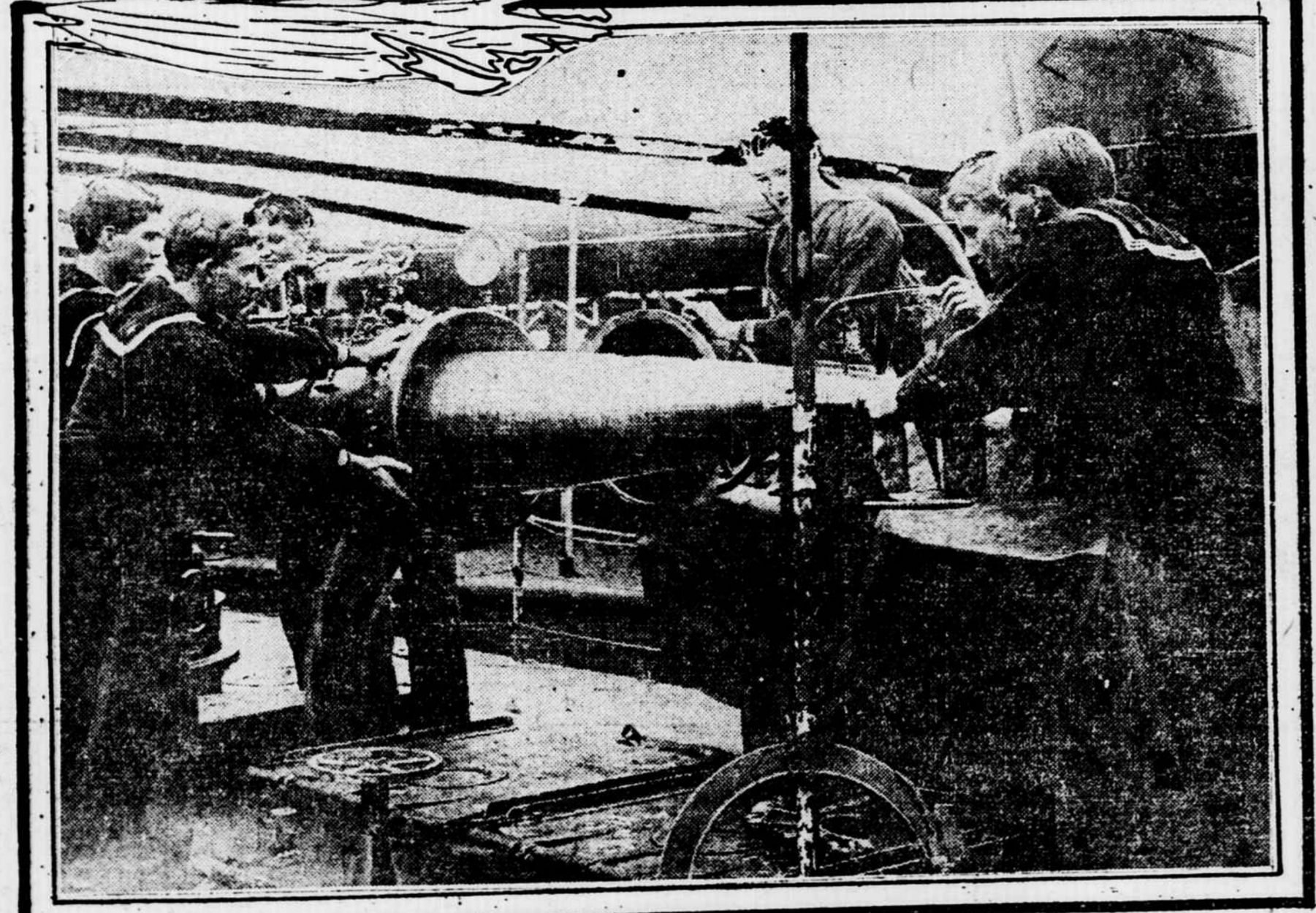


# UNCLE SAM SACRIFICES WARSHIP BY GIVING MONITOR FLORIDA AS TARGET FOR NAVY TO PRACTICE ON

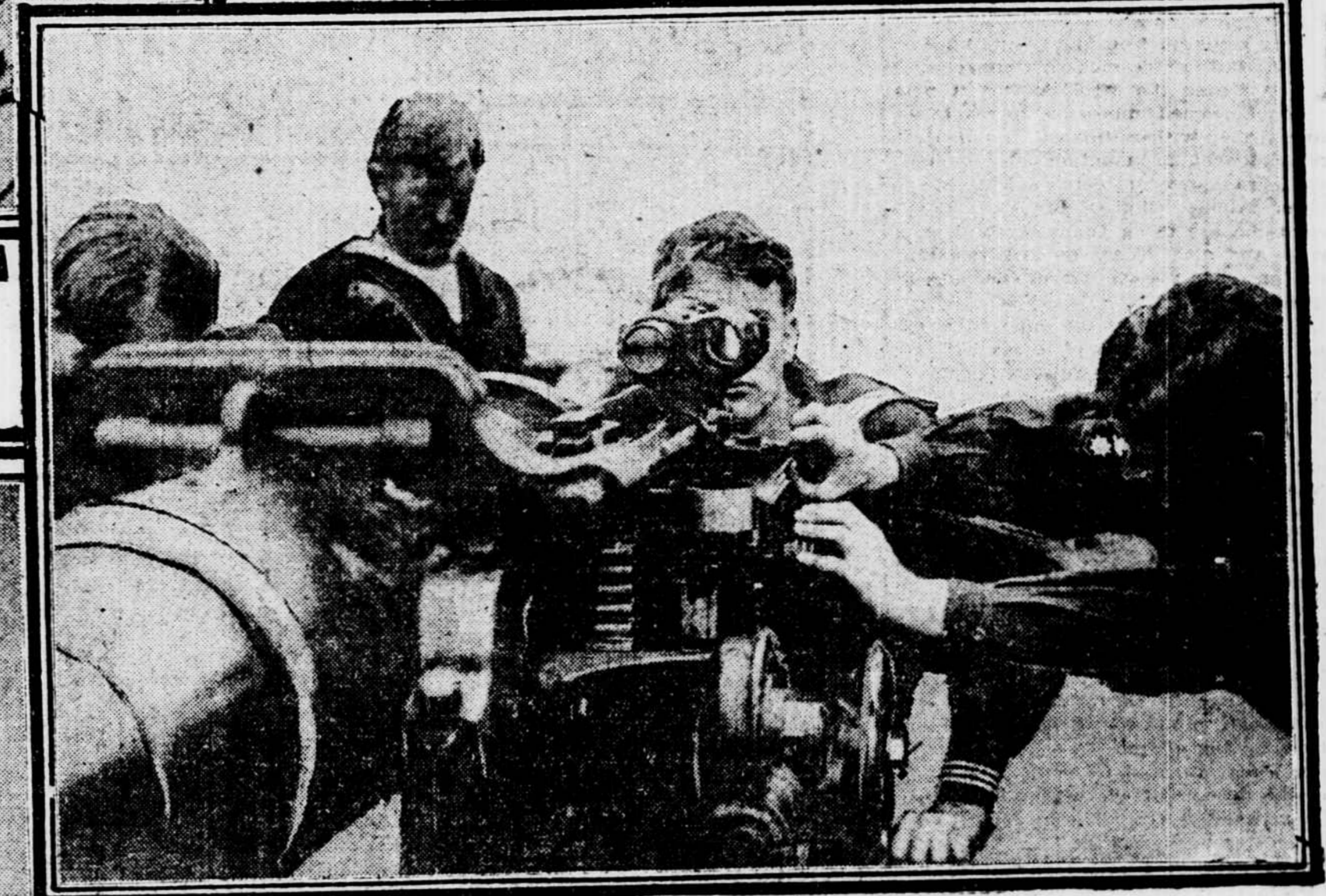


THE AFTER TURRET OF A MODERN BATTLESHIP DURING TARGET PRACTICE

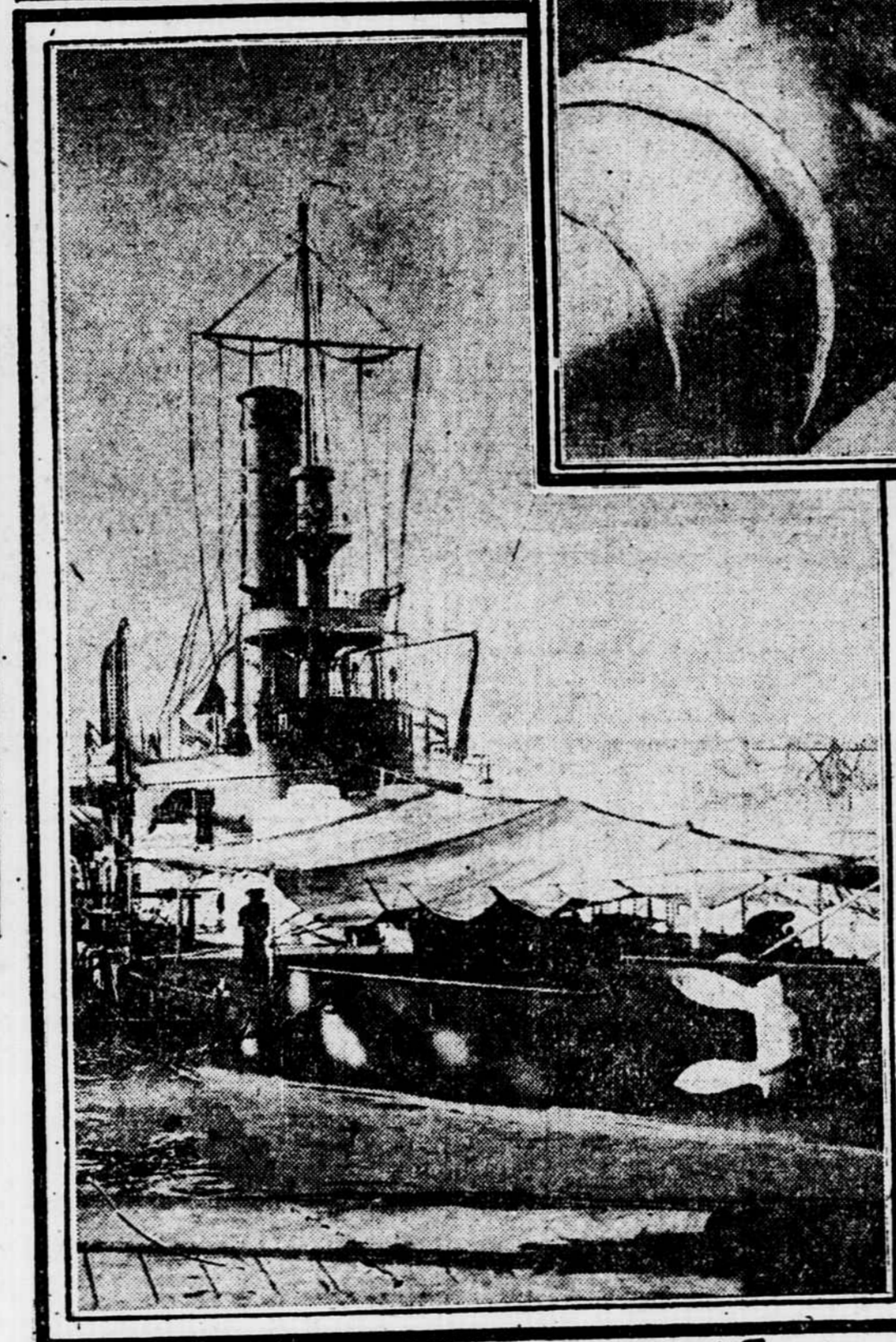


A GUN CREW AT WORK

JACKIES AT TARGET PRACTICE



PREPARING TO FIRE A DISAPPEARING GUN AT A HOSTILE FLEET



THE MONITOR FLORIDA WHICH IS TO BE MADE A TARGET FOR THE 12 INCH GUNS OF A BATTLESHIP

**E**XPERTS may battle over the condition of Uncle Sam's navy, but as long as the man behind the American gun can continue to shoot straight the nation will have faith in the defensive and offensive power of the marine arm of the military service.

There are those students of battleship construction who bitterly attack the design of the ships used in the American navy, who storm over the influence exerted by what they call "the bureaucrats of Washington," who say the whole system is antiquated, and would never survive the test of conflict with a first-class power.

It is a terrible picture of inefficiency they draw, but the sting of it is always taken away to some extent by a recollection of what the American man behind the gun has done in other conflicts.

The remarkable record of success in the navy, which has to its credit triumphs in the revolution, the war of 1812, the civil war and finally, the Spanish-

American war, is based almost entirely on the ability of the American gunner to hit that at which he aimed.

Paul Jones had no great number of ships. In fighting strength he was usually inferior to the foe, but his men could hit the mark.

The whole world applauded the remarkable skill of the marksmen of Dewey's fleet, and a little later that of the men who, under Sampson and Schley, riddled the ships of Cervera in that flying battle of a summer morning in Santiago harbor.

Victory in all these conflicts was the direct result of inspired marksmanship. Determined not to permit any lessening of this skill Washington is arranging severe tests for the near future.

The monitor Florida has been turned over as a target to test the efficiency of the twelve-inch guns, and is now being prepared at the Norfolk navy yard.

While Britain's admiralty has always been partial to shooting at ships as the ideal form of target practice and has pumped thousands of pounds of lead into the hulks of derelicts or of antiquated war-boats whose usefulness has passed, it has seldom happened that a ship as modern as the Florida should have been picked for a target.

The Florida is not much more than ten

years old, and is of a type that has always had the preference of Washington for use in the coast defense. But now all the four and six-inch guns that formed her equipment have been dismantled and all the movable parts stored away.

It is not contemplated, however, that the boat will be sunk by the bombardment it is to undergo.

It is at the turret that the shooting is to be done, and the high superstructure will be peppered by the best marksmen who have been left in this country after the fleet under the command of Bob Evans got its quota.

This turret, high up in the air, no very large or fixed mark, will command all the skill of the gunner to make strikes, and as it is at marks like this he would be called upon to show in actual combat the value of this kind of practice can readily be seen.

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Previous tests of marksmanship in the navy have heretofore been conducted on a somewhat different basis. Where possible the English custom of sending naval ships to blow up derelicts that have floated into the path of navigation to be-

come a menace has been followed, but this is naturally only occasional and accidental practice.

For the regular work the crews of twelve-inch guns have fired at a target which had painted on it bull's-eyes which were fourteen feet square. For the smaller guns this bull's-eye was ten feet by eight.

In order to add interest to the work and make comparisons possible the crews of

every ship, as well as the ships of each squadron, or department, are pitted against each other.

Therefore target practice becomes a contest for which high prizes are offered, and the men are stimulated to their best efforts in order to make a showing.

Meantime while battling against each other they are developing a skill to be used against the foe of Uncle Sam, should the unhappy time come when

further conflict will make this accuracy necessary in actual warfare.

The cost of this gun practice is one of the heavy items that go to make up that huge naval budget that is often a cause of annoyance to those who fail to see the need of a big navy, but the officials properly take the position that no amount of money, no matter how great, is wasted, if it results in giving the navy's marksmen the skill that wins battles.

Without this certainty the whole establishment is rendered useless. Might as well not have a navy as have gunners who cannot hit the mark in the viewpoint of Washington. Excepting only England, where the system is much the same as in the United States, the American methods being to a large extent modeled on that of the older power, no country makes as great an outlay for the training of its naval sharpshooters.

One whole department of a fleet were devoted to the navy is filled with the records of this marksmanship. Here the annals of his and his misses is kept with as much care as a merchant files away his invoices.

With only a few minutes' notice the Secretary of the Navy is in possession of facts which will enable him to tell the shooting record of any ship in the navy.

For instance, if the skill of Rear Admiral Evans as a master of a fleet were in dispute, the Secretary of the Navy could turn to the records of the fleets of which the doughty old sea dog had charge in the last decade. He could tell how often target practice has been called for, how many ships fired at the mark, what percentage scored hits, which captains got the best results, which crews excelled, and even the names of the members of the crews that shone brightly in the last decade.

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Every time one of Uncle Sam's sharpshooters sends such a messenger on its way, whether it be in actual warfare or only in the harmless practice of hitting the target, he is burning up the money that it cost to buy 800 pounds of powder. He has at his command an engine of work that can send the projectile a mile in three seconds and that can do the enemy damage at a distance of nine miles. At a distance of half a mile he can drive the projectile through thirty inches of iron.

The penetrating power of these guns is constantly increasing, the cost of operating them grows greater all the time, and the outlay to defend against them is climbing mountain high, but the history of the naval warfare of the world is that of the race of destruction against protection, destruction wins. No matter how powerful the defenses, guns can always be found capable of piercing them.

Therefore, defense is less a matter of steel plates than of having gunners who can hit the enemy mark, and disable him before he can do his worst.

Uncle Sam is generous in exposing his comparatively modern monitor, but he does it in a good cause.

## HOW BRITISH JUSTICE IN SOUTH AFRICA DEALS WITH THE ZULUS BROUGHT TO TRIAL

Special Correspondence of The Star.

LONDON, February 12, 1908.

AMERICANS are familiar with the game of "freeze out" as it has been played against certain Indian tribes when they and their lands stood in the way of the westward march of empire. English folk who are conversant with this not very credible chapter of American history are wont to make it the basis of comparisons with their own methods of dealing with inferior races in various parts of the globe, and draw therefrom conclusions which are conducive to a delightful sense of righteous superiority, for it is the Englishman's boast that justice is the foundation of his rule everywhere. But that faith has been rudely shaken by the disclosures just made concerning the methods employed in Natal to crowd out Dinuzulu, the hereditary chief of the Zulus, and his followers.

The disclosures are made by E. J. Jellicoe, an English lawyer, who went out to Natal to see that Dinuzulu got a "square deal" when he was put on trial for high treason. It will be remembered that in the latter part of last year all sorts of sensational stories were set afloat to the effect that Dinuzulu was planning a rebellion to be accompanied by wholesale massacres, devastation and general ruin of the colony. Martial law was proclaimed and a big expedition was sent against him. Much of those who had arranged to wipe him out, Dinuzulu, instead of putting up a fight, surrendered to the civil authorities, and since December 9 he has been lodged in jail at Pietermaritzburg, awaiting trial.

After spending some weeks on the spot,

Mr. Jellicoe has thrown up the case in disgust, because he was convinced that the methods pursued to secure the conviction of Dinuzulu constituted a "mockery of justice," and he came to the conclusion that he could accomplish more for his client by exposing them than by remaining on the ground to conduct his defense against manufactured evidence and all the obstacles that unscrupulous officials could throw in the way. Judging by the outburst of indignation which has greeted the publication here of his letter to the Governor of Natal, in which he shows up the game that is being played against Dinuzulu, he has taken the best course in the interests of the Zulu chief.

To begin with, Mr. Jellicoe shows that the animus against Dinuzulu had its origin in the fact that the four million acres set aside for him and his people contained some valuable coal fields and other desirable lands which could not be exploited as long as the Zulus held possession of them. To furnish an excuse for ousting them and letting the adventure in stories were set afloat by a political coterie of bloodthirsty plots against the colonists. "It is a matter of notoriety," says Mr. Jellicoe, "that Dinuzulu has over and over again during the past three years not only appealed to the authorities to protect him against these colonists, but that he has times without number implored the government and Sir Charles Saunders, the resident commissioner in Zululand, to afford him, by proper inquiry, an opportunity of meeting the accusations which have been so wantonly and craftily disseminated against him." That chance he never got, and the stories of his reasonable de-

sists continued to grow until the whole military force of the colony was sent forth to gather him in or obliterate him.

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To prepare a prisoner's defense it is necessary that counsel should have opportunities to communicate with him freely. That is one of the basic principles of English judicial procedure. But this was denied Mr. Jellicoe. He obtained an order from the committing magistrate to see Dinuzulu and to take with him Miss Colenso, the daughter of the famous South African bishop, to act as interpreter, for Dinuzulu does not speak English. At the expiration of twenty minutes the governor of the jail insisted on Miss Colenso leaving. That twenty minutes' talk was all that Mr. Jellicoe was able to hold with his client, for without an interpreter, of course, he was powerless to see Dinuzulu. Later he obtained another permit from the magistrate to interview the Zulu chief, accompanied by Miss Colenso, as interpreter. It was after the government had preferred a charge of murder against Dinuzulu, without specifying whom he had murdered. This time the governor of the jail flatly refused to obey the order, stating that it clashed with his instructions from the government. Mr. Jellicoe was now at a loss as to what to do. He refused to go, and the prosecutor has since declined to take any further part "in the judicial outrage now being perpetrated by those who dare to do injustice by law."

On the day after Mr. Jellicoe's astounding statements were published they were made the basis of several questions in parliament. It is now up to the imperial government to see that Dinuzulu gets a square deal. But sooner or later he and his people will be compelled to "move on."

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But still more sensational charges are made by Mr. Jellicoe against the Natal government, showing that there are no limits to the lengths they are prepared

## QUEER TYPES OF ITALIAN CRIMINALS AS SEEN BY A FLORENTINE AUTHOR

Special Correspondence of The Star.

FLORENCE, February 12, 1908.

ITALIAN people, as a nation, are not given to the buying of books. Unless a volume be put at the cheap price of a franc they prefer to wait until they can secure it from a library. The women care only for novels. In the south of Italy they are in a bondage which prevents any intellectual development. An Italian magazine has recently given an account of the life of a South Italy well-to-do family. When there are male guests the husband entertains them alone, the women of the family eating in the kitchen. Unless they go to confession they never leave their homes, and their fathers, husbands and brothers apologize to any stranger for their utter ignorance.

When, however, an Italian hears that a friend of his has written a book he at once proceeds to buy it, regardless of price. In many cases when the friends of an author have done what they consider their duty by him in this way that ends it.

Just at present the Florentines are doing their duty by "Fra La Perduta Gente" (Among the Lost) of Avvocato Rosadi of their city. The author, an elderly man, and a celebrated lawyer of Florence, is known to English and American readers through his "Trial of Jesus," which has been translated, and whose preface is from the pen of Dr. Emil Reich.

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"Fra La Perduta Gente," which, the bookmen say, has started off as a good seller, is a most interesting and psychological account of Signor Rosadi's experiences among criminals, whom he has classified as "The Esthetic," "The

Nervous," "The Oratorical," "The Literary," "The Comic," "The Secret," "The Ascetic," "The Religious," "The Obscure," etc., in his volume.

One story he tells is extremely curious. A certain woman of the people had a husband, who mismanaged her earnings and squandered her money in his debauchery. At last she was arrested for his murder. Quite frankly she admitted her guilt, and said that she had committed the murder after prayer to the Virgin and was entirely easy in her conscience.

"He made our lives miserable," she explained; "I could do nothing for my children while he lived. I knew that they would be provided for while I was in prison, and when I came out every one would help me, for all my neighbors knew what a bad man he was, but I prayed first and the Holy Virgin helped me, so now let me go to prison, and when I come out we will be a happy family."

A book apropos of the religious struggle convulsing Italy is "L'Anti-Clericalismo Cattolico in Italia." It claims to set forth all the ins and outs of the movement against the priests. Another book is "The Country of Jesus," by Mattide Serac, who in its pages records her journey in the Holy Land.

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Florence just now boasts an English magazine, with an office on the Long Arno Acciaiuoli. Its name is "The Mask," its subtitle being "The Monthly Journal of the Art of the Theater." The remaining contents include "The Real Drama in Spain," by Edward Hutton; "The Dance," by Isadora Duncan; "Notes Upon Marionettes," by Adolf Furst; on "Masks," by John Balance; "Yvette Gullbert," by Haldane Macfall; "The French Tragedy," by Jean-Jacques Olivier; "Inigo Jones," by J. Paul Cooper, etc.

Just now Gordon Craig, the "Teddy" of Ellen Terry's Memoirs, is a vivid figure in the life of Florence. In his dress, a la Simple Simon—a long sweeping cloak, a sugar-loaf or shepherd's hat, long hair and a stick—he is seen in all the haunts of Bohemia. His eccentricities and dress make him Florence's latest subject for anecdote and story. D'Annunzio thus obtaining a moment of respite.

for its object the bringing "before an intelligent public many ancient and modern aspects of the theater's art, which have too long been disregarded or forgotten. Not to attempt to assist in the so-called reform of the modern theater, for reform is now too late, nor to advance theories which have not been already tested, but to announce the vitality which already begins to reveal itself in a beautiful and definite form based upon an ancient and noble tradition." "The Mask" represented the theater of the future."

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With this preamble one is not surprised to find in the table of contents of the first number three articles by Gordon Craig, who has had on exhibition in Florence some splendidly done, but mystifying etchings, illustrating his notions of what the scenery of the "theater of the future" should be like. His articles are "A Letter to a Young Artist of the Theater," "The New Theater" and "An Open Letter to Madame Eleonora Duse." The remaining contents include "The Real Drama in Spain," by Edward Hutton; "The Dance," by Isadora Duncan; "Notes Upon Marionettes," by Adolf Furst; on "Masks," by John Balance; "Yvette Gullbert," by Haldane Macfall; "The French Tragedy," by Jean-Jacques Olivier; "Inigo Jones," by J. Paul Cooper, etc.

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