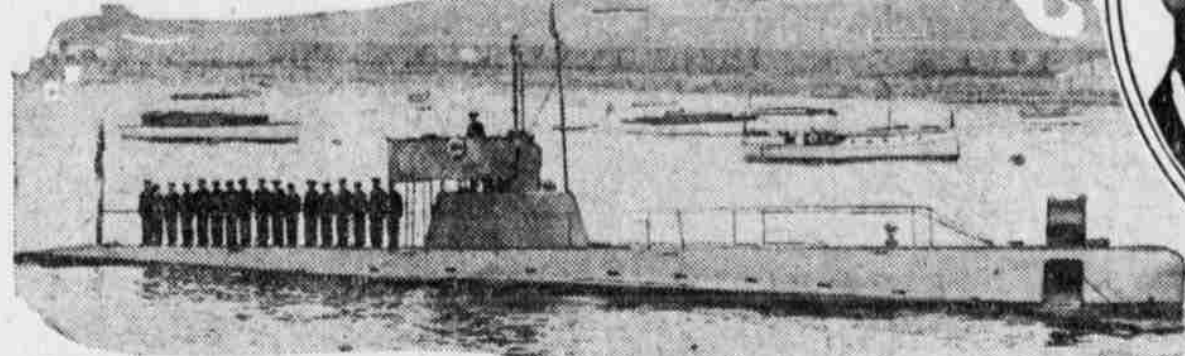


GREAT BIG NAVY NOW THOUGHT OF



THERE WOULD BE 96 SUBMARINES

HOSE in authority and those who are experts on the question seem to have come to a conclusion as to the fighting force at sea that should be maintained by the United States. Were this model fleet now in existence and under review on some such great occasion as the opening of the Panama canal, the spectacle seen would be about as follows:

Forty-eight heavy-armed, big-gun, capital ships, each weighing from 20,000 to 30,000 tons, shooting ten miles and requiring 1,000 men for its operation. There would be one such ship for each state and each bear the name of a state.

For each of these ships there would be four destroyers, or 192 in all, acting as scouts, escorts, guardians.

For each capital ship there should be two submarines, or 96 in all, these chiefly for the protection of home waters. For the submarine as it exists today is a terribly dangerous little craft and one against which there is no protection. It serves little purpose in carrying the war into an enemy's territory, but it makes an invasion of home ports a thing hardly to be considered. For the submarine flotilla may go below the surface of the water at one point and may remain invisible until it has traveled a hundred miles and stolen in among the great ships of the enemy at anchor. Then, from its tubes may be released a score of torpedoes with their gyroscopes set dead on the unsuspecting men-of-war. Then, as the submarines steal away unseen the mighty crash comes and the huge ships of the enemy are torn and crumpled and go to the bottom.

To these fighting craft should be added six ammunition ships, 12 submarine tenders, six supply ships, six transports and six hospital ships. Aboard these ships in time of war there would be 100,000 fighting men, good and true and trained.

This is the sort of navy favored by Secretary Josephus Daniels of the navy, a non-military civilian who would convert these ships into trade schools while they keep the peace. It is the sort of navy recommended by the general board of the navy, the nation's great experts upon the subject, gathered together to determine just such policies. It is the sort of navy that has been steadily advocated by the Navy League of the United States.

Just recently Secretary Daniels stated the president's position to the house committee on naval affairs, evidently with the president's consent. He said the president favored "at least two battleships a year" with the idea always in mind of keeping pace with the building programs of the other great nations.

The general board of the navy, having merely the needs of the service in mind and not considering the matter of appropriations that congress might be expected to make, stated that provision should be made this year for four first-class ships. This need was due to the lack of adequate appropriations for the two years past.

Back of all of this is the declaration in the platform of each of the three parties prominent in the last presidential election declaring for an adequate navy for maintaining American prestige.

The general board of the navy is, however, the authority responsible for the drift of this country toward the idea of a definitely laid down policy operative through a series of years with a navy of a given strength as the ultimate goal. This general board is also one of the most interesting organizations in the federal service, but one that is little understood.

Admiral George Dewey, the hero of Manila bay, the only admiral in the navy, is president of the board. The presiding officer of the executive committee is Rear Admiral C. F. Vreeland, who has been naval attaché at St. Petersburg and Paris, has commanded a division of the Atlantic fleet, has served in important posts in the department. These honors have come to Rear Admiral Vreeland despite the fact that his first service was as an enlisted man, he having received his appointment to Annapolis from the post of an apprentice seaman.

The next officer in rank with the general board also came up from the ranks. He is Rear Admiral W. H. H. Southerland, who was an enlisted man before going to Annapolis. He commanded the Pacific fleet and landed marines in Nicaragua two years ago for the expedition that penetrated to Managua and straightened out the affairs of that much-troubled Central American republic. Rear Admiral A. M. Knight, of the general board, is the navy department's ordnance expert. He is the author of "Knight's Seaman-ship," the generally accepted authority on the subject, and president of the navy war college.

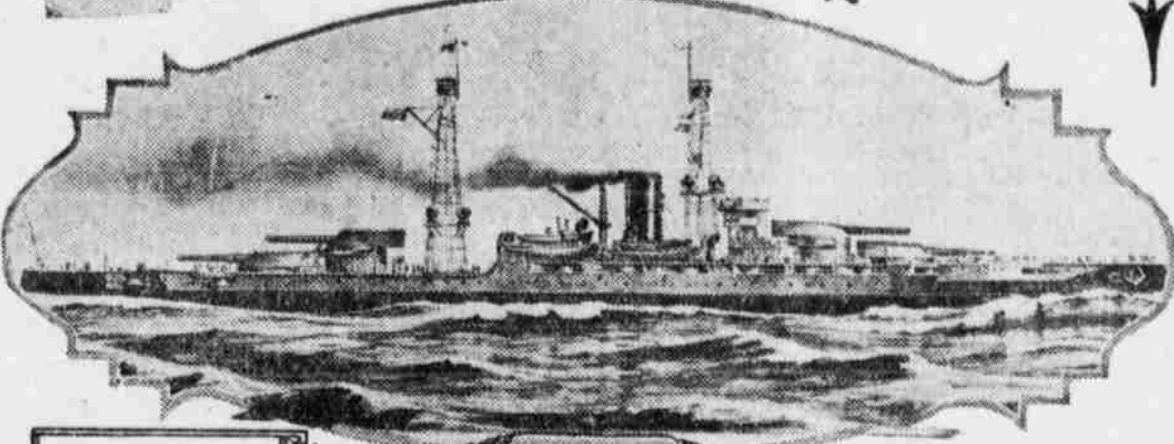
Rear Admiral B. A. Fiske is the inventor of the service. Capt. A. G. Winterhalter has seen much service in far Eastern waters. Capt. H. S. Knapp is a member of the joint board of the army and navy and one of the men who is building the fortifications for the Panama canal zone. Capt. John Hood was for a long time in command of the battleship Delaware, making her the efficiency ship of the navy. Capt. W. R. Shoemaker routed those romantic Moro pirates out of the southern Philippine waters.

It was at the close of the Spanish-American war that the navy department came to appreciate the fact that it was an administrative organization with no individual assigned to do any think-



SECRETARY OF THE NAVY DANIELS

ADMIRAL DEWEY PRESIDENT OF THE GENERAL BOARD

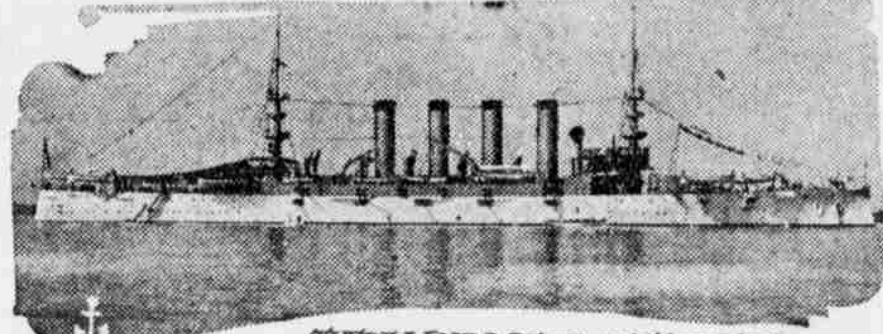


THERE WOULD BE 48 BATTLESHIPS OF THIS TYPE



REAR ADMIRAL VREELAND OF THE GENERAL BOARD

REAR ADMIRAL SOUTHERLAND



THERE WOULD BE 192 DESTROYERS

The law gave the secretary only authority to execute the commands of his superior, the president of the United States. The chiefs of bureaus are men in charge of the execution of certain work. There was no one to shape policies. The general board was created in 1900 for that purpose.

For three years the general board concentrated upon a single idea—that of determining a definite building program for the United States. It wanted to look 20 years into the future, appreciate what conditions would be at that time and steadily develop the navy to meet those future conditions. It believed it would require 20 years to develop the right sort of navy, that here was a sort of work that could not be improvised.

So, after three years of study, the general board outlined a policy for a building program for the navy. It called for the development of a fleet of 48 battleships in 1920. It wanted 192 destroyers to go with them and 96 submarines and various other auxiliaries. It wanted the fleet that the nation is just now coming to appreciate as the proper fleet for its uses.

The general board recommended this building program. Its recommendations went to the secretary and were pigeonholed. They were not even sent to the naval committees of congress. Each year the general board reconsidered the question and each time the same recommendation was made. They got no further than the department files.

To have developed this fleet of 48 ships by 1920 it would have been necessary, beginning in 1903, to make appropriations for two first-class ships each year and for three ships once in three years, always with the proper auxiliaries. So would the end have been accomplished by 1920. Later, the provision for ships having been inadequate, the general board asked congress for as many as four ships in a year, as it has this year. This was not because it believed four ships necessary each year, but because it wanted the model fleet by 1920 and former appropriations had fallen behind.

Secretary Daniels was the first head of the department who ever transmitted to congress the recommendations of the general board together with its arguments for the navy that it thought should be developed.

In its recent recommendations to the secretary of the navy, the general board stated that it realized that there was little hope of reaching the ideal navy that it had planned for 1920, but that it should be reached as soon as possible thereafter. Continuing, it said:

"The board does believe, however, that this result may be eventually attained by the adoption by the government of a definite naval policy and the putting of it before congress and the people clearly and succinctly. By this method responsibility for our rupture of our peaceful relations with other nations due to our naval weakness, or any national disaster in war due to the same cause will be definitely fixed.

"The general board believes that the people, with full understanding of the meaning and the reasons for naval power, will instruct the legislative branch of the government, and that that branch, with the same understanding, will provide the means. By the adoption and advocacy of a clearly defined, definite policy, the department with whom the responsibility first rests will have done its part and placed the responsibility with the people and the legislative branch of the government. If the people, having been given the meaning and the reasons for naval power, fail to instruct congress, the responsibility and the resulting material loss and national humiliation rests with them, and if the congress, having been instructed by the people, fails to provide the means, then the responsibility is theirs.

"The recommendations of the board have been in pursuance of a fixed and definite policy adopted by the board for its guidance, after mature and deliberate consideration of all the elements involved and after a careful estimate and forecast of the future as to what would be the naval development of those foreign countries with which a conflict might be possible, and what should be our development to insure peace if possible, or superiority of force if war should be forced upon us. Expressed in concrete words the policy of the board has been to provide the nation with a fleet equal or superior to that of any probable enemy, as a guarantor of peace; and its forecast was that a fleet of 48 battleships, with the attendant lesser units and auxiliaries, ready for action by 1920, would accomplish this result."

PLENTY OF REINDEER IN ALASKA

Officials of the Alaska division, bureau of education, yesterday gave emphatic denial to a recently published statement that the reindeer in Alaska are "deteriorating and diminishing." They declare that, on the contrary, the Alaskan reindeer are constantly increasing in number and improving in quality.

The recently completed tabulation of the returns contained in the annual reports of the superintendents of the herds shows that there were, June 30, 1913, 47,266 reindeer in the 62 Alaskan herds, or a net increase of 23 per cent during the fiscal year. This is considered a fair rate of increase, especially since nearly 5,000 reindeer were killed for food and skins during the year. Only 3,853 of the reindeer are owned by the government; 5,047 are owned by missions, 8,834 by Lapps, and the remaining 29,532 are owned by 797 Eskimos and Indians, whose income from the reindeer industry during the fiscal year was \$66,966. The reindeer belonging to these natives have an estimated value of \$763,300.

The government is planning to go out of the reindeer business as fast as it can train natives for individual ownership, the policy being to encourage independence and initiative among the native population. Distribution of reindeer is in charge of the United States school teachers, and it is expected that the government will dispose of all its reindeer within the next four years.

W. T. Lapps, chief of the Alaska division, said:

"Pasture is good in most parts of western and northern Alaska, but a few reindeer herds are kept in the windswept regions along the northwest coast, where the winter mists frequently become coated with ice from alternate freezing and thawing. This prevents the herd from securing proper food, and results in under-sized deer. Mosquitoes are also a cause of stunted growth. Herds at some distance from the coast need to be kept well up on the mountain slopes to avoid the mosquito pests.

"The greatest immediate menace to the welfare of the reindeer lies in the tundra fires, started in the region of the mining camps. There is plenty of grass and foliage for the deer in summer, but in winter it is the tundra moss that furnishes forage, and to destroy it is to deal a body blow to one of Alaska's most promising industries."

AN OVERSIGHT.

"Why don't you label the animals?" demanded the visitor at the zoo.
 "They are labeled; signs on all enclosures."
 "No sign on this enclosure."
 "Well, we hadn't thought to label that animal. That is a cow."

HOBSON'S RETURN

By M. QUAD.

It was all over with Private John Hobson. For two years he had been a member of Company C, Seventh regiment, stationed on the frontier, and ever since the first week he had been on the blacklist. He got drunk; he disobeyed orders; he quarreled with his comrades; he fell asleep on sentry duty; he left the post without leave; he was the most slovenly man of his company. It was far easier to tell what he hadn't done than what he had.

Private John Hobson had been advised, reprimanded, sent to the guardhouse, mulcted of his pay, given extra duty and threatened with court-martial, but after two years he was the same man still. It was inevitable that the end would come, and come it did. He was court-martialed on about a dozen charges and convicted on all of them, and the sentence was that he be imprisoned for one year and then be discharged in disgrace. It was a duty the officers owed the regiment and the service, and yet they felt a bit sorry for the victim. He was morally irresponsible rather than vicious. The devil in him had more likely descended than developed.

"I'm sorry for you in a way," said the colonel, "but it was no use trying to do anything with you. I never saw a man like you. You have been charged with everything but cowardice, and if we had not been at peace with the Indians that charge would probably have been included."

"I know I've made a lot of trouble, colonel," replied the man, "but nobody can call me a coward. If we'd had a fight I know I'd have been in it with the rest."

"Such men as you are shirks when there is any fighting to be done. Your barrack bravos don't signify soldierly courage. It's no use to talk, however; you know your sentence."

Hobson was sent to the guardhouse to wait for the day when he should be sent off under escort, and the sergeant of the guard was surprised to see his prisoner shed tears.

"You ought to have known it would come," he said, in sarcastic sympathy.

"Look here, sergeant," said the man, as he crowded back his emotions, "the colonel called me a coward."

"Well, do you find any fault about it?"

"Do you believe I'm one?"

"Of course."

"And does Corporal Shanley and all the boys believe so?"

"Not a doubt of it."

"Good God, but I can't stand that, sarge! I've shirked duty and been a nuisance to everybody, but don't call me a coward. I'm to be sent to prison and disgracefully discharged, but leave me one thing to build up on again. Call me a devil, a fool and a lunatic, but don't say I'd shirk a fight."

"Let me tell you something, Hobson," said the stern-faced old sergeant, as he looked the prisoner up and down in contempt. "Judging by what I've seen of you I wouldn't agree to drive a dozen redskins off this reservation with a thousand men like you behind me. That's pat, my man, and you may swallow it or no."

Hobson grew white-faced and turned away and wept, while the sentinel at the door laughed unfeelingly and asked him if he had any Indian scalp-locks to prove his bravery.

"Why, the sight of a buck in war paint would have scared him out of his shoes!" was the general verdict of his comrades, and each and every one added a wish that he had never come to the company.

That night Hobson dug his way out of the guardhouse, and the various squads sent out next day in search of the deserter failed to get any trace of him. Desertion was a fitting climax to his career, and he would likely be heard of next as an outlaw. Weeks passed and dreary winter gave place to spring. Sometimes the men wondered about Hobson, but nothing was advanced to his credit. He had got clear off, and no one thought to ever see him again. Indeed, there were weightier things to think of. The Indians were becoming restless, and reports of war dances were coming in almost daily. They might go on the war path and massacre a dozen settlers and scalp a few teamsters, and the troops might have a hot chase to drive them back over the Republican, but it would end there. The idea that they might attack any of the frontier posts was too absurd. It was so absurd that at Fort Wallace no defensive preparations of any sort were made. Even the guard at the powder magazine was limited to one man.

On a certain Wednesday the reports were more numerous and disquieting, and the men were paraded and inspected to be ready for an order to take the field. If there was any excitement it vanished as the companies marched back to their quarters. The colonel looked down from the hill into the peaceful valley with his binoculars and felt relieved. He noticed the grazing herds—the curling smoke from the farmhouse chimneys—the plowmen in the fields and the freighters on the winding highway, and he smiled at the idea of danger. The hostiles might do their bloody work over the range to the north, and over the river to the west, but they would not come within fifteen miles of the fort.

That night at ten o'clock the sentinel at the gate cried: "Halt! Who comes there?" Then he called for the corporal of the guard, and he for the officer of the day, and ten minutes

later, the colonel, who was about to seek his bed, was called out. He found a man in citizens' dress with the officer of the day and a sentinel.

The man was rough, unkempt and ragged. He was hungry and footsore and exhausted.

"Who is it and what's the news?" queried the colonel, in no agreeable frame of mind.

"It's Hobson, sir," answered the arrival, as he wearily saluted.

"Hobson? Hobson? Why, you are the deserter and have come to give yourself up. Adjutant, why wasn't this man sent to the guardhouse instead of disturbing me?"

"He has news, sir," replied the adjutant.

"Colonel," said the deserter, as he leaned heavily against the veranda of the commander's quarters, "I've been living among the Indians, greasers and outlaws since I deserted. You may know that the Sioux are ready for the war-path, but I don't believe you know that old Concha and 600 warriors are hiding along the river over there and will move on you tonight. It has been planned for days, colonel, and they'll be here to attack in the gray of morning. I've known it for three days past, but I couldn't get away to give you warning. I dodged them tonight, and here I am and my news is straight. They'll sweep the valley clear and then rush the fort. Now, send me to the guardhouse as a deserter and get ready for trouble."

There was a moment's silence as the deserter finished. There had been a ring of truth in his every word, and no one doubted his news.

"Hobson, you are no coward, and you will not go to the guardhouse," frankly replied the colonel, as he extended his hand.

Then men went galloping down into the valley to warn the settlers and bring them in, and the fort prepared for defense. Orders were issued in whispers and men moved about like shadows. In three hours a breastwork of boxes, bales of hay, wagons and turf covered the most exposed point and the one most likely to be attacked. An hour later every man who could fire a gun was crouching behind it and waiting for the expected attack.

"Sergeant," whispered the deserter, as the non-com. peered into his face through the darkness, "you said I was a coward."

"Yes, I did."

"And you said that Corporal Shanley and all the boys believed me a coward."

"Well?"

"Well, I'll make you all take it back tonight or go to h—l trying!"

Moving with the footsteps of ghosts, and leaving the crickets still singing behind them, Concha's 600 warriors left their lurking place under cover of darkness and swept up the valley. They found it deserted of human life, but, conscious of their strength, they pressed on to the fort. At the first signs of daylight they raised a savage cry and made their rush. But for the extemporized breastwork the post would have been carried off-hand. The rifle fire surprised and checked them, but they were not panic-stricken. They rushed again and again, and at length, at one point, half a score of them broke through. Six or seven officers tried to drive them back with sword and revolver, and the meles had become bloody and furious, when a man with clubbed musket dashed in and cheered as he laid about him. It was the deserter. He cheered and he struck, and he struck and he cheered, and every time the musket stock crashed down it shattered a skull. He did not fight like a man, but like a devil. Almost with his own hands he killed or drove back such as had surmounted the works.

All along the line the hostiles had had enough. Two hundred of their number lay dead on the green grass as Concha gave the word to draw off, and this heavy loss was to break the prestige of the Sioux chieftain and make him beg for lasting peace.

"Hobson! Hobson! Where is Hobson?" called the colonel, as the fight was over and his heart beat with gratitude for the man who had brought the warning.

"Here, sir," replied Sergeant Davis, as he pointed to one of the 20 dead men inside the breastwork—a dead man with three dead warriors lying within reach of his hand.

"And I called that man a coward!"

"And so did I, sir, and so did we all, and may God forgive us for it!"

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First One-Cent Paper.

The first one-cent morning paper in America was the New York Morning Post, which was founded in 1833, with Dr. H. D. Shepard as editor and Horace Greeley as printer. Prior to that by three years an evening paper called The Cent selling for that amount, had had a brief existence in Philadelphia. Greeley, who was born 103 years ago, started his career as a printer in Poulney, Vt., in 1826. In 1831 he arrived in New York with \$10 in his pocket, but two years later he began business on his own account as printer of the Morning Post. The following year Greeley, in partnership with Jonas Winchester, established the New York-er, of which Greeley was editor. In 1840 Greeley edited and published the Log Cabin, a campaign paper that gained the astounding circulation of 80,000.

Patient Kline.

Mr. Simsby—Well, I see the militant suffragettes have burned Bulcate in England and the brigands burned Lao-Ho-Kow in China.

Mrs. Simsby—Friday, the thirteenth, may not have been fatal to the human family, but the poor cattle surely suffered that day.