

OUR NAVY'S HEROISM RECORD

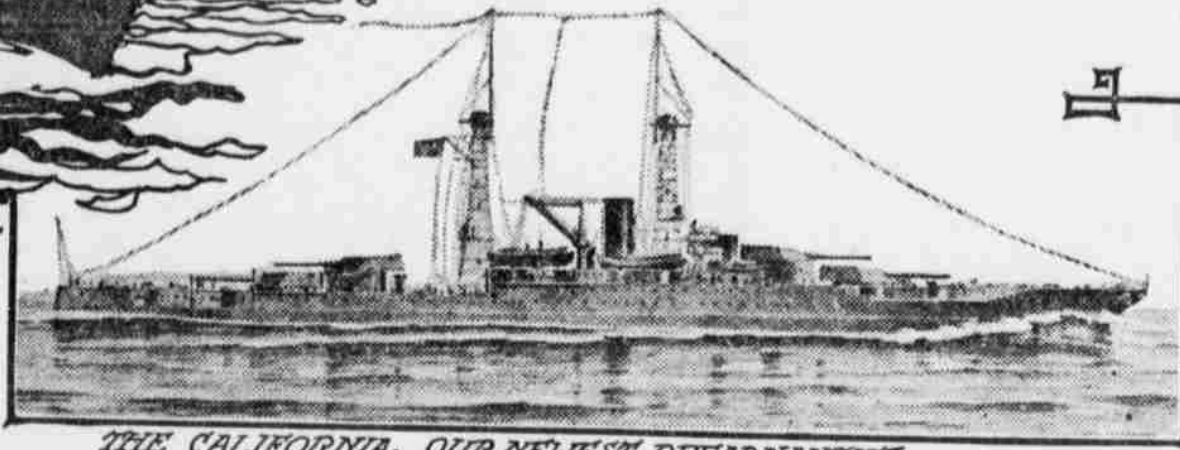
By EDWARD B. CLARK

SAME Spirit of Gallantry on
the Seas that Moved the
Ancient Sailor Moves His
Brother Today—Some History

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THE OLD HARTFORD,
FARRAGUT'S FLAGSHIP



THE CALIFORNIA, OUR NEWEST DREADNAUGHT

DURING the continuance of the present war there have been recorded scores of acts of gallantry and high heroism by the sailors of nearly all the nations engaged. The complete change that has been made in the vessels of war within the last thirty years has had no effect apparently upon the sailor. He is the same fearless and self-sacrificing fighter against man and the elements that ever he was.

In the North sea and in the Mediterranean we read almost daily of feats of conspicuous personal gallantry on the part of the modern seamen. Sailors are said to be much alike the world over. The United States is not engaged in war, but if it were it is believed that our dreadnaughts would be manned by the same kind of men that made famous the Constitution, the Constellation, the Kearsarge, the Hartford and the other old frigates and ships of the line.

In the navy department in Washington there are the records of American sailors' daring on many occasions. The seaman always is in danger, being compelled to engage in instant war with the elements. So it is that where there is peace on land the sailor is never sure of peace at sea. Wind, the wave and the lightning always seemingly are ready to declare hostilities, and then there are the other perils of the deep—the derelict, the rock, and, when the fog hangs heavy, the moving ship whose warning signals have been unheard or have been misunderstood.

In the whole record of serious disasters which have overtaken Uncle Sam's ships in time of peace there is not to be found one instance of lack of discipline, carelessness, or cowardice. The stories touching the bearing of officers and crews of American vessels overtaken by tempestuous seas, wrecked or cut to the water's edge by collision, are such as to make every American feel that there has been no degeneracy in discipline since the days of the elder Porter, Bainbridge and Decatur.

In the number of men lost the accident to the Maine leads all the other casualties in that part of the navy's record written in time of peace.

In the first month of the year 1870 the United States steam sloop-of-war Onetida went to the bottom of the bay of Yeddo, carrying with it 24 officers and 152 men. It is questionable whether the account of the loss of this vessel be pleasant reading for British eyes. It was a dark night and a foggy one. The British merchant steamer Bombay crashed into the stern of the American vessel and practically carried away its whole quarter.

The British steamer was uninjured. It proceeded on its way, refusing to answer the hails to "stand by" which came from the deck of the Onetida. A large number of the Onetida's boats were stove in and rendered useless. Those that were left 30 men, told off, were placed. Then the remainder took their places well forward and awaited death. In less than fifteen minutes from the time of the collision the Onetida sank.

Capt. E. P. Williams commanded the Onetida. The men he caused to be placed in the boats were the ship's sick. The surgeon was ordered to go with the invalids. Not one man of those to whom death was a certainty murmured at the captain's act. The surgeon and the sick saw the men standing on the deck and fearlessly awaiting the fate which soon came.

It is, perhaps, forgotten today outside of naval circles that Rear Admiral Stuard, now deceased, once lost, by wrecking, a vessel under his command. It happened 48 years ago last October, and the scene of the wreck was Ocean Island, in the South Pacific. The admiral was then a lieutenant commander in charge of the United States steam sloop Saginaw. It was the subsequent heroism of an officer and four men of the Saginaw that marked the account of this disaster as one of the bright pages of American naval history.

The Saginaw ran on a reef in an unexplored sea. It was an early hour in the morning. The commanding officer had been on deck all night alert, knowing that he was coming to the vicinity of Ocean Island. Speed was diminished to four and then to two and a half knots, while soundings with the lead were constantly made. There was a breeze dead astern.

Suddenly the lookout called, "Breakers ahead!" The command was given to back the engines. The topsails had been set for an hour and there was not power enough in the vessel's steam plant to drive the ship back while the wind in the filled topsails drove her forward. The Saginaw struck the reef, stove a great hole in her bow, and the crew were compelled to take to the boats. They saved large quantities of stores from the

wreck and with them landed on a desert island, hundreds of miles distant from the nearest point of possible communication with the civilized world. The shipwrecked mariners were far out of the ordinary course of vessels and it seemed probable that only a bare chance could save them from ultimate starvation.

After a week's stay on the bare reef Lieutenant Commander Stuard asked for five volunteers to man a small boat and undertake a perilous voyage of 1,500 miles over a trackless ocean to Honolulu. Nearly every man in the ship's company volunteered to attempt a journey of which there seemed but one chance in a hundred of successful accomplishment. The commanding officer chose Lieutenant Talbot to command the forlorn hope, and chose for service under him Coxswain William Halford, seaman Peter Francis, James Muir and John Andrews. One of the ship's boats was partly decked over with material from the wreck of the Saginaw. A small mast was stepped and provisions and a compass were put on board. Then the expedition started while the wrecked crew cheered from the coral reef.

The frail bark kept on its way day and night for a week, officer and men taking turn and turn about at the oars. At times the wind was with them and then the sail helped wonderfully. At other times, with the breeze dead ahead, they could not but creep along, working laboriously at the oars.

Finally a gale overtook them, and for two days and two nights they expected to be overwhelmed. There was no sleep for any one of the little company, and while two toiled at the oars to keep the craft's head up to the wind the others bailed. At last a respite came, and by lot one man was selected to watch for an hour, while the others slept. For 24 hours they lay to, trying to recover from the effects of the exertion of the struggle with the elements. A large part of the provisions had been almost ruined by sea water and the supply of fresh water ran short. Then there were days of untold suffering. The food was salt-soaked and nauseous and created a burning thirst which the men did not dare to fully gratify because of the shortness of the water supply. Strength was rapidly leaving them, and yet it was necessary to toil at the oars. Lieutenant Talbot was ill almost unto death, yet he kept a cheerful face and inspired the men by his example. He worked with a will born of spirit rather than of strength.

One day, after a computation, Lieutenant Talbot came to the conclusion that owing to an error in an instrument they had gone out of their course. The information came like a deathblow to the men. There was nothing to do, however, but to change the vessel's head and go on once more. More days passed by and the exhaustion of two of the men was so great that they could not sit in their places at the oars, but fell inert to the bottom of the boat. The condition of all was desperate. Their tongues were so swollen that they could not swallow the little food they had.

Toward evening of that dreadful day land was sighted. Lieutenant Talbot and Coxswain Halford managed to make some headway with the oars, and a favoring breeze helped. At daylight the next morning the shore lay before them but a mile distant, a heavy line of breakers intervening. Beyond the white wall of surf they saw men on the beach.

At that moment of supreme joy their boat struck a rock and in a moment was overturned. All the members of that heroic crew were too weak to struggle and all save one was drowned when the long-sought land was almost under their feet. Coxswain Halford managed to struggle for a few minutes with the waves, then he was caught by a breaker and thrown on to the sandy shore. He was resuscitated with difficulty, and then he found he was on the beach of one of the Hawaiian islands, and that he was the only survivor of the boat's crew. He told his story, and within 24 hours two steamers were dispatched from Honolulu to the rescue of Lieutenant Commander Stuard and his men, who were found well and hearty, though living on somewhat short rations.

On the sands and reefs of Samoa 27 years ago were wrecked the United States vessels Trenton, Vandalla and Nipsic. Forty-seven American officers and men there lost their lives. The story

of the loss of these vessels and lives has in it the recital of a showing of undaunted American heroism, coupled with romance which it is hard to equal in the truthful annals of the sea. At the time of the wrecking of the Yankee vessels three German warships were destroyed, the loss of life upon them being much heavier than upon ours. The German vessels were the Olga, Adler and Eber. There was in the Samoan harbor at the same time her majesty's ship Calliope. This vessel was the only one which went through that awful hurricane unscathed. It owed its safety not to superior seamanship, but to the fact that its powerful engines enabled it to put to sea and there with prow to the blast outside the storm.

On Friday, March 15, 1889, at one o'clock in the afternoon, indications of bad weather were apparent on the horizon. The coming disturbance was first noticed by the American commanders, who at once made preparations to meet it. The lower yards were left down, the topmasts hoisted, fires lighted and steam was raised. The Trenton, flagship, held the outer berth, while the Nipsic held the inner. At three o'clock it was blowing a gale. An hour later the port bow cable of the Trenton parted. The Vandalla tried its best to steam out in the face of the gale, but there was not power enough in its engines to keep the vessel's head in the teeth of the blast and the ship went crashing on a reef.

All night long the storm increased in violence. The flagship at daylight lost its wheel, and, though relieving tackle and a spare tiller were instantly attached, it was found that the rudder was broken, and they were useless. The Trenton was leaking badly, and, though bedding was jammed into the fissures and all hands went to work bailing, the water gained and soon put out the fires. Two of the Trenton's anchors held and it was not yet swept from its moorings. At half past nine on the morning of Saturday the hurricane was at its height.

In the afternoon the wind hauled a bit, and the flagship parted its two chains and drifted toward the eastern reef. Magnificent seamanship on the part of Captain Farquhar and his navigating officers kept the vessel from striking the reef. The attempt was made to set storm sails, but it was ineffectual. Then a last hazardous experiment was tried. The men were ordered to the yards, there to form a living sail, as they stood with their bodies in a compact mass side by side and with arms encircled. To attempt to mount aloft in that hurricane seemed certain death. Fearing that there might be a hesitancy to obey, Naval Cadet Jackson, little more than a boy, sprang to the ladder and led the way aloft, followed by the crew.

Finally the Trenton reached the vicinity of the Vandalla, which was on the reef, with great seas breaking over it every moment and rapidly going to pieces. Captain Schoonmaker of the Vandalla, with many of his men and officers, had been swept overboard and drowned long before. The commander had been on the bridge through the whole of the storm, and, weakened finally by the constant pounding of the waves, he was unable to stand the strain. His last word was one of encouragement and hope to his men, and then, with four others, he was carried to his death. Of the officers and crew of the Vandalla at the time the Trenton came alongside 39 were dead. The rest were in the rigging expecting every moment that the masts would go by the board, and that they would meet the fate of their comrades.

When the Trenton's officers saw the perilous position of the Vandalla's crew they resolved to save their brothers. Rockets with lines attached were sent over the Vandalla's rigging, and the Trenton's men began the dangerous work of saving. Captain Farquhar ordered the flagship's band into the rigging, where the musicians were lashed. They had their instruments with them.

"Play the 'Star-Spangled Banner,'" ordered Captain Farquhar.

The music came with a will, and the notes of the national anthem rose over the roar of the waters and the howl of the hurricane. The storm abated. The Nipsic was well beached, but badly broken up. The seven men lost by that vessel were drowned while attempting to launch a boat. The reports of the officers of the three American ships told of the heroism of the common sailors, but said nothing of their own. The story in full came from admiring aliens.

Varied Uses for Wide Ribbons



Besides playing an important part in spring millinery and new lingerie, ribbons, in obedience to fashion's call, are making the most of an extended field of usefulness. Wide and narrow ribbons share honors equally in the great variety of uses to which they are put. The narrower widths are featured on street and sport hats for spring, while wider ribbons appear in high bows and ruffles on tressier millinery. They give the desired tall effects and are wired and plaited and ruffled and draped in no end of clever ways.

The narrower ribbons on street and outing hats are placed in prim, neat effects, and entire shapes are covered with them.

In beach pillows and bags, in borders and other embellishments, on parasols, ribbons shine down their rival decorations. There is no part of the apparel of women and girls that does not borrow of their beauty this season.

Among the prettiest items that are made of wide ribbons, bonnets for the

little miss of four or more years are calculated to captivate both her and her mother. It is a simple matter to make them, and plain soft satin ribbons are used for the bonnets and for the flowers or rosettes that trim them.

The bonnet shown in the picture is made of light pink ribbon. Three shirtings over small cable cord shape it to the head. The ribbon is gathered quite full over the cord, forming a frill at the bottom and top of the bonnet. After the length of ribbon is shirred the ends are sewed together at the right side. The crown is a scant puff made of an oval-shaped piece of the ribbon sewed in at the upper row of shirring.

For the rosettes the ribbon is cut along the center lengthwise. Each of the two pieces is doubled along the center and the edges brought together. They are gathered on a strong thread, and this is pulled up to form the rosette. One is placed at each side to finish the bonnet, which does not require lining.

New Models in Nightgowns



Two very pretty new models in nightgowns are pictured here, showing combinations of val lace and the finest of organdie embroidery in their make-up. They are both cut on empire lines, with waists made of alternating rows of val insertion and embroidered organdie insertions. The skirts are of nainsook, and in both the models, the sleeves are made in one with the waists.

In the gown at the left the nainsook is laid in fine tucks in groups of three, and a sufficient number of groups to take up the width of the skirt and reduce it to that of the waist. The val and organdie embroidery are sewed together along the tiniest of hems at the edges of the embroidery, and in the gowns pictured this work is done on the sewing machine. The effect is good, but even better when the val is whipped by hand to the smallest of rolled hems along the edges of the embroidery. The lace and embroidery are to be sewed together in a piece sufficiently long and wide to make the waist, and the waist cut out by a pattern as in any fabric. The lines will be more or less diagonal, according to the way the pattern is laid on the material.

The neck and very short sleeves are finished with fine val edging, and a little ruffle of it is set on where the skirt and waist join. A bow of pink satin ribbon is set at the bottom of the V-shaped opening at the front, and a knot with two sprightly ends is perched on each sleeve.

The gown at the right is made in much the same way except that the skirt is set in to the waist by means of a narrow band of organdie embroidery and its fullness disposed in gathers instead of tucks. The lines in the waist run on less of a diagonal and the sleeves are finished with a frill made of the embroidered organdie edged with a narrow val edging like

that about the V-shaped neck. In both gowns the necks have shorter openings at the back of the neck than at the front.

These are inexpensive and dainty models in simply-made lacy garments that make one marvel at the beauty of the fine weaves of cotton.

Julia Bottomley

Furs Again!

It is an assured fact that we are again to adopt the Parisian costume of wearing fur during the summer. Last year it was confined to the use of a boa of white fox, but the frocks and millinery designed for the spring and summer of 1916 are trimmed with narrow fur bandings. Sheerest frocks of dainty laces, tulles, chiffons and mousselines have bouces, tunics or draperies edged with fur. Whether this will become a popular fashion remains to be seen.

Satin Tailored Suits.

In the tearooms of the smart hotels tailored suits of a heavy weight of satin are frequently seen. The coats are usually in empire effect, with flaring hem and trimmed with fur. The skirts are generally of moderate width, never in the exaggerated fullness. The dull, soft tones prevail.

High Neck Ruffles.

High plaited neck ruffles of tulle are worn by stylish women at the theater. Usually they form a huge tulle butterfly bow at the back of the neck and are fastened to the neck of the theater wrap.

In Making Wash Skirts.

Put washable skirts on to their stiff inside belts by means of a strip of snappers and there will be no belts crumpled and ruined in the washing.