

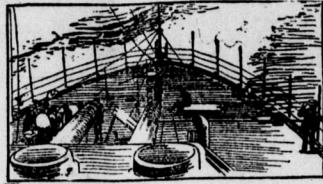
THE RECORD-BREAKING RACE OF THE ILLINOIS.

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

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,



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

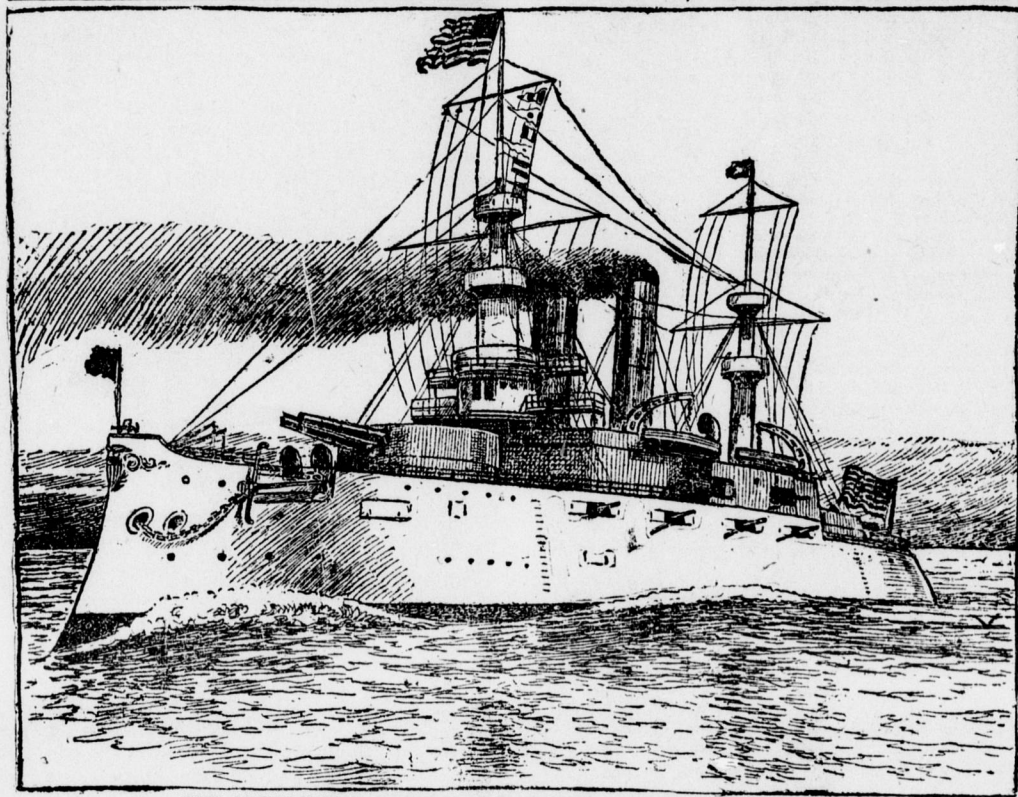
she dropped the pilot, shook off her swaddling bands, as it were, scorned all guiding hands, save those of her masters, and turned her head toward Cape Ann for her life or death race.

The course of thirty-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

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

At the end of the half-course a singular thing happened. Until the race is finished every power of the ship is guarded against mishap. For this reason, the ship usually swings about on an easy helm, and reserves the test of her ability to turn in a small circle 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 as suddenly and mysteriously swung hard to starboard, like a tipsy sailor. Then she



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 picket crew and her shrewd builders had made her fitter, and stronger and fiercer. They had let the grime and dirt accumulate on her decks, and soiled the creamy white of her gracefully curved sides; but they kept the machinery clean and free, and as sleek with oil as the mouth of a million-gallon "spouter."

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 did, eclipsing all records. But after she reeled off her wonderful speed of 17.31 knots so steadily, without fretting or quivering, Admiral Evans said she could easily be forced to eighteen knots.

As soon as the members of the trial 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. E. Rodgers and

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 big 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 rush through the water, without vibration or clatter, that even the naval experts could hardly believe she was moving at that wonderful speed. Only the white beaten foam she dashed wide and far from her bows, and left in a broad swath behind her, told of the tremendous power and speed with which she was being driven. Admiral Evans and 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 bearing 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

swung again in a short curve, and came round beautifully righting herself, and seemed to leap back into the path for her spurt home. She behaved exquisitely under the severe strain, neither listing too much in the abrupt swings to starboard and to port, nor throbbing or quivering under the immense tension of her engines.

At the finish, the Illinois made the usual figure "8," to show how quickly she can turn, and swept a complete circle within three times her own length.

Then she dropped anchor again in President Roads, and the great record-breaking, historic race had ended. New records had been established, and a new goal and prize set up for



ON THE BRIDGE DURING FULL SPEED.

all 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 10,000; her speed is 17.31 knots, and her coal supply is 1500 tons. She will have forty officers and 449 seamen and marines. She has triple-expansion twin-screw propelling engines, capable of 120 revolutions a minute.

Her ormer 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 Colt 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



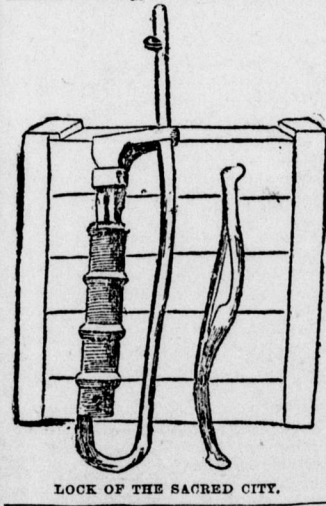
THE TALLEST MAN IN THE UNITED STATES

Isthmus in the days when the trip meant something. When the war broke out Mr. Thurston promptly enlisted in the Confederate cavalry, and served 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 County, Texas, where he has since resided. He is one of the prominent planters of Mount Vernon in the Lone Star State, and has refused countless offers to exhibit himself as an attraction at a dime museum.

Odd Lock From China.

Probably no objects of greater curiosity will reach this country from China, as a result of the recent troubles in that country, than the lock and key of the front gate of the sacred city of Peking, which have just been delivered to the National Museum by Minister Conger. The sacred city is surrounded by a wall, and in front of the Emperor's palace is the gate from which the lock was taken.

The lock, which looks something like an old-fashioned bassoon, is nearly four feet long, and consists of a cylindrical piece of wrought iron continued at the end, where the key is inserted with a six-inch loop, which extends back in rod form about one and one-quarter inches in diameter parallel with the cylinder passing through the hasps of the gate; thence, at about two-thirds of the way, through the lock guide, which is attached to the lock proper. The latter



LOCK OF THE SACRED CITY.

is provided with four tumblers. The cylinder is re-enforced with cast iron rings apparently welded on.

The key, which is about as long as the lock, is also of wrought iron, rounded for a portion of its length and flattened for the remainder. The flat end has four wards, which, when inserted in the cylinder, release the tumblers, thus causing the lock to open.

The new German cruiser Adalbert can steam 7000 miles without re-coaling.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: Religion a Great Refreshment—Water For the Thirsty—God a Fountain of Joy That is Unappreciated—An Everlasting Well of Gladness.

(Copyright 1901.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage represents religion as a great refreshment and writes all the world to come and receive it; text: Genesis xxix, 3, "We cannot until all the flocks be gathered together and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

A scene in Mesopotamia, beautifully pastoral. A well of water of great value in that region. The fields around about it white with three flocks of sheep lying down waiting for the watering. I hear their bleating coming on the bright air and laughter of young men and maidens indulging in rustic repartee. I look off, and I see other flocks of sheep coming. Meanwhile Jacob, a stranger, on an interesting errand of looking for a wife, comes to the well. A beautiful shepherdess, as I have seen her, stands leaning on a post, followed by her father's flock of sheep. It was a memorable meeting. Jacob married that shepherdess. The Bible account of it is, "Jacob kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept." It has always been a mystery to me what he found to cry about. But before that scene occurred Jacob accosts the shepherds and asks them why they postpone the slaking of the thirst of these sheep and why they did not immediately proceed to water them. The shepherds reply to the effect: "We are all good neighbors, and as a matter of courtesy we wait until all the sheep of the neighborhood come up. Besides that, this stone on the well's mouth is somewhat heavy, and several of us take hold of it and push it aside, and then the buckets and the troughs are filled, and the sheep are satisfied. We cannot until all the flocks are gathered together and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

"Oh! this is a thirsty world! Hot for the head and blistering for the feet and parching for the tongue. The world's great want is a cool, refreshing, satisfying draught. We wander around, and we find the cistern empty. Long and tedious drought has dried up the world's fountain, but centuries ago a shepherd, with crook in the shape of a cross and feet cut to the bleeding, explored the desert passages of this world, and one day came across a well a thousand feet deep, bubbling and bright and opalescent, and looked to the north and the south and the east and the west and cried out with a voice strong and musical that rang through the ages: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the water!"

"Now, a great flock of sheep to-day gather around this gospel well. There are a great many thirsty souls. I wonder why the flocks of all nations do not gather—why so many stay thirsty—and while I am wondering about it my text breaks forth in the explanation, saying, "We cannot until all the flocks be gathered together and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

"If a herd of swine come to a well they angrily jostle each other for the precedence; if a drove of cattle come to a well they look each other back from the water, but when a flock of sheep come, though a hundred of them shall be disappointed, they only express it by sad bleating, they come together peaceably. We want a great multitude to come around the gospel well. I know there are those who do not like a crowd; they think a crowd is vulgar. If they are oppressed for room in church, it makes them positively impatient and belligerent. We have had people permanently leave church because so many people came; so it is with these Oriental shepherds. They have done until all the flocks were gathered, and the more flocks that came the better they liked it. And so we ought to be anxious that all the people should come. Go out into the highways and the hedges and compel them to come in; go to the rich and tell them they are indigent without the gospel of Jesus; go to the poor and tell them the affluence there is in Christ; go to the blind and tell them of the touch that gives eternal illumination; go to the lame and tell them of the power that will make the lame man leap like a hart. Gather all the sheep off all the mountains; none so torn of the dogs, none so sick, none so worried, so dying, as to be omitted. Why not gather a great flock? All the city in a flock; all New York in a flock; all London in a flock; all the world in a flock."

"This well of the gospel is deep enough to put out the burning thirst of the 1,000,000,000 of the race. Do not let the church by a spirit of exclusiveness keep the world out. Let down all the ropes, swing open all the gates, scatter all the invitations, "Whosoever will let him come." Come, white and black. Come, red men of the forest. Come, Laplander out of the snow. Come, Patagonian, out of the south. Come in furs. Come painting under palm leaves. Come one of them all. Come now. As at this well of Mesopotamia Jacob and Rachel were betrothed, so this morning at this well of salvation Christ, our Shepherd, will meet you coming up with your long flocks of cares and anxieties, and He will stretch out His hand in pledge of His affection while all the heaven will cry out: "Behold the bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet Him."

You notice that this well of Mesopotamia had a stone which must be removed before the sheep could be watered, and I find on the well of salvation to-day impediments and obstacles which must be removed in order that you may obtain the refreshment and life of this gospel. In your case the impediment is pride of heart. You cannot bear to come to so democratic a fountain. You do not want to come with so many others. It is as though you were thirsty and you were invited to slake your thirst at the town pump instead of sitting in a pavilion sipping out of a chased chalice which has just been lifted from a silver salver. Not so many publicans and sinners. You want to get to heaven, but you must be in a special car, with your feet on a Turkish ottoman and a band of music on board the train. You do not want to be in company with rustic Jacob and Rachel and to be drinking out of the fountain where 10,000 sheep have been drinking before you. You will have to remove the obstacle of pride, or never find your way to the well.

You will have to come as we came, willing to take the water of eternal life in any way and at any hand and in any kind of pitcher, crying out: "O Lord Jesus, I am dying of thirst! Give me the water of eternal life, whether in trough or goblet. Give me the water of life. I care not in what it comes to me." Away with the hindrances of pride from the well's mouth! Here is another man who is kept back from this water of life by the stone of an obdurate heart, which lies over the mouth of the well. You have no more feeling upon this subject than if God had yet to do you the first kindness or you had to do God the first wrong. Seated on his lap all these years, His everlasting arms sheltering you, where is your gratitude? Where is your morning and evening prayer? Where are your consecrated lives? I say to you, as Daniel said to Belsazzar, "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and all thy way thou hast not glorified." If you treated anybody as badly as you have treated God, you would have 500 apologies—yes, your whole life would have been an apology. Three times a day you have been seated at God's table. Spring, summer, autumn and winter He

has appropriately apparelled you. You health from Him, your companion from Him, your children from Him, your home from Him, all the bright surroundings of your life from Him.

"Oh, man, what dost thou with that hard heart? Canst thou not feel one throb of gratitude toward the God that made you and the Christ who came to redeem you and the Holy Ghost who has all these years been imparting His love and His joy to thee?"

"If I could gather all the griefs of all sorts from these crowded streets and could put them in one scroll, neither man nor angel could endure the recitation. Well, what do you propose? Do you like to have your property back again? 'No,' you say as a Christian man, 'I was becoming arrogant, and I think that is why the Lord took it away. I don't want to have my property back.' Well, would you have your defamed friends back again? 'No,' you say, 'I couldn't take the responsibility of bringing them from a tearful realm to a realm of tears. I couldn't do it.' Well, then, what do you want? A thousand voices in the audience cry out: "Comfort! Give us comfort!" For that reason I have rolled away the stone from the well's mouth. Come, all ye wounded of the flock, pursued of the wolves, come to the fountain where the Lord's sick and bereft ones have come. "Ah," says some of our old people, "not enough to understand my sorrows. You have not been in the world as long as I have, and you can't talk to me about my misfortunes in the time of old age." Well, I may not have lived as long as you, but I have been a great deal among old people, and I know how they feel about their failing health and about their departed friends and about the loneliness that sometimes strikes through their souls. After two persons have lived together for forty or fifty years, and one of them is taken away, what desolation!

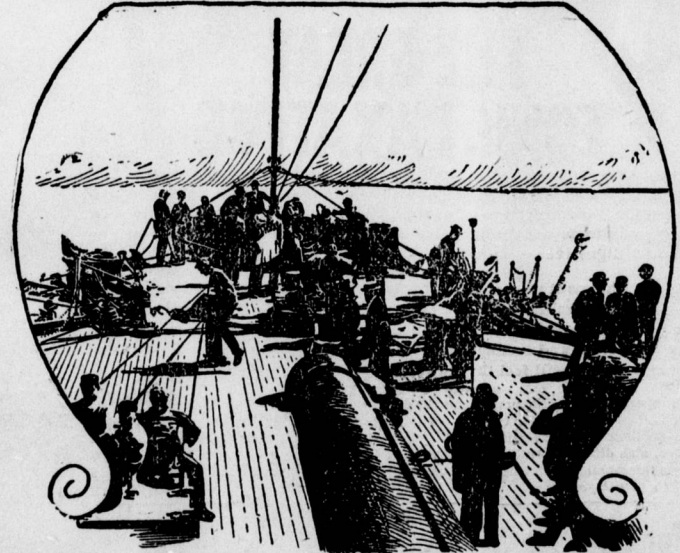
I shall not forget the cry of Dr. De Witt, of New York, when he stood by the open grave of his beloved wife, and after the obsequies had ended he looked down into the open place and said: "Farewell, my honored, faithful and beloved wife! The bond that bound us is severed. Thou art in glory, and I am here on earth. We shall meet again. Farewell! Farewell!"

To lean on a prop for fifty years and then have it break under you? There were only two years' difference between the death of my father and mother. After my mother's decease my father used to go around as though looking for something. He would often get up from one room without any seeming reason and go to another room, and then he would make his way to the door and say: "Farewell, my dear mother, and start out, and some one would say, "Father, where are you going?" And he would answer, "I don't know exactly where I am going." Always looking for something. Though he was a tender-hearted man I never saw him cry, but once, and that was at the burial of my mother. After sixty years' living together it was hard to part. And there are aged people to-day who are feeling just such a pang as that. I want to tell them there is perfect enchantment in the promise of this gospel, and I come to them and offer them my arm, or I take their arm and I bring them to this gospel well. Sit down, father or mother; sit down. See if there is anything at the well for you. Come, David, the psalmist, have you anything encouraging to offer them? "Yes," says the psalmist; "they shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing to show that the Lord is upright. He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in Him." Come, Isaiah, have you anything to say out of your prophecies for these aged people? "Yes," says Isaiah; "down to old age I am with thee, and to hoary hairs will I carry thee." Well, if the Lord is going to carry you, you ought not to worry much about your ailing eyesight and failing limbs. You get a little worried for fear that some time you will come to want, do you? Your children and grandchildren sometimes speak a little sharp to you because of your ailments. The Lord will not speak sharply. Do you think your children are any better? What do you think the Lord does? Are His granaries empty? Will He feed the raven and the rabbit and the lion in the desert and forget you? Why, naturalists tell us that the porpoise will not forsake its wounded and sick mate. And do you suppose the Lord will forsake his earth has not as much sympathy as the fish of the sea? But you say, "I am so near worn out, and I am of no use to God any more." I think the Lord knows whether you are of any more use or not. If you were of no more use to Him, He would have taken you before this. Do you think God has forgotten you because He has taken care of you seventy or eighty years? He thinks more of you to-day than He ever did because you think more of Him. May the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and Paul the aged be your God forever. But I gather all the promises to-day in a group, and I ask the shepherds to drive their flocks of lambs and sheep up to the sparkling supply. "Behold, happy is the man who God correcteth in his youth! He cause grief, yet will He have compassion." "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I am determined that no one shall go out of this house uncomfitted by the word of God.

So I come to your timid and shrinking soul to-day and compel you to come out in the presence of the Divine Physician. He will not hurt you. He has been healing wounds for many years, and He will give you gentle and omnipotent medication.

But people, when they have trouble, go anywhere rather than to God. De Quincy took opium to get rid of his troubles, Charles Lamb took to punch, Theodore Hook took to something stronger, Edwin Forrest took to theatrical dissipation, and men have run all around the world looking in the quick transit to get away from their misfortunes. It has been a dead failure. There is only one well that can slake the thirst of an afflicted spirit, and that is the deep and inexhaustible well of the gospel.

But some one in the audience says, "Notwithstanding all you have said this morning, I find no alleviation for my troubles." Well, I am not through yet. I have left the most potent consideration for the last. I am going to soothe you with the thought of heaven's joy. However talkative we may be, ere we will come a time when the stoutest and most emphatic interrogation "I evoked from us no answer. As soon as we have closed our lips for the final silence no power on earth can break that still slumber. But where, O Christian, will the angels be? In a scene of infinite gladness; the spring morning of heaven waving its blossoms in the bright air; victors fresh from battle showing their scars; the rain of earthly sorrow struck through with the rainbow of eternal joy; in one group Gods and angels and the redeemed—Paul and Silas, Latimer and Ridley, Isaiah and Jeremiah, Payson and John Milton, Gabriel and Michael, the archangel; long line of choristers reaching across the hills; seas of joy dashing to the white beach; conquerors marching from gate to gate, you among them. Oh, what a great flock God will gather around the celestial well! No stone on the well's mouth while the shepherd waters the sheep. There Jacob will recognize Rachel, though the shepherds stand on one side of the well of eternal rapture your children and standing on the other side of eternal rapture your Christian ancestry, you will be bounded on all sides by a joy so keen and grand that no other world has ever been permitted to experience it. Out of that one deep well of heaven the Shepherd will dip reunion for the bereaved, wealth for the poor, health for the sick, rest for the weary. And then all the flock of the Lord's sheep will lie down in one green pasture, a world without end and we will praise the Lord that on this summer Sabbath morning we were permitted to study the story of Jacob and Rachel at the well.



LOOKING AHEAD FROM THE TOP OF THE FORWARD TURRET.

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

speed, she presented a remarkable spectacle, viewed from her own forward fighting-top.

That she could and would make the speed required by her contract—six-