

OUR PRISONERS OF WAR.

Humane Treatment That Has Opened the Eyes of the Captured Spaniards.

ADMIRAL CERVERA'S BILLET.

Civilization while you wait would be an appropriate motto for the prison stockade at Camp Long. The camp is on Seavey's Island, part of the Navy Yard, which on the map appears in Kittery, Me., and on official documents at Portsmouth, in New Hampshire.

Two days before the St. Louis steamed into the harbor with 692 Spanish prisoners of war on board the camp ground was not much better than a desert. This end of the island is bound with rocks which stick up through the blueberry bushes and scrubby grass on knolls and hillsides.

Within thirty-six hours from the arrival of the St. Louis in the lower harbor the village had been equipped with all the creature comforts demanded by a free born American citizen.

The landing of the Spaniards was without ceremony or display. Two black, flatiron shaped barges were brought up, one after the other, from the big liner, about a mile away, and made fast to Lieutenant Greely's landing place, at the foot of old Fort Sullivan, now used as a reservoir.

There were a few workmen and a few ladies and children from the post on the shore, and a cordon of pleasure boats on the water, but no official demonstration of any sort. There was not an officer, nor even a marine, in sight, and no indications that the island was garrisoned.

On the first barge Lieutenant Catlin, a survivor of the Maine disaster, brought with him Captain Moren, of the Cristobal Colon, to act as interpreter, and about a dozen American marines to take care of a boatload of four hundred Spanish prisoners of war. Lieutenant Catlin had a navy revolver in his belt instead of a sword, but went at his work without any fuss or feathers. When six marines had scrambled ashore and were strung along the bank, the gangway was opened to the prisoners, who went off the barge in an irregular straggling.

They were defeated and shipwrecked sailors, and they showed it. Bareheaded and barefooted, with straggly



QUARTERS OF ADMIRAL CERVERA AND HIS OFFICERS AT THE ANNAPOLIS NAVAL ACADEMY.

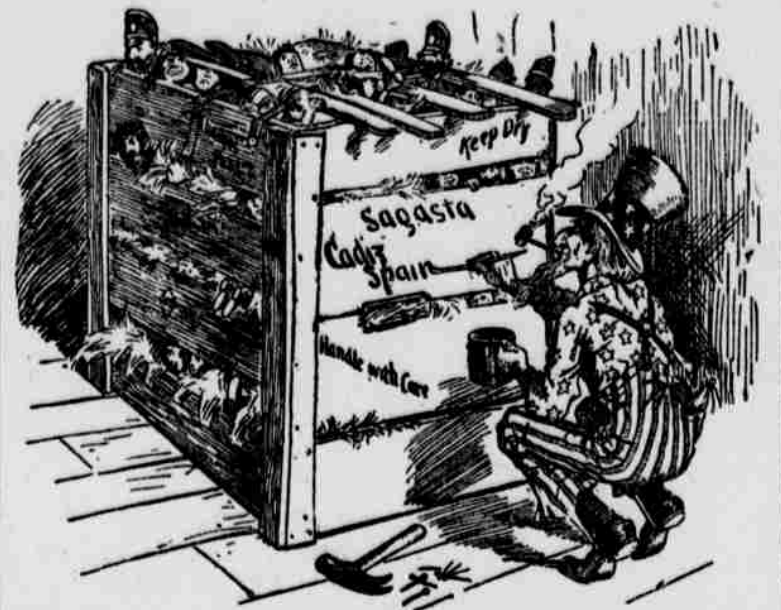
beards, and only a couple of dirty garments in most cases covering legs and bodies, they passively obeyed the orders of Captain Moren, and were gathered in ship's companies by the calling of the roll. Hardly had a hundred men been landed before the sick began to drop groaning upon the dusty roadside.

After the mustering was over the first shipload of prisoners was surrounded by marines from the garrison and marched into the stockade, the barefooted ones being chiefly anxious to avoid the nettles that lurked in some of the grassy places.

After one day in camp these same hungry looking prisoners could hardly be recognized. The day's rations of beef, bread, coffee and pickles were devoured at one meal, each man eating more than a pound of meat. They found hammocks, comfortable hair

able to sit in the sun, or at least out of the rain, and discuss why it was that Admiral Cervera did not utterly destroy the American fleet. To be sure there are sentries and deep water in front, and sentries with a high board fence, backed by barb wire and Gatling guns, in the rear. What would you? Shall sane men run away from good food, good clothes and a good company to lose themselves in a strange country and starve?

The landing of the prisoners and the establishment of the camp was ac-



(The cartoonist of the New York Herald gives his idea of how the prisoners will be sent home to Spain.)

complished without the slightest hostile demonstration on the part of the Spaniards. Some of the men passively object to being clean, but they can put up with cleanliness if only they get plenty of tobacco.

Colonel Forney has in the barracks at the Navy Yard and on duty at the stockade about two hundred men, but Sergeant Parsons says that if the Spaniards only understood that they were to have their three square meals a day a marine guard would be required, not to keep them on the island but to drive them away from it.

Two Spanish chaplains, two surgeons, an apothecary's steward and five junior lieutenants have had a building built for their special accommodation, and have been fitted out with sailor's clothes from the navy yard storehouses. Their wardroom is fitted out with bunks and abundant furniture.

The civilizing influence of a short piece of rope is still to be seen in Camp Long. In the olden times the rope was used to cow starved and ill treated prisoners. To-day it serves a different purpose. The members of the officer's mess hardly got new clothes before they began devising amusements, and jumping rope has become very popular. Two of the more sedate officers swing the rope while the others take turns jumping.

The horrors of war already seem far away, and the most important things in the world seem to be the delights of good living. Admiral Carpenter, who is in temporary command of the Navy Yard, has closed the island to curious visitors, who are not annoying when they get long range views from the New Castle and Kittery shores.

The scene on shore of the prison front on Seavey's Island on a recent afternoon between five and six o'clock presented a most novel and interesting picture. The prisoners had just finished their afternoon meal and had swarmed to the water's edge to wash their bowls, plates and spoons. The clatter of the dishes and the laughter and animated conversation of the prisoners made such a babel of noises that they could plainly be heard on the Newcastle shore on the other side of the Piscataqua River.

Hundreds of boats gathered in front of the Spaniards on the beach and watched them at their work and enjoyed the animated scene, for the "Dons" seemed happy as larks and evidently greatly pleased at the attention shown them. Many ladies in the

the whites of his eyes heavenward, and stood expectant. Scores of kokaks snapped, and the colored sailor triumphantly rejoined his comrades on the shore. A lady in one of the boats threw a bunch of flowers into the water near the shore, and instantly twenty or more of the prisoners struggled for the possession of the trophy. The Spaniard who captured the bouquet was generous, however, and divided the flowers among his comrades, who proudly held aloft the mementos, bowing and smiling to the lady who threw them into the water.

After the dishes had been washed many sat in groups on the bank, some of them singing the songs of their native land, some playing cards, others writing letters home, and all of them apparently pleased with the situation. It was a scene never before witnessed in the Harbor of Portsmouth, but its repetition is likely to happen every pleasant day in the weeks to follow.

So much for the humbler prisoners. Those of higher rank, Admiral Cer-

vera and his captured officers, are held at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

Admiral Cervera would be taken for an English merchant by ninety-nine out of a hundred persons who didn't know who he was. He is prosperous-looking, well-made, and wears a gray beard. His son, Lieutenant Angel Cervera, is tall and handsome, and wears a coal-black beard. Altogether, the Spaniards are quite a distinguished-looking group, and when they are fitted out in appropriate garments will doubtless make much social progress in Annapolis, as nearly all of them have given orders for visiting cards.

The parole signed by all the prisoners except Admiral Cervera, who waved it aside when presented, with the remark that his sword of honor was sufficient, and Captain Eulate, of the Vizcaya, who declined to sign it because he declared the other officers should be permitted to give their word as well as the Admiral, is as follows:

"I do pledge my word of honor that during the period of my retention at the United States Naval Academy as a prisoner of war I will not go beyond such limits as may be prescribed by the Superintendent of the Naval Academy, and freely agree to abide by such regulations as said Superintendent may from time to time establish.

"The limits now established will be the grounds of the Naval Academy and the city of Annapolis from 8 o'clock until sundown."

Admiral Cervera's house, which is



A GROUP OF SPANISH PRISONERS ON SEAVEY'S ISLAND.

known as No. 17 Buchanan row, is an old brick painted a dark drab, with brown outside shutters, and its front windows overlook the oak-shaded grounds of the academy. The commandant's house is two doors distant at the corner, and diagonally across the lawn to the left is the superintendent's office. A fine marine view is obtained from the rear windows, with the parade grounds in the foreground.

The whole house except the hall, which is approached by a flight of stairs from the road below, is heavily carpeted. The parlor is supplied with comfortable furniture. Opening into the parlor by broad doors is the dining room, which is carpeted like the parlor and contains an oak dining set. The passage chamber, which communicates with the bed room, is the Admiral's private office. It is provided with a desk, chairs, good lights and writing material. All the mail matter sent and received by the prisoners goes through the office of the superintendent, and is censored.

The Spanish officers are not being pampered with luxuries. They are receiving the same food that is given to the naval cadets.

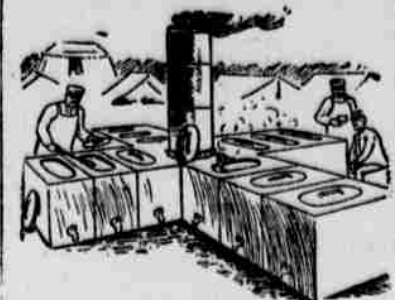
Admiral Cervera has a house which is occupied by three or four others besides himself and his son. The

cook and the steward of the Santeo have been placed at his disposal, and a servant to attend to his personal wants. The last occupant of the house was Lieutenant Gove. The other prisoners occupy the old cadets' quarters on Stribling row.

COOKING FOR SOLDIERS.

German Army Inventors Pay Much Attention to the Subject.

The interest shown by all classes of people at present in the matters of military manœuvring and equipments is so great that a recent exposition of



CAMP COOKING APPARATUS FOR A SMALL BATTALION.

army and camp furnishings was a gigantic success, as demonstrated by the throngs of people which flocked to the place day after day. Evidently the German inventor has been working on the theory that a full stomach is the best equipment for a fighter, and cooking implements were displayed in the greatest variety. A clever cooking outfit is shown herewith. The stove for a battalion is designed for use in the open. It is formed of several iron chests arranged in the shape of a cross, with a chimney in the middle. A smaller one is built to accommodate a squad of about thirty men, and for use where there are no general cooking provisions made for the men, each one looking after the preparation of his own rations.

It is gratifying to note that the subject of caring for the dead and wounded has received a great deal of attention at the hands of army and navy inventors. A large variety of devices was shown, having for their object the care and comfort of the wounded warrior.

People Who Live in Trees.

Of all the islands of the South Seas New Guinea is in some respects the most peculiar. With its towns built on the water, its native castles in the trees and its strange native inhabitants, who have been steadily dying



A TREE TOP HOME.

out since the advent of the white man, it is an intensely interesting bit of the world. The natives are gifted with such remarkable powers that they can see into distances far beyond the vision of the white man; they can track the wild beast by signs that the white man cannot learn; they can find food and drink in deserts where white men would perish of thirst and starvation.

The accompany picture represents one of the tree houses built by natives of the island. Among the savage tribes are warriors who are known as the "head hunters." The serial houses are built as refuges from the head hunters. When the cry is raised that the head hunters are coming the feeble and the women flee to the tree huts and the able men arm for the fight.

A Natural Sun Dial.

An immense sun dial, certainly the largest in the world, is at Hayon Horoo, a large promontory extending 3000 feet above the Aegean Sea. As the sun swings around the shadow of this mountain it touches, one by one, a circle of islands, which act as hour marks.

Magnanimous.



Jimmy (the terrible scrapper)— "Say, me young friend, I could chew yer up an' neber know dat I had fed, but I'll refrain! An' now go home an' tell yer beautiful sister dat I spared yer for love of her."

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT.

A Pretty Style for the Feet.

Women with pretty feet to show below their short duck skirts wear ties of black, highly polished veal skin, having tops of sapphire blue dressed leather. This veal skin is the hide of the very young calf, so treated that it is as soft as dog skin and assumes a high polish. With blue uppers on these smart ties blue heels are used, the rather heavy extension soles are stitched with blue, blue silk ribbons run through the eyelets, and throughout the shoes are lined with blue satin.

The Teeth.

The care of the teeth should begin in babyhood. As soon as the "milk teeth" become loosened they should be extracted. If the second teeth have to force the others out they appear uneven and jagged. Nuts should never be cracked with the teeth. This is ruinous to the enamel. Tooth brushes should be replaced often, and in the meantime must be treated to a bath of ammonia and soap suds.

There should be several kinds of brushes on the toilet at once, since to cleanse the back teeth thoroughly a curved brush is necessary. After every meal the teeth should be brushed. The bristles need not be stiff, or there is danger of cracking the priceless enamel. This can never be replaced. Science can only give new teeth, not rebuild enamel that so many people stupidly allow to be destroyed.

Sailor Hats.

The stylish sailor hats are of rough straw, natural color, with an extension top. An inch width of the braid stands up around the edge of the top of the crown, giving the hat something of the height of the season's trimmed millinery. It is bought by those who cannot abide entirely plain head covering. In "sailors" there is much opportunity for individual taste in choice. Fashion approves the sort with low crown, narrow brim, one-colored hat band. She favors the medium brim and crown of finer straw, and the sailor of Manila, with loose band of ribbons in half a dozen harmonizing tones, and quills in one or two more. One recently noticed had trimmings of navy blue and grass green wide taffeta ribbon, put on carelessly, then twisted into a big knot on the left side, from which sprang three high, wood colored frills. Women by no means confine themselves to sailors with shirt waists. Many think that a rather elegant hat takes away the inevitably negligee appearance of a wash blouse.—New York Press.

The Bustle Coming Into Style.

The busy little bustle is at it again, painstakingly trying to creep into favor and always finding a certain coterie of women willing to put it on probation and their backs. Up to the present date it is no larger than one's two fists and is worn as an odd little lump of wire and mohair, close up to the waist line. Women who have not yet bent before the bustle fetish wear strange boned petticoats. The bones run in casings from the waistline to the hem, following a bias inclination, and while holding out the over dress most staunchly, they do not fail to add tremendous weight about the hips. To avoid wearing these boned under draperies a number of the thoughtful and inventive have run hoops of thinnest steel, no wider nor thicker than a baby ribbon, through the rear widths of their skirts. This is rather a more hygienic solution of the bustle problem than any plan yet attempted, but dressmakers who know a thing or two insist that with the coming in of princess fashions bustles must and will assume an important place in every wardrobe.

The Russian Society Woman.

A Russian society woman knows only one thing—fashion. Art is a stranger to her. She loves admiration and flirtation, but her heart remains cold, though she may be burning other hearts with the fire of her eyes. Nowhere is woman more dangerous than in Russian society. To begin, a Russian girl seeks a husband only for the position he gives her. Matrimony is only a question of fashion, and if a Russian girl cannot find a husband within a reasonable time she can fill no place in good society, and she is ridiculed by all her acquaintances; thus, she watches with agony the approach of the end of her youth. Every tentative is thus made to win the grand prize of matrimony. Even her friends are as anxious as she is, and as fearsome lest she become an old maid. Then, when all efforts have failed, when no more hope remains, she takes advantage of the sole remedy left to her, "maiden widowhood." She travels. She goes to Paris and Nice. She stays away three or four years, maybe, then returns to Russian society, no longer an old maid, nor even a wife, but a widow. Nobody asks whom she married, nor how she became a widow. She is a widow; that suffices. And as a widow she is received everywhere and is—somebody.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Fashion's Dictates for Mourning.

After the first six months of mourning a widow may put on the pretty turn-over cuffs and collars of white linen lawn which nowadays can be worn by any one in mourning. Most of mourning gowns are now lined with soft materials, either in silk or light weight wool, so as to avoid the rustle. The plainest of black shoes and gloves should always be seen with mourning costume. No suspicion of a white petticoat should be seen with mourning dress. Never be guilty of wear-

ing a mourning veil with a shirt waist of washable material. The white ruche in the bonnet belongs distinctively to the widow's weeds, and should never be worn by a woman who is wearing mourning for any other but her deceased husband; but when once taken off the ruche should never be put on again unless for a second husband.

Allow the band of black on your stationery and cards to correspond in width to the degree of mourning habiliments. The extreme widths are in any case vulgar and ostentatious. If you attend the theatre or any place of public amusement while you are in mourning—and that is your prerogative—never wear a mourning veil. Either go bare headed or wear a fancy bonnet made of mourning materials. Women sometimes make the error of wearing long crapes veils at the theatre and other similar places. When you feel you wish to dispense with mourning, be guarded, and let its retirement be slowly and gracefully marked by quiet costumes.

Sensible Short Skirts.

A marked feature at Lakewood, New Jersey, during the early fashionable season was the short skirt used by women for walking and all general out-of-door wear. The short skirt was not confined to bicycle riders or tennis and golf players. In the streets of the town, along its promenades or in the parks and woods one met everywhere smartly dressed women wearing this convenient and comfortable walking skirt. Its vogue was so great as to show something more than a particular preference for neatness and convenience in walking.

The skirt most worn was somewhat longer than the bicycle skirt. It comes just below the shoe tops, clearing the ground by about four inches. It hangs in even folds and is of medium width. Many such skirts are not bound on the bottom, but faced with a wide piece of the dress material, and finished with many rows of machine stitching. The skirts are of cloth or of mixed chevots of dark shades. A very smart costume included such a skirt of gray chevot, with a scarlet jacket of smooth-faced cloth, plain linen collar with tie, and a gray felt hat of round soft shape.

For sea side and mountain wear by visitors, or for traveling, or for general wear in the country by those who are much out-of-doors and on foot, these short skirts are valuable. They have always been comfortable and convenient; but to preach common sense on the subject to those who follow style more than their own ideas of what is proper is usually time and breath wasted.

But if the use of the short skirts has been stamped with the approval of fashionable society people their use is likely to increase this season, and it would be a wise plan for every woman who wishes to do what is correct in such matters to see to it that a well made short walking skirt is among the necessary articles provided for her summer outfit.—Harper's Bazar.

Fashion Notes.

A yellow straw hat trimmed in black may be worn with a dress of any kind.

Guipure and similar heavy cream laces are much used for the all-popular yokes.

Not foulards and Indias only, but surah also is promised great popularity for the warm months.

Inexpensive ornaments are small steel or rhinestone buckles, or large buttons imitating jewels.

Black gloves would not be as dressy as white to wear with a costume of black, yellow and heliotrope.

Sashes make important features of the season's gowns. Ribbon, silk, mousseline and the material itself are all in use.

The newest skirts flare out sharply around the feet. The general effect seems to be modeled on the plan of an ordinary feather duster.

Violets are worn with dark blue and every other color, as are flowers of the burnt orange shades; no one flower can be said to predominate.

The patriotic bangle is a band of red, white and blue enameled silver, hung with charms in the shape of canons, flags and tiny men-of-war.

White veils of circular shape, with a patterned border, are very popular, and something still more pronounced is a rose colored net spotted with white chenille.

In neckwear white tulle bows are almost invariably worn; feather boas are also popular at present. They are of a light fawn color or white, and reach to the waist.

Piques and velts, ornamented with irregular designs, are much in vogue for seaside wear abroad. American mills have produced goods of this kind equal, if not superior, to those imported.

Lace will be worn for hat veils, while for toques and capotes tulle will have the preference. In lace veils blue will be the choice shade, but cream, black and white will still be popular.

The craze for deep yellows and orange bids fair to run to extremes. Like many another good thing, the deep, rich colors are delightful used in bits, but become oppressive and overwhelming en masse.

Bangles for the athletic girl are made of fine silver fishing poles, of golf clubs bent to form a circle, of ropes with an anchor clasp, and even in the shape of bicycle tires and tennis rackets with elongated handles.

Sleeves are decidedly smaller. Those in a blazer jacket of pique must follow suit, though they must be sufficiently large to pass over a silk or cotton shirt waist. Whatever fullness there is should be gathered at the top, as only heavy cloth looks well plaited.

BARRACKS ON SEAVEY'S ISLAND, PORTSMOUTH HARBOR. (Where the rank and file of the Spanish prisoners are confined.)

mattresses and government blankets provided for them, and after a few pulls from borrowed cigarettes the wall Spaniards slept long and soundly. More meals followed with surprising abundance and regularity, and great wagon loads of clothes were hauled over from the Navy Yard and dumped at the feet of the prisoners.

The few industrious spirits volunteered for camp work, and their working made a pleasing spectacle for those who were not industrious. With some new clothes and a comfortable

boats had provided themselves with kokaks, and hundreds of pictures were taken of the prisoners that will prove valuable souvenirs of the American-Spanish war as time goes by. The Spaniards enjoyed having their pictures taken, and many of them gathered in groups and posed in picturesque attitudes and waited their turns for the camera.

A colored prisoner, black as Erebus, waded out into the water up to his knees, and striking his bowl and plate together to attract attention, placed his hands by his side, rolled