

THE OCEAN "V. C."

A Little Medal for Meritorious Services, and Some Thrilling Tales of How it Has Been Earned.

Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war, and of the latter she has done deeds done by Britons in face of big odds few other the same romantic reading as those done from the seven seas. Just as there is a Victoria Cross "for valour" upon the field of battle, so there is a medal for small things in itself, but which marks out the possessor if it is one of the real great ones of his race.

It is awarded by Lord's and, according to its inscription, is "for meritorious services" simple words which in many cases stand for hours of trial and stress no pen can describe. Who, for instance, could convey adequately the tense, thrilling struggle that brought this V. C. of the oceans to Captain Jarvis and Mr. A. F. Pye, chief engineer of the Den of Alerie? She was outward bound for Bombay, and suddenly in her hold was discovered that most dreaded of all ocean dangers, a fire. In ten hours she had eighty tons of ammunition. As soon as the captain became aware of this most dangerous condition—thinking of the awful death that threatened every moment—he ordered the crew into the boats. All fell into the water, and the skipper and the chief engineer.

IN DEADLY PERIL. These two men decided to risk their lives in what seemed to be a vain struggle to save the ship. They turned on the donkey pump, and as the minutes went by on lagging feet, with that dread thought of a violent death ever whirling through their minds, they flooded water into the depths of the vessel.

Not until it was pouring in torrents did they leave, and then it seemed to stand by in the cutter, with volumes of smoke arose from the vessel, but these two heroes of the deep could not stand mutely aside for long. Though escape was easy—and they had already by their conduct deserved the highest praise—they went back to the ship with its smouldering fires and faced the chance of being blown to fragments with the vessel to make another endeavor to save it.

They put out that fire. The telling of that achievement seems little, but better understood than told is the courage and daring of those two men who won against such heavy dangers.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT IN THE SEA. There is the story, too, of Captain John Macmillan, Mr. Charles Bell and L. H. Thomas, who towed the Titanic from the Cape to Buenos Ayres. She was thirteen days out when she lost the tail end of her shaft and propeller and was left at the mercy of the heavy seas heaving like a log. She was drifting out of the line of vessels, tossing helplessly on a deserted ocean, and her only chance was to mend what had been broken.

Now the propeller of such a boat weighs some six tons, and the task of mending it was a task that no man had ever before imagined when it is known that this had to be lowered over the side of the vessel, fitted into exact position, and despite the sea, the tide, the high, fixed firmly on a new shaft. The stern was raised out of the water as much as possible by shifting over portable articles from coal to cargo forward—a terrific undertaking, which kept the whole crew on their feet many days and nights ceaselessly.

Then the three officers mentioned were hit and through all this without food, but with dangers swirling all around, they worked in the cold and raging waters a whole day and a whole night, lit by buckets of burning oil and tar swung over the stern. They were hurried about so mercilessly by the swirling combes of the deep that while one man worked at the nuts which held the propeller to the shaft the other held on to him, all the time watching the waves to give him the very necessary warning of each one's approach, lest he should be battered against the hull.

For six days and nights the captain never left his post nor slept, and only the trust kind of British pluck brought them safely from their plight.

ONE WOMAN'S WAY. And once at least a woman, having done man's best work, was counted among this band of the brave.

Here is a remarkable story. She was Mrs. Reed, wife of the captain of the T. F. Oakes, an iron ship which on July 4th, 1896, left Hong Kong for New York. She reached that port on March 21st of the following year, having been 229 days making the passage. A terrific typhoon caught her in the China Seas, which blew her far out of her course and made it necessary to change her route. The captain determined to go by way of Cape Horn, which was rounded 167 days after leaving anchor. Then an attack of scurvy seized the crew, and one by one they fell and no one was left to work the ship except the captain, second and third mates, and the captain's wife.

Then the captain and the second mate fell ill, and the captain died, and Mrs. Reed tended the sick with all a woman's tenderness, and between times took her place like a strong man in the ship's work.

At last she was alone on deck, and until March 1st her gaze swept an empty sea. Then an oil tank steamer, the Kaabek, sighted the blue light of distress which the T. F. Oakes was showing. The steamer signalled to the distressed vessel to leave to.

"We can't leave," came the reply. "All dead or sick."

STILL FURTHER DISTRESS. The steamer lowered a boat, and in an hour overtook the sailing vessel. A line was hauled the two ships were joined, and the vessel continued, for the thin rope got foul of the Kaabek's propeller and the engine stopped. The sailing vessel was once again past reach, and the vessel was left to drift.

The steamer at last gave chase, and after scouring the sea for many hours sighted the T. F. Oakes, at whose wheel Mrs. Reed stood valiantly though nearly dead with cold and starvation.

Then the breeze freshened into a stiff gale, and for twelve hours the steamer had all her work out to keep the sea, the tide, the high, fixed firmly on a new shaft. The stern was raised out of the water as much as possible by shifting over portable articles from coal to cargo forward—a terrific undertaking, which kept the whole crew on their feet many days and nights ceaselessly.

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ORIENT'S FAMOUS OPEN DOOR IS AJAR, DECLARES C. A. TOWNE

much time in China, Japan and Korea.

Mr. Towne formerly was Representative in Congress and Senator from Minnesota and in 1900 declined the Vice Presidential nomination of the Populists and silver Republicans.

He was a leading candidate for second place in the Democratic national ticket at the Kansas City Convention held before a nomination was made.

When Mr. Adlai B. Stevenson was elected upon the ticket of the United States, Mr. Towne moved to New York from Minnesota and in 1904 was elected to Congress on the Democratic ticket from the Fourteenth district.

Mr. Towne has paid several visits to the Orient and has prepared the following account of one of his visits when he met Prince Yi who was Resident General of Korea.

Mr. Towne declares that the famous "open door" is ajar and that in his estimation the surest guaranty of peace in the Orient depends upon the constant maintenance by the United States of an efficient fleet of war vessels, equal at all times to the fighting strength of any other of the great Powers.

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A reign of terror followed. Japanese troops patrolled the streets. Koreans were not permitted to assemble even to the number of three. I repeatedly saw the Japanese soldiers, with the point of a bayonet, after exchanging the merest greetings. Women were accosted and annoyed by the soldiers. This has been denied, but I saw myself, and many times. Native merchants were imposed upon and browbeaten by Japanese. And many resented the presence of the Japanese troops.

Four Koreans were shot in the street. One was killed. The following day another was killed in a potato patch but a few rods from where we were domiciled. In the evening a Korean was killed in the street. The following day another was killed in a potato patch but a few rods from where we were domiciled. In the evening a Korean was killed in the street.

On Friday night, August 2, 1907, we came to anchor in the quiet old capital of Korea. We found ourselves in the midst of momentous events. The long drawn, pitiful tragedy of the Hermit Kingdom had reached its catastrophe.

Japan had at length triumphed. Korea had become, to all intents and purposes, an integral part of the Empire of Nippon. At the very last a pathetic and consciously futile protest had registered the desperation of a proud but unwelcome people against the ruthless destruction of a nationality many centuries old and with numerous titles to the gratitude and admiration of neighboring peoples. It was not a rebellion. It was scarcely a revolt. It was a sacrifice.

In spite of the peaceable character of the Koreans, the Japanese authorities were well aware that their policies had bred a general feeling of resentment from which serious trouble might reasonably be expected upon occasion. Under these circumstances they felt no confidence that any dependence could be placed upon the native soldiery. Steps were accordingly taken to disband them. A proclamation was prepared by the Japanese resident, but it was not until the Korean Emperor, to be read before the troops. This proclamation, as sent out to the world through Reuters' news service, is accounting for the independence and dismissal of the Korean regiments, laid chief stress upon the expense of their maintenance and the necessity of fiscal retrenchment.

As published on the street of Seoul, however, in handbills which I saw and as read to the soldiers by command, it contained imputations upon the loyalty and character of the troops couched in language so offensive and insulting as to give ground for suspicion of a purpose to stir up mutiny. It happened thus, as two days later, I had the story, in a voice half choked with tears from a Minister of the late Cabinet, under the central figure in the narrative—On the morning of the first day in August some two hundred and fifty Korean soldiers were drawn up in the historic barracks of the capital, to listen to the proclamation "that, in terms of oppression, ostensibly from the lips of their native sovereign, drove them in disgrace from the service of their country, which therefore forth was to be held in subjection and control by a foreign Power."

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O BLUFF THIS TIME, TO LEAD THE REVOLT AGAINST MR. BORDEN

THE HOUSE OF LORDS WILL SUR-ly Reject the Budget"

And the Radical Wanted to Know Who Would "Lead the Gadarene Swine Over the Precip