

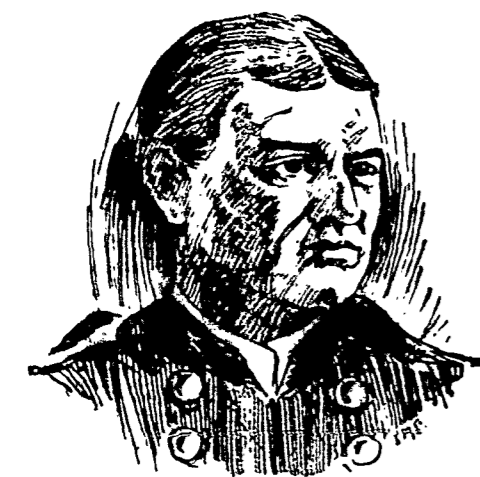
## AFTER FIGHT, MERCY

RESCUE OF THE CREW OF THE VISCAYA AFTER HER DESTRUCTION.

"Fighting Bob" Evans, Tells of the Sense of Santiago After His Iowa Defeated the Spanish Ship—Decks of the Iowa Ran With Blood of Rescued.

After "Fighting Bob" Evans, Captain of the Iowa, had described to a reporter the opening of the great naval battle off Santiago and the manner in which his ship drove the Spanish Viscaya ashore, a wreck, he spoke as follows:

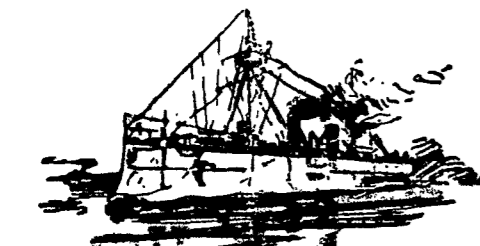
"As it was apparent that the Iowa could not possibly catch the Cristobal Colon, and that the Oregon and Brooklyn undoubtedly would, and as the fast New York was also on her trail, I decided that the calls of humanity should be answered and attention given to the twelve or fifteen hundred Spanish officers and men who had struck their colors to the American squadron commanded by Admiral Sampson. I therefore headed for the wreck of the Viscaya, now burning furiously fore and aft. When I was in as far as the depth of water would admit, I lowered all my boats and sent them at once to the assistance of the unfortunate men, who were being drowned by dozens or roasted on the decks. I soon discovered that the insurgent Cubans from the



"FIGHTING BOB" EVANS.

shore were shooting on men who were struggling in the water after having surrendered to us. I immediately put a stop to this; but I could not put a stop to the mutiny of many bodies by the sharks inside the reef. These creatures had become excited by the blood from the wounded mixing in the water. My boat's crews worked manfully and succeeded in saving many of the wounded from the burning ship. One man who will be recommended for promotion clambered up the side of the Viscaya and saved three men from burning to death. The smaller magazines of the Viscaya were exploding with magnificent cloud effects. The boats were coming alongside in a steady string, and willing hands were helping the lacerated Spanish officers and sailors onto the Iowa's quarter-deck. All the Spaniards were absolute without clothes. Some had their legs torn off by fragments of shells. Others were mutilated in every conceivable way.

"The bottoms of the boats held two or three inches of blood. In many cases dead men were lying in the blood. Five poor chaps died on the way to the ship. They were afterward buried with military honors from the Iowa. Some examples of heroism, or more properly devotion to discipline and duty, could never be surpassed. One man on the lost Viscaya had his left arm almost shot off just below the shoulder. The fragments were hanging by a small piece of skin. But he climbed unassisted over the side and saluted as if on a visit of ceremony. Immediately after him came a strong, hearty sailor, whose left leg had been shot off above the knee. He was hoisted on board the Iowa with a tackle, but never a whim or came from him. Gradually the mangled bodies and naked well men accumulated, until it would have been almost difficult to recognize the Iowa as a United States battleship. Blood was all over her usually white quarter-deck, and 272 naked men were being supplied with food by those who a few minutes before had been using a rapid-fire battery on them. Finally came the boats with Capt. Eulate, commander of the Viscaya, for whom a chair was lowered over the side, as he was evidently wounded. The captain's guard of marines was drawn up on the quarter-



BATTLESHIP IOWA.

deck to salute him, and I stood waiting to welcome him. As the chair was placed on the deck the marines presented arms. Capt. Eulate slowly raised himself in the chair, saluted me with grave dignity, unbuckled his sword belt, and holding the hilt of the sword before him, kissed it reverently, with tears in his eyes, and then surrendered it to me.

"Of course, I declined to receive his sword, and, as the crew of the Iowa saw this, they cheered like wild men. As I started to take Capt. Eulate into the cabin to let the doctors examine his wounds, the magazines on board the Viscaya exploded with a tremendous burst of flame. Capt. Eulate, extending his hands, said 'Adios, Viscaya! There goes my beautiful ship, Captain,' and so we passed on to the cabin, where the doctors dressed his three wounds. In the meantime thirty officers of the Viscaya had been picked up, besides 212 of her crew. Our ward-room and stateroom officers gave up their state-rooms and furnished food clothing and tobacco to those naked officers from the Viscaya.

## CAVALRY IN WAR-FARE.

Firearms of To-Day Have Made Its Utility a Question.

A good man on a good horse is the superior as an attacking force of three good men on the ground. This is a matter of common knowledge in the European capitals, wherein mobs are dispersed by cavalry using the flat of the sabre only more quickly than they are scattered by the bullets of militia in America. There is something in the speed, weight, and size of a charging man and horse that shakes the nerve of the most stout-hearted pedestrian. The uncontrollable instinct of the footman is to get out of the way. A cavalryman learns to love his horse with a love surpassing that of woman. He learns to depend upon him. He absorbs confidence from every swell of the giant muscles between his knees. The man and the beast conjoined furnish a mutual support that is admirable, and in battle of incalculable value. Dismounted cavalry are the most difficult of troops to dislodge for the reason that the riders, deprived of their horses, do not know when or how to run.

Military experts believe that the invasion of Cuba by the American army will furnish exceptional opportunities for the use of cavalry. It is for the most part, a good horse country, of wide fields and level spaces. It is believed, too, that this picturesque arm of the service will demonstrate that its usefulness is not ended by modern arms and projectiles, though many theorists incline to the opinion that the days of cavalry as cavalry were ended in the times of Gravelotte and Sedan. The celebrated and fruitless charge of the French cuirassiers, where men and steeds went down in heaps and the watching Wilhelm said, "It is magnificent, but it is not war," sticks in their memories. That charge was Balaklava over again. Somebody blundered. The general efficiency of cavalry under proper conditions is not discredited by it, nor is the centuries-old record of a remarkably valuable arm to be stained by an individual failure. Men who remember what the cavalry was and what the cavalry did in the war between the states demand something more than the crumpling of one column before they surrender the beliefs of years.

The Napoleonic maxim that cavalry cannot charge unshaken infantry was due to Napoleon's experience with run-down forces. His mounted men were badly drilled and his horseflesh was poor. The great Frederick understood the high value of this branch, and his campaigns gave many instances of the value of mounted troops in almost all kinds of warfare. The records of all great wars bristle with the achievements of the troopers. Even in the Franco-Prussian struggle the actual damage wrought by the Uhlans was far out of proportion with their numbers, and the value of the fear they produced was immeasurable. At Salamanca Le Marchand's British "heavies" were sent over bad ground against the steady French infantry. Men and horses fell in swaths twenty yards from the line. The rear line died steeple chase jumping over piled corpses to get to the front. Le Marchand was instantly killed and many of his officers, but the infantry was broken and the position carried. The Peninsula campaigns furnish repeated proofs of the fact that infantry will not stand against well handled cavalry. Prince Frederick Charles, one of the greatest of modern warriors, was a steady believer in the efficiency of cavalry, and so, too, was Von Wrangel.

The opponents of the trooper arm and prophets of its utter effacement are used to instancing the failure of the brilliant Austrian cavalry at Sadova when sent against breech-loaders. These were troopers seasoned by long service and so drilled that thirty squadrons of them were manoeuvred in mass with the ease and certainty of one. They were, however, led over ground that sloped up three degrees. It was sodden with rain. The horses were so weary that many of them fell from exhaustion when the charge began. The infantrymen who received them had been selected by five hours of savage and continuous fighting. All faint hearts had gone to the rear. It is safe to say that there was not a Prussian on the west ridge of Chlum that day who did not wish to be there. Even under these conditions the charge came very near to success, though all Europe was shouting that cavalry was useless against breech-loading fire.

In the old days troops were safe when held in reserve 500 yards back of the fighting line. Now for 2,500 yards behind this line the ground is torn with bullets. Consequently troops are held 3,000 yards back, and even at this distance there will be occasional casualties. To take part in an engagement the reserve force must be moved entirely through this wide and dangerous zone. Infantry cannot do it in less than twenty-five minutes, and another ten minutes will be used in getting them into line. Cavalry can cover the distance in six minutes. The rapidity with which their range alters makes them a difficult target, and the moral effect of their thundering and swift advance is great. It is estimated that the cavalry loss in a charge should not exceed one-third of the infantry loss.

The Point in Doubt.  
"Do you know anything about the defeat of the Spanish armada?" inquired one young man.  
"Why, certainly," replied his friend, "that occurred centuries ago."

## THE GOVERNOR SURPRISED.

Taken Prisoner Before He Knew That War Was Declared.

The first expedition to reinforce Admiral Dewey—the transports City of Pekin, City of Sydney and Australia, carrying troops, conveyed by the cruiser Charleston—arrived at Manila on Thursday, June 30.

The voyage was most favorable. General Anderson's soldiers suffered much from seasickness. The sailors of Dewey's squadron enthusiastically welcomed them, and the soldiers returned cheer for cheer.

On the way the expedition stopped long enough to capture Guajan, the largest of the Ladrone Islands, and to take possession, in the name of the United States, of the group of Ladrone Islands. The Stars and Stripes now floats over San Luis Dapra, the town on the coast of Guajan, where a small part of the United States force landed.

The Spanish officers on the islands so remotely situated in the Pacific did not know that war was on between their mother country and the United States. Complications that greatly amused the Americans resulted. But Captain Henry Glass, of the Charleston, straightened things out by taking Lieutenant Colonel Marena, governor of the Ladrone Islands, two military officers, fifty-four soldiers and several civil officers and natives to Manila.

When the flag was raised at San Luis, the native soldiers, cheering lustily, tore off the Spanish uniforms they wore and stripped them of buttons, which they gave to the men who had liberated them.

The ships left Honolulu under sealed orders, which Captain Glass opened one day out. They directed him to capture the Ladrone Islands, so the ship's course was shaped for Guajan, and they arrived off San Luis Dupra early on June 21.

The Charleston took position in easy range of Fort Santa Cruz, which is supposed to guard the entrance to San Luis, and on which the Spanish flag was flying. The Charleston fired a dozen blank shots at the rather dilapidated fortress. The Spanish flag still flew; there was absolutely no response from the fort. So Captain Glass concluded to await developments.

In the afternoon two Spanish officers in full uniform, were towed out to the Charleston. And very polite they were.

Governor Marina presents his compliments," they said to Captain Glass, bowing and scraping. "He thanks you for your salute. He is very sorry he could not return it, but, unfortunately, we have no powder."



A NATIVE HUT.

The situation was explained to them, and, very gently, they were made prisoners. Never before were men so astonished. Then Captain Glass sent a message to Governor Marina, ordering him to come aboard the Charleston. The governor, equally ignorant that war was going on, sent back a courteous message.

Governor Marina presents his compliments and regrets he cannot accept the polite invitation to visit the Charleston. But the laws of Spain forbid him to set foot off the islands for an instant. He will be very glad to see Captain Glass at the governor's residence at 10 a. m. to-morrow.

Captain Glass did not accept the invitation in person. Early next morning he sent ashore Lieutenant A. M. Braumersreuther and a small force of marines. The lieutenant announced Captain Glass's ultimatum to the astonished Marina—that he must surrender in half an hour or the town would be bombarded. As soon as the governor recovered he promptly surrendered.

In the afternoon a larger force was landed, the few Spanish soldiers were disarmed and made prisoners, the United States marines and bluejackets formed around the staff from which Spain's flag had been hauled down, and formally the United States took possession of the islands.

The simple ceremony was made more impressive by the joy of the natives, who thus unexpectedly found themselves free.

Before the Big Battle.  
"I wonder," said Colonel Stillwell, "if there are any Kentucky gentlemen on that boat of strategy."

"What has that question to do with the case?"

"Well, sir, I understand they have Admiral Cervera bottled up. But there seems to be some difficulty about finding a corkscrew."

Force of Habit.  
"Private Quickstep didn't tell the truth when he said he wasn't married," said one officer.

"Have you information to the contrary?" inquired the other.

"No. But he was walking in his sleep last night, and when we asked where he was going he said 'put the cat out and see if the basement door was locked.'"

Kaiser Wilhelm remarked Rivers, "seems to be fighting for trouble." "You're right, of course," said Brooks, "to his carping about our war."

Auntie—When I was your age I never told a lie, Tommy.  
Tommy—When did you begin, auntie?

## ARMY SEARCHLIGHTS

THE PRACTICAL USE OF ELECTRICITY ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

Movable Searchlights That Can Be Used in Collecting the Dead or in Protecting a Reconnaissance Party, Also in Directing the Aim of Heavy Guns.

It is proposed to take into Cuba movable searchlights of great power. The War Department has detailed plans of such equipment and appended descriptions furnished by specialists who have made a study of possibilities of electrical projectors and other applications of electricity upon the battlefield.

Electric searchlights for such purposes can be made to throw light as far as nine miles. These will be used for gathering the dead and wounded left on the battlefields at night and for many other purposes. The ground in front of a party sent out for reconnaissance can be kept well lighted by night without betraying their positions to the Spaniards. One of the men in advance of the exploring column may facilitate this and guide the manipulators of the light by carrying a lantern masked on the side of the enemy. By throwing one of these pencils of daylight upon the roads from which a Spanish advance guard is expected, the latter's movements would be seriously hampered and they would doubtless turn back if discovered before coming in range. Our troops will be always fearful of surprise attacks in the early morning, and attempts of this kind might thus be easily frustrated.

These portable searchlights will also be of great value for directing the aim of the heavy guns by night, the pencils to be fired upon being first pointed out by the projected flame. By such devices it will also be an easy matter to prevent the Spaniards from making repairs on their fortifications by night, when such repairs are usually attempted. As fast as the beginning of a new fortification would appear it could be destroyed as readily as in the daylight. Of course, it would be useless to build a fortification under a shower of projectiles.

To assist in the extensive electrical work to be accomplished in Cuba the War Department has mustered in companies of electricians of about sixty men each, adepts in their profession and to a great extent drawn from well known electric firms. These will cooperate to a great extent with the regular engineers and with the new brigade of 3,500 volunteer engineers.

Great numbers of incandescent lights will be necessities of the modern camp, the field offices to be occupied by clerks and stenographers accompanying each commander's staff, or draughtsmen of engineers planning new works, and spaces occupied by workmen. Portable electric plants to furnish the current will consist of compact vehicles, hauled by horses, and containing each a boiler, motor, dynamo, engine and appliances. These may be attached to illuminating wagons filled with lamps.

Civilians in Soldier Clothes.

"There is an entire absence of law protecting the army uniforms," observed an army officer to a reporter, "and, peculiar as it may seem, it is not a violation of law, military or civil, for any unauthorized person to wear the uniform of an officer or soldier. In other words, it would not violate any law if any one paraded the streets attired in the full military uniform of a general, colonel or other officer. In Europe it is entirely different, and if an unauthorized person publicly wore the uniform of an army or naval officer without authority he would be gobbled up, stripped of his military or naval fixings and would have a long stay in prison for his offence. There have been a number of efforts in this country in the State Legislatures to make it a crime to wear the uniform, without proper legal authority, of an officer of the State National Guard or militia, but somehow they were never crystallized into law. The offence does not often occur, but should it happen, and it has happened sometimes, there is no penalty. Of course, if an unauthorized person committed any offence against the law, such as false pretences, he would be liable to punishment under the general law to prevent frauds.

There is a brass band in New York city, each member of which wears a full General's uniform, with the stars on the shoulders, and some of the National Guard of that city tried to have it abolished under existing law, but they failed to do so. The Grand Army badge and button, as also the badge of the Union Veteran Legion, and the Regular Army and Navy Union and of the Mexican Veterans' Union, are protected to some extent by law, in that the regulations of the army and navy provide that those entitled to them can wear them on certain official occasions, but even they are not as fully protected by law as they should be.

"The same absence of protection, legal protection, I mean, exists in relation to wearing the medal of honor, awarded by Congress, and it is known that certain persons have medals of that kind and have worn them without the authority of Congress. The law of the American Legion of Honor is, however, provided for by law, and it is a violation of law for any unauthorized person to have or wear it."

"Pooh," said the speaker as the Naval Reserves marched past, "these fellows won't fight. Look at that officer there in front. Why, he'd faint at the sight of blood."

"Don't you fool yourself on that score," replied the enthusiastic citizen. "Blood and human suffering have no power over me. I'm a soldier and I'll fight for my country."

## HIS SPITE TRUNK

A Spaniard's Scheme for Getting Even With the Railroad.

"The lengths to which a man will sometimes go to avenge a real or fancied injury are amusing," said a conductor on a suburban train one morning last week. "Do you see that person-looking, middle-aged man in the third seat on the left? Well, sir, he must be worth at least \$100,000, from the style of country place he supports up on the Sound. You will find in the baggage car a big battered-looking old trunk with his name and address painted on it in large letters. Every morning when that man comes into New York his trunk comes with him, and when he goes home at night the trunk is on board. Between trips it rests in the baggage room in New York or at the station in the country where its owner gets off. That trunk has been travelling back and forth for two seasons now, and it's an awful nuisance.

"The reason for this is: Two years ago this man was thrown down in the car by a sudden jolt and he sued the road for \$25,000 damages. He wasn't injured a particle, but he stated that he had been waiting to sue the road for something for a long time. Well, he was unable to prove carelessness on the part of the road, or injury to himself, and he lost his case. He was an angry man, and if he had not had an expensive home on our line he would not have used the road. He looked around for some way to get even and he hit upon the trunk idea. He found that he was entitled to the transportation of 100 pounds of baggage on each trip. He rigged up this big trunk, the largest one that he could find, and put in enough lead to make it weigh just 100 pounds. So that every one might know that he was revenging himself he painted his name in large letters on the trunk. Every morning he has it checked into New York and every night he checks it home again. During the trip he usually walks through the baggage car to gloat over the sight of it. He gets a lot of fun out of it, but it means a lot of bother also. He must get to the station ten or fifteen minutes before his train leaves in order to check his trunk. I have known him to miss a train rather than leave that thing behind. Every man who rides in our train knows that old trunk now. It's a nuisance, of course, but we have got used to it and we don't kick. The owner of the trunk thinks that he is getting even with the road, and he made out a little statement at the end of last season showing how much baggage he had forced the road to carry. He sent it to the treasurer of the road, but I never heard that he received any reply. Funny trick, isn't it?"

Tell Out of Court.

Over in Missouri the other day, says the Chicago Law Journal, a coroner's jury returned a verdict that "the defendant came to his death by being struck by a railroad train in the hands of a receiver."

A California judge recently fined an attorney \$10 for contempt of court and forced him to pay it by threatening otherwise to pay it himself. No one is required to believe this.

The Irish papers tell us that at the Killarney quarter sessions the other day a laughable incident occurred. A prisoner was charged with assault, but the solicitor was temporarily absent when his case was called. Judge Shaw, however, decided to proceed with the accused he could challenge any one he objected to. When the sixth juror was called the prisoner, who evidently thought it was time to exercise his prerogative, objected to his serving, whereupon the challenged juror, with a look of contemptuous disgust, called out: "Yerra, Tim, had case to ye, what d'ye mane? Shure I'm juror!"

A Washington lawyer recently appeared as counsel in a case before a justice of the peace, says the Albany Law Journal, and found it necessary to make frequent objections to the evidence the opposing counsel was attempting to introduce. The justice looked first annoyed and then indignant at these frequent interruptions. Finally he could contain himself no longer and roared out: "What kind of a lawyer are you, anyway?" "I am a patent lawyer," replied the attorney with dignity. "Well," roared the justice scornfully, "when the patent expires you will have a hard time getting it renewed. Go on with the case."

Eligible as Economy.  
Hicks-Barton is quite strict with Miss Birdkin. He had just lighted a cigar last evening when the love in sight. He threw it away and went up the street with her.

Wicks—And do you know what she said to him? She told him that she appreciated his self-denial in throwing the cigar away, but she never could think of marrying a man who was so devoid of economy.

Blame Was by Day at Home.  
Klabet—People who remain at home can have no idea of the dangers our soldiers encounter, said the ruin of ship and shell.

Tollin—No, and the soldiers who go to the war will probably never consider the dangers the stay-at-homes run dodging bicycles.

Long Engagement.  
The Sweet Young Thing—I do not believe in long engagements.  
The Savage Bachelor—Neither do I. There are too much like the modern style of prize-fighting, with the ringsmen or talk before the real fighting begins.

## THEY POINT TO THE PAST

Figures and a Fragment of a Ship's Mast.

Had to relate our modern machinery give very little thought to figures. A war ship needs any number of these figures with a few torpedoes and a few shells than the possibly could with the most aesthetic or formidable figurehead on her stem. In fact, look about any harbor and note how few ships have anything in the shape of this sort of a mascot. Yet, time was when a vessel would as soon have thought about starting out with a mast as without a figurehead, and the further back we go the more was this a fact. The earliest discovered model of a figurehead belonged to a pleasure boat of one of the ancient Egyptians, and was very much to her mind and heart that she had it buried with her, but watching with animals carved upon the prow are known to have existed in Egypt before the day of this queen. In fact, as early as 1000 B. C. The subject usually corresponded to the name of the ship. This was before the introduction of rams. A few figureheads, as well as anchors and rams, found in the ruins of the locks at Athens serve to give a notion of the dimensions of ancient Greek warships. The niche occupied on the Flying Dutchman by the human skeleton was the niche that in the Middle Ages was occupied by a saint, and this in turn was an outcome of a way they had in the days of the Roman consuls of taking their lances or tutelary gods to sea in the stern part of the ship.

Apparently each particular nation has a favorite emblem. The owl was as conspicuous on the Athenian ships as was the cock, that emblem of vigilance, on the prow of the Phoenicians. The shining blade of St. Theodore, the patron saint of the Venetians, was their favored figurehead, while the British lion became so universally the figurehead of English ships that other nations who followed closely the naval architecture of this "first nation on the sea" adopted also the lion, as much to conceal their identity as because they were built after English models. So common was this that in France the curve of the bow was known as the "sweep of the lion."

Of the few figureheads preserved at our Naval Academy that of the Delaware, which was launched at Norfolk in 1783, attracts most attention. This image, called by some "Toucan," by others "Bowman," or even King Philip, is not believed to be a portrait, but rather to represent a great nation of a powhatan, a title having among the Indians a significance quite like that of Pharaoh among the Egyptians. At any rate, here he is, with his tomahawk, his arrows and his stern brow, as much a part of the scheme as the anchor themselves.

After the civil war the figurehead of the Columbus, which Commodore Meade's ship burned and sank at Norfolk in 1861 in order that the Confederates might not gain possession, was taken up and brought to the academy. The figurehead of the Macedonian, which was for four years used as a practice cruiser, is there, too. The Macedonian, originally a French ship, was captured from the French by the English. In 1813, after a short, fierce fight, she became an American ship. A wooden figurehead in the shape of a lion did duty as a mascot on her quarter deck at the time of her capture. Other of our historic figureheads are the lion of Washington, from the line-of-battle ship by that name, the figure of St. Louis on a receiving ship and the griffin eagle which once belonged to the Niagara.

Though the origin of the figurehead is lost in obscurity, let us hope and believe that the figureheads of our war ships will lead them to a thrilling story. This is surely prompted by the figurehead on the Massachusetts, Commodore Barry's fleet, which stands for Santharissa.

Wicks' Resolution.

Raggen Patcher—How are you for show me patches? Wicks—Not a one. Raggen—Why not? Wicks—Not for me, no more. Cattle patch.

The Winner's Patch.  
"He was in his front cage tonight right over on the front of the cage," said the man who had won the prize.

Several questions. "He didn't say anything much, either. He kept coming to himself, and when he went through the cage, he said 'I'm a winner, I'm a winner, I'm a winner.'"

They twisted round his head and the bird stood there, looking at him with a look of surprise.

He was working along with a hammer, all at once a loud noise came from the cage.

"What's that?" said the man who had won the prize.

"That's the sound of the hammer," said the man who had won the prize.

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