

STORY OF THE OREGON

EVA EMERY DYE RETELLS THRILLING TALE OF HISTORIC RACE FROM SEA TO SEA



Rear Admiral Charles E. Clark, Retired, Who Commanded the Oregon.

OREGON NOW TRAINING SHIP.

The U. S. S. Oregon, perhaps the most picturesque of the Nation's fighting vessels, wearing the sobriquet, "the bulldog of the Navy," has retired from active duty. The ship has been assigned to the California Naval Militia and will be used as a training ship for that organization. It will be stationed at San Francisco. The last trip in active service was ended with the arrival of the Oregon at San Francisco a few days ago.

BY EVA EMERY DYE.

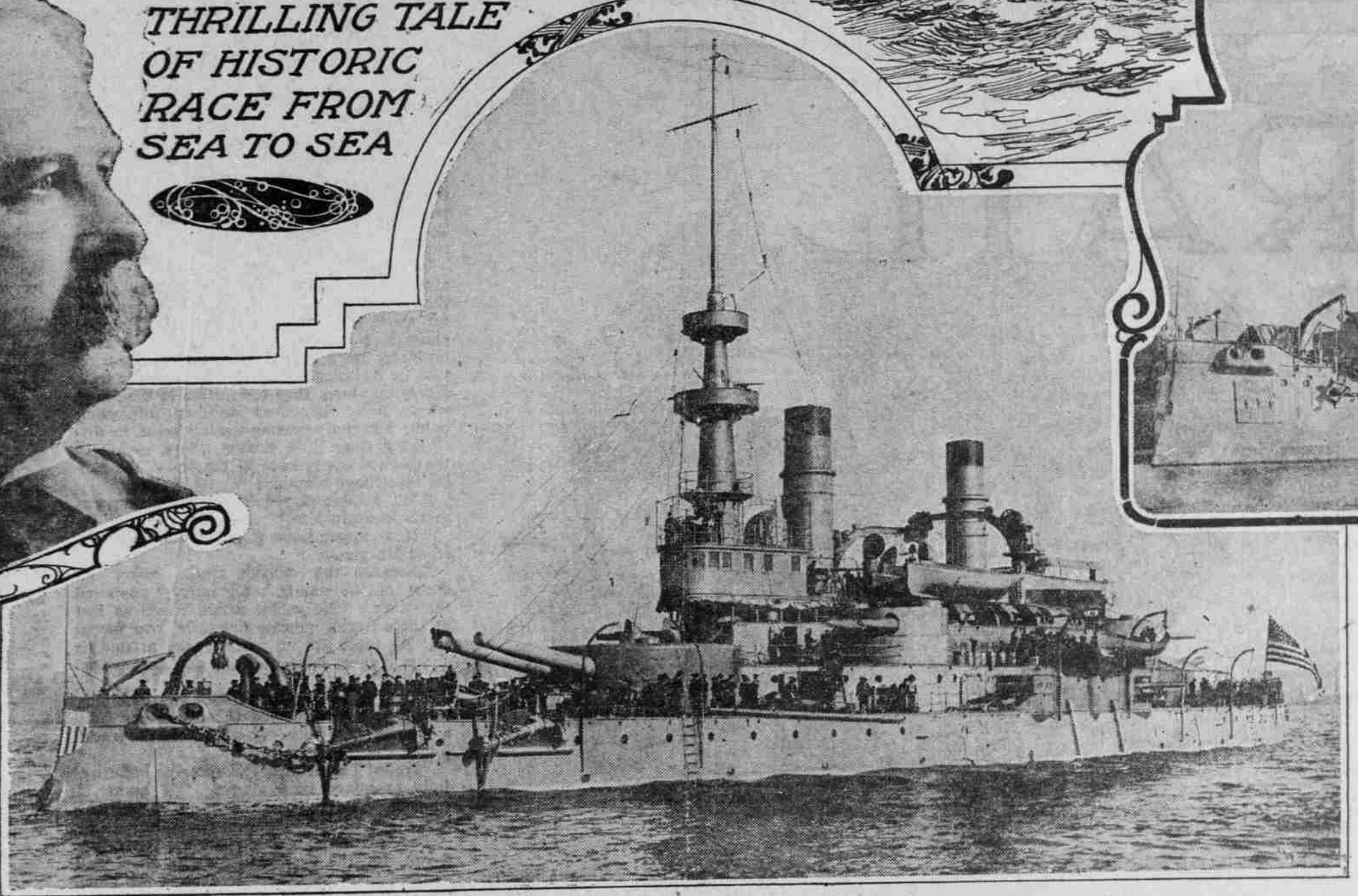
ONE sad February day in 1888 word came to Washington that our battleship Maine had been blown up in Havana harbor. And the Government said, "The ship of the far Northeast is dead. Let us call the ship of the far Northwest to take her place."

The battleship Oregon was then in drydock at Puget Sound. Across the singing wires came the summons, "Join the Atlantic squadron." In three days the Oregon was at San Francisco, 700 miles upon her way. Day and night the sailors shoveled coal and provisions into the great ship.

Early on Saturday morning, March 15, she started. Fifteen days later found her at Callao, Peru, 4800 miles from her start across the Atlantic Ocean. Only 600 tons were left on the Oregon, and she ate coal in the great, red furnaces down in her heart. Afar off, as she came skimming over the sea to Callao, the coal lighters saw her and stood loaded and ready to heave in the fuel to keep her going.

"There is a torpedo-boat at Montevideo, running down to Magellan to lie in wait for you." Callao was full of rumors.

"There's a Spanish sailor on the Oregon to tamper with our magazines." "The Spanish residents at Valparaiso will blow you up as they blew up the battleship Maine."



As the Oregon Appeared When She Made the Famous Voyage

"All the South American coast is plotting against you." Captain Clark guarded the Oregon with night patrols, and the sentries stood at the guns. One word, "Safe," he sent over the wires to Washington, and received in return sealed orders to be opened at sea.

When the lights of Callao disappeared, Captain Clark opened his packet. Valparaiso never knew when he sped by in the night.

Nine days from Callao the battleship was off Macellan, every man at the guns, ready for the torpedo. From tropic heat into winter cold, the men shook as the steel ship surged through the strait. Red flames leaped from her funnels. Sparks showered in the skies. She plowed the water in cascades and left a V of foam behind.

At Punta Arenas again a rumor: "The Spanish torpedo-boat destroyer Temerario is lying coiled up like a snake in the path for you." Like a great eye the searchlight pierced the black waters for the deadly torpedo, sly scourge of the sea, in-stantly to dart up under big battleships and sink them in an instant.

All this time what anxiety at home! One day word came that a Spanish cruiser had sunk the ship. A dull, dead sickness filled each heart, for many a boy we loved was aboard that battleship.

Eleven days from Callao, 3000 miles, the good ship swung into the Atlantic and turned her prow toward Cuba. On April 20 she ran into Rio de Janeiro. The next night, 10,000 miles away, Dewey slid into Manila Bay. And of that May-day battle, when Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet in the Philippines, every boy and girl has heard. Now all hearts watched for that other Spanish fleet in the Atlantic. And to this was speeding the Oregon.

It was at Rio that they first heard of the actual declaration of war. The Brazilians received the Oregon with friendship, for well they remembered that once American cruisers had saved that port from a blockade.

Says Captain Clark, of the Oregon: "In that harbor the Nichtheroy lay at anchor, about to be added to the American Navy, and the little American girl, Detecting her presence at once, I ordered the Marietta to guard the harbor mouth, and told her captain to send a boat on board the Spanish craft and serve notice that if she came within one mile of the Oregon our guns, big and little, would open on her without notice."

"Come on," sang the wire from Washington. "Avoid all ships and make for home." With the little Marietta and the Nichtheroy, purchased from Brazil, and the Oregon left Rio on the 4th day of May. They were coming again into the tropics. The heat was suffocating. Down in the forerooms where the boys fed the furnaces the thermometer ran up to 170 degrees.

Says Captain Clark: "The suffering of the men was beyond description. Battered under the hatches for weeks at a time, every man worked with the absolute individual energy of a hero. Every coal heaver deserves credit. The engineers had no rest. I want to say, as solemnly as I know how, that I believe every officer and man on the ship would have died at his post to insure the safe arrival of the Oregon." The Nichtheroy and the Marietta could not keep up. In that frightful heat, and with duty ahead, the Oregon dared not wait.

Bidding "good-by" to her consorts the Oregon sped away to Bahia with a record for speed surpassing any battleship the world up to that time had ever seen.

"Come on," sang the wire from Washington. In a single day the Oregon changed her beautiful coat of snowy white for the grim, dark gray of war, and with all lights out entered the enemy's waters. The men slept and ate beside their guns, in silence and darkness, flying through the night. Not a cigar was lit on deck, lest it might give clew of the Oregon's track.

Two nights out from Bahia a number of vessels were passed. Could it be the Spanish fleet? Just before daylight, May 18, the Oregon came into Barbadoes, 2778 miles from her start. The yellow fever flag was at her mast to keep inquirers off. Rushing on coal, she sailed that night. And still the orders read, "Come on; we believe you can do it."

The news that our battleship had reached in safety the Barbadoes thrilled the American people. All the world was watching the race of that splendid ship. But at Barbadoes our Consul said: "Cervera's fleet is at Martinique, just north of you." Cervera's fleet had a great name. Every ship was supposed to surpass the Oregon. They were built to be fighters of the world.

Says Captain Clark: "I was not looking for that fleet. The situation seemed critical. Sailing just before dark I headed northward, apparently into the heart of the Caribbean Sea." This was to mislead Cervera. No doubt his spies were out watching for the ship of the west.

There was no moon that night. As soon as darkness came down, with all lights out, Clark changed his course to due south and ran below Barbadoes and thence far to the eastward before he took the Oregon to northward.

May 24, Jupiter lighthouse sighted off the coast of Florida. Captain Clark called for volunteers to carry dispatches ashore. Brief were the words: "We are here. Where shall we go?" Back from Washington flashed the order: "If you are ready for service go to Key West. If you need repairs go to Norfolk."

But no repairs were needed, 55 days at sea, in the record voyage of the world, 15,000 miles, and not a splinter in that ship! At 8 o'clock the next morning the Oregon coaled at Key West. With bunkers filled the Oregon came sweeping like a thing of life into the fleet at Santiago. They were drawn up in semicircle to receive her. Every ship of the squadron waved her flags and made the blue sky ring with welcome to the sister-ship of the West.

Who shall describe it? Who shall tell of the matchless race of the Oregon? Ben Hur's chariot race pales in contrast. All races the world had seen were brief compared with this, where 470 men with hearts on fire and nerves intense guided a flying fortress in her rush round half the world.

Then Cervera dashed out of Santiago! It was Sunday morning on July 3, 1888. Everybody was dressed in clean white and assembled on deck for inspection. The Oregon stood directly opposite the harbor. It was a splendid sight as the enemy's cruisers came steaming out with flying flags in battle array. In one minute the forward six-pounder on the Oregon's bridge splashed a shell into the water to warn the fleet that we were ready. The Oregon blew two long blasts on her whistles, the bugles rang, the alarm gongs screamed and the drummer boy beat for his life.

Right there before them was the boasted Spanish fleet; first the Infanta Maria Teresa, close behind the Vicaya, then the Cristobal Colon and the Almirante Oquendo. A moment later followed the little torpedoes, the Pluton and the Terror.

The Oregon was the first to sight the foe. Here, too, the King was able to see himself riding on his brown wooden horse, while the Queen viewed herself in wood sitting crowned upon the throne.

The Oregon as She Now Appears.

on her guns. The Indiana and the Texas leaped to action.

In 20 minutes the Spaniards lay in flames and Capt. Clark was flying after the Colon. Everything else had fallen behind, only the Brooklyn with Commodore Schley and the Oregon followed the Colon for 50 miles and beached her on the shore. As the Colon struck, her flag went down. Admiral Cervera and all his men leaped into the sea and were picked up by rescuing boats from American warships.

"Ah," lamented the captain of the Colon. "We thought the Oregon had left! If it had not been for her we could have sunk the Brooklyn and escaped."

All of the reports said: "It is due to her speed as well as her strength that the Oregon took part in sinking all four of the Spanish cruisers." "But for the Oregon the Cristobal Colon would have got away."

"Don't cheer, boys," said Captain Philip, of the Texas. "Those poor fellows are lying over there!" In an instant every American turned in to save the wounded Spaniards.

The race of the Oregon and her gallant fight off Santiago are stories that will live like the story of old "Ironside."

When the Oregon was ordered back to Pacific waters she stopped at Rio to celebrate the anniversary of Brazilian independence. The people of Punta Arenas sat up all night to see her pass through Magellan. Valparaiso received her with cheers on cheers, and Callao went wild with enthusiasm. What a contrast with the rush of nine short months before! With waving hands and God-speeds from all South America, the Oregon turned her prow toward Manila.

Another glory we can claim for our brave battleship, she made possible the Panama Canal. For ages the world had tried to break through the continent of America to find the way to India. Men said, "There must be an opening to sea beyond." When none could be found men said, "One must be made." Transcontinental railroads were afraid of it, fought it year by year, but at one stroke the race of the Oregon showed the necessity.

"Our coasts must be protected." America said. "The Nation's safety demands it." And a way for fleets is a way for commerce. Today the Pacific Coast, so long isolated, is bound to the Atlantic by swift-flying shuttles of steam and steel.



For the Young People



HER FEATHERED FRIENDS

LITTLE Alice stood by the big window of her nursery staring out. "Whew! but it was cold! The ground was all covered with snow and great icicles were hanging from the eaves of the houses and from the branches of the trees. A sharp, high wind was blowing and whistling around the corner of the building."

Presently a lone, wet, miserable-looking little bird fluttered down on the roof of the small balcony directly below the window through which she was looking. Such a cold, unhappy, starving little fellow he was! He hopped gingerly about the ledge, ran his head wearily under his wings several times and then looked up at her

as much as to say, "Can't you do anything for me, Alice—can't you do anything at all?" "I do believe," cried Alice, "that he is hungry! Poor little birdie! No wonder—with all this snow on the ground! I'll get Aunt Dinah to give me some crackers." And, with that, she hurried down to the kitchen.

"Land sakes, chile, what yo' gwine be up ter nex'?" laughed old Aunt Dinah. "Feedin' de birds! Hum! Now who eber heard ob birds eatin' crackers! Ah 'spects you'd like dem crackers spread with 'lasses, huh? Sho', chile, birds doan' lak crackers. Heah, you give dem some ob dese heah stale bread crumbs—dat's what they lak!"

So Alice placed two handfuls of the crumbs in a small paper bag and hurried back to the window. The bird was gone! She opened the window and looked out. Not a bird was in sight. However, she scattered half of the crumbs on the ledge below and then drew down the window.

Presently there was a flutter of wings and—yes, it was the self-same bird, back again, only more droopy and wet and miserable-looking than before. He lit on the edge of the support and looked warily around—then at the crumbs—then up at her—and then—goodness me, how he did gobble them up!

So, the next morning Alice did as old Aunt Dinah had told her to; and presently the birds came—lots of them. And how they did enjoy their meal.

For many mornings Alice fed them in this manner. Then, gradually the birds became accustomed to seeing her and Alice raised the window inch by inch.

And now? Why, would you believe it, she can stand with the window wide open and actually throw crumbs to her feathered friends while they are feeding—and they aren't frightened in the least!

IT is considered very poor form in England these days to have flowers upon the table. Even in the finest houses floral decorations are barred. It is quite correct, however, to set forth the entire array of cut glass in which flowers would be placed in normal times, and a woman, writing from London, describes the effect of this array of glittering glass with never a flower to soften its hard brilliancy as being very strange and not pleasing.

Of course, in some of these houses flowers are grown in the conservatories, although not so many as before the war, and in any case it is not the thing to use them.

In a moment or two another feathered visitor alighted on the ledge. Then another came—and another—and still another! Alice clapped her small hands in delight!

She started to raise the window to throw more crumbs to them, but instantly they were on the wing and off! Alice was so disappointed! "Come back, birdies," she called. "Please come back! I wouldn't hurt you! Don't you want these goody crumbs?"

Feeding Her Feathered Friends.

CHILDHOOD OF HAWTHORNE

AS a boy young Hawthorne used to tell his mother that he would some day go to sea and never return, but when he left Salem and went to Raymond, Maine, he seemed to find reason-

ing the woods just as much adventure as the sea would have been. With Shakespeare, Milton or Pops in his pocket he would take a gun and rod and try his luck in woods and waters near Sebago Bay. Or, in the winter, he would go skating by moonlight until midnight. Then if he were tired he would seek a cabin in the woods and sit for a while longer by a huge fire where half a tree was burning. There perhaps he would jot down his woodland journeying—his writings of that period show minute observation and a great love of nature. "One of the great masters of English prose," he has been

termed; to him his conscience was a thing to be worshipped. Perhaps you have read some of the stories he wrote for young people—"Grandfather's Chair," "Twice-Told Tales," "The Wonder Book." He once said to his mother in a letter:

"I don't want to be a doctor and live on men's diseases; nor a minister and live on other's sins; nor a lawyer and live on their quarrels. I don't think that there is anything left for me but to be an author. How would you like to see a whole shelf of books written by your son with 'Hawthorne's Works' printed on their backs?"

DISABLED soldiers and sailors in England are set to making toys, since these cannot now be obtained from Germany, where most of the toys came from before the war. It is wonderful to see men who have so lately been maimed looking so well and working so hard and so cheerily. In one room in a certain establishment there



He would sit by a huge fire where half a tree was burning.

Sang the Wrong Song

DURING the early days of the fighting in Galicia—which was a Province of Austria before the Russians took it, and which was later left once more in their hands—the Austrian children were allowed by their parents to go to the little stations on the line and beg for food as the troop trains passed through. They seldom failed to receive from the Austrians, and later from the Russians, sugar and cookies, while the officers threw them coppers.

At one station two little Austrian tots went hand in hand along the train singing the Austrian national hymn to the Russians. These good-natured fellows thought it was a huge joke. The children had sung this song with great success when the Austrian troops passed through and to them all soldiers looked alike, whether friend or foe.

SOLDIERS WHO MAKE TOYS. Disabled soldiers and sailors in England are set to making toys, since these cannot now be obtained from Germany, where most of the toys came from before the war. It is wonderful to see men who have so lately been maimed looking so well and working so hard and so cheerily. In one room in a certain establishment there

are four men, making dog-baskets and luncheon trays out of wicker, who have only four legs between them. A soldier who lost his right hand in mine-sweeping feeds a plating machine. An artilleryman who was severely wounded in the head and who was told to stay where there was little noise says the whirring of the machinery around him "is just nothing at all." All these men and many others help to make wonderful toys; rows on rows of wooden people who are war celebrities—Joffre, for instance, pointing sternly to the foe. Here, too, the King was able to see himself riding on his brown wooden horse, while the Queen viewed herself in wood sitting crowned upon the throne.

Natural Inference. Judge. "I reckon the Hon. Dodd Dingit must have died in the night," stated J. Fuller Gloom. "I heard somebody praising him highly this morning."

Our Puzzle Corner

EIGHT ATES. 1—to Waver; 2—to mark; 3—to emit rays of light; 4—to remove; 5—to lay waste; 6—to pass through the pores; 7—to show; 8—to associate with.

WORD SQUARE. I am a word square of four letters: My first is composed of 12 months. My second is a girl's name. My third is against. My fourth is moisture dropped from the clouds.

Answers. "Eight Ates"—Hesitate, accentuate, Radiate, Obliviate, Devastate, Permeate, Indicate, Affiliate. Word Square: YEAR EDNA ANTI RAIN

STAR PUZZLE.



Johnnie tried to cut a figure eight on the ice but he cut a star instead. See if you can make a star by cutting out the black spots and fitting them together.



Solution to Star Puzzle.