

Spain's Navy Is No Match for the Peerless Boats of Uncle Sam.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24.—Despite the fact that Spain has a more recent thought decided that her sober defeat attitude towards the United States was rash and hasty, naval officers in this country are still discussing the probable outcome of a struggle in which Uncle Sam's battleships could be matched, gun for gun, with the navy of Spain. There can only be one prediction regarding the outcome. Spain would be overmatched so easily that, in a very short time after the first shot of the war had been fired, her vessels would either be at the bottom of the sea or scuttling back to seek the protection of the nearest fort. It is not necessary to describe the probable outcome of a fight between the combined ships of the American and Spanish navies. It is enough to take the crack vessels of Spain and of the United States and pit them against each other in single combat to the death.

The finest ship in the Spanish navy is undoubtedly the Pelayo, a steel battleship built in France. She would find a foe man worthy of her powder and shot in the crack United States battleship Indiana. A naval expert to whom was submitted the question of the probable outcome of a fight between these two formidable fighting machines has, after careful consideration, given his decision as follows:

"Only by hauling down her flag within a very short time after the opening of the

Pelayo's weakness is a contest of this kind would be that although practically the same size as the Indiana, she can throw only two-thirds as much metal in one discharge of her forty-eight ton and thirty-eight-ton breechloading rifles. "The contest would be brief for one reason. The Pelayo is a plug-ugly looking fighting craft, and very terrible so far as appearance goes, but appearances in her case are worse than deceiving. Her very ugliness is a source of weakness, for it is due chiefly to the fact that she looms big and high out of the water, seeming to be a great deal heavier and more terrible than the low-lying Indiana. The Indiana could not have a finer mark on which to train her thirteen-inch guns than the massive hull of the Pelayo. In a close quarter fight, which the commander of the Indiana would naturally seek, not a shot from the Indiana's guns could go astray, while the guns of the Spanish boat would have to be depressed to an awkward angle in order to reach the hull of the United States vessel.

"In the matter of speed the vessels are evenly matched, both being able to steam sixteen knots an hour, so that neither would have the advantage of greater speed in maneuvering, but the unwieldy Pelayo, with her enormous bulk above the water line, would be a playing in the hands of the Indiana, which can be worked with an ease that will enable her to bring her tremendous ram in close proximity to the

or more than double that of the Pelayo. These figures are underestimated if anything. For instance, I have said that the Indiana steams sixteen knots. But battleships are not intended to make great speed. They are made to fight, and in a fight between the Indiana and the Pelayo I think I have shown that the man who will be praying that some superhuman power will aid him to make more speed than any vessel that ever floated will be the commander of the Spanish battleship. His greatest desire will be to put on steam enough to carry him far beyond the reach of those terrible thirteen-inch guns. His engines may take him beyond the reach of the Indiana's guns, but they will certainly never enable him to get away from the 3,200 pounds of metal which the Indiana can throw ahead while steaming after a beaten adversary. "In order that the statements of the naval expert may be supplemented by a graphic portrayal of a fight between the champions of Spain and the United States, a famous marine artist, who had made a lifelong study of the relative merits of rival battleships, has drawn the accompanying illustration, showing the Indiana and the Pelayo during the last stage of an imaginary engagement. With her conning towers shot away and her sides rent and torn by the terrible pounding from the Indiana, which can be worked with an ease that will enable her to bring her tremendous ram in close proximity to the



A Great Marine Artist's Thrilling Portrayal of an Engagement Which Naval Experts Are Discussing, Between the Indiana, the Crack Battleship of the American Navy, and the Pelayo, Spain's Finest Fighting Machine, in the Event of War.

engagement could the Pelayo hope to save herself from being sent to the bottom of the sea under the terrific broadside that immense advantage of being the aggressor from start to finish of the fight, while the Spanish boat would be on the defensive, with nothing but her armor to save her from being crushed and sent to the bottom. How long this armor would enable her to keep the flag flying while replying to the Indiana's broadside with her comparatively feeble batteries is a matter that can be easily figured out by those who have seen the effect of thirteen-inch shells on steel belts. It has only to be borne in mind that the Indiana can at one discharge of her guns throw 6,720 pounds of metal, to be seen what a poor showing the Spanish boat would be able to make.

"The total muzzle energy of the guns of the Indiana, measured in foot-tons—that is, to lift so many tons a foot—370,000,

ever. Her water line lies exposed to the thirteen-inch guns in the forward battery of the Indiana. The mistake of her designers in not placing more of her bulk beneath the waves is about to cost her dearly. One of the guns of the Indiana, depressed so as to reach this vulnerable point, is ready to belch forth its terrific contents, and this will end the conflict. "Should it not do so, the commander of the Indiana has another card to play, and this time a sure winner. He has maneuvered his boat so as to bring the steel prow of the American battleship in juxtaposition to the side of the Pelayo, and in another instant she will be launched, with all the weight of her 10,200 tons displacement, against the ship in which is centered the naval pride of Spain. That blow will end at once the fight and Spain's hopes of winning in a war with the United States.

The Perils Newspaper Men Encounter Gathering War News in Cuba.

CHAPTER I. During the last two years there have been many articles published about Cuba. The Spanish, the rebels, the pacifists, the naturalized Americans, have all been discussed in the fullest detail. But, as far as I am aware, the genuine born Americans and the newspaper correspondents, have been totally neglected. The former are very few, and the latter, in describing what they found in Cuba, whether in their papers or the magazines, have followed

the path of the correspondents, and causes them to adopt many subtleties, both in getting their news and in sending it out of the country. "On January 20, 1897, the date of my arrival in Cuba, the greatest uncertainty prevailed as to the condition of the rebellion. No correspondent had returned from the rebel camp for more than four months. The Spanish press, flushed with triumph over the recent death of Antonio Maceo, was filled with rumors, and even

made strenuous efforts to find out the truth of the various stories afloat. Up to this time the newspaper accounts from Cuba had not been of a sort to inspire confidence. With a few honorable exceptions, the correspondents there were of Spanish or Cuban descent, chosen for their familiarity with the language, but, for the same reason, likely to be prejudiced. Most of them, too, were not trained newspaper men. Several were adventurers, who had been dismissed from all respectable pa-



E. Garcia. Dr. M. D. Burgess. Crittendon. T. G. Alvord. E. W. McCreedy. Marriott.

the newspaper rule of suppressing their individualities as far as possible and letting the facts speak for themselves. Yet, by this method, a great deal of very interesting information has been suppressed. Cuba, as a field of war correspondence, is totally unlike any other place in the world. The so-called "powerful, civilized" force being the one that is most anxious to suppress the news, while the enemy who is falsely claimed to consist for the most part of barbarous negroes, is the one that wishes the whole truth to be known. This reversal of the ordinary circumstances develops many curious conditions, greatly increasing the dan-

gers of the correspondents, and causes them to adopt many subtleties, both in getting their news and in sending it out of the country. "On January 20, 1897, the date of my arrival in Cuba, the greatest uncertainty prevailed as to the condition of the rebellion. No correspondent had returned from the rebel camp for more than four months. The Spanish press, flushed with triumph over the recent death of Antonio Maceo, was filled with rumors, and even

pers, but whose identity was not recognized at that time. These men were utterly shameless, and sent the most outrageous falsehoods to the island and moved many of them to keep up the business. They were successful in a far better class, clever and good descriptive writers, but men who had no experience in war correspondence, and whose editors required them to do impossible things. The average American editor would not have expected one man to interview Lincoln, Grant, Lee, Davis and Butler in a week, and to go to all

between Richmond and Washington during our civil war, but he saw nothing unreasonable in a man going to Cuba to interview Gomez, Weyler and Maceo, and get his matter within five days for a special "spread" on Cuba. Such a dispatch was actually sent to a correspondent here.

Some correspondents who tried to do this and similarly impossible things soon got into trouble and were surprised and indignant over it. All of them have left the country before now, some suffering with the fevers bred by the exposure in the swamps; some of them are dead, killed in the trenches of the battle; some have been expelled from Cuba by the government, and some have been discharged by their papers. One young fellow who had succeeded in reaching Gomez at the moment and constant peril of his life, returned to Havana safely, only to find awaiting him a letter stating that he had been heard from for two weeks and had consequently been struck off the payroll.

At about this time, however, our journal came to the bad news of the Cuban news and decided to fresh plans. During January, most of the papers having correspondents in Cuba changed them, sending to replace them, in many cases, the Atlantic announced an American magazine for the most part did not speak Spanish, and who had little war experience, but who had nevertheless been tried in many different situations and seen training nearly any service that could be exacted. When these had fairly gotten to work in Cuba, the true situation there was rapidly brought before the public eye, and reports were confirmed later, in almost every particular, by the consuls and commissioners sent to the island.

The arrival of the New York papers were represented by George E. Bryson, Richard Harding Davis, Stephen Bonsal, G. B. Rea, Sylvester Scovel, and T. G. Alvord. Later arrivals were Karl Becker, E. M. McCreedy, G. Dawley, C. E. Cross, and W. B. Stevens. T. W. Steep was already in Cuba, but not in Havana. Of these men, seven tried to join Gomez. Davis was turned back by a premature publication of his intentions; Scovel was arrested and had a narrow escape from execution; Cross was killed in Gomez's camp; Becker, Rea, Stevens and Alvord were the only ones to return unharmed and without serious trouble, though they all had narrow escapes. Of earlier correspondents in Cuba, Gomez was treacherous and butchered in cold blood. Delgado died in the hospital, and Melton was kept in prison for over two years.

CHAPTER II. The foregoing will show the dangerous character of the Cuban service. The risks were by no means confined to the rebel correspondents. Nearly every Havana correspondent was arrested at least once, and sometimes had considerable trouble in securing his freedom.

As a Filibuster. If a correspondent or volunteer insurgent goes to Cuba, with a filibuster, he stands a fair chance of reaching his destination. If he goes by any other route his chance is very slight unless he has unlimited money. In going as a filibuster he violates, first of all, the laws of his own country. He runs great peril from shipwreck, the filibustering craft being small and likely to encounter rough weather. When he lands he finds himself in much danger from the Spanish troops and ships. If proper connections be made, the insurgent forces which received the goods, and they and them into the mountains, probably having to fight their way. Sometimes there are many days of peril before this connection can be made. However, if he gets through by this means if he can find a party to join—not an easy thing to do nowadays.

The other route is the one usually tried, and at first it seems easy enough. It is quite easy to leave Havana by rail or by coast steamer for any place. The police do not interfere in the slightest, and a man can reach every city in Cuba without any danger. The police, however, search his baggage wherever he leaves at the train, and confiscate all clothing that would be of use to the rebels. Unless he is very fortunate in concealing them, he will lose his cavalry boots, leggings, water-proof, saddle-bags, and the rest. "When he lands at a city from which he expects to reach the insurgents, he is at once a marked man. I have visited every city of importance in Cuba, and on the whole have found more adventures than five native-born Americans in any of them. There are usually about a hundred more naturalized Americans of Cuban parentage, but it can be imagined how conspicuous an American arrival, especially one who does not speak perfect Spanish, will necessarily be.

Spies surround the stranger. Unless a man has friends to guide him, he must go to a hotel, where every spy on him, and where he must state his name and his business. Moreover, he cannot buy a horse without a great deal of money, and must pay \$150 for one. To go on foot would result in certain capture. Only a few persons are now allowed to own horses, the rest being confined to the city. He cannot leave town except by certain designated roads, each of which is defended by a fort, at which he will be stopped and searched. He cannot leave the military chief of the town. If he goes by rail to a fortified sugar estate (and he cannot go without a permit to any extent) he must be accompanied by a military officer without permission from the commandante. To get such a permit, he must usually be vouched for by some resident of the town, must place a bond to return and not to communicate with the rebels. His indorsement will be held responsible and severely punished if he breaks this pledge.

There is a still another circle of small forts around each town, and sugar estates, which comparatively easy to slip out at night on foot, but the whole country is patrolled by bands of guerrillas, who will demand to see his permit if they meet him, and will arrest or kill him if he has none. They have ample authority to kill a man in such a case, and if it turns out to be a mistake, they will not be held responsible. There are dozens of such cases on record. A stranger would find it almost impossible to avoid these patrols, and some of the tales of their doings make the blood run cold.

PATHWORK VERSES.

"One kiss, dear maid," I said and sighed—
(Coleridge)
Out of those lips unshorn—(Longfellow);
She shook her ringlets round her head—
(Stoddard)
And laughed in merry scorn—(Tennyson).
Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky—(Tennyson)
You heard them, O my heart—(Alice Cary).
'Tis at night by the castle clock—(Coleridge).
Beloved, we must part—(Alice Cary).
'Come back, come back' with tears in grief—
(Campbell).
My love are dim with hears—(Bayard Taylor).
How shall I live through all these days—
(Googol).
All through a hundred years?—(T. S. Perry).
The laughing bridal rose blow—(Patmore).
To dress her dark brown hair—(Bayard Taylor).
My heart is breaking with my woe—(Tennyson).
Most beautiful, most rare—(Read).
I clasped it on her sweet, cold hand—
(Read).
The precious golden link—(Smith).
I calmed her fears and she was calm—
(Read).
Drink, pretty creature, drink—(Wordsworth).
And so I won my Genevieve—(Coleridge).
And walks in places—(Hoyt).
The forest that that ever grew—(Wordsworth).
Between me and the skies—(Googol).
—Detroit Journal.

CURRENT LITERATURE NOTES AND GOSSIP.

A list of the contributors to the Christmas number of the Fall Mail magazine will give one of the best notices that could be written about this extraordinary issue. The contributors are: Anthony Hope, Christian Burke, "Violet Fane," C. J. C. Hynes, H. Hensley Vachell, Frederic Whyte, A. T. Quiller Couch and many others.

There is something to interest all readers in the November issue of the Strand magazine. Oswald has a very instructive article about John Higgins, the champion jumper of the world. "Some American Poets" by Warren Cooper, is an entertaining subject that describes the common pests of this country and how they have been exterminated. Under the title of "Tracks," William G. Fitzgerald has described some historic disasters.

For a 10-cent magazine the New Illustrated is one of the best published. The subjects are always entertaining, and the variety is so pronounced that the reader becomes fascinated. The December number is just as interesting as usual. The articles lead along the lines of light fiction to the broader views of historic facts.

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," proves, on a closer acquaintance which his visit to this country is now giving, no less attractive as a man than as a writer. His public readings from his own works seem to give his large audiences the highest satisfaction; and in the busy course of friends

dining through which he has been put since he landed he has shown himself the kindliest and most unassuming of guests of honor.

Mr. Hawkins is now 34 years old. He began life as a lawyer, and in 1882 he made a vigorous but unsuccessful canvass for a Liberal seat in parliament. While waiting for clients he began to write stories. He made his way slowly at first; he had been writing four or five years before he achieved a pronounced success in "The Prisoner of Zenda." "The Dolly Dialogues" followed and confirmed his popularity. It is an interesting fact that while he is visiting in this country an American magazine will begin publication of a sequel to the story which was his great success. McClure's Magazine for December will contain the opening chapters of "Rupert of Hentzau," a new Zenda novel which continues the history of the love and adventures of Rudolf Rassendyll and Princess Flavia. They were extremely engaging people as they presented themselves in "The Prisoner of Zenda," but those who have had the privilege of reading the new story say they are still more engaging in it, and that the series of adventures through which it carries them is one to keep readers sitting up all night.

The Thanksgiving number of Leslie's Weekly for November 25 is a magazine everyone will want to read. A double-page picture gives a view of Nat Goodwin, Maxine Elliott and company at a rehearsal on the stage of the Knickerbocker. The picture on the title page explains itself in unexpressed terms. Cigarette smokers will find a well merited tribute to the purity and excellence of the dainty roll.

Womankind for November presents an unusual number of articles of exceptional good reading. The magazine is strictly a journal for women and the home.

The world of novel writing is to be represented at the Rhododendron Club by the well-known author of "The Day After Tomorrow," "The Devil's Playground" and "Sinners' Tweak," is preparing for an expedition to that region. Among the living writers of fiction Mr. Mackie probably is the most adventurous and restless, and it is to be hoped that he will make a good report of his second gold-digging experience.

Among the contributors of the Christmas number of McClure's magazine is Ella Higginson, the author of "The Day After Tomorrow," "The Devil's Playground" and "Sinners' Tweak," is preparing for an expedition to that region. Among the living writers of fiction Mr. Mackie probably is the most adventurous and restless, and it is to be hoped that he will make a good report of his second gold-digging experience.

The November Temple deals with the real nature of the thinking faculty and function, and will be found full of surprises. It is entitled "Thinking All Over." It is brought out in book form, and is a remarkable "I see and I know" window filled with books by people who do not even know how to write postal cards.

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Jacob A. Riss will contribute an article to the December Century entitled "Merry Christmas in the Trenches," with a great number of illustrations by Fay Hambridge, depicting life on the East Side of New York.

"A Matador's Love" is the title of a striking new and interesting novel by the author of "The Day After Tomorrow," "The Devil's Playground" and "Sinners' Tweak," is preparing for an expedition to that region. Among the living writers of fiction Mr. Mackie probably is the most adventurous and restless, and it is to be hoped that he will make a good report of his second gold-digging experience.

Sunbeams for December furnishes the feast of good reading for both old and young. The opening article is on Hawaii, "The Paradise of the Pacific," written by Dr. Henry Liddell, and will be read with special interest at this time. The article contains pictures of the ex-queen, the Princess Kaiulani, the national capital and a scene from Honolulu.

A savor of Thanksgiving pervades the current number of the Illustrated American, yet without detriment to variety of interests in the contents.

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For Spokane, Rosland, St. Paul and East	8:00 a. m.
For Portland	8:30 a. m.
For Olympia	9:00 a. m.
For Aberdeen	9:30 a. m.
For Tacoma, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m.	9:45 a. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT SEATTLE

From Spokane, Rosland, St. Paul and East	6:00 p. m.
From Portland	6:30 p. m.
From Olympia	7:00 p. m.
From Aberdeen	7:30 p. m.
From Tacoma, 8:15 and 9:15 p. m.	8:30 p. m.

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