

the cargo close to Point Arenal, twelve miles east of Nuevitas. In making this landing our experience with the previous expedition was repeated when it developed that at least one of our volunteer pilots was a traitor. He tried to run the Dauntless on a reef, and if I had not been keeping a sharp lookout, partly as a result of what I had seen of Cuban pilots on the Bermuda, he would have piled us up high and dry. I saw there was no water where he was heading for, and was not a second too soon in signaling the alert Pagluchi to go full speed astern. Just as the tug lost way her bow struck the reef and stuck fast; but by getting all hands aft we managed to back her off.

As in the previous instance, the perfidious pilot was killed by the Cubans the moment he landed, and his partner narrowly escaped the same fate. No native pilot ever accompanied me on an expedition after that. I preferred to take chances on finding my own way into strange places rather than run the risk of repeated treachery.

THE coast was clear when we made out the landing place; so we went close inshore before dark and began to unload; though it was an extremely dangerous place, for there was no cover of any kind. Between nine and ten o'clock, when we were getting the rifles ashore, a Spanish gunboat, all lit up like an excursion steamer, hove in sight round a point seven miles to the eastward. We were not showing any sort of light; but it was certain that if we stayed where we were she would see us as she went by, hugging the shore, so we had to get out in a hurry. The situation was such that we had to take a course parallel with hers for several miles before we could get far enough ahead to cross her bow without being seen. Then I hauled out to sea and watched her go grandly by. We stood eight miles off shore until daylight, and then went back in and finished the unloading.

"You've got a lot of check," said Funston, who had stayed on board to help get the cargo into the landing dories, when I started back for the shore.

"You've got to have check to succeed in this business," I told him.

Two hours after we had cleared away another gunboat showed up from the westward; but its officers must have been sound asleep, for they detected none of the evidences of the landing that had just been made. It took three days to get the field gun and all the arms back into the bush; but no part of them was lost. The cartridges were packed in fifty-pound boxes, lined with tin and sealed, so they could be dumped out in shallow water and taken ashore when it was convenient.

From Nuevitas we went to Navassa Island to meet the Laurada, arriving there thirty-six hours ahead of time. She showed up exactly at the appointed time and anchored close to the rock. We took off half her party of Cubans and half her cargo, which we landed in broad daylight on the afternoon of Saturday, August 22, at Santa de Argo Niaco, a little cove twelve miles west of Santiago. There were several warships at Santiago, and the city was full of Spanish troops; but I had discovered that the gunboats which patrolled the coast made a practice of running into some large port about noon on Saturday and lying there until Monday morning. During this unwatched interval it was reasonably safe to make a landing at almost any place that was not in plain sight of some Spanish blockhouse or watch station. We returned at once to the Laurada and took on the rest of her cargo, which was landed at the same place early Monday morning.

Thus it turned out that in three days less than a month from the day Mr. Cleveland sounded the warning that put us on our mettle the entire expedition had been landed in Cuba, without the injury of a man or the loss of a cartridge, and the Dauntless had paid for herself. The landing of three cargoes by the same ship within a week gave the authorities something to think about, in both Washington and Madrid. What was more important, it showed the American people that the war in Cuba was a real, red blooded rebellion, and not merely an outburst of oratory.

With the landing of our last cargo the Laurada went to Jamaica to load fruit for Charleston, and the Dauntless headed up for Key West.

WHEN the Laurada reached Charleston with her load of fruit the detectives got hold of the six Jamaicans who were in her crew and, in return for their evidence, agreed to pay them seventeen dollars a week until the case was disposed of. General Nuñez, John D. Hart (owner of the Laurada), and Ed Murphy (her commander) were indicted for filibustering. Hart was tried in Philadelphia before Judge Butler, the man who hated filibusters, and convicted. He was sentenced to sixteen months in the penitentiary, and eventually served four months before a pardon could be secured for him. Of all the men who engaged in filibustering during the Cuban Revolution, Hart was the only one who was convicted, and his only offenses consisted of owning two ships that were used, and employing me to take command of the Bermuda.

Nuñez and Murphy were tried in New York, with Horatio Rubens to defend them, and got off without much trouble. The Jamaica negroes told their story, which was damaging enough so long as they stuck close to the truth; but one of them, specially anxious to earn his pay, went farther than the rest. He swore that he had read "Dynamite" and "Fuses" on boxes the Laurada carried, and that he had seen "Dauntless, Brunswick, Ga.," on the tug that took off her cargo. Rubens made him repeat these statements on cross examination, and then asked him to spell "Dynamite." It then developed that the negro could not read or write, and a verdict of acquittal followed.

The Dauntless was seized as soon as she poked her

nose into Jacksonville, and the authorities undertook to confiscate her, on the ground that she had gone to a foreign port (meaning Navassa Island; for they could not prove she had gone to Cuba) on a coastwise license. Rubens exploded this theory by producing the Revised Statutes, which, much to the surprise of the Government's lawyers, gave the United States jurisdiction over Navassa Island. Then the Government determined to indict me, and, as I chose to remain in Jacksonville, where the climate at that particular time was most congenial, the Jamaica negroes were taken there to testify before the federal grand jury.

When the train on which the Jamaicans were traveling reached Callahan a crowd of enthusiastic Americans insisted on taking them off and lynching them. Fortunately for the benighted blacks, Rubens happened to be on the same train, and he persuaded the would-be lynchers to abandon their plan; but not until after he had argued with them more earnestly than he ever had to plead with a jury to secure an acquittal.

The negroes identified me easily enough and told all they knew; but the jury unanimously refused to vote

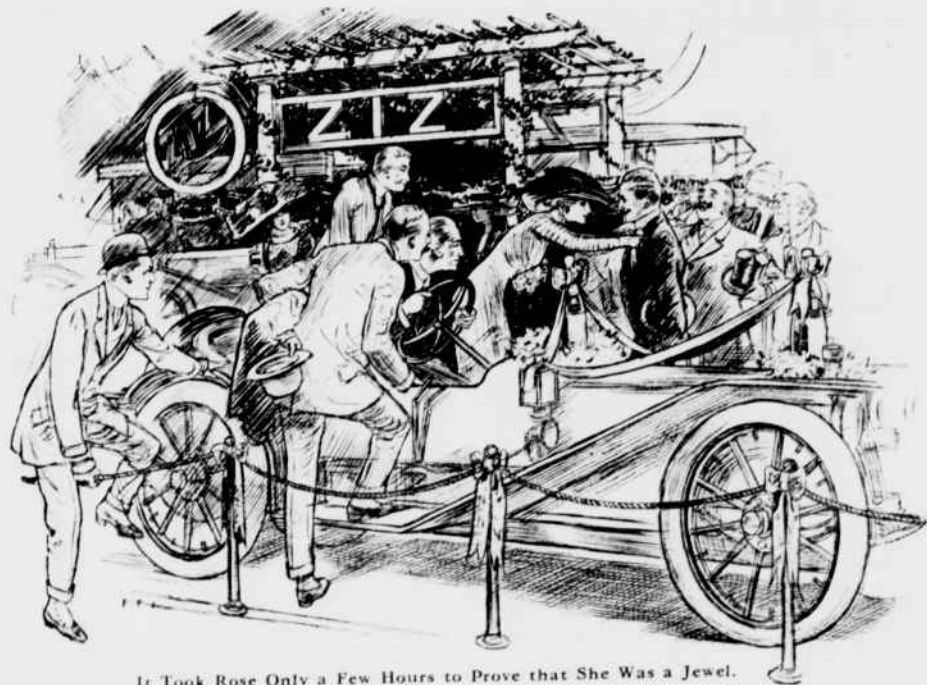
an indictment. Negro testimony didn't count for much in Jacksonville, and anti-Cuban testimony, no matter what the color of the witnesses, didn't count for anything at all. After his dismissal in New York, Nuñez was taken to Jacksonville and tried again for filibustering, this time with reference to the Dauntless, and again acquitted. This left the Government with no legal grounds for holding the Dauntless, and she was released.

WITH all of these little annoyances removed, we turned our minds to the shipment of more "aid and comfort" to Cuba. The next expedition was noteworthy from the fact that it included one of the recently invented Sims-Dudley dynamite guns. The gun was in charge of an American named Fredericks, who had lived in Cuba and had acquired considerable experience with dynamite from setting off mines during the early part of the war. This much talked about weapon, and one thousand rifles, half a million rounds of ammunition, machetes, medicines, and several tons of dynamite,

Continued on page 14

THE PINK ZIZ GIRL

BY M. WORTH COLWELL



It Took Rose Only a Few Hours to Prove that She Was a Jewel.

B. E. DAY, 1416 Broadway, N. Y.—Get Rosie with the big ribs. Four ladies with club feet at Auto Show. See that they are given proper treatment—best possible. Make big display of them.

THIS was the strange telegram that puzzled Blub Daye. Just why the president of his company should send such an insane message was a mystery. In the first place, Daye did not know any dime museum freaks with large ribs or club feet; nor was he acquainted with a woman named Rosie. Just why four deformed persons should want to visit an automobile show, so as to attract attention and make a "big display," or why he should be expected to entertain them and perhaps see to it that they received proper surgical attention, was a stunner for Daye.

Had it not been for the fact that the wire mentioned "auto show," Daye would have concluded at once that he had received the wrong message; but, inasmuch as he was in New York at that time for the purpose of looking out for the publicity interests of the Ziz automobile, the manufacturers of this product were not spending money to wire all the way from Detroit unless the messages were important. Furthermore, President Somers of this company was by no means a practical joker. While some club footed people might attract considerable notice in a public place, Daye failed to see how he could take advantage of this fact in a way that would be of any benefit to the Ziz car.

He endeavored for half an hour to determine the meaning of the message, and then wired back:

L. H. SOMERS, President Ziz Car Company, Detroit, Mich.—Cannot understand your telegram. Please rewire message. Who is Rosie?

HAVING called a messenger, he left the office and went to the Astor, where he joined some of the members of the Flat Tire Club in their corner of the dining room. This club is made up of editors and writers of motoring departments on various daily newspapers and trade publications. Its members are particularly noted for their keen sense of humor, and when Daye showed them the telegram it seemed to appeal to them most remarkably. The laughter was long and loud. They all promised to be around to look at "Rosie" and the other freaks.

Blub Daye was an automobile press agent who was universally liked. There was a time when such things were unknown; but nowadays a live news writer and

publicity man to handle the newspaper boys and automobile editors, a man who will write columns for them when they want it, is a big asset for a live motorcar concern that wishes to have the public know it builds cars.

Blub was one of those genial, good-natured, easy-going, know-everybody sort of chaps, who was always on hand at race meets, endurance runs, "sealed bonnet" contests, hill climbs, and such, and at these he was usually an official. He was generally conceded to be the most resourceful young man under thirty in the automobile business. During the last Vanderbilt Cup Race it was he who started the romantic story that one of the American drivers was to win a beautiful bride if he won the great contest. Blub at that time was press agenting the particular make of car that the driver in question was to pilot. He even cooked up a name for the girl (whom Joe the driver had never seen), and gave an "exclusive" interview with her to a morning paper, in which she said she could never marry Joe unless he won the race. She was reported to be rich as well as beautiful. While this possible bride and heroine of the yarn was purely fictitious, it did not prevent an evening paper from printing a halftone reproduction of her photograph. The rest was easy. Until the race was over the papers continued to talk about the bride that Joe was going to win.

President Somers realized the possibilities ahead of a young man like Daye, and when the Ziz Car Company was incorporated, some four months before the automobile show, he stole Blub away from the company he was with, and placed the young chap at the head of a campaign to make the six-cylinder Ziz high-powered runabout (the "Ziz Six," as it was called) a popular car. During the short time he had been boosting the car he had met with considerable success. Blub's catch phrase, "Ziz, it is to whizz!" was being widely quoted.

WHEN Daye left the Astor and went back to his temporary office, a reply to his wire awaited him. It was from the secretary of the company, and said that the president had just left for New York, and that the contents of Somers' telegram were unknown to the rest of the staff. A copy had not been kept on file in the factory office. Daye knew that Somers would not reach New York for several days, as it was the president's intention to visit Chicago, Cleveland, and one or two other cities before coming East. He started to look for the mysterious telegram, which he had put in his card-