

# HURLING TORPEDOES INTO THE BOWELS OF A BATTLESHIP.

(Notes by the commander of a Japanese torpedo boat destroyer, who took a conspicuous part in the great naval battle of the Sea of Japan.)

May 27, 1905, in the early morning—The Sadzunami goes at the speed of twenty-two knots. I stand at the stern leaning against the railing and search with my telescope the horizon. It is very cold, and my young lieutenant, who leans on the railing beside me, shivers perceptibly. To-day we shall fight! All of us, from myself, the commander, to the youngest stoker of the crew of sixty-two men, share this absolute certainty. My glance wanders to the guns, of which we carry six, and to the two torpedo tubes, each of which conceals one of those nice shining bronze cylinders, which have given the Russians such a wholesome respect for our little boats. Before long the first rays of the rising sun appear on the rosy horizon. I give a few short instructions to the young officer next me and hasten to the bridge. My first lieutenant, who has taken my place for an hour, gives me a short report: Course still south-southwest, speed now twenty-one knots, nothing to be seen of the enemy. We sit down on the two small campchairs, and I offer him a Havana, one from the box which my good old uncle from Osaka had brought over personally a few days before our departure. We sum up shortly in our minds the events of the last days.

Our fleet had already lain inactive in Masampo for three weeks. We knew for certain that Rojostevsky, the Russian admiral, would, always steaming northwards, pass the Japanese west coast through the Strait of Corea, yet Togo would certainly await the Russians to the north of the strait, and we had received no command to set sail for weeks. Only some torpedo boat destroyers and cruisers were always in touch with the enemy and followed all his movements, announcing them by means of wireless telegraphy to headquarters at Masampo and Shimonomaki. Yesterday, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we received from our reconnoitring squadron the information that the whole hostile fleet was slowly approaching the Korean waters and had already arrived south-west of Tsche-Dju. Our commodore, Rear Admiral Dewa, the chief of our flotilla, and all the commanders of our squadron, received from the Mikasa (the flagship of the commander in chief) half an hour afterward the order to come on board without delay.

Admiral Togo received us and gave us our orders. The second torpedo flotilla, to which I belong, and the cruisers of the third squadron were to put to sea immediately under the command of Rear Admiral Dewa, and to try to get in touch with the enemy; but as soon as the latter showed signs of making an attack we were to retire slowly eastward toward the Japanese coast and in this way to entice the enemy into the narrow Strait of Ikuushima. We were to avoid, if possible, coming into action, but were to remain in contact with the enemy and exchange fire, of course at such a distance as to prevent our ships being endangered. Then we were to steam round Ikuushima, to join the chief fleet in Masampo and to wait there for further orders.

Such are the events up till now which we recall to memory. Haschidate is just expressing his opinion that the Russians will try to steam along the Korean coast if possible, when we hear a sudden noise, and, scurrying under the bridge, a signal man leaps up the steps to us and reports from the man on duty that to the west, some fifty miles distant, smoke is to be seen on the horizon. We regulate the telescope and there, sure enough, pillars of smoke are distinctly visible. I count six and Haschidate thinks he can distinguish even eight. The row is soon to begin then!

I give at once the necessary orders, have as much ammunition as possible brought up, the guns manned and all ready for fighting. In the mean time the smoke columns approach at a high speed, and soon we can distinctly recognize the dark forms of the ships. There are at least thirty or forty big ships—indeed, the whole Russian fleet. I give the engineer, through the speaking tube, the order to slow down, as I expect an order from the rear admiral. Sure enough, a signal appears not long afterward on the flagship of the admiral: "Torpedo boats to the attack and then retire toward us again!" I give immediately the order to the engineer. Meanwhile we have approached the Russians. They have, of course, noticed us also, and we can distinctly see how the battleships and transport ships slow down; the cruisers, on the contrary, keep up their speed. The foremost—a large cruiser of some 6,000 tons (which afterward proved itself to be the Vladimir-Monomach) holds course directly toward us.

Suddenly a white cloud of smoke appears from the Vladimir-Monomach, and directly afterward the first shot rumbles over the water. The prologue to the great drama begins. A second and a third shot follow. The other cruisers begin to fire, and the first shells pay, far from our bow, into the water. The Vladimir-Monomach still steers directly for us under incessant fire. One can distinctly recognize the moving forms of the sailors busy at the guns. Now is the moment for me to act! I have the helm turned to port; then I order full steam ahead, and give in a louder voice the command to the gunners: "Tubes clear for action to starboard!" The tubes clear for action at a distance of 400 yards. The boat rushes with ever increasing speed through the waves, the engine hammer, the whole ship—the bridge, the funnel and the upper deck—vibrates, and the spray falls on the boat from all sides, preventing us from seeing anything for the moment. The Russians salute us now with a storm of shells; one after the other strikes my boat. One hits the forecastle and one 15-inch strappel tears away a part of the bridge. Nevertheless I remain unhurt, but four of my crew who are standing under the bridge are severely wounded by flying splinters. All this happens in a few seconds. When we have arrived at a distance of about 200 yards I command in a loud voice, "Fire!" Both torpedoes shoot out at the same time, and the other guns also do their best. I believe to have fired at the helm through the tumult of the elements and the booming of the guns, "Helm hard to port!" The helm swings round, and in a few seconds we are steaming back at the same high speed as when we arrived.

TOGO'S PLANS EFFECTIVE. Thank God, the engines are none the worse! Otherwise things look rather bad on my old Sadzunami, but I am thankful that we have come off so well and that at least I have got my boat safe out of the scuffle. I was unable to see whether my torpedoes had taken effect, but my gunners assure me positively that they did. Meantime on the Russian side more vessels have come into action, and also our cruisers begin to fire, turning broadside on, with the intention of sheltering us at the same time. When we have all arrived, the whole squadron turns and, still firing, retires to the northeast toward Ikuushima. We see with delight that what Togo had planned is happening. The Russians open their speed and follow us all the time getting nearer to the Japanese coast. We now cease firing and steam into the strait of Iki. Then, following orders, we direct our course northward and sail with quickened speed round the coast of Ikuushima. The island robs us of the view of the enemy, and we speed further northward toward Tsushima to join the head squadron. Shortly afterward we receive orders from the admiral to anchor in the bay of Omura, a small harbor on the east coast of Tsushima and there to await further orders from the chief squadron.

not pass without leaving traces behind. The Kasasagi's steering apparatus is destroyed, and the Asagiri has got a hole under the waterline, so that the stern is almost completely under water; the latter is only saved by the shot-walls receiving no damage and another destroyer tugging the boat the greater part of the way. Taken together, the squadron counts fourteen of the crew dead and nineteen severely wounded. I myself have in my boat two dead, five severely hurt and twelve slightly wounded, but these latter still able to do their duty. Happily the damage on my ship does not prove serious. The upper deck has been struck by some shots and the bridge has got its share, too; the one side is torn quite away, and really it is a wonder that neither of us is seriously wounded. Haschidate has received a light cut in the face and I only on the lower part of my left arm. The dead are put overboard and the wounded handed over to the doctors. The damage on deck is quickly repaired and in scarcely an hour our old Sadzunami is ready again for the fray.

THE MAIN BATTLE BEGINS. By this time it is noon. I have ordered the crew's midday meal to be given out and have just gone down to my cabin for a nap when I hear the distant booming of a cannon shot. I scurry up the cabin stairs, and as I arrive on deck it crashes and thunders already, as if twenty thunderstorms had burst. We all know at once what is the matter! Our chief fleet has come into contact with the enemy and is engaged in full battle. The fate of the Eastern world is to be decided to-day! And, worse luck, we must lie here idle! The low lying island even obstructs our view of the encounter. It is simply maddening. But I am again in luck, for the Schononome and the Sadzunami, being the fastest boats (we can cover twenty-eight to thirty knots an hour if necessary) receive the order from the rear admiral to steam back southward and inform him of the course of the battle.

Five minutes after the command the anchors are already up and we are going full steam ahead. At first we see nothing, but the incessant din of the cannon echoes louder with every moment. By the time we have left five miles behind us, however, and have an open view into the Strait of Tsushima, a most wonderful panorama extends before us, the sight of which I shall never forget. The whole expanse of water is covered by our ships, which, while manœuvring and changing positions continually, fire with all their heavy guns. The whole air trembles and vibrates with the whizzing and roaring of the shells. The hostile fleet is still at a fairly great distance and seems to be driven toward the Japanese coast. Togo, therefore, has accomplished what he intended! A part of our fleet has sailed round the north coast of Tsushima, got to the rear of the enemy from the south and in this way cut off his retreat.

The Russians shoot with little success, and rarely a shell seen to take effect on our ships; most of the shots whir into the sea, causing huge spouts of water. The shots of our fleet, on the contrary, go home in most cases; the effect of our concentrated fire is plainly visible. The Russians are in great straits. The battle comes gradually nearer to us, the crashing and thundering of the guns become so deafening that one can no longer hear one's self speak. The sea runs higher and higher and our little boat dances like a nutshell over the waves.

It is now 4 o'clock, so we turn back to report what we have seen. We have directly alongside the Jozumi and give Rear Admiral Dewa a report of the course of the battle. He listens in silence, and at the end explains to us shortly the commands of the admiral in chief. All torpedo boats and destroyers are to change the cruising formation to order of battle, then dividing and forming a half moon line, make an attack on the enemy under cover of darkness, while the cruisers remain behind to cover our retreat. I hasten with beating heart on board my ship and communicate to my officers and

## Graphic Description of Great Sea Fight by Commander of Japanese Destroyer Who Captured Russian Admiral.

more seconds, and the right moment is at hand. I give the engineer a bell signal: "Full speed ahead!" There, boom! A shot, and now it resounds and thunders in all directions. Devil Borodino comes the first after all! From the stern of the Russian battleship, heaving and lurching and commanding; we see the men hurrying to the guns, bugle signals sound, and the searchlights flash anxiously to and fro over the water. Now or never! The stern of the Russian battleship rises straight before us (the distance must be not less than 100 yards). I roar at the top of my voice to the gunner on the bow torpedo: "Fire!" Tassit and the torpedo whizzes into the waves.

Leaning over the railing we follow with strained nerves the small furrow in the water. Immediately afterward we hear a short crash; so our shot has gone home, probably the steering apparatus is destroyed. But now on board the Russian begins an unearthly uproar; all the guns spit fire and flames, as if like hell itself let loose. But we have given the searchlight the slip and got out of the bullet range without damage. We turn again and rush once more at highest speed toward the enemy. In the mean time we have got reinforcement, too; one of our torpedo boats dashes past us full steam ahead. It has discharged its two torpedoes and is going to prepare for a new attack out of fire zone. In this very moment the searchlight catches us, we hear shouts and commands, and immediately afterward a fearful fire salutes us. A shrapnel tears away nearly half of the funnel. But our engines do their duty, the heading speed prevents the Russian artillery from taking good aim, and most of the shells plump near us into the water.

Again I command, "Fire!" and again whizzes our torpedo against the hostile ship, this time directed toward the broadside, and our yellow clear pays a visit to the engine room of the Russian. A thundering detonation, and a few moments afterward the Borodino sinks almost to waterline. The "banzais" of our men are drowned by the crying and shouting which follow the explosion on board the Borodino. The crew, rushing wildly about, partly spring overboard, partly crowd close together at the stern. The ship is fast sinking, and, not to get caught in the whirlpool, we make away for all the engines are worth. In spite of the darkness, the outline of the sinking vessel is still plainly to

## THE SHARK AND THE WHALE.

The large semicircle is completed, and we approach now with a rapid speed the Russian squadron. There lie the huge, dim forms, motionless, as if they were dead! Nearest to us lies one which I afterward learn is the Borodino, and I make up my mind to pay it a visit first. The helm turns slightly to starboard and we approach with undiminished speed. When we have arrived at a distance of about 300 yards I give the order, which is passed on in whispers: "Tubes clear for action to port! Goal motionless; we pass at 300 yards!"

On board the Russian ship, which seems to incline somewhat to starboard, very little movement is to be seen; evidently they do not expect any danger from our side. The beating of my heart keeps time with the engines. Only a few

be seen. The Borodino is going down with increasing rapidity; one explosion follows the other, and suddenly the whole body shakes with a terrible jerk. The stern rises high out of the water, so that the ship stands almost perpendicularly on the surface, and then slowly sinks into the deep.

## PURSUIT OF FUGITIVES.

The sea rises high. Wave after wave beats over our deck and we must cling to the railings with all our strength. A thick smoke almost takes our breath away. I am still staring into the impenetrable vapor when suddenly my arm is grasped. Haschidate points with outstretched hand toward the southeast, the opposite side of the light. Now I see, too, in that direction dark bodies and lights moving and quickly withdrawing further away. Hallo, the gentlemen want to give us the slip! A spring to the speaking tube, a few orders, a bell signal, the Sadzunami makes a neat curve and off we go at a mad rate after the fleeing enemy, into the blackness of the night; the small lights serve us as guiding stars. But instead of getting larger, they disappear more and more, and soon vanish altogether from our eyes. What's that? Won't our old racer do it any more? She who has carried us so far, my dear old boat! All at once our boat nearly stands still. Although the machines are hammering and grunting, the screw only turns around slowly, and with jerks, and at times a strong shock shakes the boat. Something must be wrong with the screw.

I order the engines to be stopped altogether. Then two of the best climbers are let down at the stern with ropes, and with their hands and feet they hang on to the cables. A hard task in the dark with hooks and other tools. In a little time shouts from below tell us, who are looking down impatiently from the deck, that the work has been successful. They show us in the light of their lanterns a human body—no, judge by the fair beard, that of a drowned Russian sailor who has been caught with the screw, and thus, even after death, harmed his enemies and brought aid to his comrades. A good swimmer, and the lifeless, bloody mass sprang well developed across within the State of board, and immediately afterward we are steaming into the night in search of the invisible enemy.

Morning breaks without our overtaking anything. The awful relaxation, which was bound to come after the excitement and the work of the last few hours, is marked plainly on every face. To the men, who have been so long in the harbor of Tai-Djing and cast our anchor near some Chinese junks. I let the crew, all except the starboard watch, who remain on duty, go down to their sleeping rooms; almost half asleep already, the poor fellows stumble into their cabins and climb into their hammocks. I, too, feel so run down after all the excitement of the evening that I have to be compelled to retire to my cabin. Haschidate, who has borne the hardships much better, remains on deck. I beg him to wake me at once should anything of importance happen. A few hours' sleep puts new life into us. I let food be served out to the men and order the cook to give exceptionally generous rations. Shortly before midday we make anchor and make the start eastward, fresh and jolly again, to look for the enemy.

## A GREAT SURPRISE.

At 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon we spy two torpedo boats in the northeast, which seem to be making for the Straits of Corea at full speed. Is it friend or foe? Well, we shall soon see. We get up speed, and the distance between us diminishes visibly. It is yet impossible to distinguish the nationality. The excitement gets more intense every minute. Gradually one of the two boats slackens down, so that the distance between us gets smaller and smaller, and we are soon able to distinguish plainly that the fugitive is a Russian torpedo boat. Now forward, for our Emperor and the fatherland! Quickly the guns are manned, ammunition got ready, and the decks cleared for action. The crew strain on their cutlasses. "Now, my lads, once again at them!" Let's see if we can't board the "banzai!" A loud "banzai!" is the answer to my short speech. The Russians have seen the danger and quicken their speed; for a moment it seems as if they want to give us the slip, but then I give my bell signal in the engine room, and now we are dashing forward so that the spray rises from the bow high above the deck. A few seconds more, and we have come within range.

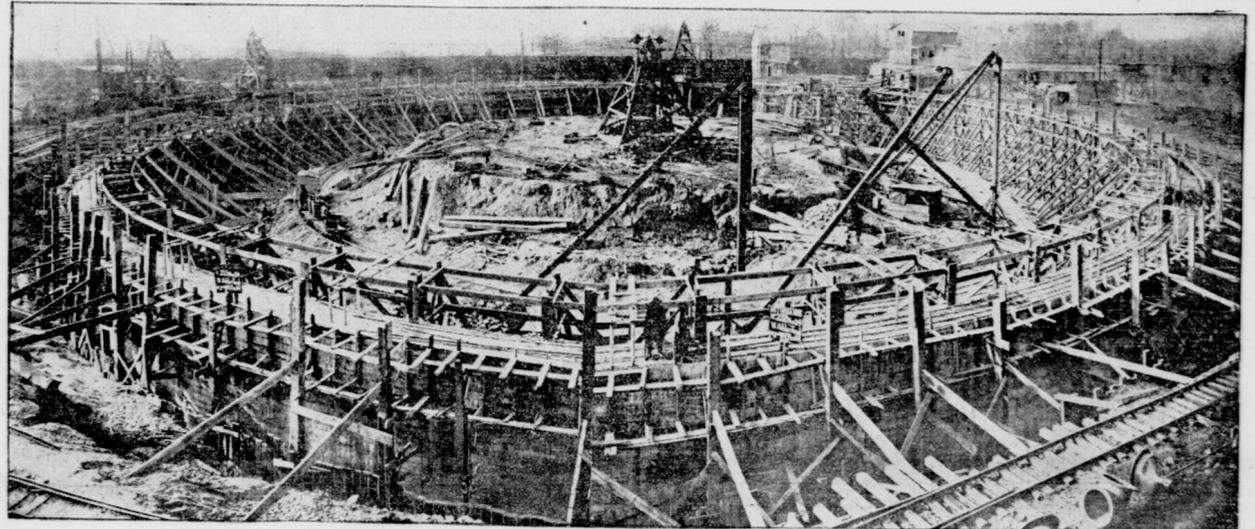
At this moment the flag flying at the Russian's mast is hauled down, they slacken speed, and in a short time we are at their bows, and over to the enemy's boat with about twenty of my crew. A young officer with sunken eyes comes toward me, hands me his sword and leads me with two companions to the cabin. The rest of my men remain on deck with drawn weapons. A strong smell of carbolic acid and other disinfectants floats through the open door. The whole cabin has been changed into a hospital. On the beds and fixed up bedsteads badly wounded Russian officers are lying. Some are unconscious. The others glare at me from their sunken eyes with a fearful expression. My guide leads me between the beds to a door at the back. Before opening it he places his finger on his lips and enjoins me to step with as little noise as possible. On entering, we see two officers standing at the bed of one seemingly very severely wounded. In the white clothes I see only a pale face with a grayish beard, the forehead and the eyes covered by a large bandage. A tired, resigned look is on the features of the wounded man. My guide points solemnly to the figure on the bed, and then whispers through his handkerchief to the other: "He struck me with an axe and drove my blood into my temples." "Admiral Rojostevsky!"

I shall never forget these two words. Fear, astonishment, admiration and joy are mingled in my heart. The Russian officers must have guessed my feelings, for they look at me scornfully. But I soon surmount this momentary weakness. I tell the Russians in English that I am a doctor. They order me to go to the wounded admiral and that I shall inform Admiral Togo at once. Then I go quickly on deck and cross over to my boat with a joyful heart. An order rings the whole crew together at the stern. Spare me the description of the excitement which followed when I make known whom the Russian boat shelters. A few minutes afterward we are steaming away with the Russian torpedo boat in tow.

## A LEPROSY LAZARETTO.

### One on Penikese Island, Mass., Will Have Five Inmates.

Leprosy seems to be almost as old as the human race. Egypt is called its cradle, and on papyrus found in the tombs of Egyptian kings descriptions of the disease are given. Indian records show that it has existed in that country for at least three thousand years, and to-day it is found to a greater or less extent in all parts of the world, from the tropics to Norway and Sweden. The United States Marine Hospital Commission reports that there are in this country not far from one thousand cases. Up to recently, however, the only special lazaretto within the United States was in Louisiana, which had about seventy-five occupants in 1902. In the summer of 1905, says the report of the State Board of Charities of Massachusetts, the State purchased the island of Penikese for the sum of \$25,000, for the purpose of establishing and maintaining an institution to be known as Penikese Hospital. This island, one hundred acres in extent, which is located about thirteen miles south of New-Bedford, is to be used as a retreat for those afflicted with leprosy, there being five well developed cases within the State at that time—two Chinese and three Portuguese, one of the latter being a woman. Upon this island there have been erected at the present time four cottages, each 27 by 34 feet, one story high and containing four rooms, viz., a general sitting room, two bedrooms and a kitchen, as well as a bathroom and closets—better quarters than any of the five had probably ever occupied prior to that time. The buildings are situated on the westerly side of the island and are well protected by the natural conformation of the land from the prevailing winds and winter storms. It is expressed that, for the relief not only of Massachusetts, but of other States concerned, Congress will establish a national leprosy hospital at no distant day. While leprosy is not a highly contagious disease, it is thought that the protection of the public would justify such a location on the part of the national government.



CONSTRUCTING THE FOUNDATION OF A GIANTIC GAS TANK. The large semicircle is completed, and we approach now with a rapid speed the Russian squadron. There lie the huge, dim forms, motionless, as if they were dead! Nearest to us lies one which I afterward learn is the Borodino, and I make up my mind to pay it a visit first. The helm turns slightly to starboard and we approach with undiminished speed. When we have arrived at a distance of about 300 yards I give the order, which is passed on in whispers: "Tubes clear for action to port! Goal motionless; we pass at 300 yards!"

# BOYS CELEBRATE LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

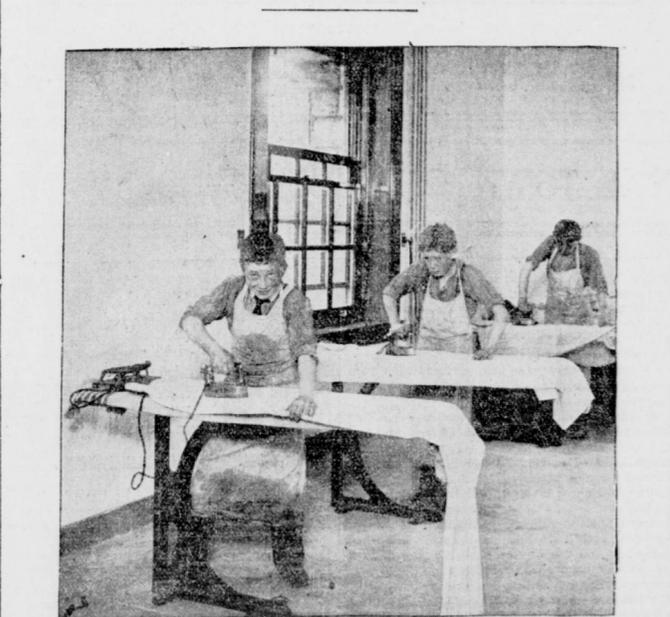
It is not every boy in school who can look up from his lessons to a message on the wall sent him by a great American President and leader in a crisis that tried men's souls. Monday, February 12, marking the anniversary of Lincoln's birth, and being a legal holiday in New-York, is, next to Christmas, the day which the New-York Juvenile Asylum most loves to celebrate, for it was to the asylum boys of 1860, and to the asylum boys ever since and to come, that Abraham Lincoln sent a message that is the pride of the institution. "Tell the boys of the Juvenile Asylum," he said, "that they must follow truth, justice and humanity if they wish to become useful and honorable men."

These words are enshrined in a huge frame, hanging on the wall in the assembly room of the asylum schoolhouse at Dobbs Ferry, to which site the institution removed last May from its former home in a single building at Washington Heights. They are the peculiar pride of the asylum boys, who to-day take this message as personal to themselves, just as their predecessors did forty-six years ago.

Small wonder, then, that Lincoln's birthday is celebrated at Dobbs Ferry with all the vim that the asylum boy can impart to the occasion. There is no school session, and only the most necessary work is done. Above all there are "the exercises," which take place in the assembly room of the school. All the asylum's youthful orators and essayists treat the great subject of the day before an appreciative audience. Stirring patriotic songs are sung in unison, and a distinguished director, with a voice that is coveted for many public gatherings, practices "The Children's Village," as it is called, in the presence of the asylum youngsters.

The historical reminiscences bring out the fact that the New-York Juvenile Asylum had been in existence but nine years when the late George H. Allen, then its Western agent, met Abraham Lincoln in Springfield, Ill., and talked to him about his protégés. That was just about a month before Lincoln was chosen President. The country was then in excitement over the coming election, though little realizing the greater excitement to follow; and Lincoln was staying at home, quietly engaged in watching the trend of affairs. He was much impressed with Mr. Allen's enthusiastic plans for "his boys," with his finding them good homes, and thus giving their mis-directed young lives a new impetus in the youthful and energetic West. But he did not know when he might come again to New-York, and as he could not give a definite promise to make an address to the asylum boys, he told Mr. Allen to tell them from him "that they must follow truth, justice and humanity if they wish to become useful and honorable men."

## New-York Juvenile Asylum Waifs Have Particular Reasons for Remembering That Great American.



BOYS LEARNING TO BE LAUNDRYMEN AT THE NEW-YORK JUVENILE ASYLUM.

hold of young Abraham Lincoln. The institution is housed in fifteen fine cottages, each as different from the log cabin in which Lincoln lived as a boy as modern carpentry is different from the trade that the future President's father practiced. The Children's Village, as it is called, is situated in grounds as attractive as a well kept park, with 285 acres roundabout, and a big athletic field for special games and contests. The cottages, with their solid oak woodwork, their substantial hardwood floors, their wide windows and attractive furnishings, with their tiled lavatories and locker rooms, would astonish the soul of "Plain Abe."

"He's my Abraham Lincoln," used to assert another small boy, now a war veteran, when in those stirring days of the talk within the asylum, started. The boys strutted around the playground announcing that they were going to the war "to fight for President Lincoln"—and many kept their word. Ninety boys enlisted. Many had been indentured in the West ran away to join the army, or were released by sympathetic foster fathers.

And the asylum boys fought well for the man who had found an encouraging word to send to them. Names of the New-York Juvenile Asylum boys, whether names of the living or the dead, have their honorable places on the great muster roll of the Grand Army of the Republic.

## LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

### Astoria, L. I., Has Something to Brag of, if Only Gas Tanks.

In these days of large undertakings, both financial and structural, as shown on the one hand by the capitalization of companies, and on the other hand by the tall buildings, it would seem that even in the size of gas holders there is to be no limit. The largest gas holders in the world are the six that are now under construction in Astoria, Long Island, by the Astoria Light, Heat and Power Company.

Each one of these six holders has a capacity of 15,000,000 cubic feet of gas. The next largest in size to these is that one of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, of London, which holds 12,000,000 cubic feet of gas. The gas holders in Astoria will each cost in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000. The tremendous size of these steel tanks can better be appreciated by imagining the holder as standing on the site of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in Manhattan. The holder when extended to its full height is only fifteen feet lower than the Flatiron Building, and considerably over twice as tall as the Flatiron Avenue Hotel. Each holder is 300 feet in diameter and 200 feet in height, so that if they stood where the Fifth Avenue Hotel now is each gas holder would cover 250,000 square feet in Astoria will stand on concrete foundations. In excavating for each one of these tanks the removal of 85,000 cubic yards of dirt and stone was necessary, and this required the installation of a railroad for the transportation of material. Steam shovels, cableways and derricks are the three methods employed for loading and unloading the cars on the miniature railroad. The tanks will occupy a site of about four hundred acres, is being constructed for the purpose of ultimately removing from the borough of Manhattan the present gas-making operations. The immense holders in Astoria will stand on concrete foundations. In excavating for each one of these tanks the removal of 85,000 cubic yards of dirt and stone was necessary, and this required the installation of a railroad for the transportation of material. Steam shovels, cableways and derricks are the three methods employed for loading and unloading the cars on the miniature railroad. 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