

STORY OF HER MEMORABLE JOURNEY AND
HOW SHE SANK TWO SPANISH MEN-OF-WAR

get tables showing how strong certain mixtures should be for certain crops. There isn't a bug or a disease that affects crops for which the agriculturist cannot get a prescription from Uncle Sam now.

He has tried some odd experiments with orange trees in the last few years. One thing that he is trying to do now is

Jupiter Inlet, and without delay Captain Clark proceeded to his place in the blockading American line off Santiago Harbor. The squadron was arranged in semicircle off the mouth of the harbor. The Oregon's station was three ships back from the center and the Albatross was the fifth vessel from the westerly end. In the chase of July 3, 1898, she did to pass four American ships before Clark could get in a good fighting position. The Oregon's report of the battle is a fine example of the way in which she never loses sight of recognition from herself and others above him of the loyalty and worth of his officers and men. His report of the great battle is men. He wrote: "I have the honor to report that at 9:30 A. M. yesterday the Spanish fleet was discovered standing out of the harbor of Santiago de Cuba. They were met by the fleet of the United States, which opened fire to which our ships replied vigorously. For a short time there was an almost continuous hail of projectiles over this ship, but when our line was opened up they made a swift advance as if to meet us in close, the enemy's fire became demoralizing in train as well as in range. This ship was struck three times, and at least four other times, were fragments. We had casualties." As soon as it was evident the enemy's ships were trying to break through and escape to the westward, he went ahead with full speed, and the formation of the fleet was to the utmost the order

the coast, and her capture or destruction was assured. As she struck the beach she came down and the Brooklyn signaled a cease firing," following it up with congratulations for the gallant action of "your splendid assistance." A prize crew was aboard from this ship under Lieutenant-Commander Cogswell, the executive officer, and the ship was so badly holed that in a sinking in spite of all efforts to save her, was abandoned, and just as the crew was about to go down, the ship was taken over on her side.

As the ship was taken over, the bearing and conduct of all on board this ship. When I found the Oregon had pushed to the front and was hurrying into a succession of combats with the enemy, they were not overtaken and would engage, the enthusiasm was intense.

As the vessels were so much more heavily armed than the Brooklyn, they might have concentrated upon and overpowered her, and consequently I am persuaded that but for the officers and men of the Oregon steamed alongside the ship and supplied the depleted batteries, the Colon and perhaps the Virginia would have escaped. Therefore, I feel that they rendered meritorious service to the country: which I mention in the names of each officer and man individually, I append a list. It may be of service to the country to the claims of others for advancement above them even.

There then gives a list of 33 officers and men, beginning with Lieutenant-Commander Cogswell, including Chaplain McIntryre, and ending with Carpenter Robert T. The list who were present and given the officers of the Baltimore and Charleston at the Hotel Portland, will member McIntyre and his fervid participation, nor will they forget his top-top critics exclaiming with wit and humor.

mentioned and congratulated, afforded me the commanding officer, especial gratification."

What has been said above but barely touches a synopsis of the events of the Oregon expedition. It was a voyage of 15,500 miles around Cape Horn. Warned by the Navy Department, beset by real dangers of attack, entering ports just preceding the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, Spanish sympathizers, Spanish fleets watching for her, the lot of the Oregon was indeed not a happy one. Not boasting of her own strength, she sought to be as well informed as possible, with no great concern on his mind, coal and more coal, something to make the great guns roar, and a ship that would sink. He knew he could sink the Téméraire, he thought he could give the Spanish fleet a running fight, and might cripple some of the Spanish ships. He was not a man to let coal until he thought he was in fighting trim.

Admiral Sampson had met the Oregon

Clark's Account of the Fight.

Captain Clark continues:

We soon passed all of our ships except the Brooklyn, bearing the broad pennant, and we used our main battery, but, when we discovered the enemy's torpedo-boats following their ships, we ceased firing, and we all went well to the inch guns upon them with telling effect. We ranged up near the sternmost of the enemy's ships the headed for the shore, evidently to land. We fired at them with our 4-inch guns for the next ship ahead, using our starboard guns as they were brought to bear. We fired at the second ship, the third, and so, was making for the beach. The two remaining vessels were well ahead, but our interest had been decreased to 12 knots, and our shells were falling short. The enemy sent one of the *Viscayas*, to the shore in flames. The Brooklyn signalled "Oregon, well done!" and the *Albatross* left the line. It seemed to me it seemed as if she might escape; but when we opened our forward turret guns and the Brooklyn followed, she began to edge in

reports of the great battle of San-
Captain Philip, of the Texas, said
Whist whilst engaged with the third
line of the enemy's ships, which was
most and engaging the Texas, our fire
blanketed for a short time by the
second ship, the third ship, engaged
fire, sheered inshore and at 10-20 ran
to a white flag. The second ship en-
gaged with the Oregon until 11-05, when
she heeled to the beach, on fire, and at
11-15 she was blown to pieces. The Texas
then gave chase with the Oregon and
Brooklyn for the leading ship—the Colum-
bia and at 1-25 she, too, sheered to the
beach, on fire, and at 1-35 she was blown
up. The Texas then engaged the third
ship on deck at the foot of her
mast.

In speaking of the Oregon and the
Brooklyn, Captain Cook, of the Brooklyn,
said: "The Brooklyn was engaged with
the three leading ships of the enemy,

LIKE A TRUE YANKEE, HE IS TRYING NEW THINGS CONSTANTLY

the oranges on the sour tree had become sweet—not so sweet as sugar, but sweet enough to be good.

This little story has a sad ending. It is like the story of lost mines that no one can find. The clever man who made the sour tree sweet never has been able to repeat the achievement. The next year the sour tree bore sour oranges as usual. Perhaps the man did not succeed in getting the right mixture or fertilizer. Perhaps there was some element in the first year's soil that he had spoiled the tree's ability to appropriate so that it has not been able to assimilate it again. There are all kinds of "perhaps" that Uncle Sam has been sure to suggest. But none of them has pointed a way to repeat the wonderful feat.

There is one change to cross a sour orange with a sweet one, and for awhile

lars, the new oranges were all seedlings, so they could not be used to propagate more of their kind, and this is another problem that Uncle Sam is bound to solve now.

Uncle Sam has lost a fish. 'He does not let a season go by without asking somebody who plies the ocean whether or not they have caught it. It is a tradition that he also sends out his own fishing vessels to look for it. 'He wants to find that fish because he is a big and beautiful and delicious one. It probably would have added wealth for the American fishermen, but it is a tradition to catch it again, and new food for all his people.

The story of this fish is a real mystery story. One day a smack came into famous old Gloucester with a load of orange fish such as you find in America, but never before. They were large, weighing from five to 15 pounds each, brilliantly colored with orange spots and bright

bermen, reported that the new fish was plentiful, and that there were enough of them on the fishing grounds to fill the holds of all the smacks in Gloucester Harbor.

Uncle Sam heard of the catch, and his fish-wife men identified the creatures as blue fish. At once the Government made ready to help the fishermen develop the opportunity.

But before anything could be done, before any other smack even reached the grounds, a steamship arrived and reported that it had steamed for many miles through dead fish. The water, said the captain, was covered with them as far as the eye could reach. Some of the fish were crooked up and taken aboard. The fish, the captain proved, was blue.

Uncle Sam fitted out his own vessel, the fish hawk, at once, and she hurried to the scene. The ocean bottom was exam-

ers. It was an inspiring sight to see at ship, with a large white wave before her, and the smokestacks belching forth continuous puffs from her forced draft." After the Brooklyn and the Oregon had been sighted ashore, Captain Chadwick, commanding the flag ship, describes how the Oregon was signaled to cease fire and asked Captain Clark to take charge of the prize.

Schley's Report.

Commodore (now Admiral) Sampson, in his report of the battle to Admiral Schley, says:

"The Oregon having proven herself vastly faster than the other battle-ships in the race, she and the Brooklyn, with the Texas and anchored in the Columbia river, never flagships continued to maneuver in pursuit of the Colon, which was seen close in to the shore, and some good shot to reach her, but failed to make her pursuers. The pursuit continued with increasing speed, and soon the Brooklyn

Sundry Remarks on Our Country's
Representatives Abroad.

"Jooshyan 'an' whin some good la-ad fr'm
 this country get into throuble over
 hurlin' remarks 'a' unkind nature at
 th' Czar to wrap him up in an American
 flag 'an' drive him through town in an
 express wagon while th' Rossyian Gin'r's
 that was gon'in to shoot him bit holes in
 his whiskers 'an' muttered: 'Curse that
 American doggsky. He's felled me befure
 me ar-m'y.' An' if th' American citizen
 was plinched, I'd drive up to th' palace
 in a firyous rage, push th' guards aside
 'an' march into th' chamber where th'
 Czar sat on his throne, 'an' say: 'Sign an
 order to release this man in tin mynats,
 or I'll blow up th' flat.' 'Ar-ye aw aware,
 say's th' Czar, with blinched face, that
 ye're addressin' a King?' 'I am,' says I,
 with me hand on th' breast 'n' th' uniform
 th' Hibernyan Rifles, iv which was
 illicited (in me mind) th' Colonel before
 me. 'Ar-ye aw aware, say's th' Czar?'
 'I say, 'Ar-ye aw aware,' says, 'An' I
 ar-er-addressin'.' I says, 'Martin Dooley,
 Minister Plenipotentiary 'n' Ambassa-
 dure Exthordin'ry iv th' United States
 iv Ameria, County iv Cook, say, hurroo!'
 says I, pullin' a little American flag fr'm
 me vest pocket, 'an' wavin' it over me
 head. 'Great Hivins,' says th' Czar,
 signin' th' order with thremlin' hand,
 'an' I hurry off to th' dungeon 'an' release
 Eben Perkins, 'an' he gives me a good

have," 'T'll take a little more iv th' splash," an' so on. Fin'ly he has it all right an' th' first secrecy takes him up to see th' King. As he enters with a martial bearing, he spies her. He says, "The first secrecy slips his mind, he falls falsely on his knees, he gets up, he kneels, he falls on his knees, he mutters a few kindly wurrud in th' language that th' Ambassador used to shoot at whin he was th' master of the house. He says, "The first secrecy takes him out, he goes home an' finds his wife in hysterics fr'm thyrin' to explain her position in Cedar Rapids before she was married, to the Rooshyn Princess. He says, "The first secrecy, iv honor that wasnt lived in Scotland.

"After awhile he begins to appreciate th' honors iv his place. Th' King sends him an invitation to peck into th' rile garden. He says, "The first secrecy takes him to th' dinner iv th' Buss Drivers Association an' to attend any fun'rals iv th' rile family. The first secrecy gets him so he can weep ivry time th' name iv Shakespear is mentioned. He says, "The first secrecy takes him that he ougntn't to know too many Americans but that's because th' first secrecy don't understand his fellow countrymen: Ivry mor'nin' whin th' Ambassador opens his mouth, he says, "The first secrecy tells him to run right over to th' palace an' ast th' King about th' Pannyma Canal, he gets a few lines fr'm an American stoppin' at th' Stars an' Stripes Hotel, sayin' "The first secrecy takes him to th' home of Mark Hanna tellin' 'e to give me th' best rooms in yer house or lose yer job. I wld

But no conclusion was reached, except that some unknown ocean accident had killed the Xela fish. Uncle Sam thought up another way to catch more tile fish. Then, quite unexpectedly, a vessel came sailing up again with a good "fare," which is what the fishermen call a catch of fish. Uncle Sam was mightily pleased, you may be sure, and he made the fisherman stop in order to look for the tile fish grounds and the best way to catch the fish. But once more there was mystery. The Fish Hawk caught a few tile fish, but not enough to make a market profitable for the macks to go for them.

Uncle Sam is not going to give it up, however. He knows that somewhere in the ocean off of the coast there are immense schools of valuable fish and he does not propose to lose them any more than he would lose money out of his mind. So he is fishing as patiently as any barefooted boy ever fished.

The shrewd old gentleman he boyed off the heads of all the assets that he has on his hands. He is planning all the time to change them into farms. Sometimes he tries to do it by finding crops that can be grown there. This line of business has been successful in the date palm groves of the desert of Sahara into Arizona. Other places he attempts to improve by watering them. He has helped to build hundreds of miles of irrigating canals, and he has helped to dig water from the tops of mountains. Others lead the supply from rivers far away. In places where water is especially scarce there are ditches in the ditches, wherever they reach

of escape cut off, and destruction
 rating his ship, fired a lee gun and struck
 the flag at 1:15 P. M., and ran ashore at a
 point to the north-west of Santiago harbor.
 His flagship was coming up rapidly at the
 time, as was also the Texas and Vixen. A
 little later, after your arrival, the Cristobal
 sailed, which had struck the Brooklyn and
 the Texas. It turned out to you as one of the
 trophies of this victory of the squadron un-
 der your command.
 Again referring to Clark and others,
 he says:
 I have never before witnessed such deadly
 and fatally accurate shooting as was done
 by the ships of your command as they closed
 on the Spanish squadron, and I deem it
 high privilege to commend to you, for such
 action as you may deem proper, the gallantry
 and dash of these brave men, and the
 successful handling of their respective ves-
 sels.
 In closing his report, - Commodore
 Schley adds:
 I cannot close this report without mention-
 ing the brave terms of the splendid com-
 duct and support of Captain Charles E. Clark,
 of the Oregon. Her speed was wonderful,
 and her accurate fire splendidly destructive.

The Ship Commended.

Rear-Admiral George W. Melville, the
 head of the bureau of steam engineering,
 United States Navy, a very important
 office, in his final report of the operations
 of the naval vessels engaged in the Span-
 ish-American War, says of the Oregon:

It has not been customary to call special

The Ship Commended.

reased oysters and clams and crabs, and perhaps even salt water fish, inland I have seen some of the same experiments failed. All the creatures died.

Uncle Sam's experts had feared all along that they would, but the old gentleman is not a bit satisfied, and he is bound to make sure he won't make the loss of water profitable.

He has been trying queer experiments for years with insects. The San Jose scale has been his special enemy. He kept him busy. Several times he has sent his men out to catch other insects that he thinks may be able to fight and destroy the scale. He imported quail bugs from across a few years ago and tried to breed them and then turn loose on the trees that were infested.

His experiments have given him fruit and a few other things. He has been so often, when they spray their fruit trees to kill obnoxious bugs, they also kill the insects that wage war on those bugs. I now find fruit growers are using quail bugs to kill certain insects when the beneficial bugs have not yet arrived.

Uncle Sam has experimented with sorts of queer chemicals to kill both the insects and the trees. He has tried to kill tree crops. He has found a way of covering trees with tents, and then smothering the insects off of them. He has died a lot of times. He has been sprayed with trees with a hose to dislodge them as one disfects a house. In these experiments he has tried nearly everything from tobacco juice to kerosene oil.

He has tried to make a mixture with one kind of preparation and other parts with another, and then studied the tree

their preserved. "Twas, w'en I was liv' th' Dhoarms iv me youth. I'm older now," "Glirrily whin ye see in th' p'a-pers, that a man's been appointed an Ambassadeur, ye know it ought to r-read that his wife has been appointed Ambassadeh're. His wife wants him to -lave th' country, an' th' country's resigned, an' th' place he's goin' to don't raise no objections. Whin he reads in th' p'a-pers all th' things he's called, he begins to think th' job is his, an' he goes to the Court, the Court-House, an' th' good woman sees herself an' th' Queen rompin' together, an' maybe she won't give th' cold eye to th' wife iv th' rich undertaker up th' stairs, an' she'll say, 'I've heard ye sees her an' th' rle fam'ly rovin' by th' rle coach drawn by camels. Th' Ambassadeur lands at th' court, where he's goin' to avinge his insults in th' name of his country, an' he's appointed iv th' legation, who used to be a good tennis player before he lost his mind, meets him at th' deop an' hurries him into the carriage. He's a good man, he's an Ambassadeur, who's had th' Coat iv Arms of Noo Jersey painted on the soles iv his boots, an' maybe I'll put thim out th' window. 'Why am I threatened by ye? I'll be a good man, I'll be Alonzo, th' first secretary. 'Ye can't be seen until ye've been gawn over by th' tailor, he says. 'If annywan got onto that blue -sauce Albert, it'd be ye th' first. 'Ye'll be a good man, ye'll be a good man, ye'll be locked up till th' harnessmaker has got through with ye, he says. 'But,' says th'

occurred hole where an American can buy a pair of yaspiders?" If he's a wise fellow, he'll say, "No, A. A.," and he'll ripstinted this country abroad soon larns how to match silk an' where to buy silk chairs. If he don't he's no good, an' all this I larned from the book."

Over the top of the hill he met an Ambassade that used to run fr Congress lryr time he had a mind to. Dargan got his money eight times before th' good old days, an' he says, "Dargan didn't live in th' district. Re says that th' Ambassade to'l him what I'm tellin' ar we apt on his shoulder. 'How long ar-re you in the district?' he says. 'Three years more,' he says, 'an' th'n I'll give th' first sctery a punch in th' nose an' 'rayturn to th' land iv th' free,' he says. 'How long ar you in the district?' he says. 'At this mnynt, a young man come around th' corner an' grabbed th' Ambassade be th' collar. 'Didn't I tell yu niver to come out iv the district?' he says. 'I'm sorry, but there comes a good Glnet,' he says. 'It was th' first sctery. Ag' Dargan niver see th' Ambassade agin. He thinks they have him locked up in the house. 'What's the name of the Ambassade, Hinniss? The cable is quicker, th' newspaper reporter is more important an' theyse more diplomats than all the rest of 'em.' 'What street this be all th' diplomats fr? Non Constantino to Copenhagen, bedad!'"

"But, supposn' Ireland was free," said Mr. Dargan.

"Ah," said Mr. Dooley, "th'n 'twud be yu I'd like to see get th' job. I cudden't have too many iv me o' friends prestintin' to be a diplomat."

water it needs. Then the next look is for the next man's land, the water, and so on.

His shipkeeps Uncle Sam thinking all the time. He is continually at it devising new things in lighthouses and buoys and in the way of making the boats safely into harbor. One of his most interesting experiments is with great buoys with voices. He wants to use them, if he can, to tell the sailors where the sea for is thick, no light, even the most powerful, can pierce the gloom far enough to be reliable as a guide to sailors. Now Uncle Sam thinks that if he could make such a buoy, it would be a great way that make noise, the sailors would not need to be able to see. So he is trying queer contrivances now. Some of them are like a bell that rings when the tide rises and falls and the waves come and rise and fall in the waves. Other blow whistles with each motion that the sea gives them. Still others roar in different ways. Some of the contrivances do not depend on the waves at all. They work, but are operated by electricity from shore. All are designed to roar or toot or whistle or clang so that the pilots who are in the boats can hear them when they are.

If Uncle Sam is successful in this, he promises to line channels with them for miles from the open sea clear into the life and death harbor of the great port. Each buoy is to have a name of its own, different from any other in that harbor. Then, if a pilot comes into port on a dark, foggy night and can see no lights and hears no great walling sound on his right, he can say, "Ah, we are in the bend of the main channel, so many feet from

The Oregon is so exceptional that it deserves a special record in the Oregon's report. The war was declared, and, leaving Puget Sound March 8, arrived at Jupiter Inlet May 10, only for coal, and not being delayed an hour anywhere though any derangements of the machinery. Stopping at Key West to refuel, she was in the first place in the concluding fleet at Santiago, and was always ready for service.

This record could have given her an unenviable record among battle-ships, but the distinction came in the great battle of July 3, when she surpassed herself. Always ready to go to the front, she was the first to disengage that she developed on the trial, giving a speed (on account of greater displacement and four bottom) only slightly less than that of the Oregon, and was the first of the ships except the Brooklyn, which is five knots faster. Every official report comments on her wonderful speed, and it is generally admitted that the Oregon was the fastest and possibly two, of the Spanish ships might have escaped.

The whole record is thus one which has no parallel in the history of the navy, and it will remain the standard for all time to come. The credit is due, in the first place, to the builders—the Union Iron Works—who have given the ship the best workmanship, but still more, and chiefly, to the engineer department of the vessel. The builders, however, have done a great deal in determining to the department's favor, and a careful consideration Chief Engineer Robert W. Milligan, the executive head of the department, and his assistants, who have shown an earnestness and excellent discipline; and also the junior engineer officers and enlisted men, whose faithfulness and zeal, under most trying cir-

to find which was best. As a result, fruit growers and farmers can get photographs from him showing just what the effects of different treatments were. They can get tables showing the strength of certain mixtures should be for certain crops. There isn't a bug or a disease that affects crops for which the agriculturist cannot get a prescription from Uncle Sam now.

He has tried some odd experiments with orange trees in the last few years. One thing that he is trying to do now is

“Th’ first secrety has th’ divvle’s ow
time fr’ a week or two. Ivvy mornin’
he spins in tachin’ th’ Ambassadeur an’ hi
lady th’ two sheep an’ th’ wurruds iv
country indicatin’ ‘How d’ ye do. Th
plazed to meet ye.’ It’s a fine, big hous

A Rainbow.
William Wordsworth.
My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began,
So, it is now I see a sun,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Then he listens again for "your neighbor's" buoy. He hears the first of the warning buoys behind, until he hears the whistling one ahead, and he knows that he must turn again. Perhaps the next buoy he hears is toiling a bell. The next one may be tooting like a trombone. The next may be a shrieking buoy, and so on. The pilot knows just where each one of these sounding buoys is anchored. So he is as sure of his whereabouts as if he were sailing up the channel in broad daylight.

J. W. M.

Supply the Oregon is a great ship and magnificently did she participate in a great battle, winning achievements second to none, admirably handled, nobly fought, reflecting upon her commander, his officers and men a meed of glory which the American people can never forget. A glorious victory achieved by ship and man is the epitome of the history of the Oregon and her commander, Charles E. Clark.

R. W. MITCHELL.