

***FERDINAND
HEINRICH
GRAUTOFF***



***BANZAI!
BY PARABELLUM***

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FOREWORD

Every American familiar with the modern international political horizon must have experienced a feeling of solid satisfaction at the news that a formidable American fleet was to be dispatched to the waters of the Pacific, and the cruise of our warships has been followed with intense interest by every loyal citizen of our Republic. The reasons that rendered the long and dramatic voyage of our fleet most opportune are identical with the motives that actuated the publication of this translation from the German of a work which exhibits a remarkable grasp of facts coupled with a marvelously vivid power of description. It is no secret that our ships were sent to the Pacific to minimize the danger of a conflict with our great commercial rival in the Far East, if not to avert it altogether, and *Banzai!* it seems to me, should perform a similar mission. The graphic recital, I take it, is not intended to incite a feeling of animosity between two nations which have every reason to maintain friendly relations, but rather to call the attention of the American people to the present woeful lack of preparedness, and at the same time to assist in developing a spirit of sound patriotism that prefers silent action to blatant braggadocio. That the Pacific Ocean may become, in truth, the Peaceful Ocean, and never resound to the clash of American arms, is the devout wish of one who believes—implicitly—with Moltke in the old proverb, *Si vis pacem, para bellum*—If you wish for Peace, prepare for War.

P.

INTRODUCTION

As usual, it had begun quite harmlessly and inconspicuously. It is not my business to tell how it all came to pass, how the way was prepared. That may be left to the spinners of yarns and to those on the trail of the sources of history. I shall leave it to them to ascertain when the idea that there must be a conflict, and that the fruit must be plucked before it had time to ripen, first took root in the minds of the Japanese people.

We Americans realize now that we had been living for years like one who has a presentiment that something dreadful is hanging over him which will suddenly descend upon his head, and who carries this feeling of dread about with him with an uneasy conscience, trying to drown it in the tumult and restlessness of daily life. We realize the situation now, because we know where we should have fixed our gaze and understand the task to the accomplishment of which we should have bent our energies, but we went about like sleep-walkers and refused to see what thousands of others knew, what thousands saw in astonishment and concern at our heedlessness.

We might easily have peeped through the curtain that hid the future from us, for it had plenty of holes, but we passed them by unnoticed. And, nevertheless, there were many who did peep through. Some, while reading their paper, let it fall into their lap and stared into space, letting their thoughts wander far away to a spot whence the subdued clash of arms and tumult of war reached their soul like the mysterious roll and roar of the breakers. Others were struck by a chance word overheard in the rush of the

street, which they would remember until it was driven out by the strenuous struggle that each day brought with it. But the word itself had not died; it continued to live in the foundation of the consciousness where our burning thoughts cannot enter, and sometimes in the night it would be born afresh in the shape of wild squadrons of cavalry galloping across the short grass of the prairie with noiseless hoofs. The thunder of cannon could be heard in the air long before the guns were loaded.

I saw no more than others, and when the grim horrors of the future first breathed coldly upon me I, too, soon forgot it. It happened at San Francisco in the spring of 1907. We were standing before a bar, and from outside came the sounds of an uproar in the street. Two men were being thrown out of a Japanese restaurant across the way, and the Japanese proprietor, who was standing in the doorway, kicked the hat of one of them across the pavement so that it rolled over the street like a football.

"Well, what do you think of that," cried my friend, Arthur Wilcox, "the Jap is attacking the white men."

I held him back by the arm, for a tall Irish policeman had already seized the Jap, who protested loudly and would not submit to arrest. The policeman took good hold of him, but before he knew it he lay like a log on the pavement, the Japanese dwarf apparently having thrown him without the least trouble. A wild brawl followed. Half an hour later only a few policemen, taking notes, were walking about in the Japanese restaurant, which had been completely demolished by a frenzied mob. We remained at the bar for some time afterwards engaged in earnest conversation.

"Our grandchildren," said Arthur, "will have to answer for that little affair and fight it out some day or other."

"Not our grandchildren, but we ourselves," I answered, not knowing in the least why I said it.

"We ourselves?" said Wilcox, laughing at me, "not much; look at me, look at yourself, look at our people, and then look at those dwarfs."

"The Russians said the same thing: Look at the dwarfs."

They all laughed at me and presently I joined in the laugh, but I could not forget the Irishman as he lay in the grip of the Jap. And quite suddenly I remembered something which I had almost forgotten. It happened at Heidelberg, during my student days in Germany; a professor was telling us how, after the inglorious retreat of the Prussian army from Valmy, the officers, with young Goethe in their midst, were sitting round the camp fires discussing the reasons for the defeat. When they asked Goethe what he thought about it, he answered, as though gifted with second sight: "At this spot and at this moment a new epoch in the world's history will begin, and you will all be able to say that you were present." And in imagination I could see the red glow of the bivouac fires and the officers of Frederick the Great's famous army, who could not understand how anyone could have fled before the ragged recruits of the Revolution. And near them I saw a man of higher caliber standing on tiptoe to look through the dark curtain into the future.

At the time I soon forgot all these things; I forgot the apparently insignificant street affray and the icy breath of premonition which swept over me then, and not until the disaster had occurred did it again enter my mind. But then

when the swords were clashing I realized, for the first time, that all the incidents we had observed on the dusty highway of History, and passed by with indifference, had been sure signs of the coming catastrophe.

PARABELLUM

BANZAI!

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Chapter I

IN MANILA

"For God's sake, do leave me in peace with your damned yellow monkeys!" cried Colonel Webster, banging his fist on the table so hard that the whisky and soda glasses jumped up in a fright, then came down again irritably and wagged their heads disapprovingly, so that the amber-colored fluid spilled over the edge and lay on the table in little pearly puddles.

"As you like, colonel. I shall give up arguing with you," returned Lieutenant Commander Harryman curtly. "You won't allow yourself to be warned."

"Warned—that's not the question. But this desire of yours to scent Japanese intrigues everywhere, to figure out all politics by the Japanese common denominator, and to see a

Japanese spy in every coolie is becoming a positive mania. No, I can't agree with you there," added Webster, who seemed to regret the passionate outburst into which his temperament had betrayed him.

"Really not?" asked Harryman, turning in his comfortable wicker chair toward Webster and looking at him half encouragingly with twinkling eyes.

Such discussions were not at all unusual in the Club at Manila, for they presented the only antidote to the leaden, soul-killing tedium of the dull monotony of garrison duty. Since the new insurrection on Mindanao and in the whole southern portion of the archipelago, the question as to the actual causes of the uprising, or rather the secret authors thereof, continually gave rise to heated discussions. And when both parties, of which one ascribed everything to Japanese intrigue and the other found an explanation in elementary causes, began to liven up, the debate was apt to wax pretty warm. If these discussions did nothing else, they at least produced a sort of mental excitement after the heat of the day which wore out body and mind alike, not even cooling down toward evening.

The Chinese boy, passing quickly and quietly between the chairs, removed the traces of the Webster thunderbolt and placed fresh bottles of soda water on the table, whereupon the officers carefully prepared new drinks.

"He's a spy, too, I suppose?" asked Webster of Harryman, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder at the disappearing boy.

"Of course. Did you ever imagine him to be anything else?"

Webster shrugged his shoulders. A dull silence ensued, during which they tried to recover the lost threads of their thoughts in the drowsy twilight. Harryman irritably chewed the ends of his mustache. The smoke from two dozen shag pipes settled like streaks of mist in the sultry air of the tropical night, which came in at the open windows. Lazily and with long pauses, conversation was kept up at the separate tables. The silence was only broken by the creaking of the wicker chairs and the gurgling and splashing of the soda water, when one of the officers, after having put it off as long as possible, at last found sufficient energy to refill his glass. Motionless as seals on the sandhills in the heat of midday, the officers lolled in their chairs, waiting for the moment when they could turn in with some show of decency.

"It's awful!" groaned Colonel McCabe. "This damned hole is enough to make one childish. I shall go crazy soon." And then he cracked his standing joke of the evening: "My daily morning prayer is: 'Let it soon be evening, O God; the morrow will come of itself.'" The jest was greeted with a dutiful grunt of approval from the occupants of the various chairs.

Lieutenant Parrington, officer in command of the little gunboat *Mindoro*, which had been captured from the Spaniards some years ago and since the departure of the cruiser squadron for Mindanao been put in commission as substitute guardship in the harbor of Manila, entered the room and dropped into a chair near Harryman; whereupon the Chinese boy, almost inaudible in his broad felt shoes,

suddenly appeared beside him and set down the bottle with the pain expeller of the tropics before him.

"Any cable news, Parrington?" asked Colonel McCabe from the other table.

"Not a word," yawned Parrington; "everything is still smashed. We might just as well be sitting under the receiver of an air pump."

Harryman noticed that the boy stared at Parrington for a moment as if startled; but he instantly resumed his Mongolian expression of absolute innocence, and with his customary grin slipped sinuously through the door.

Harryman experienced an unpleasant feeling of momentary discomfort, but, not being able to locate his ideas clearly, he irritably gave up the attempt to arrive at a solution of this instinctive sensation, mumbling to himself: "This tropical hell is enough to set one crazy."

"No news of the fleet, either?" began Colonel McCabe again.

"Positively nothing, either by wire or wireless. It seems as though the rest of the world had sunk into a bottomless pit. Not a single word has reached us from the outer world for six days."

"Do you believe in the seaquake?" struck in Harryman mockingly.

"Why not?" returned the colonel.

Harryman jumped up, walked over to the window with long strides, threw out the end of his cigarette and lighted a new one. In the bright light of the flaming match one could see the commander's features twitching ironically; he was on the warpath again.

"All the same, it's a queer state of affairs. Our home cable snaps between Guam and here, the Hong-Kong cable won't work, and even our island wire has been put out of commission; it must have been a pretty violent catastrophe —" came from another table.

"—All the more violent considering the fact that we noticed nothing of it on land," said Harryman, thoughtfully blowing out a cloud of smoke and swinging himself up backward on the window-sill.

"Exactly," rang out a voice; "but how do you account for that?"

"Account for it!" cried Colonel Webster, in a thundering voice. "Our comrade of the illustrious navy of the United States of America has only one explanation for everything: his Japanese logarithms, by means of which he figures out everything. Now we shall hear that this seaquake can be traced to Japanese villainy, probably brought about by Japanese divers, or even submarine boats." And the colonel began to laugh heartily.

Harryman ignored this attempt to resume their recent dispute, and with head thrown back continued to blow clouds of smoke nervously into the air.

"But seriously, Harryman," began the colonel again, "can you give any explanation?"

"No," answered Harryman curtly; "but perhaps you will remember who was the first to furnish an explanation of the breakdown of the cable. It was the captain of the Japanese *Kanga Maru*, which has been anchored since Tuesday beside the *Monadnock*, which I have the honor to command."

"But, my good Harryman, you have hallucinations," interrupted the colonel. "The Japanese captain gave the latest Hong-Kong papers to the Harbor Bureau, and was quite astonished to hear that our cable did not work——"

"When he was going to send a cablegram to Hong-Kong," added Harryman sharply.

"To announce his arrival at Manila," remarked Colonel Webster dryly.

"And the Hong-Kong papers had already published descriptions of the destruction caused by the seaquake, of the tidal waves, and the accidents to ships," came from another quarter.

"The news being of especial interest to this archipelago, where we have the misfortune to be and where we noticed nothing of the whole affair," returned Harryman.

"You don't mean to imply," broke in the colonel, "that the news of this catastrophe is a pure invention—an invention of the English papers in Hong-Kong?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," said Harryman. "Hong-Kong papers are no criterion for me." And then he added quietly: "Yes, man is great, and the newspaper is his prophet."

"But you can't dispute the fact that a seaquake may have taken place, when you consider the striking results as shown by the cable interruptions which we have been experiencing for the last six days," began Webster again.

"Have we really?" said Harryman. "Are you quite sure of it? So far the only authority we have for this supposed seaquake is a Japanese captain—whom, by the way, I am having sharply watched—and a bundle of worthless Hong-Kong newspapers. And as for the rest of my

hallucinations"—he jumped down from the window-sill and, going up to Webster, held out a sheet of paper toward him—"I'm in the habit of using other sources of information than the English-Japanese fingerposts."

Webster glanced at the paper and then looked at Harryman questioningly.

"What is it? Do you understand it?"

"Yes," snapped Harryman. "These little pictures portray our war of extermination against the red man. They are terribly exaggerated and distorted, which was not at all necessary, by the way, for the events of that war do not add to the fame of our nation. Up here," explained Harryman, while several officers, among them the colonel, stepped up to the table, "you see the story of the infected blankets from the fever hospitals which were sent to the Indians; here the butchery of an Indian tribe; here, for comparison, the fight on the summit of the volcano of Ilo-Ilo, where the Tagala were finally driven into the open crater; and here, at the end, the practical application for the Tagala: 'As the Americans have destroyed the red man, so will you slowly perish under the American rule. They have hurled your countrymen into the chasm of the volcano. This crater will devour you all if you do not turn those weapons which were once broken by Spanish bondage against your deliverers of 1898, who have since become your oppressors.'"

"Where did you get the scrawl?" asked the colonel excitedly.

"Do you want me to procure hundreds, thousands like it for you?" returned Harryman coolly.

The colonel pressed down the ashes in his pipe with his thumb, and asked indifferently: "You understand Japanese?"

"Tagala also," supplemented Harryman simply.

"And you mean to say that thousands——?"

"Millions of these pictures, with Japanese and Malayan text, are being circulated in the Philippines," said Harryman positively.

"Under our eyes?" asked a lieutenant naïvely.

"Under our eyes," replied Harryman, smiling, "our eyes which carelessly overlook such things."

Colonel Webster rose and offered Harryman his hand. "I have misjudged you," he said heartily. "I belong to your party from now on."

"It isn't a question of party," answered Harryman warmly, "or rather there will soon be only the one party."

"Do you think," asked Colonel McCabe, "that the supposed Japanese plan of attack on the Philippines, published at the beginning of the year in the *North China Daily News*, was authentic?"

"That question cannot be answered unless you know who gave the document to the Shanghai paper, and what object he had in doing so," replied Harryman.

"How do you mean?"

"Well," continued Harryman, "only two possibilities can exist: the document was either genuine or false. If genuine, then it was an indiscretion on the part of a Japanese who betrayed his country to an English paper—an English paper which no sooner gets possession of this important document than it immediately proceeds to publish its contents, thereby getting its ally into a nice pickle. You will at once

observe here three improbabilities: treason, indiscretion, and, finally, England in the act of tripping her ally. These actions would be incompatible, in the first place, with the almost hysterical sense of patriotism of the Japanese; in the second, with their absolute silence and secrecy, and, in the third place, with the behavior of our English cousin since his marriage to Madame Chrysanthemum——"

"The document was therefore not genuine?" asked the colonel.

"Think it over. What was it that the supposed plan of attack set forth? A Japanese invasion of Manila with the fleet and a landing force of eighty thousand men, and then, following the example of Cuba, an insurrection of the natives, which would gradually exhaust our troops, while the Japanese would calmly settle matters at sea, Roschestwenski's tracks being regarded as a sufficient scare for our admirals."

"That would no doubt be the best course to pursue in an endeavor to pocket the Philippines," answered the colonel thoughtfully; "and the plan would be aided by the widespread and growing opposition at home to keeping the archipelago and putting more and more millions into the Asiatic branch business."

"Quite so," continued Harryman quickly, "if Japan wanted nothing else but the Philippines."

"What on earth does she want in addition?" asked Webster.

"The *mastery of the Pacific*," said Harryman in a decided voice.

"Commercial mastery?" asked Parrington, "or——"

"No; political, too, and with solid foundations," answered Harryman.

Colonel McCabe had sat down again, and was studying the pamphlet, Parrington picked at the label on his whisky bottle, and the others remained silent, but buried in thought. In the next room a clock struck ten with a hurried, tinkling sound which seemed to break up the uneasy silence into so many small pieces.

"And if it was not genuine?" began Colonel McCabe again, hoarsely. He cleared his throat and repeated the question in a low tone of voice: "And if it was not genuine?"

Harryman shrugged his shoulders.

"Then it would be a trap for us to have us secure our information from the wrong quarter," said the colonel, answering his own question.

"A trap into which we are rushing at full speed," continued Webster, laying stress on each word, though his thoughts seemed to be far in advance of what he was saying.

Harryman nodded and twisted his mustache.

"What did you say?" asked Parrington, jumping up and looking from Webster to Harryman, neither of whom, however, volunteered a reply. "We are stumbling into a trap?"

"Two regiments," said Webster, more to himself than to the others. And then, turning to Harryman, he asked briskly: "When are the transports expected to arrive?"

"The steamers with two regiments on board left 'Frisco on April 10th, therefore—he counted the days on his fingers—they should be here by now."

"No, they were to go straight to Mindanao," said Parrington.

"Straight to Mindanao?" Colonel McCabe meditated silently. Then, as though waking up suddenly, he went on: "And the cable has not been working for six days——"

"Exactly," interrupted Parrington, "we have known nothing, either of the fleet or of anything else, for the last six days."

"Harryman," said Colonel McCabe seriously, "do you think there is danger? If it is all a trap, it would be the most stupid thing that we could do to send our transports unprotected— But that's all nonsense! This heat positively dries up your thoughts. No, no, it's impossible; they're hallucinations bred by the fermented vapors of this God-forsaken country!" He pressed the electric button, and the boy appeared at the door behind him. "Some soda, Pailung!"

"Parrington, are you coming? I ordered my boat for ten o'clock," said Harryman.

"As early as this, Harryman?" remonstrated Webster. "You'll be on board your boat quite soon enough, or do you want to keep a night watch also on your Japanese of the— What sort of a Maru was it?" he broke off, because Colonel McCabe pointed angrily at the approaching boy.

"Oh, nonsense!" growled Webster ill-humoredly. "A creature like that doesn't see or hear a thing."

The colonel glared at Webster, and then noisily mixed his drink.

Harryman and Parrington walked along the quay in silence, their steps resounding loudly in the stillness of the night. On the other side of the street fleeting shadows

showed at the lighted windows of several harbor dens, over the entrance to which hung murky lamps and from which loud voices issued, proving that all was still in full swing there. There were only a few more steps to the spot where the yellow circle of light from the lanterns rendered the white uniforms of the sailors in the two boats visible. Parrington stood still. "Harryman," he said, repeating his former question, "do you believe there is danger——"

"I don't know, I really don't know," said Harryman nervously. Then, seizing Parrington's hands, he continued hurriedly, but in a low voice: "For days I have been living as if in a trance. It is as if I were lying in the delirium of fever; my head burns and my thoughts always return to the same spot, boring and burrowing; I feel as though a horrible eye were fixed on me from whose glance I cannot escape. I feel that I may at any moment awake from the trance, and that the awakening will be still more dreadful."

"You're feverish, Harryman; you're ill, and you'll infect others. You must take some quinine." With these words Parrington climbed into his gig, the sailors gave way with the oars, and the boat rushed through the water and disappeared into the darkness, where the bow oarsman was silhouetted against the pale yellow light of the boat's lantern like a strange phantom.

Harryman looked musingly after the boat of the *Mindoro* for a few minutes, and murmured: "He certainly has no fever which quinine will not cure." Then he got into his own boat, which also soon disappeared into the sultry summer night, while the dark water splashed and gurgled against the planks. The high quay wall, with its row of yellow and

white lights, remained behind, and gradually sank down to the water line. They rowed past the side of a huge English steamer, which sent back the splash of the oars in a strange hollow echo, and then across to the *Monadnock*.

Harryman could not sleep, and joined the officer on duty on the bridge, where the slight breeze which came from the mountains afforded a little coolness.

On board the *Mindoro* Parrington had found orders to take the relief guard for the wireless telegraph station to Mariveles the next morning. At six o'clock the little gunboat had taken the men on board, and was now steering across the blue Bay of Manila toward the little rocky island of Corregidor, which had recently been strongly fortified, and which lies like a block of stone between gigantic mountain wings in the very middle of the entrance to the Bay of Manila. Under a gray sail, which served as a slight protection from the sun, the soldiers squatted sullenly on their kits. Some were asleep, others stared over the railing into the blue, transparent water that rippled away in long waves before the bow of the little vessel. From the open skylight of the engine room sounded the sharp beat of the engine, and the smell of hot oil spread over the deck, making the burning heat even more unbearable. Parrington stood on the bridge and through his glass examined the steep cliffs at the entrance to the bay, and the bizarre forms of the little volcanic islands.

Except for a few fishing boats with their brown sails, not a ship was to be seen on the whole expanse of the water. The gunboat now turned into the northern entrance, and the

long, glistening guns in the fortifications of Corregidor became visible. Up above, on the batteries hewn in the rocks, not a living soul could be seen, but below, on the little platform where the signal-post stood near the northern battery, an armed sentry marched up and down. Parrington called out to the signalman near him: "Send this signal across to Corregidor: 'We are going to relieve the wireless telegraph detachment at Mariveles, and shall call at Corregidor on our way back.'" The Corregidor battery answered the signal, and informed Parrington that Colonel Prettyman expected him for lunch later on. Slowly the *Mindoro* crept along the coast to the rocky Bay of Mariveles, where, before the few neglected houses of the place, the guard of the wireless telegraph station, which stood on the heights of Sierra de Mariveles, was awaiting the arrival of the gunboat.

The *Mindoro* was made fast to the pier. The exchange of men took place quickly, and the relief guard piled their kits on two mule-carts, in which they were to be carried up the steep hillside to the top, where a few flat, white houses showed the position of the wireless station, the high post of which, with its numerous wires, stood out alone against the blue sky. The relieved men, who plainly showed their delight at getting away from this God-forsaken, tedious outpost, made themselves comfortable in the shade afforded by the sail, and began to chat with the crew of the *Mindoro* about the commonplaces of military service. A shrill screech from the whistle of the *Mindoro* resounded from the mountain side as a farewell greeting to the little troop that was climbing slowly upward, followed by the baggage-carts. The

Mindoro cast off from the pier, and, having rounded the neck of land on which Mariveles stood, was just on the point of starting in the direction of Corregidor, when the signalman on the bridge called Parrington's attention to a black steamer which was apparently steaming at full speed from the sea toward the entrance to the Bay of Manila.

"A ship at last," said Parrington. "Let's wait and see what sort of a craft it is."

While the *Mindoro* reduced her speed noticeably, Parrington looked across at the strange vessel through his glasses. The ship had also attracted the attention of the crew, who began to conjecture excitedly as to the nationality of the visitor, for during the past week a strange vessel had become a rather unusual sight in Manila. The wireless detachment said that they had seen the steamer two hours ago from the hill.

Parrington put down his glass and said: "About four thousand tons, but she has no flag. We can soon remedy that." And turning to the signalman he added: "Ask her to show her colors." At the same time he pulled the rope of the whistle in order to attract the stranger's attention.

In a few seconds the German colors appeared at the stern of the approaching steamer, and the signal flag, which at the same time was quickly hoisted at the foretopmast, proclaimed the ship to be the German steamer *Danzig*, hailing from Hong-Kong. Immediately afterwards a boat was lowered from the *Danzig* and the steamer stopped; then the white cutter put to sea and headed straight for the *Mindoro*.

"It is certainly kind of them to send us a boat," said Parrington. "I wonder what they want, anyhow." He gave

orders to stop the boat and to clear the gangway, and then, watching the German cutter with interest, awaited its arrival. Ten minutes later the commander of the *Danzig* stepped on the bridge of the *Mindoro*, introduced himself to her commander, and asked for a pilot to take him through the mines in the roads.

Parrington regarded him with astonishment. "Mines, my dear sir, mines? There are no mines here."

The German stared at Parrington unbelievably. "You have no mines?"

"No," said Parrington. "It is not our custom to blockade our harbors with mines except in time of war."

"In time of war?" said the German, who did not appear to comprehend Parrington's answer. "But you are at war."

"We, at war?" returned Parrington, utterly disconcerted. "And with whom, if I may be allowed to ask?"

"It seems to me that the matter is too serious to be a subject for jesting," answered the German sharply.

At this moment loud voices were heard from the after-deck of the *Mindoro*, the crew of which were swearing with great gusto. Parrington hurried to the railing and looked over angrily. A hot dispute was going on between the crew of the German cutter and the American sailors, but only the oft-repeated words "damned Japs" could be distinguished. He turned again to the German officer, and looked at him hesitatingly. The latter, apparently in a bad temper, looked out to sea, whistling softly to himself.

Parrington walked toward him and, seizing his hand, said: "It's clear that we don't understand each other. What's up?"

"I am here to inform you," answered the German sharply and decisively, "that the steamer *Danzig* ran the blockade last night, and that its captain politely requests you to give him a pilot through the mines, in order that we may reach the harbor of Manila."

"You have run the blockade?" shouted Parrington, in a state of the greatest excitement. "You have run the blockade, man? What the deuce do you mean?"

"I mean," answered the German coolly, "that the Government of the United States of America—a fact, by the way, of which you, as commander of one of her war vessels, ought to be aware—has been at war with Japan for the last week, and that a steamer which has succeeded in running the enemy's blockade and which carries contraband goods for Manila surely has the right to ask to be guided through the mines."

Parrington felt for the railing behind him and leaned against it for support. His face became ashen pale, and he seemed so utterly nonplussed at the German officer's statement that the latter, gradually beginning to comprehend the extraordinary situation, continued his explanation.

"Yes," he repeated, "for six days your country has been at war with Japan, and it was only natural we should suppose that you, as one of those most nearly concerned, would be aware of this fact."

Parrington, regaining his self-control, said: "Then the cable disturbances—" He stopped, then continued disjointedly: "But this is terrible; this is a surprise such as we — I beg your pardon," he went on in a firm voice to the

German, "I am sure I need not assure you that your communication has taken me completely by surprise. Not a soul in Manila has any idea of all this. The cable disturbances of the last six days were explained to us by a Japanese steamer as being the result of a volcanic outbreak, and since then, through the interruption of all connections, we have been completely shut off from the outside world. If Japan, in defiance of all international law, has declared war, we here in Manila have noticed nothing of it, except, perhaps, for the entire absence, during the last few days, of the regular steamers and, indeed, of all trading ships, a circumstance that appeared to some of us rather suspicious. But excuse me, we must act at once. Please remain on board."

The *Mindoro's* whistle emitted three shrill screeches, while the gunboat steamed at full speed toward Corregidor.

Parrington went into his cabin, opened his desk, and searched through it with nervous haste. "At last!" He seized the war-signal code and ran upstairs to the bridge, shouting to the signalman: "Signal to Corregidor: 'War-signal code, important communication.'" Then he himself, hastily turning over the leaves of the book, called out the signals and had them hoisted. Then he shouted to the man at the helm: "Tell them not to spare the engines."

Parrington stood in feverish expectation on the bridge, his hands clinched round the hot iron bars of the breastwork and his eyes measuring the rapidly diminishing distance between the *Mindoro* and the landing place of Corregidor. As the *Mindoro* turned into the northern passage between Corregidor and the mainland, the chain of mountains,

looking like banks of clouds, which surrounded Manila, became visible in the far distance across the blue, apparently boundless surface of the Bay, while the town itself, wrapped in the white mist that veiled the horizon, remained invisible. At this moment Parrington observed a dark cloud of smoke in the direction of the harbor of Manila suddenly detaching itself from below and sailing upward like a fumarole above the summit of a volcano, where it dispersed in bizarre shapes resembling ragged balls of cotton. Almost immediately a dull report like a distant thunderclap boomed across the water.

"Can that be another of their devilish tricks?" asked Parrington of the German, drawing his attention to the rising cloud, the edges of which glistened white as snow in the bright sunshine.

"Possibly," was the laconic answer.

The wharf of Corregidor was in a state of confused hubbub. The artillerymen stood shoulder to shoulder, awaiting the arrival of the *Mindoro*. Suddenly an officer forced his way through the crowd, and, standing on the very edge of the wharf, called out to the rapidly approaching *Mindoro*: "Parrington, what's all this about?"

"It's true, every word of it," roared the latter through the megaphone. "The Japanese are attacking us, and the German steamer over there is the first to bring us news of it. War broke out six days ago."

The *Mindoro* stopped and threw a line, which was caught by many willing hands and made fast to the landing place.

"Here's my witness," shouted Parrington across to Colonel Prettyman, "the commander of the German steamer

Danzig."

"I'll join you on board," answered Prettyman. "I've just despatched the news to Manila by wireless. Of course they won't believe it there."

"Then you've done a very stupid thing," cried Parrington, horrified. "Look there," he added, pointing to the cloud above the harbor of Manila; "that has most certainly cost our friend Harryman, of the *Monadnock*, his life. His presentiments did not deceive him after all!"

"Cost Harryman, on board the *Monadnock*, his life?" asked Prettyman in astonishment.

"I'm afraid so," answered Parrington. "The Japanese steamer which brought us the news of the famous seaquake has been anchored beside him for four days. When you sent your wireless message to Manila, the Japanese must have intercepted it, for they have a wireless apparatus on board—I noticed it only this morning."

The *Mindoro* now lay fast beside the wharf, and Colonel Prettyman hurried across the gangway to the gunboat and went straight to Parrington's cabin, where the two shut themselves up with the German officer.

A few minutes later an excited orderly rushed on board and demanded to see the colonel at once; he was let into the cabin, and it was found that he had brought a confirmation of Parrington's suspicions, for a wireless message from Manila informed them that the *Monadnock* had been destroyed in the roads of Manila through some inexplicable explosion.

Parrington sprang from his chair and cried to the colonel: "Won't you at least pay those cursed Japs back by sending

the message, 'We suspect that the Japanese steamer anchored beside the *Monadnock* has blown her up by means of a torpedo?' Otherwise it is just possible that they will be naïve enough in Manila to let the scoundrel get out of the harbor. No, no," he shouted, interrupting himself, "we can't wait for that; we must get to work ourselves at once. Colonel, you go ashore, and I'll steam toward Manila and cut off the rogue's escape. And you"—turning to the German—"you can return to your ship and enter the bay; there are no"—here his voice broke—"no mines here."

Then he rushed up on the bridge again. The hawsers were cast off in feverish haste, and the *Mindoro* once more steamed out into the bay at the fastest speed of which the old craft was capable. Parrington had regained his self-command in face of the new task that the events just described, which followed so rapidly upon one another's heels, laid out for him. An expression of fierce joy came over his features when, looking through his glass an hour later, he discovered the *Kanga Maru* holding a straight course for Corregidor.

As calmly as if it were only a question of everyday maneuvers, Parrington gave his orders. The artillerymen stood on either side of the small guns, and everything was made ready for action.

The distance between the two ships slowly diminished.

"Yes, it is the Japanese steamer," said Parrington to himself. "And now to avenge Harryman! There'll be no sentimentality; we'll shoot them down like pirates! No signal, no warning—nothing, nothing!" he murmured.

"Stand by with the forward gun," he called down from the bridge to the men standing at the little 12 pounder on the foredeck of the *Mindoro*. The *Mindoro* turned a little to starboard, so as to get at the broadside of the Japanese, and thus be able to fire on him with both the forward and after guns.

"Five hundred yards! Aim at the engine room! Number one gun, fire!" The shot boomed across the sunny, blue expanse of water, driving a white puff of smoke before it. The shell disappeared in the waves about one hundred yards ahead of the Japanese steamer. The next shot struck the ship, leaving in her side a black hole with jagged edges just above the waterline.

"Splendid!" cried Parrington. "Keep that up and we'll have the villain in ten shots."

Quickly the 12 pounder was reloaded; the gunners stood quietly beside their gun, and shot after shot was fired at the Japanese ship, of which five or six hit her right at the waterline. The stern gun of the *Mindoro* devoted itself in the meantime to destroying things on the enemy's deck. Gaping holes appeared everywhere in the ship's side, and the funnels received several enormous rents, out of which brown smoke poured forth. In a quarter of an hour the deck resembled the primeval chaos, being covered with bent and broken iron rods, iron plates riddled with shot, and woodwork torn to splinters. Suddenly clouds of white steam burst out from all the holes in the ship's sides, from the skylights, and from the remnants of the funnels; the deck in the middle of the steamer rose slowly, and the exploding boilers tossed broken bits of engines and deck apparatus

high up into the air. The *Kanga Maru* listed to port and disappeared in the waves, over which a few straggling American shots swept.

"Cease firing!" commanded Parrington. Then the *Mindoro* came about and again steered straight for Manila. The act of retribution had been accomplished; the treacherous murder of the crew of the *Monadnock* had been avenged.

When the *Mindoro* arrived at the harbor of Manila, the town was in a tremendous state of excitement. The drums were beating the alarm in the streets. The spot where only that morning the *Monadnock* had lain in idle calm was empty.

The explosion of the *Monadnock* had at first been regarded as an accident. In spite of its being the dinner hour, a number of boats appeared in the roads, all making toward the scene of the accident, where a broad, thick veil of smoke crept slowly over the surface of the water. As no one knew what new horrors might be hidden in this cloud, none of the boats dared go nearer. Only two white naval cutters belonging to the gunboats lying in the harbor glided into the mist, driven forward by strong arms; and they actually succeeded in saving a few of the crew.

One of the rescued men told the following story: About two minutes after the *Monadnock* had received a wireless message, which, however, was never deciphered, a dull concussion was felt throughout the ship, followed almost immediately by another one. On the starboard side of the *Monadnock* two white, bubbling, hissing columns of water had shot up, which completely flooded the low deck; then a