

How Was The "Maine" Really Destroyed?

Next Few Weeks May See Final Solution of World's Deepest Maritime Mystery--Whole Nation Awaits Result of Inquest in Havana Harbor on Tragedy That Has Been Cloaked in Mystery From the Start--New Evidence Comes to Light That Either Cubans Blew Up Battleship or She Blew Up by Accident--Mysterious Witness Before Court--Will Inquest Show Our Vengeance Too Swift?



VIEW OF MAINSHIP POSITION OF WRECK OF "MAINE" FROM PORT SIDE.

WILL the "mystery of the Maine" be solved by the inquest now to be held in Havana harbor? Will this official post-mortem examination prove that our vengeance upon the kingdom of the dons was justified—if ever vengeance is justified, or will that lusty battler "Remember the Maine" come re-echoing down the ages to haunt us and remind us of a vengeance too swift?

Its temper cooled by 13 years of reflection, the Nation which convicted and punished Spain for the tragedy of mid-February, '98, now awaits in suspense to learn whether Spain was, after all, but the victim of circumstantial evidence.

After exonerating the Maine's own officers and crew of negligence and concluding that she was blown up by a submarine mine that caused a partial explosion of two or more of her forward magazines, the court of inquiry which stifled the mystery declared itself "unable to obtain evidence fixing the responsibility for the destruction of the Maine upon any person or persons."

What appears astonishing in these days of Government spies and Federal detective bureaus is the paucity of evidence, except that of a technical character, gathered in Havana during the days succeeding the catastrophe.

Anonymous Letter Tells Plot.

Soon after the explosion Consul-General Lee, at Havana, received an anonymous letter written in Spanish and signed "A Friend." It gave details of a conspiracy between certain merchants of Havana and three desperadoes—two harbor thieves and a skilled diver—to blow up the Maine. Details as to where the trio had procured their equipment, where they had hidden their boat and the names of their backers were given, as was the price which they were to be paid for the job—\$200 in advance and \$4000 after their work had been accomplished.

Before dawn of the day of the catastrophe the trio sneaked out into the harbor, where the diver "did the work on being about the explosion," but just when they were retreating they were attacked from some quarter not stated. One of the thieves was killed and "left his teeth in the boat." The other

SIGNAL OF THE "MAINE" VICTIM, HAVANA.

was wounded, taken prisoner and at the time the letter was written, "was being administered morphine constantly" that he might be put out of the way before betraying the plot.

Only the diver escaped, according to the mysterious writer, who suggested that this survivor, named Pepe Taco, be found and made to talk, which he would probably do if offered his original share of the profits, which he now feared to claim.

No funds with which to run this story down were in the hands of Consul-General Lee during those days of excitement, but he assigned his clerk, Henry Drainie, to the task of finding Pepe Taco. He sent Drainie to Charles Carbonell, an American citizen of Havana, as the likeliest person who could help them and Carbonell enlisted the services of his trusted boatman, who reported that Pepe Taco could not have been the man, as he had died several days before the Maine's destruction; so it must have been Pepe Barquin, who was meant, the boat-

man added. But a search for Barquin resulted. It is alleged, in the discovery that he, too, had died suddenly several days before the explosion. The court of inquiry considered the anonymous letter and called upon our consulate for a further investigation of this story, but further evidence was not forthcoming.

The Mysterious Witness.

The only direct evidence before the court bearing upon the authorship of the conspiracy was presented by a mysterious person thus described in the proceedings of the tribunal:

"A witness then appeared before the court, whose name and address are suppressed by agreement with the witness that his identity should not be revealed, and was sworn by the president, through the interpreter."

This mysterious witness said he was crossing about 7:30 o'clock on the morning of the 15th from Havana to Regias on a ferryboat. He was

standing close to the wall near where four Spaniards—a fat citizen wearing a large diamond, a naval officer, an army lieutenant and an army staff officer—were speaking in low voice, and without suspicion that he was listening to them. They were discussing the Maine, one of them having remarked that it was a shame to Spain that she was in the bay. The staff officer remarked that he had heard in the Circulo Militar, or military club on the Prado, that they were going to blow her up.

"But if you blow her up another one would come," replied the lieutenant.

"They would take care not to send another," said the staff officer.

"Will not making explosions in the bay run great risk to the City of Havana?" asked the stout citizen.

The staff officer replied in the negative. The explosion would simply open the vessel, he said, and she would sink immediately.

"I will take plenty of beer on that occasion," laughed the citizen, at which

the staff officer, who was standing close to the wall near where four Spaniards—a fat citizen wearing a large diamond, a naval officer, an army lieutenant and an army staff officer—were speaking in low voice, and without suspicion that he was listening to them. They were discussing the Maine, one of them having remarked that it was a shame to Spain that she was in the bay. The staff officer remarked that he had heard in the Circulo Militar, or military club on the Prado, that they were going to blow her up.

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She—Oh, everyone thinks that.—London Opinion.

Madge—I refused Jack eight times before finally saying "yes."
Ethel—Why did you change your mind?
Madge—I didn't. I was merely seeing if he would change his.—Blue Bull.

Beggar—Please, mister, a dime for a poor blind man.
Old Gentleman—But you are only blind in one eye.
Beggar—All right, make it a nickel then.—Boston Transcript.

"I saw the doctor's automobile in front of your house this morning. What's the trouble?"
"It's our boy."
"No; he's just got home after being out camping two weeks for his health."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Patience—And did her father follow them when they eloped?
Patience—Sure! He's living with them yet!—Yonkers Statesman.

"Do you drink any more?"
"No. Just about the same amount."—Michigan Gargoyle.

She—A girl should look before she leaps.
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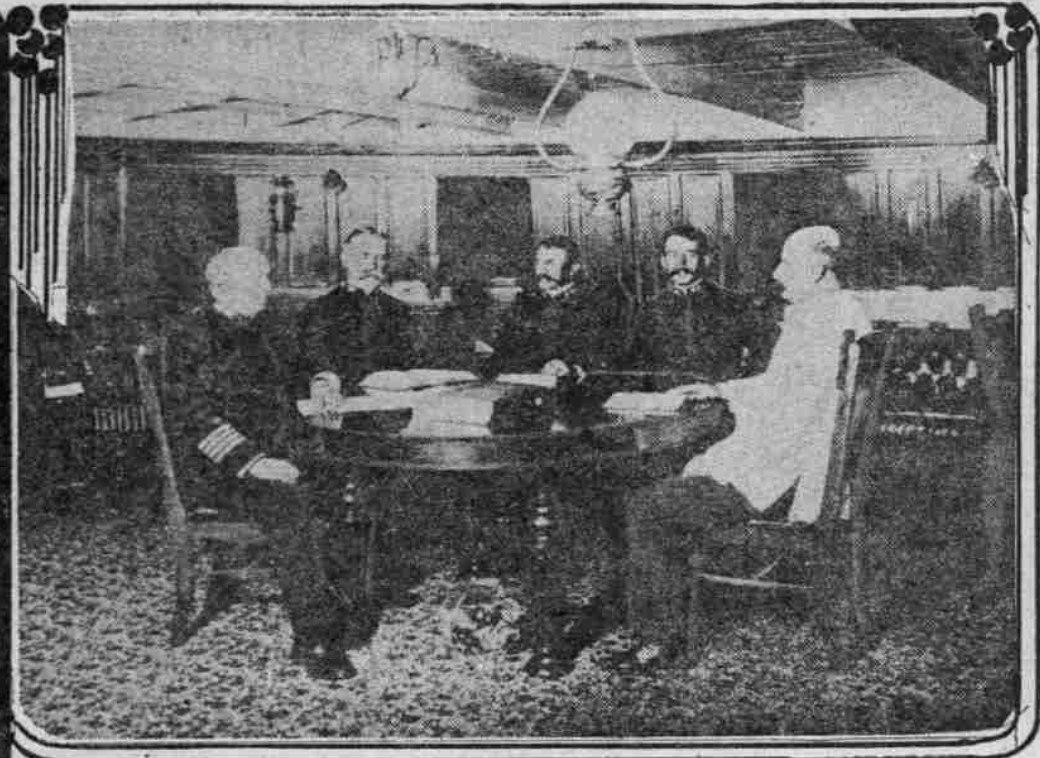
REAR ADMIRAL MELVILLE.

junction a cartman came forward and the voices of the speakers lowered. Since the war precipitated by the Maine tragedy evidence that the Cubans and not the Spaniards were responsible for the explosion has been volunteered from several sources. In a lecture delivered in Kansas City last November, Jasper Ewing Brady, a former army officer and a brother of the well-known divine, Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, stated that as one of four army officers who had investigated the Maine mystery he had become convinced that Cubans had destroyed our battleship.

"When I went to investigate the disaster with three other officers," Captain Brady said, "there were three theories concerning the origin of the disaster—that the explosion was caused from the outside by agents of Spain; that it was caused from inside and that the Maine was anchored over a mine prepared by the Cubans. We were able to inform the President and the Secretary of War that the last theory was the most consistent with the facts. This leads to the conclusion that the Maine was blown up by the Cubans in order to bring on war with Spain and the deliverance of Cuba."

Continuing, he said: "Now, I will tell you for the first time the name of the man who blew up the Maine. He is, or was, Jose Zavaldo. He was electrician at Morro Castle. It was he who threw the switch which set off the powerful mine that destroyed the ship and sent 267 lives into eternity in a flash. Zavaldo was afterward shot by order of General Blanco. We even got a piece of the cable that led from the mine to the room in Morro Castle. That piece of cable is now in the Navy Department at Washington.

Attempts of several military and naval officers in Washington to repudi-



"MAINE" COURT OF INQUIRY IN SESSION.

ate Captain Brady's statement have lately been drawn a cross-fire from one J. C. Crowley, of Aberdeen, Wash., who is alleged to have been a spy in the employ of the Cuban government. According to him, Zavaldo, whose name he prefers to spell "Seavald," did not actually blow up the Maine, although he was one of the principal conspirators in the plot.

Testimony of Former Spy.

And this controversy between Brady and Atwater upon the one side and the Army and naval officers upon the other has drawn a cross-fire from one J. C. Crowley, of Aberdeen, Wash., who is alleged to have been a spy in the employ of the Cuban government.

According to him, Zavaldo, whose name he prefers to spell "Seavald," did not actually blow up the Maine, although he was one of the principal conspirators in the plot. "I was an electrician soldier in the Spanish army, some say navy, but to the best of my information our spies he was of the signal corps of the army. He had much to do with the connecting of the mines in the harbor of Havana, which the Americans, assisted by the native Cubans in Havana, succeeded in cutting, thus foiling the first attempt to blow up the Maine."

"Seavald did prepare and connect the wire to the torpedo which destroyed the Maine, but he did not touch the button that set it off. That was actually done by a high Spanish officer, Don Pedro, in a ferryboat, which was rowed out of the harbor just a little before the explosion. It was the intention to explode the torpedo under the powder magazine, and if the mine is raised it will show how much success."

"The ferryboat had only two men in it, the officer and the ferryman. Seavald, after connecting the wires, fainted (whether in pretense or not I do not know), and was taken to the hospital, forcing the officer to do the work. The ferryboat was gone a couple of hours. I cannot say exactly, for we were too busy saving our own lives in the excitement following the explosion."

American Spy Surprised Them.

"The excitement was caused by an American, who, being a first-class Spaniard by nature and tongue, was acting as a spy, and was employed as a waiter in the Spanish Officers' Club. He had a tray in his hand containing bottles and glasses when the sound of the explo-

sion reached the club. At the instant of the sound the officer whom he was about to serve, one Dr. Qulsada—if my mind is clear as to the name—of the battleship Viscaya, sprang to his feet exclaiming:

"There goes that—Maine!"

"The shock was too much for the American, who let his tray fall to the floor, speaking, it was afterward said, in English. The crash and the English words made an officer spring at him and the cry of 'spy' was set up. The district was soon swarming, and we did not know what was happening until two of us landed in the water and tide mud."

"After a while the ferryman came back with his boat, but without the officer. As it was learned the next day, the first ferryboat after setting off the torpedo met a second ferryboat watching for it, and the officer was transferred to the second, the first returning with the lone man. The officer was picked up next morning by the light-house tender and landed at Key West and proceeded to Washington, received his passport and was escorted to Canada, where, I believe, it is well known that an American gave him a good thrashing, resulting in considerable trouble to quiet the scandal."

Tom Reed Exonerated Spain.

Ranking high in the councils of government at the time of the Maine catastrophe were two men—both noted for their sagacity—who believed from the first that the Maine blew herself up. These were Thomas B. Reed, then Speaker of the House, and Rear-Admiral George W. Melville, engineer-in-chief of the Navy. That Spain, utterly unprepared for war, could have countenanced the destruction of the Maine and thereby have endangered her American colonies Reed regarded as incredible from a moral, diplomatic or military standpoint. Until the time of his death he regarded the war with Spain as unjustified, and he was a politician who feared to defy the popular cry for vengeance inspired by unjust suspicion.

Destroyed Herself, Says Our Admiral

In the course of a careful study of the Maine mystery Reed wrote to Rear-Admiral Melville for his views, and early in 1902, after three years and a half of calm reflection, the engineer-in-chief of the Navy replied at length to the former Speaker in a letter which was not made public until last month.

"The more study and reflection I give to this question," wrote Melville to Reed, "the more convinced I am that the destruction of the Maine was due to an internal explosion. . . . The court of inquiry pursued its investigation."

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Ten Minutes With The Funny Men.

SOME OF THE QUIPS AND JESTS FROM PENS OF THE NEWSPAPER HUMORISTS.

Terse Tales From Humorous Pens

DIPLOMACY.

The late Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, says the Housekeeper, was a diplomat of the first order, and was possessed of a full share of Celtic wit and kindly humor.

Before the Catholic Standard and the Catholic Times were combined to form one publication there was much rivalry and much controversy between their proprietors and readers as to which was the more truly representative Roman Catholic organ in Philadelphia. Each sought eagerly to gain the official endorsement of the Archbishop. On one occasion a prominent layman tried to trap him into a statement as to which of the two publications he preferred.

"Well, I will give you my opinion," said the Archbishop deliberately. "It is certain that the Standard is far ahead of the Times, and it is equally certain that the Times is much above the Standard. Therefore I prefer to regard as most worthy the one which is thus proved to be superior."

DECEPTIVE.

Artists do not all look alike, any more than grocers or typesetters do. Nevertheless, many persons are surprised at an artist who is not small, anemic, delicate of features and decorated with a flowing necktie. Such a person lately visited the studio of a certain artist in this city.

The man in question wears a big red beard, and stands six feet and some inches high. His shoulders are broad

and his muscles hard from continued exercise. A woman entered his studio and asked for the artist.

"That's him, standing over there," the attendant said.

The woman looked over to where the artist stood, towering like an ancient viking, and gasped "Why," she whispered in surprise, "he's big enough to work, isn't he?"—Boston Traveler.

JEALOUSY.

"Do you realize that the ice water tank you have just drunk from may be swarming with microbes?" asked the fussy health faddist, just as we had finished refreshing ourselves, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Yes, I do," we answered defiantly. We moved our sparkling face as we spoke and attempted to pull our wilted collar together in front of dignity's sake.

"And aren't you afraid of those microbes in the ice water?"

"No, sir; we are jealous of them."

WHAT DID SHE SAY?

The Ladies' Aid women were talking about a conversation they had overheard before the meeting between a man and his wife.

"Well, did anybody ever?" Mrs. C. exclaimed. "I am sure they were talking about microbes, for she said 'a trained ear,' as distinctly as could be."

The discussion began to warm up, and in the midst of it the woman herself appeared. They carried their case to her promptly and asked for a settlement.

"Well, well, you do best all," she exclaimed, after hearing each one. "I'd been out to the country overnight, and was asking my husband if it rained here last night."

After which three disputants retired abashed and in silence.—Lippincott's.

LETTING THE BISHOP IN.

The late Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, was very fond of children, and it was always a joy to us youngsters, says a writer in Harper's Magazine, when he came for his visit to my father's parish. His anecdotes and stories enlivened the household. Once, when he was staying with us, he told the following story:

"One Sunday morning, just after breakfast, I reported to the rector's study, where I was soon followed by his little 4-year-old son, who climbed up on my knee and began to talk. Suddenly the little fellow looked up into my face and said: 'Bishop, do you want to see my piggy bank?'"

"Yes, indeed," said I. So the child slid down and started to get the book. When half way across the room a sudden idea seemed to strike him, and running back and putting one hand on my knee, he looked up in my face and shook his little forefinger at me, whispering, 'Bishop, it's Sunday. We must do as on a Sunday.' We must do as on a Sunday."

Quips and Flings

"Why do they call these dentists' offices dental parlors?" asked Smith of his friend.

"Why, parlor is the old-fashioned name for drawing-room"—Presbyterian Standard.

The Dad—My son, I want to tell you that the secret of my success, as it must be of any man's, is hard work.

The Son—Sh! dad, I don't care to hear other people's secrets, and I am too much of a gentleman to take advantage of information gained in that way. Say no more.—Toledo Blade.

His Better Half—I think it's time we get Lizzie married and settled down. Alfred. She will be 28 next week, you know.

Her Lesser Half—Oh, don't hurry, my dear. Better wait till the right sort of man comes along.

His Better Half—But why wait? I didn't—Throne and Country.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is a prodigy?"

"A prodigy, my son, is a boy who can be persuaded to get his mind on the third dimension instead of trying to get his feet on third base."—Washington Star.

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Among the Poets of the Daily Press

THE INTERVIEWER.

The interviewer goes his way
With bold and lightsome heart;
He tells us what great people say
In words succinctly smart.
Yet when we hope to calm each doubt
With knowledge deep, the best
We get is something bright about
A statesman's fancy vest.

On politics the pugilist
Opinions will advance;
The baseball hero may insist
On taking of finance.
The prima donna makes a start,
But to the scribe alert
She talks, not of her wondrous art,
But of the harem skirt!

Oh, greetings to the clever chap
Who does his tireless best
To gain from men all o'er the map
The things that interest.
His subjects play a part,
The men who interview
Have all the questions learned by heart
And write the answers, too.
—Washington Star.

IRREGULARITY.

When things just go a certain way,
As steady as can be,
They're "regular as a clock," we say;
Now that's what puzzles me.

A clock's not regular at all;
I know this for a fact—
So don't depend upon it when
You want to be exact.
Now our clock, why, it's just as sure,

When I am having fun,
And bedtime hour is drawing near,
To break into a run!

And through the night it gallops on,
Until, to my surprise,
It's morning, and I know that I
Have hardly closed my eyes.

Then when I go to see his boys—
I often wonder why—
The hours go by so very fast,
They seem to fairly fly.

But then, sometimes, when I'm in
school,
It's just the other way;
The old clock goes so slow, so slow,
It seems the longest day!

And when it's near vacation time,
That is the worst of all;
It's slower than the slowest snail;
It scarcely seems to crawl.

A clock's not "regular" at all;
I know this for a fact—
So don't depend upon it when
You want to be exact.
—St. Nicholas.

AT THE STREET CORNER.

Their foreheads are low and their col-
lars are high.
The bunch is familiar wherever you
go;
You know them at once, as you're hur-
rying by—
For their voices are high, and their
language is low.
—Boston Traveler.