

# Togo, Greatest Naval Hero of Century, to Visit Us

**A**DMIRAL TOGO, destroyer of the Russian fleet and greatest naval hero of a century, will be Uncle Sam's guest early next month. He will arrive in New York on his way home from the coronation, and spend some time here looking over the country.

It is a reception befitting his deeds that will be extended him. A flotilla of the Atlantic fleet will escort him into the harbor, and he will be given an artillery salute. A special representative of the United States Navy will escort him through the United States, and this Government will foot the bills out of "secret funds."

The recognition that will be extended Togo is in striking contrast with the courtesies extended prominent Japanese previous to the Japanese war. Had not Togo had his great opportunity, his exalted rank would entitle him to little consideration abroad, and it is likely that precious little attention would be paid to him in the United States.

He and General Nogi, the conqueror of Port Arthur, were among Japan's envoys to the coronation of King George V. Having completed their very onerous labors there, they are returning to their country by way of America, and when they get back to Japan they will have circumnavigated the globe.

For Togo England was nothing new, for he studied there as a young cadet, but America he has never seen before. "We think General Grant a man of few emotions, but Grant was a whirlwind of sentiment compared with Togo," says the Boston Herald. "Don't write any letters," he said to his wife, as he set forth for the crushing of the Russian fleet; "it will distract my mind." Loyally, she didn't. But can anybody imagine an American saying such a thing?

He is of the Grant type physically; not more than five feet tall, say those who have seen him, with a gray mustache, a slight chin beard, and a grim, immovable Grant face. Sturdy, though, as Grant was, and compactly built. Grant was a man of the common people, but Togo is not. He is of the Samurai, a gentleman. He is a member of the Samurai of Satsuma, one of the four big warrior clans that brought about the restoration in the island empire. For a long time the Japanese fleet was officered and manned by the Satsumas in the same way that the army officers were drawn from the Chochu clan. Nowadays those distinctions are not observed, but when Togo entered the navy his whole personnel was Satsuma.

**Boyhood of Togo.**  
In the year 1851—or, as the Japanese would say, in the fourth year of the period called Kael—there was born to Togo Kichiasemon a man child, and Kichiasemon's wife, faithful to the rites of the Samurai, took the babe to the shrine of the guardian god of the clan. She gave him the name of Hachichiro. Placing him upon the altar, she dedicated the child to the "defense of the Lands of the Gods and the service of the Prince."  
This was he who half a century later

crushed the colossus of Eastern Europe, removed Russia from the immediate calculations of the brief list of the world's naval heroes of the first class.

About the time he grew to manhood Japan wished to learn from the West the art of naval war, and sent her brightest sons to Europe and America to acquire it. Togo was one of them and the destination picked out for him was England. He laid the foundations of his nautical training between decks of the old school ship Worcester, on the Thames. He was more than 40 years ago. Japanese students were a novelty in those days and Togo was conspicuous, but all that anybody can remember of him now was that he was both the most exemplary and the most silent boy of all. The same thing was true when he studied at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich.

When Togo returned to Japan he was a competent naval constructor and was put to the task of building up Nippon's infant navy. These were silent years, even for Togo the Silent. When war next broke out it is at the outbreak of hostilities between Japan and China, a transport tying the British flag, with a British captain and crew, and carrying 1199 Chinese soldiers, is steaming off Corea. War between Japan and China has not yet been declared. A Japanese warship, the Naniwa, commanded by Captain Togo, suddenly looms up and fires two blank cartridges. The Kowshing, the transport, stops.

A few minutes later a Japanese Lieutenant is aboard the Kowshing with a peremptory order from Togo that the transport must accompany him to the Japanese fleet. The British captain, suddenly, tried to obey the order, but the Chinese officers would not let him. After trying in vain for four hours to save him Togo fired and sank the transport.

**Winning His Spurs.**

Thus was the Sino-Japanese War begun. Togo had done a daring thing; he had fired on the British flag. Japan was not in those days the recognized equal of the European powers; her status was a degree above Haiti's. But Togo was triumphantly vindicated and became the hero of his countrymen.

Later he capped the siege of Weihaiwei by a daring move. The Japanese wished to land a body of men near the town, and planned by means of a skillful diversion to direct the attention of the Chinese to another spot. Togo was assigned to the job, and he carried it out by means of a splendid bluff.

One night when the moon had disappeared he steamed off with his two light ships, the Chokai and Atago, in the direction of the enemy's fleet. The night being pitch dark, he not only threw them into utter confusion, but, hastily withdrawing, led them to suppose that they had been attacked by the entire Japanese squadron.

After that we hear of no more of the Silent Admiral until the Elder Statesmen are debating who shall command the fleet which will be sent to reduce Port Arthur.

"Send Togo," said Marquis Ito. "He struck first at Yalu. He will strike first at Port Arthur."

The story of what he did at Port Arthur is too recent to need retelling, and his great victory in the Tsushima Straits, one of the half-dozen naval battles of the first magnitude in his



ADMIRAL TOGO

world's history, everyone knows. One thing, however, to which little attention has been paid, has been Togo's extraordinary feat in lying hidden for six weeks after the Russian fleet passed Singapore. "Every way you turned," says an enthusiastic Japanese, "the question came, 'Where is Togo?' and no one ever knew until the day when the Russian fleet appeared in the Tsushima Straits and found him. It is no small thing to hide a great fleet in the most populous quarter of the globe for so long in such a way that not only the enemy has no hint where or when the blow will come, but that the civilized world is kept in the dark."

It might have been easy in Nelson's day, today it is incredible, unprecedented. Nobody but Togo could do it. But it was done.

**How He Handles Men.**  
One way in which Admiral Togo differs from the great sea captains of other times and of other nations is in the manner in which he places responsibility upon the various units of his

fleet and on the men under his command. Unlike many sea fighters of this and other times, Togo does not plan either singlehanded or with the aid of a few favorites. His behavior in this respect would be a revelation to our American Admirals. He not only summons a conference of his officers, but he makes each one lay down a plan instead of merely discussing the thing among them. He himself says nothing. If he likes a plan he points to the officer who offered it and says: "This plan is good. Back to your ships, gentlemen." If he does not like it he dismisses them all and evolves a separate plan of his own. But after all, America will be chiefly interested not in the deeds of this greatest naval hero of a century but in his personality. His deeds it knows, his personality it does not.

There are two sides of Togo's character. Here is one: "Although a quiet, blunt-speaking man, like General Grant," says Dr. Jochichi Takamine, "Admiral Togo has a tender heart. It is related that at a certain concert, when a famous artist was singing the patriotic song en-

titled, 'The Entrance to Formosa,' he began to weep until he fairly gave way to his emotions, and was obliged to ask the musician to discontinue his singing."

The song described in artless, expressive Japanese how the beloved Prince Kitashirakawa died in fighting for his country in the Formosan War. It was all so pathetic and graphic in the simple description of how the gentle Prince died that the stern General of great wars, together with the audience, was moved to tears.

"When he left me," said Lady Togo, "the only thing he said to me in farewell was, 'Be good enough to look kindly after my dogs.' His gun and his dogs are the chief weakness of his life."

**Leaves Sick Bed for War.**

He was lying sick in bed when the summons came from Admiral Yamamoto, the Minister of the Navy, to report at Tokio just before the Russian War. The sick man raised his head from his pillow and called for his uniform.

"But you are not well enough to undertake the journey," said his wife. "No," said Togo, "but I will be all right the moment my feet are on the bridge."

Yamamoto was an old schoolmate of his. He was enormously pleased with the fact that the Elder Statesmen had given him this privilege of putting his old friend in a position of such possibilities. He could not resist the temptation, to save the Port Arthur appointment for the last, and for two solid hours he made a speech to Togo about the immense responsibility resting on him. Togo never said a word. Yamamoto spoke of the difficulties he must encounter, and overcome, of the fate of the empire depending on his deed, and finally wound up by telling him of his appointment.

"His Majesty's ships are waiting for you at Sasebo," was the peroration.

"Is that all?" asked Togo. "It is," replied the Minister. The sole auditor of the historic speech rose in silence, bowed and said: "I shall execute your orders."

Nothing more. At Sasebo, aboard his flagship, the Mikasa, the day before the United Squadron sailed for the battlefield—it must be remembered that there was no declaration of war, and that Japan was about to strike without one—the assembled his officers and made this speech:

"The squadrons will sail today. I have the honor to announce to you, gentlemen, that the enemy of our country flies the Russian flag." While the Mikasa was still lying at Sasebo the Admiral, still pale and weak from his illness, received a visit from his only daughter, Yachiyo. When she asked him if he had any message for home he said:

"Nothing in particular. Tell them that I am well and happy, and that they must not distract my mind by sending letters from home while I am away."

An Iron Man. It is hard to believe that Dr. Takamine's story of his weeping at a patriotic song can be true. Yet it is of record that Togo loves flowers; he is a most devoted husband and father, and his wife and children would lay down their lives for him. His wife's maiden name was Tetsuko; she is the eldest daughter of the Viscount Kaleda. Togo has two sons, Hyo and Minodo, and one daughter, Yachiyo. A relative named Arimura also assists in the household duties. The admiral himself, though belonging to the gentry, is not a nobleman but his wife belongs to one of the old noble families.

If Togo's character has not been sufficiently indicated in what has gone before, this well-authenticated anecdote will make it plain. Just before the fleet sailed from Sasebo to attack Port Arthur the Silent Admiral said to his officers: "Bring your wives and children, and we will be merry for a day before we leave port." The wives and children came, there was a jolly time, and at last they left.

**An Impressive Symbol.**

When they had all gone the admiral ordered his captains and leading officers to report to him aboard the flagship singly and in the order of seniority. One by one they entered his silent cabin and he spoke no word of greeting, but only bowed his head in grave recognition. In full uniform, his sword girt on, he sat solemnly upright. Resting on a cushion that lay before him was the kris, a curved hari-kari knife of the Samurai.

Each officer saluted in turn and went out. And as each one went the lesson that the chief had given him was burned on his soul. He knew that Togo expected him to conquer or die. The hari-kari knife showed him what was expected of him and what he might expect.

Satsuma, the province from which the Count comes, has given to modern Japan nearly all its great warriors. The Count's features proclaim his class and race. There are two extreme types of Japanese face. One is the elongated, aristocratic type, made familiar by the figures on vases and fans—an oval contour, slanting eyebrows, almond eyes, aquiline nose and a delicate, enamel-like complexion; the other is the face of the Japanese Vere de Vere, named, red cheeks, projecting teeth, and a chin advancing beyond the line of comeliness. The type which Count Togo represents is midway between these extremes. His is not the face of the Japanese Vere de Vere, in which refinement has supplanted strength. His features, like his figure, are austere and full of homely vigor and good humor.

William Maxwell of The London Daily Mail knows Togo and describes him thus: "A little man, barely five feet high, compact of strength and silence and intensity, an epitome of his caste and his country. In its first aspect the stranger's eye his face is like a mask—stern and passionless in its cold severity. A ruthless face, people might say, who never saw it relax into a smile or caught the keen eyes dancing with laughter. "He is well named the Silent Admiral, for he has a rigorous economy of words, and the chilly atmosphere in which he envelops himself sets one wondering by what magic he won the hearts of the people and the devotion of his sailors."

"There is only one man who can use those under him as he uses his fingers," is a saying in the Japanese navy. The secret lies in a personality of compressed force ready to expand at the bidding of his Emperor, in unconscious heroism that knows no fear, in faith that masters fate, and a cool head that estimates difficulties and dangers as they are. You do not need to be told that Admiral Togo is a great leader of men. You feel it even in a crowd.

In 1905, just after Togo had won his great victory in the Tsushima Straits, a Japanese official of high rank had something to say about him which has never been printed before. The official's name cannot be revealed, but he is one who knows Togo well. And here is what he said in those exultant days following the victory: "The admiral is, first of all, one of the simplest and gentlest of men. You would hardly imagine, to see the small, slender figure, that you were in the presence of the greatest master of naval strategy that our navy has produced, of that the world has seen in modern times. You may be pleased to know what is really a wonderful circumstance that in the busy city of Kagoshima, in Kiu-shiu, were born Marsha Oyama, General Kuroki, Admiral Kamijura, Admiral Yamamoto, and Admiral Togo. I am proud of the fact, for I was born there myself."

**Compared to Grant.**

"To our people who have read of your Civil War and of your great military leaders, Admiral Togo seems to be comparable to General Grant. The most remarkable trait about him is his silence. You might ask him a question and he would answer at once, or he might not answer at all, being wrapped up in the thought before his mind. But an hour afterward, suddenly out of an absolute silence he would give you the perfect answer."

"You might think such a man would not be attractive to other men, but somehow he is the master of every officer and man in his command by the simple devotion of all to him. His officers would give their lives for him unhesitatingly. "I think the first element in his greatness is his superlative courage. His flagships always leads in every battle, and he simply asks the rest to follow. The officers all love him because of his bravery, first of all, and then for his sense of justice. He has always been absolutely fair in his treatment of his subordinates. "There is no such thing as social pull in our navy, whatever there may be in yours. Absolute equality of privilege exists on board ship, and he thinks and speaks. He is a poor man, as you think of wealth in America. "Togo has not been a student in any specialty in naval science. He has not delved in problems of ordnance or experimented in the chemistry of explosives. For 40 years he has been absorbed in the study of naval strategy. He insists on the most severe discipline and the highest availability in ships and guns. "He has a charming family, a devoted wife, two sons, and a bright daughter. Their home is a modest one in Satsuma province in a beautiful region of wooded hills and glistening bays and inlets, where all the people are happy and busy and prosperous."

Here is Lady Togo's picture of her husband, and it adds to the truth of the nickname of the "Silent Admiral."

"Even among his own servants," said Lady Togo, "my husband is often misunderstood. Because he speaks so rarely to them and because whenever he does speak he speaks as a man to whom words are more precious than jewels, they often jump to the conclusion that he is displeased about something. Only his smiling eyes reassure them."

Quite a wonderful man is this who is going to visit the United States. And one of the few great names of earth is his.

## THE EDINBORO' WRIGGLE

Song Hit of the Winter Garden Revue as Sung by Jean Alwyn

Words by M. E. ROURKE.

Musio by JEROME KERN.

1. I am a plain Scotch lass from Ed-in-bo-ro town, And this  
2. To do the danc-ing right, you wear your kilts and shawl, And it's

see see me - his that I din - na ken I've o - pin - ions of my own And can  
sure to make the men look long at you, That's the rea - son why you ken, It's so

ar - gue all a - lone With a reg - i - ment of men. But when you talk to me of danc - ing,  
pop - u - lar with men, And the girls all dance it too. The Fling is out of date, the Reel is

din - na brag I was ed - u - ca - ted on the Hie - land fling. I have  
dead and gone. No - one does the sword - dance noo with all their micht. As he

Copyright, MCMXI, by T. B. Harms & Francis, Day & Hunter, N. Y.  
All rights reserved. International Copyright Secured  
Used by permission, MURRAY MUSIC CO., New York

No. 250.

got no use for rage, I call them danc - ing jags, To the Ed - in - bo - ro jig..... I will cling,  
laughs us - til he gags, The Scotchman a - so brags, It's a braw, bricht nicht to have a dance the nicht."

**CHORUS. Andante moderato.**

Hoot Mon! Stop your brag - ging a - bent rag - ging! There is just one dance for me.

Oth - ers are an im - i - ta - tion of the gen - u - ine son - sa - tion, That the Ed - in - bo - ro jig - gle can gie.

Hoot Mon! It's a hyp - no - tic - ing, mes - mer - is - ing dance frae cross the sea, Stop your

gig - gle, learn to wig - gle Thro' the Ed - in - bo - ro jig - gle, Then lay richt doon and dee.....

D.S.