The Scranton Tribune

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SCRANTON, OCTOBER 10, 1901.

THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

State.

Supreme Court—WILLIAM P. POTTER.
Treasurer—FRANK G. HARRIS.

County.

Judge—I. W. CARPENTER.
Controller—E. A. JONES.
Coroner—DR. J. J. ROBERTS.
Surveyor—GEORGE E. STEVENSON.

Election Nov. 5.

"When the Democracy went out of power in our state it left to the Republican party a legacy of almost $10,000,000 of debt. This debt, by wise administration under Republican rule, has been almost entirely paid. We have increased the appropriations to the common schools until we stand at the head of the American states in support of popular education. Under Republican administration there has been paid each year for educational purposes more than was appropriated by the Democratic party in their quarter of a century of misrule. We have increased our appropriations to charitable and eleemosynary institutions until we can make the boast that no state between the two oceans supports these institutions as well as does our own. Our 7,000,000 of people are industrious, honest, law-abiding and happy. Yet, surrounded as we are on every side with prosperous business conditions, with people happy, employed and contented, and with every avenue of business and trade fully occupied, and with the prospect of the future brightening and growing more hopeful, the old historic party of obstruction and negation sets up a hysterical cry of false pretense, hypocrisy and insincerity for the purpose of misleading the people and regaining lost power."—From the Republican State Platform.

The Scranton Railway company must have a manager who knows how to win the confidence of his subordinates.

To Ride or Not to Ride.

THE LETTER of Dr. McLeod declining to accede to the request of the striking street car men to refrain from patronizing the cars as now operated is an exercise of privilege open to all American citizens. The strikers had a right to make the request. Dr. McLeod had an equal right to decline it. The point to be emphasized is that neither right must be infringed.

Those who ride are entitled to the same protection as those who walk, no more and no less. The calling of vile names at patrons of the cars is as much a violation of the law as would be the abuse of walkers by the Traction company. Talk of boycotting those who ride is both foolish and criminal. The rights of citizenship are not to be cancelled because a strike exists. The strikers have publicly counselled against this and to prove their sincerity might properly take the initiative in entering information before a magistrate against fool sympathizers who injure their cause by lawlessness, even though petty.

The public, which is put to inconvenience and financial loss by this strike, will not tolerate any abridgement of its liberties. It will ride or walk as it pleases and ask permission of nobody before doing so. In the meantime, the city authorities, without prejudice or partiality, will, to the full extent of their ability, see that the public highways are not obstructed, and that good order shall be preserved. Their duty is to the whole community and it will be performed.

No boycotting. It is illegal and un-American. The cause which resorts to it is lost.

Whitechapel and Scranton.

WHEN Lynett's yellow Times asserted that the outcast women of Scranton are as brazen and audacious in their advances as those of Whitechapel the corollary of his libel was that the morality of the men of Scranton as a whole is no higher than that of the roughs and the toughs, the burglars and the thieves of Whitechapel.

Whitechapel is a section of London with a population of something over a million. It is one of the largest of the congested districts into which the wilderness of London is divided. Its people are submerged in the lowest depths of poverty, misery and crime. According to Sir Howard Vincent, who was chief of the detective department of Scotland Yard, London and its suburbs contain over forty thousand prostitutes, and of these something like twenty thousand find shelter in Whitechapel. Whitechapel, then, has a population of outcast women nearly as numerous as the entire population of the central city of Scranton. Think of that, good people, and ponder on Lynett's comparison of your city, with its forty or fifty inmates of brothels, with the English Gommorah.

Let us see if the police authorities manage the moral fumigation in Whitechapel better than in Scranton. In Whitechapel there is no police supervision of disorderly houses. The police have the power of raiding these places, but they do not exercise it, for the simple reason that if they tried they would have time for little else. Moreover, English magistrates draw a very rigid distinction between sin and crime. A disorderly house must be so in a criminal sense before a policeman would think of interfering with it. The police do not prohibit "soliciting" in the streets of London. Red lamps are as conspicuous in every street and purlieu of Whitechapel as electric lights are on London Bridge. Is it so in Scranton? The public houses and saloons in Whitechapel are freely frequented and patronized by men and boys, women and girls, from morning to night and night to morning. Is this so in Scranton? When William Stead set out to explore the iniquity of the modern Babylon years ago he found that a tribute of ten thousand maidens was offered annually to the moloch of lust in London, and that of these victims five to six thousand were recruited from Whitechapel. Will the Times point out in what relation Scranton stands to Whitechapel in this respect?

The moral and social life of Scranton in its seamiest sides and darkest shades is as dissimilar to that of Whitechapel as the temperature of the North Pole is to that of the Equator. Only the mendacity of a conscienceless demagogue could conceive the libel which Lynett flaunts.

Better would it have been for all concerned had Schley reached the retiring age four years ago.

Up and at Them!

THE ATTEMPT of Mr. Newcomb's supporters to cause a division in the ranks of the Republican party in this county detrimental to Judge Carpenter is not meeting with success. The Republicans of Lackawanna are proud of their candidate for judge—proud of his high personal character, proud of his studiousness and ability as a lawyer, proud of the fact that when he sits upon the common pleas bench he fully fills the requirements and upholds ably and well the dignity of the judicial office.

The Republican party has no explanations or apologies to make for Judge Carpenter's presence on their ticket. Whether he was Connell's man or Fleitz's man or somebody else's man prior to his nomination at the Republican primaries, he is now the Republican party's man and it is happy to support him unreservedly. As a matter of fact, Fleitz had no more to do with Carpenter's appointment than any other of his indorsers among the representative bar. Congressman Connell asked the governor to appoint him, after satisfying himself by careful inquiry that Carpenter was the man for the place. Naturally this recommendation was not displeasing to Fleitz. Fleitz has a right to feel glad at his former law-partner's success. He would be a mean man were he otherwise.

We repeat that there is no division among Republicans with respect to the judicial nominee or any other name on the ticket. This year there is absolute harmony. No man calling himself a Republican and expecting future recognition in Republican circles has any other desire than that the Republican ticket shall be elected next month from top to bottom, with splendid majorities. The men on the ticket are first-class. There never was a better one in the history of the party. Even the opposition admits this by foregoing its usual personal criticism and by having to lug in outside issues. There is, therefore, every inducement to Republicans to push the campaign to a successful finish and to administer to the enemy an exemplary thrashing.

The worst blow that Seth Low's candidacy has yet sustained is Carl Schurz's announcement that he is for it.

Roosevelt to the Rescue.

IT HAS BEEN decided by the president that if a ransom shall be necessary to secure the release of Miss Stone, the American missionary held captive by Macedonian brigands, its return will afterward be demanded of the Turkish authorities, together with such guarantees of future safety to American travelers as will effectually discourage the kidnapping of Americans in that country. President Roosevelt is giving the matter his personal attention and preparing to exemplify his reputation for vigor and strenuousness. Just what diplomatic steps are possible toward these ends has not been disclosed; but the president is famous for discovering short cuts and this is one of the times when he would be generally commended for doing a little rough riding over the unspeakable Turk.

Although the prudential committee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions by unanimous vote decided that it would be inexpedient for the board as an official body to establish the precedent of paying a ransom, since that would put a premium on the life of every American living or traveling abroad, after consultation with the president and after learning the government's intentions in this matter, it has so far receded from this action as to indorse the ransom proposition with the understanding that prompt and emphatic federal intervention will follow. The committee has reported its intense gratification at the spirit in which President Roosevelt is considering the subject and says it is willing to trust the government implicitly.

The Sultan will find that what Roosevelt says he means. His habitual dilly dallying is slated for a severe shock before many moons have passed.

Ex-Candidate Palm is a gentleman and a scholar. He deserved a better fate.

The Ingenious Chinee.

THE Heathen Chinee is an imitative person; of that we have been convinced for some time, but really he must draw the line somewhere. He is not content with imitating our virtues, but insists on scrupulously copying our vices and improving on the original—if there can be said to be an improvement in additional vice. He was an apt pupil in the opium habit, which Christian nations set for an example. He has shown himself as clever as yellow journalists in the abduction of women. He learned quickly that it paid to go to Christian churches, for not only did he thus learn the English language, but found religion a convenient cloak for various ways that are dark and tricks that are vain.

Even our delightful Minister Wu has hastened to learn almost anything which Americans affect, from golf and automobiling to the methods of our politics, and the dissipations of pink teas. But the latest accomplishment of the Chinese is to imitate our goods and menace our trade in China. We are ourselves pretty expert at adulteration. We have been able to manufacture wooden nutmegs which would deceive a monkey himself. We have practiced in canning beef until we could fool the very elect War department, and probably killed more soldiers than were exterminated by Spanish bullets.

But the Chinese go us one better. They imitate condensed milk with a buzzard instead of an eagle for the brand, until it is excluding our own manufacture. They put up California Bartlett pears which are a base and horrible travesty on the fruit of America. Their canned fish, vegetables, etc., are supplanting ours, because they are poorer and therefore cheaper. Something must be done. Either we have got to begin teaching Chinese to the operators in canning factories in order to properly label our canned goods—and Chinese is a rather difficult language to learn; it usually consumes an ordinary lifetime—or else we shall have to contemplate establishing English schools in every Chinese village.

The free-pass advocate and beneficiary should take courage from as great an authority as Senator Depew, who is doubtful whether the system can be broken up. He declares that the difficulty lies in the fact that the railroads will not keep an agreement to issue no more passes, and that all previous efforts to secure concerted action in the matter have been futile. If Senator Depew's idea is to be credited, and he is probably correct, the Grand Trunk Line is to be a very lonesome road, and the free pass fiend will continue to get pleasure out of life and the railroads.

Not many countries would yield as much as England yields in surrendering the Clayton-Bulwer canal treaty without compensation. Americans should appreciate it.

Tammany's nominee for mayor of Gotham is an attorney for the sugar trust. Of course Tammany is opposed to trusts.

Lord Roberts advises English critics of the South African war to have patience. That is what critics cannot have.

The saying goes that every dog has his day. Richard Croker has had a long one. It is near its end.

Outing Studies of Human Nature

Bishop Dub's Ride.

A Reading, Pa., correspondent of the Sun thus describes a thrilling ride recently enjoyed (?) by Bishop Dubs, head of the United Evangelical church of the United States:

The well known churchman, who is just 65 years old, had preached at the Adamstown camp meeting and was booked to appear at an important business meeting of the church in this city. The bishop took the steam cars for Reading, but when half way here the engine was derailed and all further progress was blocked.

To one of the train employes, Bobby Wahl, fell the lot of bringing the mail through to Reading. The wreck had occurred at a high place and it was known that a smaller car might be run to Molnsville by gravity, where trolley communications could be had. The railroad man procured a handcar, put the mail on and was about starting when an elderly, white-bearded man of giant build, asked whether he could ride along.

"All right," said the railroader, "but you've got to take the chances, old man." The bishop quietly smiled and said he would, and was amused because he was not known to the conductor of the handcar. They were off quickly and as the car gained momentum it dashed down the incline rapidly. The bishop could not maintain an upright position, no matter how much he tried to by stiffening his legs and propping himself. The handcar swayed from side to side and the man at the brake grasped the wheel with both hands and kept his eyes well ahead.

As the truck dashed down a steep grade, making a great deal of noise, the bishop had to take off his hat. His silvery locks and beard fluttered in the breeze. Then he sat down. Next he lay flat with the mail bag for a pillow. The ride had become fast and furious.

"Don't go so fast, young man," said the bishop as he turned about, not relishing the hard floor of the handcar. Next he tried to sit up.

"Go slower," said the bishop.

On went the car at thirty miles an hour and swaying from side to side

"Run slower," appealed the bishop, but the truck went on.

Then the bishop asked to get off, but Wahl was too much in a hurry. He could not stop. The bishop looked over the side of the car and saw a deep, wooded ravine with sharp rocks pointing up at him.

"Don't run so fast," appealed the venerable churchman. "I tell you, go slower or we'll be killed."

Finally the railroader, unable to maintain silence and temper any longer, answered:

"I wish you'd keep still. How the hell do you expect I'm to get this mail through by any slow running?"

"Don't swear, young man! don't swear. You'll never get to heaven."

The railroader then remembered that he went to church, regretted his temper and kept still. The truck flew on around sharp curves, which jolted and swayed the car, threatening to roll the bishop off.

"Keep still, old man, and we'll get there all right, but I tell you to keep still and don't bother me!" said Wahl

Then the bishop was quiet and held on to the flat side of the car, shut his eyes and trusted in heaven as the car rattled and slammed down the hillsides and over trestles, crossing ravines and through meadows, until finally Molnsville was reached and the bishop was safely delivered.

"There, I guess you're all right," said Wahl, tossing the mail bag to an official. "This is business, you know. S'long," and he and the bishop separated. The churchman wiped the dust from his face, stepped aboard a trolley car and got here in time to meet his engagement.

It was such a novel experience that he related the story of his journey on a hand car to the Young People's meeting and cautioned everybody to hold his temper and never swear.

A Good Fellow.

A cab driver of the nighthawk species, who begins to look for his prey even before the sun goes down, patronizes a little Italian bootblack named Tony. Every evening about 6 o'clock he pulls up in front of Tony's stand, climbs from his perch and demands a shine. Tony always responds with great alacrity, but never gets any pay. Still he seems satisfied. "How is it you shine his shoes for nothing?" asked another customer last evening, as the Johnny climbed up to his seat and drove off. "Dat's a Jeem," replied Tony, smiling, while his white teeth fairly gleamed. "Jeem is a nice frien'." "Yes, he seems to be your friend," said the man in the chair. "You give him a shine every night, don't you? What has he done for you? What has he ever done for you?" "Oh, Jeem, he's all right," replied Tony. "He's a good-a fel. He say to me once: 'Tony, you give-a me a shine even day, an' some-a time take-a you out an' give you a ride.'" "How long ago was that?" asked the customer. "Two year ago," said Tony, still smiling. "Some-a time Jeem, he take-a me out. Jeem, he's a good-a fel."—Philadelphia Record.

Taking No Chances.

"It was exciting while it lasted," said the commercial traveler who is home for a few days. "Now, what people may say never causes me any uneasiness; so when I saw a good thing in the new shirt waist, that is all the go, I immediately fitted myself out with a yellow affair that rivaled the famous sunsets that we had a number of years ago. As I look back at it now I am satisfied that I must have left a yellow streak through all the towns that I visited, and I doubt if the excitement created has subsided yet. The candid and open comments I heard would have caused a man with less nerve than I have to blush and give way to public opinion. But I am made of sterner stuff, and the frank comments that I heard only made me the more determined to see the thing out.

"It remained for a hotel-keeper in a little town that I visited to take a fall out of me. I railed up the desk in all the glory of my shirt waist, seized the register, dashed down my name and demanded the best room in the house.

"'Two dollars down,' said the old man calmly, looking at me without a quiver of his eye.

"'See here,' I stormed, 'what do you mean by demanding money in advance of a man who has two trunks and a grip? Haven't I been here a dozen times and always paid my bills?'

"'Can't help that,' he answered. 'It's two dollars down or git.'

"'He runs the only hotel that the town affords, or I would not have argued with him as long as I did. There was no train out that night, and I had to stay where I was, so I returned to the attack once more.

"'Perhaps you think I am a dead-beat?' said I, mad as a wet hen.

"'Perhaps ye are, an' perhaps ye aint,' he answered with exasperating slowness. 'But if a man is so all-fired hard up that he has to wear his wife's shirt waist it is jez' as well not to take any chances. Two dollars down, please.'

"I came down; so did the shirt waist as soon as I could open my trunk."—Detroit Free Press.

He Was After Nickel Jobs.

A very small pile of coal lay on the sidewalk in front of a house on A street, southeast. A correspondingly small son of Ham was sauntering along, and, seeing it, scented a job. He rang the door bell.

"Am dat you all's coal?" he asked the lady who appeared at the door.

"Yes."

"Want it toted in?"

"Yes."

"Kain't I git de job?"

"Why, you're pretty small, and then you might charge too much. You might ask more than I could pay."

"How much is yo' got?" asked the small man of business. "Kin yo' raise a dollah?"

"Oh, my goodness, no."

"Seventy-five cents?"

"No; run along and don't bother me," and she started to close the door.

"Mebbe so you'll gib 50 cents?"

"No, no; run along."

"I reckon yo' all ain't got er qu'tah?"

"No."

"Ner a dime?"

"No, not even a dime," replied the woman, beginning to laugh.

"Well how much is you got?" questioned Ham, showing his ivories. "I sut'nly does wanter git de job."

"I've got just a nickel."

"Well, I'm jus' a-lookin' for nickel jobs." And he straightway began.—Washington Star.

Mr. Choate Didn't Know Her.

A very well known lawyer and his wife were in London this summer, and the wife had to be operated on for appendicitis as soon as she arrived. They were great friends of Mr. Choate, and the ambassador sent at once to inquire of her condition and kept her room supplied with flowers.

The first day she was able to walk out husband and wife met the ambassador on the street. Mr. Choate quickly jumped from his hansom and joined them with eager protestations of delight at meeting his friend again.

He warmly shook both the hands of his comrade and asked a dozen questions about his health, his address and his probable stay in London. The wife, who had been standing by waiting for her turn, finally said with a pout, "Way, Mr. Choate, you don't take any notice of me. You haven't spoken a word to me yet. I really believe you have forgotten me."

"My dear madame," said Mr. Choate, "I must confess that I did not recognize you without your appendix."—Philadelphia Post.

A Grave Mistake.

"Here," said the widow, rushing into the office of the man who dealt in tomb-stones, "I refuse to pay you for that old monument you want to palm off on me. My poor, poor, poor husband! He had picked up a stick of dynamite and was trying to find out whether it was any good or not when the accident happened. Ah, me! All we ever found of him was the left leg. That we placed in the grave with due ceremony. Oh, William! William! It isn't much, but what there is of it is sacred to me."

"But, madame," said the dealer in marble, "what have I to do with all this?"

"What have you to do with it?" she cried "Haven't your men gone out there and put a slab with 'He Rests in Peace' on it over that leg? People who know anything about the circumstances would wonder whenever they saw the inscription why I didn't have it made 'He Rests in Pieces!' You take that down before tomorrow or I'll hire somebody to do it."

An investigation showed that the workmen had made a mistake in graves.—Chicago Record-Herald.

She Was En Neglige.

A member of the family who has been traveling with a white maid found it necessary upon her return to substitute some raw local material of the other color. The day after her installation this substitute appeared at the library door with the announcement:

"Miss Alice, they's some gemmans down stairs ter see you"—naming some boys from a neighboring place.

"Well, Dinah, you'll have to tell them that I'm en neglige this afternoon, and can't see them; they must excuse me."

Sequel as described next day by one of the callers: Dinah appeared in the drawing room door accompanied by a toothsome grin. "Youse gemmans got go home, sahs Miss Alice she say she's up stairs dere naked as a jay, an' 'scuse me, but yer can't see her!"—New York Times Magazine Supplement.

In Round Figures.

Not long ago a lady was giving a lecture. Her subject was the human figure, and the requirements in the way of proportion, for beauty. She herself was of generous—one may say unwieldy—size, and her manner was supercilious and lofty. She was trying to demonstrate the relative sizes of the limbs as they really ought to be.

"For example," said she, "twice round my thumb"—she held it up—"once round my wrist; twice round my wrist, once round my neck; twice round my neck, once round my waist."

Here she paused, and a shrill voice from the audience exclaimed:

"Twice round your waist, once round Hyde Park!"

The lecturer hastily passed on to another branch of the subject.—London Answers.

Good Boy!

"I am afraid," she said, after he had called her an angel, "that you flatter me."

He was groggy for a moment, but quickly recovering himself, replied: "No, I flatter the angels."

"Then, being a woman, she failed to strike out, and it was all over but the clinching.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A SONG.

In the fairyland of sleep,
Where the crooning streams
Shine in many a wavy swamp
Round the hill of dreams,
Comes the world to wander when
Night unlocks the gate to men.

They that sorrow, they that go
Softly in their mirth,
As the light is wearing low
Weary of the earth,
And, like children hand in hand,
Enter into fairyland.

All the phantoms of the day
Vanish with the sun,
Swift as smoke that melts away
When the flame is done;
In their stead in gay attire,
Shine the shapes of heart's desire.

Banished and forlorn, I dwell
By the outer towers,
Listening to the passing bell
Of the dying hours,
All the night long while I keep
Vigil by the gates of sleep.

—Edward Wright, in Literature.

ADMIRAL SCHLEY WAS EXCITED

[Concluded from Page 1.]

The Court—While on the passage to Santiago from Cienfuegos were any signals made by either the Vixen or the Eagle respecting the commander in chief to decrease the speed of the squadron?

"Not that I know of."

The Court—Do you know that any orders were signalled to the fleet by the Brooklyn during the battle of July 3?

"From my own personal observation I do not know."

Lieutenant Bristol was then excused and Rear Admiral Taylor was called. The admiral said that when the battle of Santiago on July 3 was begun the Indiana, of which he was in command, had occupied the easternmost post on the line of blockade, having taken the place of the flagship New York when it left for Siboney.

In reply to a question from the judge advocate as to whether he had observed the position of the Brooklyn at the time of the beginning of the battle, the witness said:

"Just before the beginning of the battle I did, and on two occasions thereafter."

"After the beginning of the battle please say where you observed the Brooklyn, whether you noticed her proximity to the Texas and what it was."

Brooklyn Dropped Out.

"When the battle had been on about ten or fifteen minutes my attention was attracted to the Brooklyn by my signal officer, Captain Dawson. He said to me that the Brooklyn must be injured, or words to that effect, as she was dropping out of action. I observed the Brooklyn heading apparently about south, or off the shore. She was then on my port bow, half a mile perhaps ahead of me, and at that time a quarter of a mile outside the line of our column. She was not turning so far as I could see. The Texas was apparently lying still in the water. I did not see whether she was backing or not. The distance between the two ships was impossible for me to see. They were too nearly in a line for me to judge of the distance between them. I merely observed that there was a bunch of ships ahead of me. Not more than a few minutes later my attention was again drawn to the Brooklyn. She had then proceeded a distance not over two miles to seaward of our column of battle. Immediately afterward she passed into thick smoke, which was lying in patches about. I took no further notice of her. On those occasions, however, my recollection is very plain, and the distance very near to what I stated."

The Judge Advocate—Can you state generally in what direction the Brooklyn was headed when you last saw her?

"Not more than two points difference from when I first saw her, apparently not any difference, but I can say it could not have been more than two points, and that if she was headed as I believe, south by east, when I first saw her across the bows of the Texas, she was not headed more than south by west when I last saw her."

"Did you see Cervera's vessels when they came out of Santiago harbor?"

"Yes, sir."

"What direction did they take first after getting out, and how far outside the mouth of the harbor were they when they changed their direction?"

"Their change appeared gradual, porting their helms as they cleared the mouth of the harbor and proceeding perhaps with changes of course of one or two points at a time until they were in a line parallel with the shore."

No Attempt to Ram Ships.

"Did you observe whether there was any attempt on the part of any of these vessels to ram any of the vessels of the American squadron?"

"I observed that there was no such attempt."

When the judge advocate had concluded his interrogations Mr. Rayner began his cross-examination with an effort to introduce certain signals which had passed between the Indiana and Admiral Sampson's flagship, the New York, in the early morning of July 3, 1898. Captain Lemly made immediate objection, and Mr. Rayner presented an earnest plea to be allowed to read the signals. He was not permitted at that time to do so, but it is understood that the signal which he desired to introduce as having been sent from the New York to the Indiana was dated at 8.15 a. m. on that day and was an invitation from the flagship to accompany her to Siboney, while the reply was a declination to do so. The admiral's invitation was wigwagged by Captain Chadwick, and was as follows:

"The admiral wishes to know if you will join him this morning in going to see General Shafter."

To that Rear Admiral Taylor replied at 8.37 o'clock: "Work on board ship previously going on prevents me from going with you today."

Mr. Rayner contended that the signals were among the most important occurrences of the day prior to the time that the command of the fleet devolved on Commodore Schley.

Captain Lemly replied that under previous rulings of the court the reading of the signals was clearly inadmissible. He, however, agreed that he would consult with Mr. Rayner and that if after that consultation the question including the reading of the signals should appear proper Admiral Taylor could be recalled and the question asked. To that Mr. Rayner consented and the court took a recess for luncheon.

Expert Range Testimony.

At the afternoon session of the court Admiral Taylor said that on the morning of the battle of July 3 the Indiana had signalled: "The enemy is escaping."

The Indiana was, he said, at that time already cleared for action. He had, he said, personally seen the Brooklyn while on her southern detour commonly known as the "loop."

Mr. Rayner questioned the witness as to the relative value of the stadimeter and the sextant in ascertaining distances at sea. He said he regarded the stadimeter accurate to the extent that it is used.

The court asked only one question of Admiral Taylor, as follows:

"Was the Indiana in such position with reference to the Brooklyn and the enemy's ships just after they cleared the entrance of the harbor that you could form a fairly correct estimate of the distance between them?"

The reply was: "At the time mentioned there was but two occasions when the smoke permitted me to see the Brooklyn distinctly. I could not, therefore, say what was the distance between the enemy and the Brooklyn just after the Spanish fleet came out of the harbor."

Admiral Taylor was then excused, and Lieutenant Commander Templin M. Potts, who was navigator of the Massachusetts, was called.

Commander Potts said that during the blockade off Santiago the distance observed by the flying squadron was from seven to nine miles from the mouth of the harbor. At Cienfuegos the distance out was from four to five miles, with an increase of the distance at night. The witness said that he had been on the Massachusetts on May 31, the day of the bombardment of the Colon, when Commodore Schley used that vessel as his flagship.

Detailing Commodore Schley's conversation on that occasion, the witness said:

"When Commodore Schley came on board I heard him say: 'Higginson, I am going in with you and the Iowa and put the Colon with your big guns. I want to fire deliberately. Admiral Sampson will be here tomorrow morning and I wish to destroy the Colon,' or words to that effect. After that there was a conversation between Commodore Schley and the commanding officer of the ship as to when we would go in, and it was determined that we would allow the men to go to dinner and go in afterward, which we did. Later on, about 1 o'clock, I think, while on the port bridge just abaft the pilot house I was present at a conversation between Commodore Schley and Captain Higginson, in which the question of where the ship was to be fought was under discussion. Commodore Schley asked Captain Higginson what position he intended to take. He replied:

The Indiana's Signals.

"'I think the conning tower.'

"Commodore Schley replied: 'Yes, I think that is wisest.'

"Shortly after this Commodore Schley and his staff, the captain and myself, went down to the conning tower on the forward thirteen-inch turret. Commodore Schley, Commander Schroeder, I think, Commodore Schley's personal staff and myself, were standing as the ship was moving in toward the entrance. Commodore Schley said in my hearing and presence: 'Gentlemen, we are very conspicuous objects here in white. I think we had better get out of this.' Commodore Schley left the forward thirteen-inch turret and took his place on the small platform on the lee side of the conning tower."

Captain Lemly—At what stage of the action was this?

"As we were were steaming in toward the entrance before we had turned to the eastward."

Captain Lemly—Did you hear any further conversation?

"I heard the conversation when Commodore Schley was leaving the ship in which he stated that he was satisfied with the reconnoissance that he had made in drawing the fire of the batteries, or words to that effect."

Captain—Lemly—What was the bearing and manner of Commodore Schley during the engagement of May 31, to which you have already referred?

"His bearing and manner was that of a man who was suffering under extreme mental excitement, or one who had a disagreeable duty to perform and performed it reluctantly and tried to get through with it as soon as he could."

Mr. Rayner then began his cross-examination.

"Who was the captain of your ship?" he asked.

"Francis J. Higginson."

"I want to read you what Captain Higginson says about Commodore Schley's manner and bearing on that occasion. He says: 'His manner was that of commander in chief.' He left a different impression in your mind from what he left on Captain Higginson's mind, then?"

"Apparently."

"Had Captain Higginson opportunity to observe him on that occasion?"

"Not as well as I did, because Captain Higginson was in the conning tower, and I was outside."

In response to further questions as upon what he based his statement that the commodore was laboring under mental excitement, the witness said:

"When Commodore Schley came on board the Massachusetts he stated in distinct terms that he was going in to destroy the Colon. The Colon was not destroyed. When he left the ship he called it a 'reconnoissance,' drawing the fire of the batteries and developing their weakness or strength."

The witness was asked some questions by the court relative to the range of the guns, etc., and was then excused.

Lieutenant R. P. Leiper was next called. He served on the New Orleans during the Spanish war and told of the participation of that vessel in the bombardment of the Colon, May 31.

In the Conning Tower.

He described that engagement, saying that the first shot from the Massachusetts had fallen outside the Morro, and, notwithstanding the range was increased, all the short fell short of the Colon. There were, he said, no orders either to bring as or to make observations of the batteries. But, notwithstanding this, he did fire at the eastern batteries on his own responsibility. He had personally aimed the guns, but the distance was so great that only the red line of earth could be seen; neither guns nor men were discernable. One shot from the enemy fell thirty or forty yards from the New Orleans. The projectile was so small he had been surprised that it reached such a range. All told, the firing of his vessel upon the Colon had not consumed more than six minutes. He thought all the shots from the American ships had fallen short of the Colon. The witness said he had seen no evidence of the presence of large or powerful guns in the shore batteries, and was of opinion there were none to exceed six inches in calibre.

The witness said he had secured his most accurate idea of the strength of the shore batteries from the fact that on June 11 the New Orleans had approached to within 1,650 yards of them, remaining for twenty minutes and silencing them after four or five minutes. Lieutenant Leiper was still on the stand when the court adjourned for the day.

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