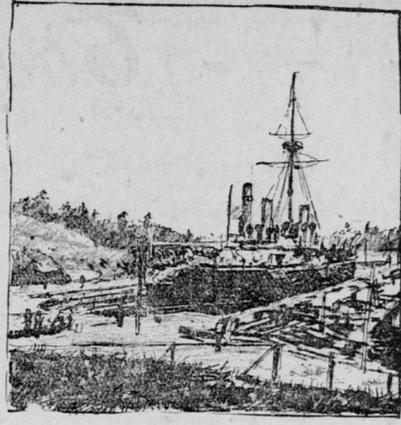


Tearing Down a City to Make Room for the Greatest Fortress on the Pacific Coast

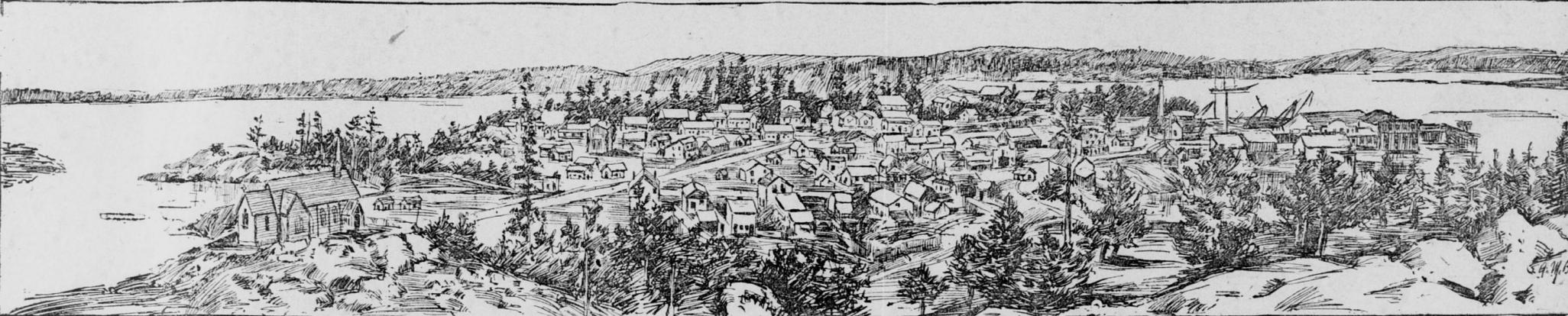
SEVEN HUNDRED MILES NORTH OF SAN FRANCISCO BRITISH ENGINEERS ARE CLEARING AWAY THE HOUSES OF THE CONDEMNED TOWN OF ESQUIMALT IN ORDER TO BUILD FORTIFICATIONS WHICH THEY SAY WILL RIVAL THOSE OF GIBRALTAR.



MAP SHOWING THE STRATEGIC POSITION OF ESQUIMALT. The peculiar location of Esquimalt gives it command of the entire southern end of the peninsula. It would mean almost certain destruction for any fleet to attempt to face it.



PRESENT DRY DOCK AT ESQUIMALT. This dock has been able to handle the biggest English men-of-war that have visited it to date. Preparations are being made to build one on a vastly larger scale.



ESQUIMALT, THE TOWN OF VANCOUVER ISLAND THAT IS BEING TORN DOWN BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT TO MAKE ROOM FOR ONE OF THE STRONGEST FORTIFICATIONS IN THE WORLD.

THE town of Esquimalt, B. C., is to be razed and wiped out of existence. So the British Government has ordered. Unlike Siboney, Cuba, though, when General Miles ordered it destroyed, Esquimalt will not go up in smoke, and unlike Siboney, upon its site will arise one of the greatest fortresses of the world. This point is of particular interest to Californians, because this magnificently designed stronghold will be next door to us in British Columbia, right above the Washington State line. Some idea of the proposed strength may be gained when it is known that the British Engineers have already dubbed it "The New Gibraltar."

The jutting peninsula on which the town of Esquimalt is situated has been selected as the exact spot in all the Pacific Coast possessions of Britain where this impregnable fortress shall be built; hence the notice now being served on all Esquimalt land holders, lessees, etc., to pack their possessions and move. Of course the Government will pay them fairly for the land, houses and improvements they are

obliged to give up. Some of the inhabitants have already moved out and their houses are being demolished to make room for the great arsenals, docks and fortifications the Government proposes to erect in their stead.

For some time past in a quiet way the Government has steadily been making improvements in Esquimalt, but not one of the residents suspected that the town was to be razed.

Two or three weeks ago a couple of men of the engineers walked through the town, and wherever directed by an officer accompanying them, drove deep into the ground a little iron post. Their stroll took the trio along the Victoria-Esquimalt road from the Canteen field, past the picturesque parish church of St. Paul and down "the one street of the little town" to its termination at Esquimalt wharf.

The posts are still in position, with the letters "W. D." (the sign of the War Department), and the significant broad arrow beneath, to tell the residents of the place that the time is approaching when the town is to be officially effaced, and Queen Victoria's army and navy secure undisputed possession of the entire peninsula, of which during the past half century the naval hamlet has been the center.

In a word, the War Department is preparing to take possession of all private property contained within the town of Esquimalt, in order to complete the equipment of the naval station, and make here at the southern corner of Vancouver Island a supply depot of the British Empire as impregnable as was Gibraltar fifty years ago.

History has recorded many cases of possession-taking by the forces of Great Britain—and razing a town is not altogether a new thing with her Majesty's soldiery. The present experiment is unique, however, in that the occupation of Esquimalt comes in profoundest peace, and the only ambition of the citizens who must pack their belongings and depart is to make the best possible bargain with the invading Government.

The people are taken by surprise. They cannot but admit the wisdom and necessity of Esquimalt town being passed out of existence. Their present business is simply to press upon the representatives of the Imperial Government the full extent of the actual sentimental and prospective value of the several holdings. In the meantime the relentless War Department is showing no un-British haste, but piece by piece the private property upon which the Government has set its eye is being

quietly acquired, so that even now the purpose and result are apprehendable.

Great Britain makes no flourish of trumpets in the perfection of her preparations for attack or defense. She is a silently moving force, and while during many months past hundreds of men have been busily employed in the fortifications of Esquimalt, none save the most trusted officers of army and navy possess the details of what has been accomplished—or ever will unless the demands of actual war should produce a demonstration.

The plan contemplates the equipment of a store, repair and supply station second to none in the empire; the building and manning of forts capable of defending this depot against any force that could be brought against it by sea or land, the provision of docks large enough to receive the best and biggest examples of marine architectural skill, and the establishment of barracks, a service prison and other necessary buildings for the use and benefit of the numerous soldiers and sailors who will be required to hold the forts and man the ships of the station.

The naval history of Esquimalt has been from first to last one of steady expansion and development. The station owes its existence to-day chiefly to geographical conditions, making it

naturally a place of strategic value, yet, surprising as it may be to many, it was not a naval or a military officer who mounted the first gun in Victoria's service suburb. Here, as in not a few other places, the colors of the nation followed the house flag of the Hudson Bay Company, and it was one of the outposts of this semi-national colonization corporation who first recognized the advantages of the magnificent harbor and commanding eminences overlooking, that are nature's contribution to the value of the new stronghold.

This was in 1837, when Dr. Tolmie made his way north from Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia River, for the purpose of developing trade with the natives of the then utterly unknown wilderness of Vancouver Island. His landing place was on the north side of the harbor, not far from the present station of the Island Railway, and, as many Indians had their homes in the vicinity, he concluded it would be an excellent plan to remain and initiate them in the mysteries of the white man's commerce. At the point of his debarkation he built his fort, calling it Camisen, and within the rude stockade did the first business of the new country.

As the weeks rolled by and he solved

the problem of intercourse with the natives, Dr. Tolmie learned from them that there was a large and more prosperous village only a few miles away, to which attention might be given with promise of profit. He was guided across the little neck of land to what is now known as Deadman's River, through the Gorge, and down the Arm to where five thousand or more Sitshaws were camped on the site of the present city of Victoria. That settled it with Dr. Tolmie. His mission was with population and so he promptly pulled stakes, literally as well as metaphorically, and transferred his headquarters to the smaller harbor, leaving Esquimalt once again deserted by the whites.

The present drydock at Esquimalt was commenced in 1880, and completed some few years later, under the joint control of the Imperial and Dominion Governments, both of which contributed to its cost, about \$755,000. It is a massive stone work of great solidity, 450 feet in length and 65 feet wide. Practically all the British warships that during the last fifteen years have seen Pacific service have at some time or other during their commission occupied it for cleaning or repair.

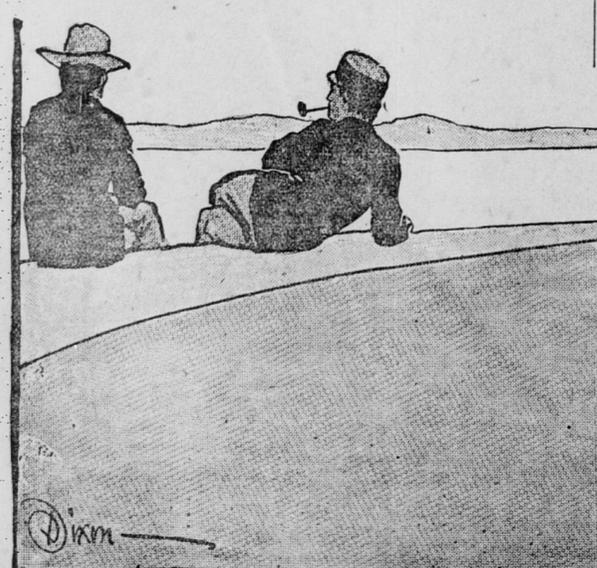
Of these the largest have been the flagships Warspite and Royal Arthur, both of which tested its capacity for

SHIPWRECKED SAILORS SAVED FROM CANNIBALISM

Growsome Experience of a San Francisco Merchant Among Whalers on the Alaskan Coast.

The following story of shipwrecked whalers, whom hunger and privation drove to actual cannibalism, is taken from the diary of Julien Liebes, a prominent merchant of San Francisco, who made the journey of which he relates in the United States revenue cutter Bear. Mr. Liebes is a member of the great mercantile house of the same name, and is also interested in two of the most extensive commercial corporations doing business in Alaska and Siberia. He went on a four months' journey of inspection, visiting during that period every station and every point of interest along the coast of the Bering and Arctic seas, on both the American as well as on the Asiatic continents, and keeping a faithful record of all he observed. The most thrilling incident is the rescue of a crew of famished whalers who had become cannibals before the rescuers reached them.

WHILE at anchor in the bay of Unalaska, June 12, a whale boat was seen entering the harbor, and our steam launch was sent off to meet the new comer, which proved to be the captain and part of the wrecked crew of the whaler James Allen. Captain Huntley of the party told us a harrowing tale of suffering and implored us to go at once to the rescue of the remainder of his crew, whom he had left in the greatest distress on a small island. With Captain Huntley were six of his crew. Our machinery was being repaired, but Captain Huntley and his men begged so earnestly not to delay that



ting to the place of the famished whaler crew. A heavy sea was running and the most appalling sight met us human eyes ever beheld. There were huddled together in an abandoned hut, wan, hollow-cheeked, with sunken eyes, emaciated and reduced to mere shadows, and too feeble to stand erect. They attempted to utter a cheer on perceiving the rescuers, but the cheer was so feeble that it almost died within their throats. When they realized that they had reached the end of their almost superhuman suffering they smiled between tears.

But an ominous silence pervaded the entire party, casting a deeper gloom over the surroundings than the certainty of immediate rescue warranted. At last they could conceal the cause of their embarrassment no longer and made a clear breast of what some of our party had dreamed on entering the hut and finding the crew engaged in cooking some substance, which appeared to be meat. They admitted that they had become cannibals and were cooking part of the remains of one of their deceased comrades.

They told us that they had been on the point of starvation, and so feeble that they could neither move nor speak above a whisper. They had eaten Gideon after his death. When his remains had been disposed of they dug up Pena, who had been buried two weeks.

They made the excuse that unless they had done that our party would have found them all dead.

The survivors we took on board were Daniel Logan, Frank King, John Dietrich, William Andrews, Joseph Allen, John Ricker, D. Peterson, Joseph Milain and Frank Burton. They were so emaciated that they had to be carried on board the ship and assisted to reach the fore-castle. They were stripped of their filthy, tattered garments, swarming with vermin, and given clean clothes after their bodies were thoroughly cleaned. They were a pitiable sight when stripped.

On the following day we sent a party out to explore the little island, and found an Aleutian village within six miles of the hut where we had found the wrecked crew. They had no idea of the existence of any human beings on the island, though they had gone

from their camp several miles in search of some habitation, but of trace of life.

The following day we started back for Unalaska and made Dutch Harbor early Friday, June 15. When the resolute captain of the vessel recovered from the terrible experience it had undergone the captain wrote the following report of the wreck and the subsequent events on the little island, his report being supplemented by the narrative of the sailors.

The whaling bark James Allen was wrecked off the coast of Amila Island at 1:30 a. m. May 11, having struck a sunken rock, causing her to fill rapidly. A fresh breeze was blowing at the time from the southeast, and the weather was hazy. At 2:30 p. m. the vessel was abandoned and the crew, consisting of 22 men, were landed on a small island, which was judged to be fifteen miles west of Amila Island. At 11:40 p. m. land was reported three points off port bow, which the captain supposed to be Segeam Island. One hour later a reef was seen right ahead. The vessel's course was immediately changed to avoid the reef, when she struck three times in rapid succession upon a sunken rock, and then passed over it into deep water. The pump was manned at once, but it soon became apparent that the vessel was filling very fast, and orders were given to clear the boats. While the boats were lowered the captain secured a chart and chronometer, from the cabin and passed them into the starboard boat, the captain following. The boat had been badly stove in the haste of lowering it. The first mate and several of the crew jumped into the boat of the second mate, passing the damaged boat, containing the captain and three of the crew. Just as the boat was pulled away from the ship her fore and main masts fell, and raising her head high out of the water she was seen to go down stern first.

The captain and his men kept bailing their damaged boat with the one bucket they had and tried late all night, and so managed to keep her from sinking, bailing and drifting until daylight, when they drifted near the east end of Amila Island and made a landing in the lee of the island. Two other boats came along some hours later and also landed, thus making 22 men and the captain saved from the wreck. The other boats they did not see, though it was learned later that one was sighted by natives and rescued by the steamer Dora and taken to Unalaska by the United States steamer Petrel.

Hauling the boats up against a fissure in the rocks, and with the remnants of what had once been sails, they managed to make some sort of shelter. Mangle continued for two days, and they were unable to get off the beach, so they were obliged to subsist on mussels and seaweeds. On the third day the storm somewhat abated and a boat was

got off, and with hooks made of the handle of an old tin pail they caught some codfish.

On the morning of the following day the wind came from the southeast, and all three boats started for Unalaska, 240 miles distant. They had but one sail between them, which was made out of two sheets. The boat carrying the sail took the other two in tow, passing Amukta Island at about midnight. The wind began to increase in fury, until it had reached the point of the gale, they concluded to abandon one boat, stow the 26 men in the remaining two, and make one more effort to reach the mainland. On that day Patrick Connelly, one of the crew, died, having succumbed to hunger, privation and exposure.

Leaving the Four Mountains group they went northeast toward Unnak Island. About 3 p. m. in jibbing a sail, the captain's boat capsized, and before aid could be rendered, William Fitzgerald, John White, E. Elvey and Frank Murphy were swept away by the sea and drowned. To attempt righting the capsized boat appeared to be too hazardous an undertaking, so she had to be abandoned, and the nine remaining men were taken into the last boat, which became dangerously overcrowded with twenty-two men.

That night a landing was effected on Unnak Island and a frugal meal made of mussels and seaweed. During the night Samuel Masterson died, having succumbed to the unnatural strain and over exertion.

The captain realized that the crew could be saved only by reaching Unalaska within the shortest possible time, and he picked six of the strongest men of the party, leaving the rest behind, and started for Unalaska. They had been out but a short distance, when a strong gale sprang up, driving them back into camp before night. During that day Harry Taylor and William Day had died. Some of the men hunting around for food found an abandoned hut, which had probably been used by sea-otter hunters. The party moved into the old hut that same night for shelter. They found in the hut two rusty tin pails, from the wire balls of which they made fish hooks. From May 23 until June 5 the captain had made four unsuccessful attempts to reach Unalaska, being driven back each time by stormy weather.

WHY NOT USE PHONOGRAPHS TO TAKE COURT TESTIMONY?

Attorney General Fitzgerald Thinks That a Few Years May See Them Put to Such Use.

WHY not use the phonograph in our courts of law?

The idea is simply to use the phonograph for taking down evidence instead of a stenographer. The plan was first suggested by Attorney General Fitzgerald the other day, when he expressed himself warmly in favor of the instrument. I called upon the Judge to get further particulars.

"Yes," he said, "it is quite true. I believe that in the course of a few years we will have the phonograph generally in the California courts."

"Are they used anywhere else for this purpose?"

"I don't know, but I don't see why we shouldn't have them here. But I have not had time to work out the details of the scheme."

"But how could you be sure of the phonograph's veracity? Would you swear in the machine?"

"Well, I don't see how we could induce a machine to take an oath, but we could put the man who turned the crank under bonds."

That was all the Judge would say about the phonograph. But there can be no doubt that his idea is destined to bear fruit in the future, and that the reform will vastly facilitate the working of justice.

Not only will the courts be able to get through more work than under the present system, but absolute, unimpeachable, mechanical accuracy will be secured. There can be no possible dis-

pute as to the actual words used by a witness; the element of human error will be entirely eliminated. The method, in short, would be as far ahead of our present plan as we are ahead of the practice followed in most European courts.

In the English police courts, for instance, it is still the custom to take down the testimony of each witness in longhand, a painfully slow method. Then, when the evidence is finished, the whole manuscript has to be read over and the witness is required to sign his name. It takes a long time to get through a case, and it is not uncommon for the examinations in an important trial to last two or three days. In the upper courts things move somewhat more rapidly, for there, as a rule, no official record is kept of the evidence. This often leads to much confusion, and disputes as to the exact nature of the evidence given are frequent between the contending lawyers on either side.

The employment of a stenographer is certainly a great advance on this. But the most skillful shorthand writer is, after all, only a human being, and liable to err. Besides, there must necessarily be some delay in transcribing the evidence before it can be made available for use. The phonograph would present its record at once all ready for reference. The machine, of course in charge of an expert, would be placed on a stand close to the witness, who would be required to speak clearly and distinctly, so as to produce a good record. Instead of signing the evidence, as at present, the witness would make a verbal declaration as to its accuracy.

