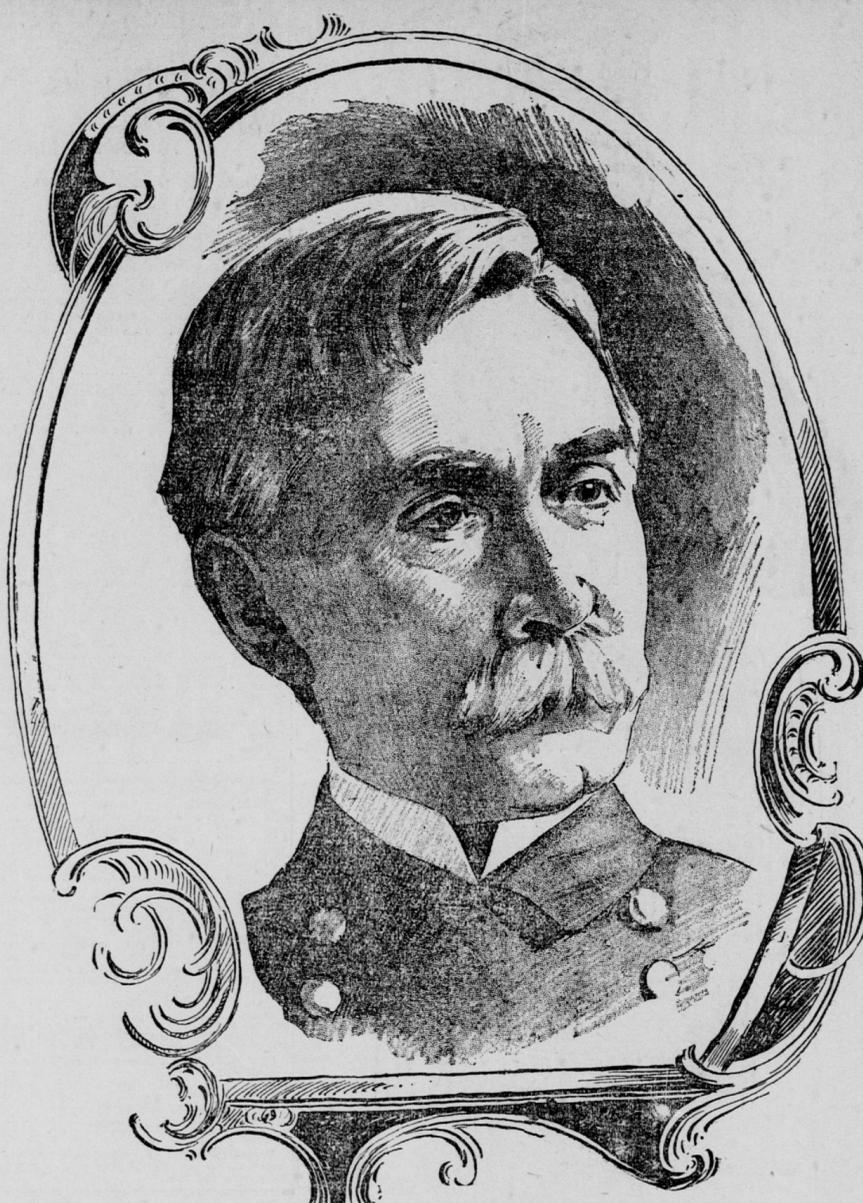


FIGHTING BOB EVANS' STORY OF THE FRAY

Captain of the Iowa Describes the Santiago Battle.

Tried to Ram the Enemy's Ships With His Own, but They Were Too Fleet.

OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, per the Associated Press dispatch boat Dauntless, via Port Antonio, Jamaica, and Kingston, Jamaica, July 8.—The battleship Iowa was the first ship to see the Spanish fleet coming out of the harbor. A moment later her crew was at general quarters and at 3 1/2 a. m. a gun was fired to attract the attention of the fleet. Captain Evans' account of the battle, as told in the cabin of the Iowa to a correspondent of the Associated Press, is intensely interesting. He said: "At the time 'general quarters' was sounded the signal bell rang 'full speed ahead,' and I put the helm to starboard and the Iowa crossed the bow of the Infanta Maria Teresa, one of the first ships out. As the Spanish admiral swung to the westward the 12-inch shells from the forward turret of the Iowa seemed to strike her fairly in the bow, and the fight was a spectacle. As the squadron came out in column, the ships beautifully spaced as to distance and gradually increasing their speed to thirteen knots, it was superb. "The Iowa from this moment kept up a steady fire from her heavy guns, heading all the time to keep the Infanta Maria Teresa on her starboard bow and hoping to ram one of the leading ships. "In the meantime the Oregon, Indiana, Brooklyn and Texas were doing excellent work with their heavy guns. "In a very short space of time the enemy's ships were all clear of the harbor mouth and it became evidently impossible for the Iowa to ram either the first or the second ship on account of the speed. "The range at this time was 2000 yards from the leading ship. The Iowa's helm was immediately put hard to starboard and the entire starboard broadside was pouring into the Infanta Maria Teresa. The helm was then quickly shifted to port and the ship went across the stern of the Teresa in an effort to head off the Oquendo. All the time the engines were driving at full speed ahead. A perfect torrent of shells from the enemy passed over the smokestack and superstructure of the ship, but none struck her. "The Cristobal Colon, being much faster than the rest of the Spanish ships, passed rapidly to the front in an effort to escape. In passing the Iowa the Colon placed two 8-inch shells falling in her starboard bow. One passed through the main and dispensary, wrecking the latter and bursting on the berth deck, doing considerable damage. The other passed through the cofferdam, where it still remains. "As it was now obviously impossible to ram any of the Spanish ships on account of their superior speed the Iowa's helm was put to the starboard and she ran on a course parallel with the enemy. Being then abreast of the Almirante Oquendo, at a distance of 1100 yards, the Iowa's entire battery, including the rapid-fire guns, was opened on the Oquendo. The punishment was terrific. Two 12-inch shells from the Iowa pierced the Almirante Oquendo at the same moment, one forward and the other aft. The Oquendo seemed to stop her engines for a moment and lose headway, but she immediately resumed her speed and gradually forged ahead of the Iowa and came under the terrific fire of the Oregon and Texas. "At this moment the alarm of 'torpedo-boats' was sounded, and two torpedo-boat destroyers were discovered on the starboard quarter at a distance of 400 yards. Fire was at once opened on them with the after battery and a 12-inch shell cut the stern of the destroyer squarely off. As the shell struck a small torpedo-boat fired back at the battleship, sending a shell within a few feet of my head. "Well up among the advancing cruisers, spitting shots at one and the other, was the little Gloucester, shooting first at a cruiser and then at a torpedo boat, and hitting a head wherever she saw it. The marvel is that she was not destroyed by the rain of shells. "In the meantime the Vizcaya was slowly drawing abreast of the Iowa and for the space of fifteen minutes it was given and taken between the two ships. The Vizcaya fired rapidly, but wildly, not one shot taking effect on the Iowa, while the shells from the Iowa were tearing great rents in the sides of the Vizcaya. As the latter passed ahead of the Iowa she came under the murderous fire of the Oregon. "At this time the Infanta Maria Teresa and the Almirante Oquendo, leading the enemy's column, were seen to be heading for the beach and in flames. The Texas, Oregon and Iowa pounded them unmercifully. They ceased to reply to the fire and in a few moments the Spanish cruisers were a mass of flames and on the rocks with their colors down, the Teresa flying a white flag. "The enemy's crews stripped themselves and began jumping overboard, and one of the smaller magazines began to explode. "Meantime the Brooklyn and Cristobal Colon were exchanging compliments in lively fashion at apparently long range, and the Oregon, with her locomotive speed, was hanging well on to the Colon, also paying attention to the Vizcaya. The Teresa and the Oquendo were in flames on the beach



COMMANDER WATSON, WHO WILL COMMAND THE EASTERN SQUADRON.

the Gloucester. The crew cheered vociferously. Cervera is every inch an admiral, even if he had not any hat. He submitted to the fortunes of war with a grace that proclaimed him a thoroughbred.

THOUGHT THE CRISTOBAL COLON CAN BE SAVED

Naval Constructor Hobson Inspecting the Wreck of the Spanish Cruisers.

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OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, July 7 (by the Associated Press Dispatch Boat Dauntless, via Port Antonio and Kingston, Jamaica, July 8, 10 a. m.)—The United States auxiliary cruiser Harvard has sailed for Portsmouth, N. H., with the remainder of the prisoners, the total now being 1750. A board of officers is to-day inspecting the Cristobal Colon, and it is hoped she may be saved. Naval Constructor Hobson is on board the Spanish cruiser, and is about to value the Infanta Maria Teresa. The Vizcaya and Almirante Oquendo are worthless wrecks.

San Rafael Child Terribly Burned. SAN RAFAEL, July 8.—While engaged with some playmates in making miniature war on imaginary Spanish forces, the principal weapons being a bottle of kerosene oil and some matches, a milk dealer, was nearly burned to death this evening. Sheriff Harrison and Albert Morehead were passing, and running to the child, wrapped their coats about him. Dr. Wickman was summoned and found the child burned on the remainder of the abdomen, which he may not live.

Henry Norman, Special Commissioner of the London Chronicle, Writes about the New America in Next Sunday's Call.

MR. BIDDLE'S FLEXIBLE NAME. When Lord Randolph Churchill was last in America he visited Philadelphia; and while collecting statistics relating to the State prisons of Pennsylvania, he was referred to the head of the prison board, Cadwallader Biddle. Before calling Lord Randolph fell into the hands of wags of the Union League Club.

"You've got the name wrong," said one of the wags. "It's not Cadwallader Biddle, but Bidcallader Adde." "Don't mind what he says, Lord Randolph," exclaimed another; "the real name is Wadbillader Cardle."

A third member took the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer aside and imparted to him in confidence that he was being gulled. "The actual name," concluded his false friend, "is Dibollader Widdle."

And when Lord Randolph drove to the prison board that afternoon he was so much upset that he stammered: "Will you take this card to Mr. Biddle—wad—did—doller, what's his name? I mean the chief, but I forget his extraordinary nomenclatural combination."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA. In China to salute any one by taking off one's hat is a deliberate insult. It is said that 200 years ago in Florence that the first grand opera was produced. The eyes of the birds that fly by night are generally about double the size of those of day birds. Naturalists have ascertained that scorpions and certain kinds of spiders are able to make peculiar noises to warn an enemy that an attack is attended by danger. It is a peculiar fact that with most men the growth of hair is greater on one side of the face than the other. It is said that hair always grows more quickly on that side on which we are stronger. The earliest known mention of the pianoforte was in a playbill dated May 16, 1757. The piece announced was "The Bergers' Opera" with Mr. Beard as Captain Meecham, Mrs. Stephens as Teachum, Mr. Shuter as Peachum. The principal attraction was given thus: "Miss Buckler will sing a song from Judith, accompanied by a new instrument called pianoforte."

BRUTALITY OF THE SEAMEN

La Bourgogne's Crew Denounced.

TALES OF THE SURVIVORS

RESCUED FOURTH ENGINEER ACCUSED.

Wrestler Yousof, the "Terrible Turk," One of the Knife-Wielders on the Doomed Vessel's Deck.

Special Dispatch to The Call.

BOSTON, July 8.—The Plant line steamer Halifax has arrived here, having on board 162 survivors of the French line steamer La Bourgogne, which was sunk in a collision with the ship Cromartyshire, off Sable Island, last Monday. On the passage from Halifax La Bourgogne's passenger list was carefully revised and it was shown that there were 714 persons on board, of whom 550 were lost and 164 saved. Of the saved 12 were second class passengers, 47 steerage and the remaining 105 were members of the crew. On arriving here the shipwrecked men were given every necessary attention. Each was provided with a ticket for New York.

Among the remarkable escapes were those of three stokers of La Bourgogne—Louis le Julien, Jean Alvary and Francoise Mello. They were in the stokehole when the accident occurred. Their story in substance is as follows: "The engines were stopped after the collision and subsequently we started them again in the hope of beaching the steamer on Sable Island. About five minutes after the crash the water began to come into the boiler room, and soon it rushed in in great volume. The pumps were tried, but to no avail. The water put the fires out and the engines stopped. The chief engineer gave orders to close the water-tight doors, but even after they were closed the water came in almost as fast as before. Then all hope was abandoned, and the engineer blew twice on the whistle, the signal for all to escape who could do so. There was a rush, but about fifteen men were drowned in the stokeholes and the engine room.

The three men who succeeded in getting out found that all the boats had left and they plunged into the sea. They were picked up later and taken on board the Cromartyshire. From the testimony of three persons—Otto Zeiser of New York, William Achar of Baltimore and Charles Liebra, chief cook of the Stafford Hotel, Philadelphia—it appears that the fourth engineer of La Bourgogne, who was saved, acted in the most brutal manner toward the passengers. The three men agree in the statement that after the collision, when everybody was surrounding the boats, the engineer said: "Damn the passengers. Let them save themselves; we save ourselves first." He said that if he had a revolver he would shoot the passengers. Mr. Zeiser spoke in great praise of the captain. On the voyage Liebra became acquainted with Yousof, the wrestler, who was a passenger. After the collision, Liebra says, he saw Yousof singling out a crowd of drowning passengers, beating them off with a stiletto and shoving them aside and try-

ing to reach a boat. He failed, however, and went down. L. Tarlaud of New York and M. Lucas, from Northern France, the latter being a waiter on board La Bourgogne, each tells of his being driven from a boat containing Austrians, armed with knives. "While the Halifax was entering Boston harbor this morning eight persons gave their names as witnesses to the fact that the Austrians used knives to keep people out of their boat. "NEW YORK, July 8.—The survivors of the steamship La Bourgogne arrived here to-day from Boston and were taken in charge by the Compagnie Transatlantique officials. The survivors of the crew of La Bourgogne, as they passed the station, were hissed by the crowd. "The Times prints the following: "The alleged brutality toward the passengers of La Bourgogne during the struggle of life following the collision and sinking of the vessel is the subject of much comment throughout the city. It is the popular opinion that the stories of the surviving passengers must lead to an investigation of unusual thoroughness and interest. "Assistant District Attorney Unger, in discussing the case, said that in common law any company was responsible for the acts of its employees. In his opinion the surviving sailors of La Bourgogne could be indicted for murder if the charges could be proved. It was the first duty of the officers, he said, to save the passengers. Francis Edmond Bruwaert, the French Consul General, said that as soon as the survivors of the wreck reach this port a consular investigation would be instituted to collect available evidence concerning the casualty, and this would be forwarded to the French Maritime Court. "When asked whether, if there was evidence given by the passengers to show that any parties or members of La Bourgogne's crew had actually killed a passenger from one of the ship's boats, he would be arrested here, the Consul said that he had not had time to look up the law on the subject. "I am inclined to think, however," he said, "that I would simply forward the evidence to the home authorities, and if it were decided that crime had been committed I would be instructed to cause the arrest of the guilty parties if they were still here, or they would be arrested in France, where they will all be sent."

CATS IN THE FORUM. The Forum of Augustus is the cats' home of Rome. There the superfluous felines are dropped over the wall to join their numerous fellows in the Forum below. Every day charitable people throw scraps of food into this open prison, and, as seen from above, its inhabitants seem to be plump and happy—so happy, indeed, that they make no attempt to escape. A few years ago the Forum of Trajan was also used as a deposing place for cats that were not wanted, but as it does not present the same facilities of retreat and hiding as the Forum of Augustus street boys and others took every opportunity of stoning the unfortunate animals. Finally the authorities, after many complaints, refused to allow any more cats to be thrown there, and, in order to get rid of those already living in the Forum, presented one to each sentry-box on the walls of the city. They all, however, speedily disappeared from their new homes, some returning to the foot of Trajan's Column, where they were either killed by the street boys or transferred to the Forum of Augustus.—Scientific American.

Alice Rix Writes in Next Sunday's Call How Millions Crushed a Man.

THE NONCHALANT CANTON MERCHANT. Frequently on entering a Canton shop you will find its owner with a book in one hand and pipe or fan in the other, and wholly absorbed in his studies. You will be doomed to disappointment if you expect the smoker to start up at once, all smiles and blandness, rubbing his hands together as he makes a shrewd guess as to what he is likely to take out of you, and receiving

"HEARST A LIAR OR A MURDERER?"

Suggestion That He Be Shot and Laine, His Correspondent, Publicly Hanged.

NEW YORK, July 8.—The World quotes from the Daily Bond Buyer as follows: "The editor of the New York Journal is either a liar or a murderer, and deserves to be shot as such, and his correspondent, Honors Laine—whom he indorses as a correspondent of his paper, but who is a Cuban officer, as we are informed—ought to be hanged before all the troops in front of and behind the defenses of Santiago. We base this opinion solely on their own statement of their inhumanity. They said (one quoting the other) that the prisoners surrendered to the Cuban officer-correspondent had their heads cut off. There is only one punishment for such crimes—hang the Cuban officer and correspondent, Honors Laine. It ought to be made manifest to all the world that Americans do not make war in this brutal, cowardly and infamous fashion."

any one in these parts has licked him yet, except his dad, which is me." "Well, you're the one that I want to thrash him." "Oh, that's differ't. I thought mebbe you was goin' to try it yourself. I don't mind lickin' him when it's needful, jest so's to keep him in line an' teach him that the ol' man is some considerable yet. What's he been doin'?" "He shot at me as I came along the road," replied the stranger. "Sure about that?" asked the native doubtfully. "Sure? Of course I'm sure. He yelled out that I'd scared a squirrel he was after, except his dad, which is me. Then he took deliberate aim and fired." "An' you're here to kick about it?" exclaimed the native. "Well, don't you worry no more about that boy, stranger. I'll tan him good and plenty, and don't you forget it. Aimed at you delib'rate an' never hit you, did he? Why, shootin' like that 'il disgrace the hull fam'ly. Glad you spoke of it, stranger. If you hear any yellin' as you go down the road you kin know I'm teachin' that boy of mine that he can't ruin the reputation of two generations without havin' to suffer for it."—Chicago Post.

ANTIQUITY OF HEMP. Hemp is of antique origin, for it was used by the Scythians at least 500 years before the Christian era. It grows wild in India and many parts of our own land and it was known to the Chinese thousands of years ago. The Romans were familiar with the use of hemp for sails and cordage. India and Persia is the native home of hemp, and it is cultivated in the United States in Kentucky, Illinois, Nebraska and Missouri. Recently California has become interested in its growth, and in this State it often reaches a height of fifteen or twenty feet. Raw hemp, produced in Japan, is sold in ribbons thin as paper, and as soft as satin, the frayed ends showing fibers of exceeding fineness. We import \$500,000 worth of hemp yearly from Italy and Russia. A grower in California says it costs \$20 an acre to produce hemp, 2000 pounds to the acre, and he clears \$50 an acre. Our best hemp comes from Italy, and we pay 8 cents a pound for it. The Italians take great pains, however, to cut at intervals of fifteen days. After cutting, the stalks are removed to a shady place and the tops inclined over a trestle to dry. In favorable soils from 1700 to 2000 pounds an acre are produced.

ONLY 400 YEARS. Lord Kelvin, the eminent scientist, has not added to the mystery of the nations by announcing that in four hundred years the oxygen now virtually free in our atmosphere will be used up, and the inhabitants of the earth will die of suffocation from carbonic acid gas. According to the Scotchman's mathematics the nations by cutting down forests for fuel and otherwise destroying vegetation which absorbs the gas and throws out pure oxygen, and by our fierce fires for motor purposes, withdrawing the breath of life very rapidly, and unless we mend our ways and stop interfering with the healthful processes of nature we shall soon be gasping for breath, and the human race, with all the animals of this period, will disappear from the earth, to be succeeded after a few million years of rest by a better assortment of creatures, who will have more sense than to go about delib'rate to incur asphyxiation.—Nebraska State Journal.

HE NEEDED PUNISHMENT. It was evident when the man rapped at the door of the backwoods cabin that he felt that he had a grievance. "Somethin' wrong, stranger?" inquired the man who came in answer to his knock, feeling his excited condition. "Wrong!" exclaimed the stranger. "Wrong! Well, I should think there was. I met a boy about half a mile up the road that I think belongs to you." "Long, gawky boy with a conkskin cap?" asked the man in the cabin. "That's the one," returned the stranger. "He had a gun and was evidently out after squirrels." "Big, old-fashioned, muzzle-loading gun?" suggested the native. "Yes; a big gun about half a foot longer than he is, answer to his stranger. I didn't stop to see whether it was a muzzle-loader or not, but I guess it was. It didn't look new enough for anything else."

"That was like all right enough," said the native. "What d'ye want of him?" "I want him thrashed," replied the stranger with emphasis. "I want him thrashed good and hard so that he'd have a little sense." "That's takin' a purty big contract, stranger," said the native doubtfully. "He's a right lively boy an' thereaft'!"

LATE SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE. ARRIVED. Friday, July 8. Stmr Chikita, Anderson, 27 hours from Eureka. Bark Ceylon, Calhoun, 33 days from Hilo. SAILED. Friday, July 8. Bark Anita, Francke, Esenhardt, DOMESTIC PORTS. SAN DIEGO—Sailed July 8—Bark Grenada, for Napa. BOWEN'S LANDING—Sailed July 8—Schr Newark, for San Francisco.

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