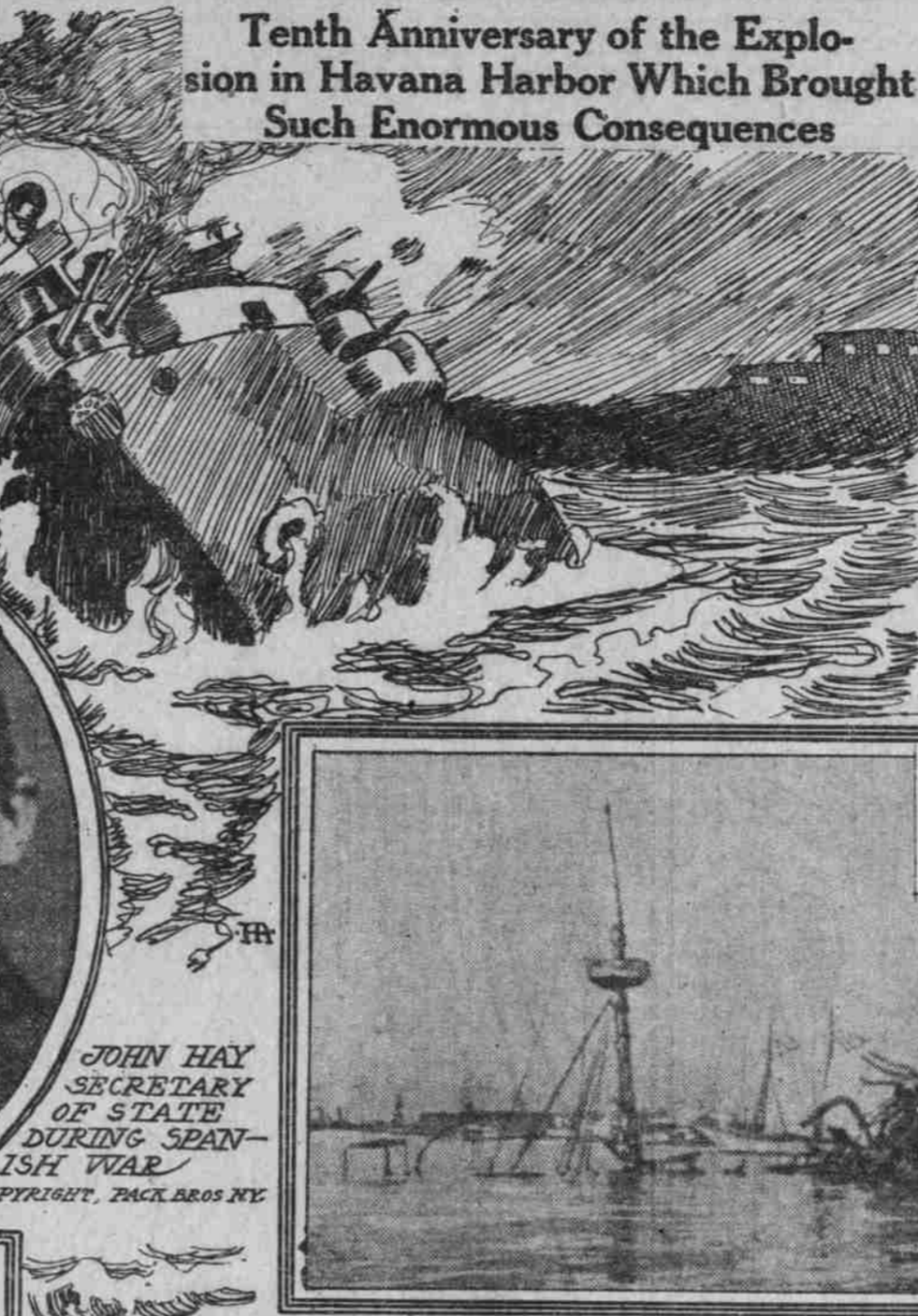


THE BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE" 1898-1908

Tenth Anniversary of the Explosion in Havana Harbor Which Brought Such Enormous Consequences



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WHEN HOSTILITIES BETWEEN THIS COUNTRY AND SPAIN WERE BEGUN



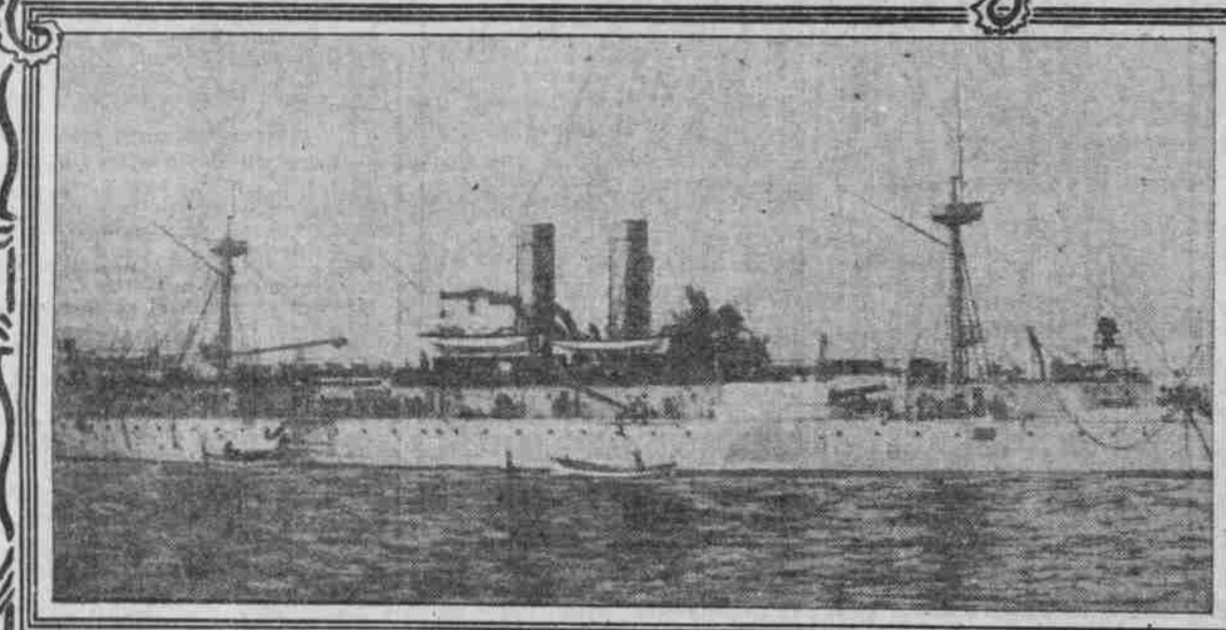
THE ILL-FATED "MAINE" AS SHE APPEARED JUST AFTER THE EXPLOSION



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AS COLONEL OF ROUGH RIDERS

JOHN HAY SECRETARY OF STATE DURING SPANISH WAR

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THE "MAINE" IN HAVANA HARBOR, PREVIOUS TO THE EXPLOSION

NEXT Saturday will complete perhaps the most important decade in the history of the United States. Ten years will then have passed since an explosion from the outside sent the battleship Maine to the bottom of Havana harbor, started a war that was to blow Spain from the new world, and launched the United States on its new career as a commanding factor in the affairs of the nations.

The 10 years of the Nation's life from 1776 to 1786 were important because they saw a nation born, the 10 years from 1856 to 1866 were important because they witnessed the salvation of that Nation after one of the most terrific internecine wars in history, but the decade now in its final days will take at least as big, perhaps a bigger place, than the two preceding epochs of notable events because of the immense bearing it is likely to have on the future of the Republic.

The Maine went to Cuba "to relieve the tension between Spain and the United States, to be a token of the resumption of friendly relations between the two nations." The historic letter in which Senator Depuy de Lome dealt so insultingly with President McKinley had further enraged a nation already maddened over the horrible atrocities perpetrated by the butcher Weyler on the helpless Cubans. Spain speedily withdrew the offending diplomat, and a more well-

come Minister was sent to replace him. Then to improve the feeling the Maine went to Cuba.

Perhaps war would eventually have come anyway, but undoubtedly the first step in the conflict was the innocent one of sending the Maine to Havana. There was no hostile intention, for President McKinley had been opposed to war from the first.

But when treachery destroyed a mighty battleship in a friendly harbor in time of peace and sent to their graves 266 men of the crew, the anger of Uncle Sam could have been stayed by no power on earth. To the desire to help the Cubans the freedom was added the fierce desire for revenge. The hand that started the explosion under the steel hull of the Maine, no matter how malign the motives, instantly became a greater force in the destinies of the country than any since Washington and Lincoln.

Ten years! It seems longer since those stirring days, when every week saw a new hero become an object of National worship.

The first of all these was poor Bill Anthony, now gone to the Wallhalla of the brave.

The shock of sundering steel plates had hardly sent its message quivering through the frame of the doomed vessel before the great seaman, a perfect picture of composure and discipline, was quietly saluting the captain in charge, now Admiral Sigsbee, and announcing:

"I have the honor to report, sir, that the ship is sinking."

out, doughty little Joe Wheeler sent a thrill of patriotic joy throughout the length and breadth of the land by tendering his services to Washington with the announcement that though on the side of the Confederacy in the Civil War, he "would fight like hell" for Uncle Sam in the conflict against the Dons.

This sword was eagerly accepted, and the former Rebel leader was made Major-General of Volunteers, U. S. A.

In Washington, forecasting the conflict, Theodore Roosevelt, then esteemed rather than loved as a somewhat bookish and pedantic student of politics, famed for his devotion to civil service reform, and suspected by the party regulars of being inculcated with the reform virus, had been doing yeoman service as Assistant Secretary of the Navy in achieving that condition of preparedness which was afterwards to reap its fruit at Manila and Santiago.

He adorned the post. He filled it with credit to his country, but the spirit of strenuousness told him that the field was the place for him.

The Rough Riders were organized, with Roosevelt as Colonel, and from the minute he donned the slouch hat and buckram of the troop he had started his ride to the White House. A nation cheered him as he dashed up San Juan Hill.

Knowing it to be their only chance of victory, the Republicans of New York in their next convention traded on his great war reputation and made him their candidate for Governor, a nomination followed by an election.

He was a satisfactory Governor to the

people, but not to the gang, and nothing his growing power, Platt and Quay sought to commit him to obscurity by naming him for the Vice-Presidency with McKinley in 1900. The unhappy off-taking of the President sent Roosevelt to the White House, and in 1904 he went there again by the biggest majority ever given a candidate for the office.

The war also started William H. Taft on his way to fame, though he took no actual part in it. Ten years ago he was unknown, but his work of restoring order in the Philippines disclosed administrative skill of such rarity that he has gone from preference to preference, and is now considered to be the leading candidate for the succession to Roosevelt.

Dewey, too, might have gone into retirement unknown save for his minor exploits as a young lieutenant in the Civil War, had not the destruction of the Dons at Manila Bay given him a place in the American gallery of naval heroes beside Paul Jones, Decatur, Boscawen, Barry and Farragut.

Dewey, only a few weeks ago, celebrated his seventeenth birthday, wearing a title venerated by few in the naval service of Uncle Sam—Admiral.

When the Oregon completed her wonderful voyage around Cape Horn, and dropped anchor with its sister, warships, ready to get into action in 20 minutes, Captain Clark had made his place secure in the affections of his countrymen and he had a chance to gain further prestige when in the conflict a few weeks later, the American fleet under Sampson and Schley sank the

ships of Cervera, and rendered the outcome of the war a virtual certainty. Schley is still living, but Sampson has gone to his final accounting.

Santiago Harbor gave Hobson his chance and the gallant, if useless, exploit of sinking the Merrimack in the channel in the hope of preventing the escape of the fleet, made the captain an idol, and resulted in a frenzied oscillatory demonstration when he returned home.

Now the captain, made more serious by the ten years that have passed, has just become a member of the House of Representatives, where he promises to be most useful to his country.

Major-General Shafter and Secretary of War Alger, who came in for such criticism during the war, have passed from all influence of human censure. Root, who succeeded to Alger as Secretary of War, is now Secretary of State and one of the giants of the administration.

General Miles, to whom fell the task of restoring order in Porto Rico, is on the retired list, but still holds a warm place in the affections of his countrymen.

McKinley and his great Secretary of State, John Hay, have both passed to their final rewards, the former the most grievous American since Abraham Lincoln.

In another decade nearly every big leader in the war will have probably passed, but the influence of the conflict that began with the sinking of the Maine will outlast a century.

Already the results have been stupendous. A policy of insularity, of isolation from world politics, that governed the country for a century and a quarter, has been abandoned never to be resumed.

He first tried his sword in the arena of world diplomacy when, after the Boxer insurrection, the powers would have made an excuse of the disorder to divide China among themselves. It was the heroic stand of John Hay that prevented this piece of international treachery.

This victory was followed by another still more notable when President Roosevelt put a period to the war between Russia and Japan.

No longer on the checkerboard of world politics can the United States be ignored. The ten years of triumph that followed the blowing up of the Maine have brought responsibilities not to be shirked, and whose discharge will furnish employment for the best brains the Nation can produce in the next century.

Cougar Hunting in the Palouse Country

Extraordinary Story of Adventure, as Told by Grandpa, in the Year of Our Lord, 1867.

Garfield Enterprise. "TOME do fly," said grandpa Neville, as he gazed thoughtfully into the electric fireplace and reached for a heathen ember with which to light his stinkish pipe. He had been listening rather condescendingly to a hunting story as discussed by a group of younger men. "Sure, things do change mighty," he continued. "Why, incidents that appeared as commonplace 60 years ago—along about 1867—would now seem almost too wonderful to relate, and I would never make the attempt were it not for the fact that you boys know my reputation for truth and veracity." The old gentleman gazed at his younger companions and, accepting their silence as permission, proceeded.

"Boys, do you see this scar on the back of my hand?" At the time I got that injury there was game hereabouts that was game. The time I'm thinking of was long before any of you were born—about 1867, I reckon. Then our country was in a primitive stage of development. Affairs of government were conducted chiefly by a Rockefeller-Morgan syndicate, assisted by what was called a U. S. Senate.

life of the true sportsman really worth the while.

"But to make a long story short, at the time I got my hand hurt word came to Garfield that a mountain lion, an animal quite common then, had come down out of the mountains and had eaten a team of valuable horses and several cattle. We didn't pay much attention to this, but when we again heard of the critter it had torn the roof off a country school-house and on a hot summer's day chased a pretty schoolman, a pretty fair man as you might say, into the snow. The young lady was a friend of mine and, let me tell you, the actions of that cantankerous beast nigh made my blood boil. So we organized a bunch of men and went on the trail. In the party was a man named Follis, a fellow who stood about seven feet eight and weighed some 220 pounds—a pretty fair man as you might say. The young lady was a friend of mine and, let me tell you, the actions of that cantankerous beast nigh made my blood boil. So we organized a bunch of men and went on the trail. 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