

# PACIFIC SQUADRON'S ADMIRAL AND GREAT FLAGSHIP

## EARN HIS TITLE OF 'FIGHTING'

"BOB" EVANS' CAREER JUSTIFIES POPULAR NAME

TYPICAL SEA MASTER WITH AN IRON WILL

Man of Blunt Speech and Generous Heart, He is Working for the Navy All the Time

BY ALBERT EDWARD ULLMAN.

A square jawed determined looking little man shouldered his way through the fashionable throng at a Fifth avenue church one Sabbath morning and calmly took possession of a front pew. An usher regarded him doubtfully for a moment, but a second glance at the stranger made him feel that he had better leave well enough alone.

The lone occupant of the handsomely carved and upholstered seat of worship appeared oblivious of all surroundings except the pulpit in front of him. Even when several persons led by a most dignified well tailored gentleman hesitated at the gate of his pew and then took the one behind he seemed unaware of their action.

With a wondering look the dignified one regarded the back of the intruder's head. Then he removed a card from his case and wrote the following message on the back:

"Dear Sir: I pay \$5000 for the pew you are occupying."

Without a word or the bat of an eyelash the square jawed little man read the card, and then drawing one from his own pocket he scribbled a few words on the surface and passed it to the man in the rear.

Slowly that person adjusted his glasses and gasped as he digested the answer:

"You pay too damned much."

Turning the card over he gazed again, for the identity of the invader stood revealed in the single line: "Rear Admiral, U. S. N."

At the end of the service the admiral, with a slight bow to his correspondent, made his way out and proceeded calmly on his journey. Some persons might object to the manner in which he obtained his pew, but those who know "Bob" Evans say he never takes a back seat for any one.

Plenty of Backbone

Above all things the fighting admiral is proud—proud of his country, proud of the navy, proud of his rank. There is not a single kow-tow in his make-up and there is not a living, breathing creature, other than woman, that he would take his hat off to. "Bob" Evans can only bow from his shoulders up for he is pretty much all backbone.

During the Jamestown exposition Gen. Frederick Dent Grant, in charge of the military ceremonies ashore, had an amusing experience with Admiral Evans, who had charge of the naval demonstration. Gen. Grant upon the arrival of the fleet sent word to the admiral that he would like to see him. He received answer the next day to the effect that the admiral awaited his call and that a private gig would be placed at his visitor's disposal.

However, a few days later, being ashore, Admiral Evans called at the general's hotel and sent up his card. A polite servant came back with the information that General Grant was entertaining a few friends and would the admiral do him the honor to wait a few minutes.

"Well him to come, and come damn quick," snapped out the old sea-dog, and needless to say, Gen. Grant joined him almost immediately.

These stories are simply typical of the Evans character and disposition. Although the admiral is not a big man



"FIGHTING BOB" AND HIS SON, LIEUT. FRANK TAYLOR EVANS

or of commanding figure, one glance at the square face and square jaws, and one meeting of the square glance from the stern gray eyes would convince you that "Fighting Bob" Evans is all that this name implies and that he is one who must be obeyed. There is much of the bulldog in the browned, seamed and weather-beaten face, yet there are lines there and a look deep in the gray eyes which tell you that the man would give you the shirt off his back to save you from distress.

Always Was a Fighter

Bob Evans had been possessed of a fighting disposition from the time when as a boy of 13 he had the blorious chance, coveted by so many boys, to fight real Indians, and be wounded with a real arrow that drew real blood. The interest of his career has continued down to the present time. It was Captain Bob's ship that fired the first shot at Cervera's fleet as it made its mad rush for safety from Santiago harbor. And today an agitation is going on to influence congress to create a new rank, that of vice admiral, in which event Evans is almost sure to have the new title thrust upon him.

He is a Virginian by birth, and his blood is a mixture of English and Welsh. Sixty years ago he saw the light dawn among the mountains of Floyd county, and when he was 6 years old he owned a gun, a pony and a negro boy. To complete his boyish bliss he learned to smoke and chew tobacco sent him to the famous "Little Breeches." His father, a county doctor, dying, Bob went to Washington to live with an uncle. Three years later, attracting the attention of one of the territorial delegates from Utah, who offered to send him to Annapolis if he would first go to Utah and become a resident there. That was in 1859. Thus at 13 years of age he traveled alone to St. Joseph, Mo., and from that point with a party of five he crossed the plains. Mounted on a large gray mule the future senior rear admiral of the American navy went out into the great wilderness. He helped to hunt buffalo and was in several exciting Indian fights.

Civil War Midshipman

In 1860 he was on board the frigate Constitution as a midshipman. Then came the Civil war. Bob's mother was passionately devoted to the southern cause. Bob's brother put on a Confederate gray and went to the front, but Bob, though only 14, had a mind of his own and rejected his mother's entreaties. In desperation the mother wrote out his resignation herself and sent it without his knowledge, to the secretary of the navy. It was accepted, but Bob, when he heard of it, sent a telegram to Washington that secured his reinstatement and he and his brother fought on opposite sides to the end of the war and both succeeded in being badly wounded.

It was in the attack on Fort Fisher that Midshipman Evans was shot. He hit his leg and from that point on he was shot a fourth time as he lay in the sand, and he saw the sharpshooter getting ready for a fifth. He addressed a few emphatic remarks to the sharpshooter, and finding this had no effect he tried sharpshooting himself. This ended matters.

In the hospital at Norfolk he heard the surgeons instruct an assistant to take off both his legs in the morning. Bob slipped a revolver under his pillow and waited with set teeth for the morning. He was only 18 and felt he had use for those legs. When the assistant came to prepare him for the operation he pulled his revolver from under the pillow and told the doctor that it had six cartridges and that if anybody entered the place with a case of instruments six men would be killed before the operation began. The legs were saved.

Bluffed the Chileans

The sobriquet of "Fighting Bob" thus seems to have been merited early in his career, but it did not come to him until 1891, when as commander of the gunboat Yorktown he was sent to Valparaiso to assist Captain Schley of the Baltimore in a fracas which the latter's men had got into with the Chileans. Evans at one time, during the absence of the Baltimore, confronted with his single gunboat the ten forts and the whole Chilean squadron and twice cowed the Chileans with the threat to open fire without further parley, thus saving his flag from further insult and preventing the forcible seizure of the American refugees who had taken refuge under his flag.

ure of the American refugees who had taken refuge under his flag.

"Bob" Evans is gruff and abrupt and gifted with a vocabulary that would shiver you up did he make you the object of one of his verbal castigations. But what old sea-fighter is worth his salt unless he possesses some of these qualities? The admiral is no parlor warrior. He would much rather lead a fleet into trouble than remain home and lead a cotillion. So if there is anything in the character of men "Bob" Evans is following the lines he is best adapted to. And like a chip of the old block his son, Lieutenant Frank Taylor Evans, is following these very same lines and for aught we know there may be another Admiral Evans one of these days.

Robley D. Evans—a gentle name the public would not stand for, hence "Fighting Bob"—is the eldest, last and always for the navy. He is happily wedded, the father of three children and even a grandfather, but if you could read his heart you would probably find that the navy comes first.

Fights for Larger Navy

For years he has fought for a larger navy, more men, increased pay and every reform that could make this arm of the government the first in the world. Never has he decanted this or that in the department, never has he taken sides with the cliques that make the navy a nest of politics. He has always stood by a champion of what he believed to be right. He may well be called the "father of our modern navy" for he has done more to bring it to its present stage of high efficiency than any other man. And when it comes to the practical work of sailing a vessel, a squadron, a fleet or an entire navy and putting it into action there is no one "Bob" Evans would take lessons from.

To see the admiral in his modest home on Indiana avenue, Washington, D. C., and from that point with you would meet a man possessed of a rough jollity and a sense of humor that would force every good yarn from your mental storehouse. You would find him trying to forget what his next sailing orders would be and acting as much like a boy as any rear admiral could. His son, the lieutenant, and his married daughters, Mrs. Sewell and Mrs. Marsh, often make up happy theater parties and sometimes go on jaunts into Virginia, where all the Evanses hail from.

Even in the cabin of the flagship Connecticut, outside of a certain reserved dignity, you would find a simple, democratic gentleman with some of the soul of the southland still in his tongue, who would place you at your ease and force his hospitality upon you against all protests. If his rheumatism bothered him any he would probably make your visit short and pleasant, otherwise you would find yourself swapping tales until the small hours.

My last conversation with the admiral was on the day before the sailing of the fleet. He was in the little cabin that shelters one on the bridge. On his head he has placed the earpiece and apparatus of a wireless telephone. Evidently the commander of the fleet was disgusted with the aerial "central" or the other waves refused to take his conversation without expurgation.

Nearby stood young Lieut. Evans plainly grinning at his father's discomfiture.

"Here is a friend who wants to see you, Dad. Wait until I get a belt and some pistols so you will look real warlike."

The admiral chuckled, threw down the phone and stalked out on the bridge.

The American Boy

"The American boy," he said in answer to my question, "has as good a show in the United States navy as anything else. There is nothing that will keep a good man down, and thank God there was never a pair of admiral's shoes made that wouldn't fit a poor boy who gets to the top. The navy wouldn't be worth a continental dam without the American boys who man it. I'm an admiral, but I wouldn't amount to a row of beans in action without the boys behind the guns."

"How about your present task, admiral? There is some talk that you may meet with difficulties on your voyage."

"That's all bosh," he replied, with a snap of the square jaws. "Our mission is a peaceful one and we have a right to send our fleet where we will. We sail tomorrow, and I may add that there is nothing going to stop us."

"And if they should attempt?" I ventured.

"Well," answered the admiral dryly, "if they are doubtful Thomases we will have to show them the goods."

As I said before Bob Evans doesn't take a back seat for anyone, and the American navy has not done so up to now. He is not that kind of a man and it is not that kind of a navy.

So we can rest easy that the Pacific fleet and its commander are going to get there.

Kipling's Tribute

Kipling once inscribed on the fly-leaf of one of the volumes of an edition of his works and addressed to Admiral Evans the following lines:

Zogbaum draws with a pencil  
And I do things with a pen,  
But you sit up in a conning tower  
Boasting eight hundred men.

Zogbaum takes care of his business,  
And I take care of mine,  
But you take care of ten thousand tons  
Sky shooting through the brine.

Zogbaum can handle his shadow,  
And I can handle my style,  
But you can handle a ten-inch gun  
To carry seven mile.

To him that hath shall be given,  
And that's why these books are sent  
To the man who has lived more stories  
Than Zogbaum or I could invent.

The rubber plant of Africa is a creeper, which throws its long tendrils over the tops of lofty forest trees, and is sometimes three or four inches thick at the base. Climbing up into the



THE CONNECTICUT, EVANS' FLAGSHIP  
ADMIRAL EVANS AT THE WIRELESS TELEPHONE IN THE BRIDGE  
CABIN OF THE CONNECTICUT

—Photographs from stereograph, copyright, 1906, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

trees, the natives cut the vines loose, pieces three or four feet long, and hung them and then descending chop them off below. Next the stalks are cut into short which the juice slowly drains.

## EVANS TO RETIRE ON AUGUST 18

"FIGHTING BOB'S" TRIP WITH FLEET IS LAST

MAY BE SUCCEEDED BY CAPTAIN WAINWRIGHT

His Retirement and That of Admiral Burwell Will Affect the Whole Line—Others to Retire

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, in command of the Atlantic battleship fleet, will retire from active duty on August 18 next, on account of age, and it is not likely that he will continue in command beyond the date of his retirement, says the Army and Navy Journal. In the event that the fleet starts for the Philippines before August 18, he may be relieved of command before the date of his retirement. His successor in command of the fleet has not been chosen, or even considered.

There is gossip in naval circles that he will be succeeded by Captain Richard Wainwright, who will reach the grade of rear admiral July 17, on the retirement of Rear Admiral William T. Burwell. The retirement of Admiral Burwell will cause the promotion of three captains to be rear admirals. They are Captain Royal R. Ingersoll, chief of staff of Rear Admiral Evans; Captain Scaton Schroeder and Richard Wainwright, both of whom are extra numbers in their grade. Captain Charles J. Badger, superintendent of the naval academy, has requested that he be given sea duty next June, at the end of the present scholastic year, and it is probable that he will be assigned to either the Louisiana or the Virginia.

The report that Captain Wainwright will succeed Admiral Evans was denied on February 20 by Secretary Metcalf and Captain Pillsbury, chief of the bureau of navigation, both of whom insisted that no decision as to next commander of the fleet had been reached. It is probable that Rear Admiral Charles S. Sperry, commanding the Fourth division of the fleet, will be given an independent command, probably of the Manila station.

Rear Admirals Charles M. Thomas of the third division and William H. Enory of the second division have been requested to be relieved of their present commands and to be assigned to other duty. Admirals Thomas and Enory will be placed on the retired list next fall, and in view of this fact their commands will probably be filled by officers who have a longer period to serve on the active list.

Retire

will be given an independent command, probably of the Manila station.

## CELEBRATED AUTHOR WILL LECTURE HERE

B. R. Baumgardt, the celebrated author, lecturer and traveler, will present a course of illustrated travel talks at Simpson auditorium Thursday evening, March 12.

The lecture is a combination of travel and history and devoted to the principal towns and cities of Russia and Poland. It does not particularly partake of the stereotyped talk on these subjects.

Prof. Baumgardt is acquainted not only with the geography of the countries he has visited, but with their literature, music and history as well, and for this reason he is considered the greatest authority on the Pacific coast on these subjects.

Last season he secured additional material on this section of the country by taking a thorough summer ramble through the center of Europe and added over 200 slides to his already magnificent library of photographic reproductions.

## To Owners of Bad Breath

Foul Odor of Indigestion, Smoking, Eating or Drinking Stopped at Once With Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges

Trial Package to Prove It Sent Free

Billious breathers, onion eaters, indigestion victims, cabbage consumers, smokers, drinkers and those with gas on the stomach are in a class all by themselves, distinguished by a powerful bad breath.

They all breathe, and as they breathe they whiff out odor which makes those standing near turn their heads away in disgust. The pitiable part of it is that these victims do not realize what a sickening thing a bad, offensive breath is to others.

Charcoal is a wonderful absorber of gases and odors. It absorbs 100 times its own volume of gas. Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges will put a stop to your bad offensive breath, and to your belchings, whatever the cause or source, because the charcoal quickly absorbs all noxious, unnatural odors and gases.

If you suffer from indigestion and belch gas as a result, Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges will absorb all the gas and make you stop belching.

If on getting up in the morning you have such a bad, bilious breath that you can almost smell it yourself, Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges will get rid of it for you quickly.

If you have been smoking or chewing, or have been eating onions or other odorous things, Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges will make your breath pure and sweet.

Charcoal is also the best laxative known. You can take a whole boxful and no harm will result. It is a wonderfully easy regulator.

And then, too, it filters your blood—every particle of poison and impurity in your blood is destroyed, and you begin to notice the difference in your face first thing—your clear complexion.

Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges are made from pure willow charcoal, and just a little honey is put in to make them palatable, but not too sweet.

They will work wonders in your stomach, and make you feel fine and fresh. Your blood and breath will be purified. You will feel clean inside.

We want to prove all this to you, so just send for a free sample today. Then after you get it and use it, you will like them so well that you will go to your druggist and get a 25c box of these Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges.

Send us your name and address today and we will at once send you by mail a sample package free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 200 Stuart bldg., Marshall, Mich.

## The Chicago Jewel

The "Chicago Jewel" Gas Range has saved more hours of drudgery than any other article of kitchen equipment. It saves labor—no coal to carry, no ashes to sift, no slow ovens, no failure in cooking. The "Chicago Jewel" is always ready—strike a match, apply it to the burner, and your range is ready to cook every variety of food. And such cooking! Baking, broiling, boiling, frying—it's all the same to the "Chicago Jewel"—everything done to a turn, with very little attention and at a considerable saving on fuel. Is not all this worth while?

## Economical Gas Cooking

Many exclusive features enter into the construction of the "Chicago Jewel" Gas Range. We tell of some of the most important improvements:

**REMOVABLE BURNER CAPS**—When the burner shows a tendency to clog up simply lift off the cap and wipe it out. This prevents carbonization and insures an easy flow of gas.

**AIR REGULATOR**—A thin casting which adjusts to admit varying quantities of air, to suit different gas pressures. This device allows the maximum amount of oxygen to be consumed, thus saving gas expense.

**DEAD BLACK FINISH**—All "Chicago Jewel" Gas Ranges are finished in a dull, dead black. To clean, simply moisten a cloth and wipe. The result is a clean, handsome appearing range.

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SO SUPERIOR

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## Prices \$12.50 and Upwards

The first thing you want to know when you buy a gas range is whether it is a good baker. In answer to this question we call your attention to our unconditional guarantee on the "Chicago Jewel."

This guarantee means just this: You select a range, we install it in your home, you use it 30 days. At the end of that time, if you are not perfectly satisfied, we will call and get the range—and your experience will not cost you a cent. We urge you to consider the question of guarantee when buying your range.

"Chicago Jewel" Gas Ranges are priced at \$12.50 upward. The line includes ranges for every purpose—for families of two or a dozen, for hotels and restaurants.

See the "Chicago Jewel" in our basement.

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