

OREGON, KING OF THE AMERICAN NAVY, TO GO INTO DRY DOCK.

Mighty Fighting Vessel Whose Race Half Around the World to Get Into the Naval Battle of Santiago Was the Wonder of the World. Is Back Home to Be "Cured" of a "Stone Bruise" Received Off the Japanese Coast.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

San Francisco, July 28.—Home again, after three years of history making, that magnificent fighting machine, the United States battleship Oregon, is given over for a little while to the people of her home port to be swarmed over and petted and patted like a veteran just back from the wars. Dolls and launches and barges and bay craft of whatever sort ferry to her the plain people in such crowds as to make her look from the shore like a very much overcrowded floating city. Upon occasion the flags of all nations embower her roomy after-deck where society clicks its dainty heels along her snowy floors and sip an inimitable navy punch, listening the while, as the story of the ship's memorable cruise is proudly retold—the story of that unforgettable July morning at Santiago and of the vastly significant journey to the Orient that followed. On any visitor's day petticoats are a-flutter on the Oregon from her fighting tops down to the steel-walled depths where her great engines rest after their long tasks; dainty fripperies of lace and millinery lighten the sombre turrets that quivered not so long ago to the thrilling music of the thirteen-inch rifles. High aloft on that very signal yard from which the message went to Sampson's fleet, "Cervera is coming out," small boys climb and pose unchecked. The freedom of the ship is unusually free, for it is an unusual ship, and the Government is not slow to give the people opportunity to testify to their prideful affection for the Oregon.

It was on June 13 that the lookout on Point Lobos sighted the massive battleship through the mist that veiled the horizon of the Golden Gate. Very soon guns were thundering and screams were screaming the news to San Francisco and crowds were hurrying to hill and wharf. It did not need the 60-foot home-bound steamers streaming from the military mast to identify the "bulldog of the navy." Her course around the globe had been watched so faithfully and her lines had been pictured so often that even the stranger within the Golden Gate knew what ship it was.

And in spite of the cruel stonebruise on her heel the famous battleship showed never a limp nor a halt in her hull as her graceful bulk glided to anchor in man-of-war row within hall of the Iowa, the Wisconsin and others of a distinguished maritime company and within easy sight of her birthplace at the Union Iron Works.

The stonebruise might well have made a cripple of the Oregon—would have lamed her for many a month if she had been less staunch. The stones that bruised her are two uncharted pinnacles in the Gulf of Pechili. The Oregon found them on June 28 of last year, striking them with such force as she crept through the gloom of a foggy morning that her keel plates were forced upward eighteen inches and her protective deck bulged upward by six mighty blows. The stonebruise is some fifty feet long, and before the Japanese artisans at Kure covered it with what is known as a "soft patch" there was a jagged hole fifteen feet long in her stout hull.

It would be easy to figure out how hard the battleship struck when it is known that she bulks 11,000 tons and was steaming at five knots an hour. The fact that she was able to so patch up the leak with her own divers and apparatus and to so control the frush of water as to proceed under her own steam to the Japanese navy yard at Kure is justly enough a source of pride to American mechanics and to American navigators.

Soon the Oregon will go to the Port Orchard dock for permanent repairs to her hull that will cost about \$200,000—the first money of consequence spent on her since she went into commission four years ago. It is the boast, not only of the Oregon's men but of the navy generally, that never in her history except when she was aground off the China coast has she been in a state of unpreparedness, as the war experts say.

The story of the Oregon is brimming with interest to Americans and the naval observers the world over. It began to be interesting in the fateful February days of 1898, when the horror of the Maine's destruction at Havana was still thrilling through the nation. The battleship, untried, as yet, except in coastwise cruises and in the usual department tests, was hauling out of the Puget Sound Dry Dock, where bilge keels had just been put on her hull.

GUNNER'S MATE ROSE, who has been with the Oregon from the beginning of her career.

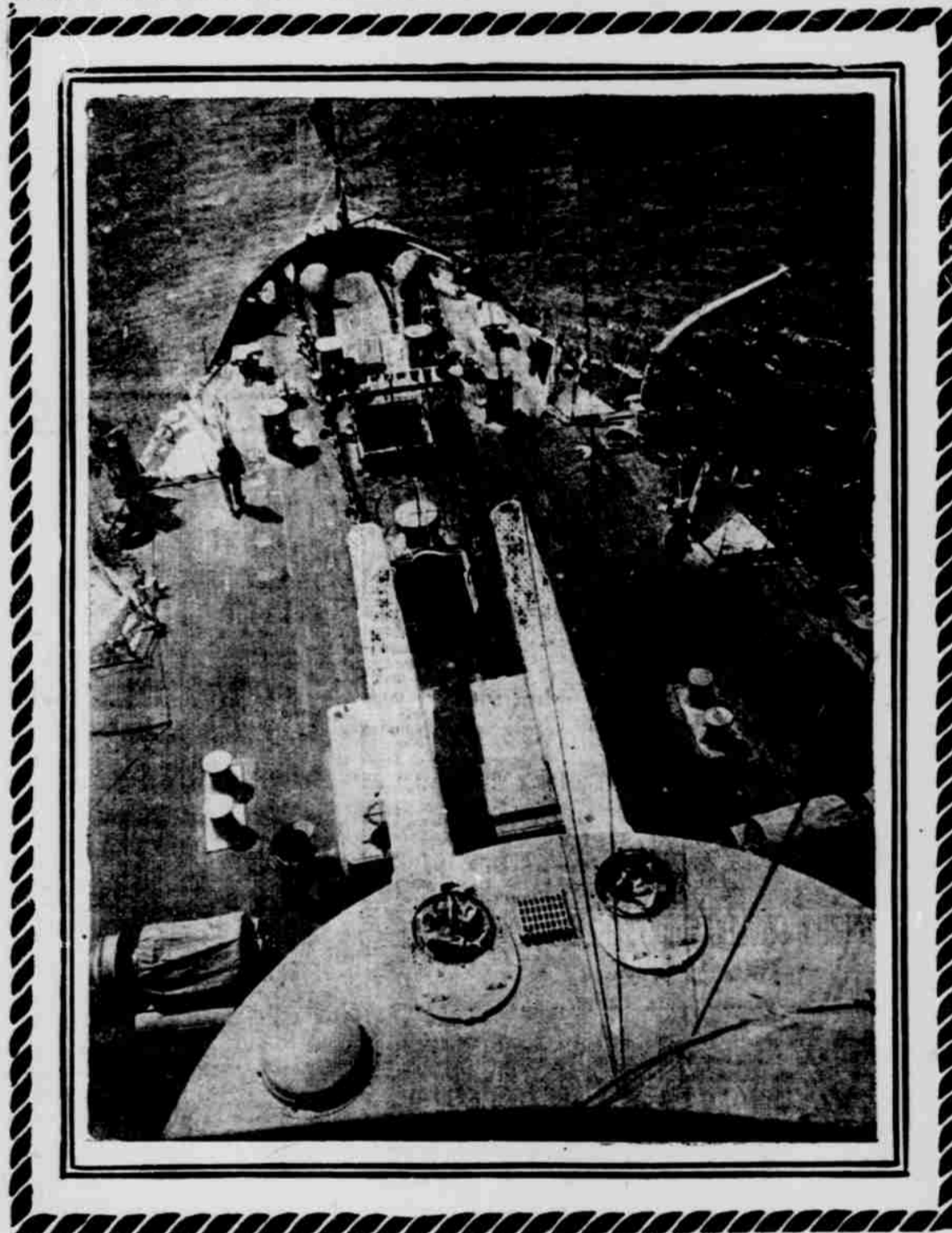
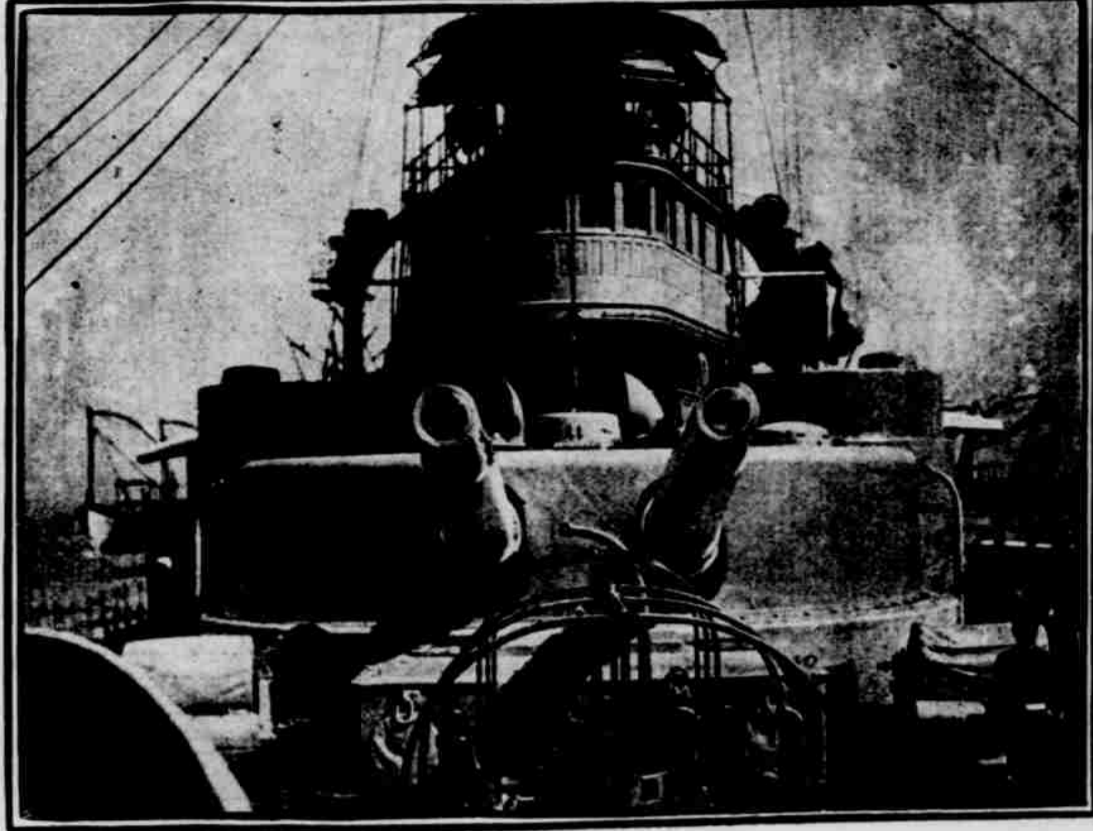
When word reached her of the Maine's terrific fate, a few days later she was ploughing her way down the coast to San Francisco for coal, ammunition, orders and her new commander, Captain Charles E. Clark. Half a thousand tons of powder, shot and shell went into her capacious magazines, besides all the coal her bunkers would hold and stores for six months' subsistence for her 500 odd men.

On March 13 she moved out through the Golden Gate, swung in a wide curve to the southward and began the race against time, which is now a part, and a brilliant part, of American naval history—a race under conditions absolutely unique to join the white navy 15,000 miles away. From March 13 to May 24 the 11,000 ton battleship, built to fight rather than to run, was thrusting her bows toward the theater anticipated war, hour by hour and day by day establishing such a record as no navy ever claimed, such as no other vessel of her size has since approached, hoping to be on the field before the hunt began. There was always the peril of the storm, grave enough for so heavy and deep laden a craft; there were always the shoals and reefs of the harbor mouths where she must look for coal; there were, sometimes, the laws of the nations, forbidding aid and comfort by a neutral power to a power at war; there were, increasing as the battleship reeled off the knots up the Atlantic, the menaces of Spanish sympathizers in half-Spanish countries, ready to plant dynamite among her coal and there was the crack ships of Spain's navy lurking somewhere on the course, apprised of and watching for the ship that was to be feared, though she had not yet proved herself in fight.

The record of the Oregon's steaming was enough honor for any ship. Fourteen thousand, five hundred and ten knots she raced, burning 4,000 tons of the best coal money could buy. In actual running she spent 1,200 hours, averaging never less than ten knots to the hour and often approximating twelve knots.

As she neared her goal, like a thoroughbred well ridden, she quickened her gait. From Bahia to Barbadoes the course is 2,283 knots. The Oregon did it in 194 hours, averaging 11.54 knots an hour. That was fast, but not fast enough. Up the homestretch along the 1,566 knots from Barbadoes to Jupiter Inlet, Florida, she sped at 11.7 knots an hour, making the run in 134 hours.

These figures, with many more details and details, may be read in the dry-as-dust records of the Navy Department at Washington. But you may not read there, nor anywhere else, the vivid details of how it was done. Your naval commander reports with modesty and brevity that the ship has



AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF A FIGHTING SHIP—LOOKING FROM THE FIGHTING TOP UPON THE FORWARD DECK OF THE OREGON.

Receives an Ovation at San Francisco, and is Carefully and Lovingly Examined by Patriotic Americans—Part in the Destruction of Cervera's Fleet, as Told by One of the Crew—The Long Trip Around the Horn.

ner's mate in the crew of the starboard eight-inch turret. He was only eighteen when the Oregon earned her title of "bulldog"—a lad fresh from a California grammar school—but he had the joyous privilege that day of working a 6-pounder in the starboard waist, and, glad though he is to get back to his country home with a bag full of dollars and five years of hard experience, he will not soon cease to think about his privilege and how he used it. Learning against the forward hatch he forgot to be shy and his voice lost its softness while he told of the fight, claiming for the Oregon the honors of the day.

The battleship had done her full share of blockade work and bombardment, ran the tale of the gunner's mate, when there bell the best of her great good luck.

"It was a blazing hot Sunday morning and we were just about to go to quarters for inspection," said the young man of the turret, "when Chief Quartermaster Johnson, who had been puzzling over the smoke that rose from inside the harbor mouth, cried, 'They're coming out.' We had our best 'whites' for inspection, but we were good and ready for the Spaniards. Joe O'Shea, a marine corps private, got in the first shot from No. 17 6-pounder just as the Maria Teresa showed her nose in the open. The shot went just ahead of her, flying high."

"After that the Oregon was at it hammer and tongs, with the 13-inch rifles leading the devil's chorus."

Under the mouths of the big guns.

steamed so many knots in so many hours and in such and such condition. The ethics of his profession forbid him to tell of the heartbreaking labor with valve and bearing in the engine room, the constant struggling for steam pressure or the night-long, grimy toil of coaling. He may not picture the inferno of the stokers and of the sand anxieties of the slight's spent in ports known to bristle with deadly possibilities.

And so it is not on record how, in order to keep the Oregon driving steadily ahead, her engineer officers turned to for as long watches as they could bear and with hammer and wrench and oil can wrought for all that was in them in the furnace-like heat of the engine room in order to "keep her going."

Again and again on the long cruise the magazine thermometers showed that there was fire in the adjacent bunkers and the "jacks" nothing loth in spite of the fierce heat and the peril, were sent in for five-minute spells to dig down to the fire and put it out. The coal was not always of the best, and often went into the bunkers damp, so furnishing the worst conditions for spontaneous combustion. Out of the reek and the sweltering heat the "jacks" would at length haul red-hot chunks as big as water buckets and dump them overboard, while coal that was smoking but not yet ignited would be spread out forward to cool since not a pound of it could be spared.

And not all the discomfort was in the stoke holes, bunkers and engine room. At times during the run around South America the weather was excessively hot and the ship's temperature ranged from 95 degrees to 150 degrees. Through toil and discomfort and all, practice at the game of war was rigorously exacted of the men. Sub-caliber target drill was constant with all weapons from the slender one-pounder to the grim monsters of the turrets—drill that was to be proved excessively wise and useful by and by.

It was on May 24, at 8:30 o'clock in the morning, that Captain Clark sent a boat ashore at Jupiter Inlet and reported to the Department by telegraph that after her phenomenal run this ship needing not a moment of time nor a dollar of money for repairs, was ready for business. Two days later the Oregon was with Sampson's fleet at Key West.

Not many of the men and officers who were with the Oregon on her long race and were in that rattling fight at Santiago on July 3 remain now among the company. "Here, you young hedgehog," said the baldheaded man, "it you don't shut up, I'll have the conductor put you off."

One of the Santiago men, who also played his humble part in the race around the Continent, is still aboard, Joseph K. Rose, Gun-

And then he told of the grimly beautiful battle picture, the blue sea, calm as a mill pond, the green hills, the cloudless sky, the optical sunlight streaming down on the red and yellow bravery of Spain's doomed flotilla, the clouds of dense black smoke pouring from the funnels of the five ships that played hares to the hounds that ran that day, the red flames that rimmed turret, top and battery as the Spaniards fought and fled.

Aboard the Oregon the clamor was Titanic. Naked men toiled frantically at gun and ammunition hoist, while the concussion of the great rifles jarred the massive ship in every fiber. It is the claim of the Oregon's men that her fortunate position and her speed enabled her to get the lion's share of the fighting. They point out that she was closer in than any other of the fleet and declare, with charts and diagrams for corroborative proof, that it was she who drove the Maria Teresa a flaming ruin to the beach.

Then the bulldog gripped the Quevedo's flank and soon had her crippled and heading for the beach. Then the starboard battery was turned on the Vizcaya at such range that two 12-inch guns found the mark with their half-ton shells, piercing through and through, setting her on fire in many places and killing at one shot four score of her men. Meanwhile the Colon, last of the Spanish fleet, was leaving the harbor mouth and fastest of them all, was drawing ahead of the chase.

But for the Oregon she might easily have escaped. The big battleship, running under forced draught and already at high speed, settled down to the sixty-mile chase. Higher and higher crept the speed, touching at one time 18 knots. At about four and one-half miles range, with the Oregon tearing through the water on a course almost parallel to the Colon's, Lieutenant Eberle in the forward turret sent a 13-inch shell screaming after Cervera's flagship. It fell a little short, but the range was excellent. Another dropped ahead of the quarry.

The Colon swung her bow seaward as if she meant to turn and fight. A moment later, in token of defeat, she headed shoreward. The Oregon's work of war was done.

For the three years since Santiago and Cervera, the Oregon has been on a cruise that was longer if less exciting than that of 1898. From New York to Manila and back again to San Francisco is a long and hazardous journey. No careful observer believes that it was undertaken because of the Filipino insurrection. When the Oregon started to the Orient it was because Washington anticipated something much more serious than even the blockade and the battle of Santiago, and such a thing could have been nothing less than European interference. The men of the Oregon are regretful that the anticipated trouble did not come. They are sure that the Oregon would have distinguished herself once more, even in the select gathering of warships guarding the interests of the Powers in the Far East.

Was Anything Left of the "Star of the West"?

The Republic Bureau, 14th St. and Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, July 28.—At the recent Confederate reunion at Memphis, according to a published report, "at the conclusion of General Gordon's address, an oaken gavel made of wood from the Star of the West, which was lost during the war, as it attempted to carry aid to Fort Sumter, was presented."

The facts are, however, that the Star of the West was the first prize captured by the Confederates. After the vessel had reinforced Fort Sumter it was sent round to Galveston to bring away the United States troops in Texas. President Davis, knowing this, ordered Colonel Van Dorn to proceed to Galveston to raise a force of

volunteers and to capture the Star of the West and the forts in Texas, which was successfully done.

While Van Dorn, with General Twig, had resigned his commission in the United States Army, which had been accepted before he enlisted in the cause of the South, the Northern papers denounced Van Dorn as a pirate, and \$5,000 was offered for his head. The Southern papers exulted over his successes, and the people of San Antonio tendered him a ball and banquet.

Van Dorn wrote at the time to his friends that as Mr. Lincoln had called him a pirate and had offered a reward for his head, he supposed he would have to dance at this ball with the dignity of a Corsair. He added that his great sorrow would be

to have to fight any of his old comrades in Texas, and he hoped he would raise an army of sufficient force to render a contest unnecessary.

All of this was done, the forts surrendering without firing a gun. The attempt to re-enforce Fort Sumter was regarded as the first overt act of war, and when the transport Star of the West landed at the fort with supplies and troops General Beauregard fired upon the vessel and fort. Thus hostilities began.

Captain Farwell, who was placed in command after the ship was captured by Van Dorn, in his story of the capture, proves that not enough of the famous ship remained unburned to use even for making a gavel.

THE CURIOUS SMALL BOY AND THE BALDHEADED MAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Yesterday morning a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a car. The woman wore a careworn expression, and the boy wore either unheeded or answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's like a baby, ain't he?" pointing to a baldheaded man sitting in front of them.

"Hush!" "Why must I hush?" "What's the matter with that man's head?" "Hush, I tell you. He's bald."

"His head hasn't any hair on it." "Did it come off?" "I guess so."

"Will mine come off?" "Some time, maybe." "Then I'll be bald, won't I?" "Yes."

"Will you care?" "Don't ask so many questions." After another silence the boy exclaimed: "Ma, look at that fly on that man's head!" "If you don't hush I'll whip you when we get home."

"Look! there's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at 'em!" "Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, "what is the matter with that young hyena?" The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair. The fat girl in the next seat was getting dangerously red in the face.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy, and then he turned to see what was ailing the fat girl.

"Here, you young hedgehog," said the baldheaded man, "it you don't shut up, I'll have the conductor put you off."

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to stop his tears.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?" "I'll whip you again if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy, after a short silence, "does it hurt to be baldheaded?" "My boy," said the man, "if you'll keep quiet I'll give you a quarter."

The boy promised and the money was paid over. The man took up his paper and resumed his reading.

"This is my baldheaded money," said the boy. "When I get baldheaded I'm going to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paper, and when he rose to leave the car he left that young gorilla at home or muzzle him. I always thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the bears to kill the children for making sport of his head, but I am now forced to admit that he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd he would have died first. If I can't find another seat in the car I'll take the next one. Good day, ma'am."

"The baldheaded man is gone," said the boy, and as the woman leaned back a tired sigh escaped her lips.



General Joe Wheeler's latest portrait. With him is his daughter, Miss Annie.

MISSOURI BEAUTY: EXCELSIOR SPRINGS.



MISS BEBA MCINTIRE. MISS TOPY KIMBER. MISS BERTHA COCKER.

GEOGRAPHY SUPPORTS AN ESKIMO LEGEND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Esh Eskimos, who wander among the northern stations of Smith Sound, know nothing of centripetal or centrifugal energy and have never heard of the Oriental stories of the earth being supported on the back of a tortoise or an elephant, but they do have a legend—never before in print—that accounts to their satisfaction for the holding of our globe in its place and a legend that is quite strangely carried out by geography.

They say that the earth is held in the giant grasp of the great Ice Spirit, who reaches out from the dark northern sky and holds the water-covered sphere with his left hand that forms the land on which we live. They laugh at explorers who are

seeking the pole, and say that it is impossible to reach it, because the Ice Spirit has surrounded his wrist with impenetrable and insurmountable barriers.

So much for the legend; now for the geography. These Eskimos point southward over the great American Continent and say that is the hand thumb of the Ice Spirit, and they point further and further to the east to locate the rest of the hand, and stop where they say there is a great ocean that reaches from the little finger around to the thumb again. That is the Pacific.

Take your atlas of the world and you can well imagine the Western Continent being the thumb of this spirit, with his broad ball forming North America and the joint breaking at the Isthmus, with the nail at Terra del Fuego, rounding off into Cape Horn.

Between the thumb and first finger lies the Atlantic, and that finger extends far southeast, forming Europe and Africa, with its terminus at Cape of Good Hope. Then the middle finger, with its main joint bent at the Himalaya Mountains, reaches through the Indian Peninsula, terminating at Ceylon. The third finger is extended, forming the Chinese Peninsula, and reaching through Australia. Above these fingers stretches out the mighty broad palm, forming the great plain of Asia; and to the east, marking the western base of the Pacific, is the little finger, which covers Kamchatka, the Kurile Islands and Japan.