

HOLTON OF THE NAVY

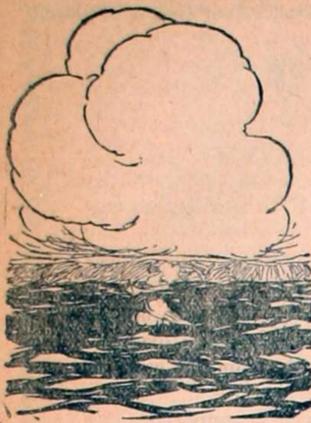
A STORY OF THE
FREEING OF CUBA

By Lawrence Perry

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Illustrations by
Ellsworth Young

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SYNOPSIS.

Lieutenant Holton is detached from his command in the navy at the outset of the Spanish-American war and is assigned to important secret service duty. While dining at a Washington hotel he detects a waiter in the act of robbing a beautiful young lady. She thanks him for his service and gives her name as Miss La Tossa, a Cuban patriot. Later he meets her at a ball. A secret service man warns Holton that the girl is a spy. Senior La Tossa chides his daughter for her failure to secure important information from Holton. She leaves for her home in Cuba. Holton is ordered to follow her. They meet on the Tampa train. Miss La Tossa tells Holton she is a Cuban spy and expresses doubt regarding the sincerity of the United States. Holton is ordered to remain at Tampa to guard the troop transports. He receives orders to land Miss La Tossa, who is considered a dangerous spy, on Cuban soil. At sea he is overtaken by another warship which takes Miss La Tossa aboard and Holton is ordered to return to Tampa. He saves the transports from destruction at the hands of dynamiters and reports to Admiral Sampson for further duty. Holton is sent to General Garcia's command in the guise of a newspaper correspondent to investigate Cuban plots against the American troops and to learn the plans of the Spanish navy. He detects a trusted Cuban leader in the work of fomenting trouble among the Cubans in the interests of the Spaniards. Holton is seized by friends of the spy and later is ordered executed as a spy. He escapes and saves the American troops from falling into a Spanish ambush. He learns from Gen. Garcia that the spy is Joss Cesnola, one of the most trusted leaders. Holton takes part in the battle at San Juan. Disguised as a Spanish soldier he enters Santiago, goes at night to the home of Miss La Tossa, where he overhears a discussion of the Spanish plans by leading army and navy commanders. He learns that the Spanish fleet will leave the harbor at Santiago on July 3. While attempting to leave the house he is confronted by Miss La Tossa. Holton cements his friendship with Miss La Tossa by assuring her that the Americans intend to capture the island as soon as the Spaniards are driven out.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"I know, I know," he laughed, "but just the same, I think you had better leave the weapon in its holster. For I have—what do you Americans say?—ah, the drop on you!"

The girl stamped her foot.

"Senior Cesnola, I command you to leave us; you are a guest here."

"I shall not leave you. On the contrary, I must ask you to slip that revolver from your friend's belt." He stopped, as though struck with a thought. "But you need not mind. I suggest merely that you quit the room; there is about to be an execution."

Holton stood facing the man, immovable as a statue. The girl stepped forward.

"You are lying!" she cried. "There will be no execution."

"Oh, but yes, there will be!" was the smiling rejoinder, "and right before your eyes unless you retire."

"You fiend!" With a sudden, lithe movement she sprang in front of Holton. "Now fire, if you dare!"

Holton placed his hands upon her supple waist and lifted her to one side. The revolver darted forward to aim. The girl uttered a little cry and sprang back, seizing the American's coat with her hands stretched behind her.

"Miss La Tossa!" cried Holton. "You—"

Cesnola's face was working with the rage of a fanatic.

"Out of the way, girl!" he cried, glancing behind him at the door of the opposite room, which he had closed as he left it. "That man is a spy! He has got to die! He is an enemy, a snake in the grass, not worthy of a minute's quarter!"

Miss La Tossa never moved; and



She Sprang in Front of Holton.

Holton, his mind working like lightning, did not attempt to put her aside.

"Out of the way," repeated the Spaniard, with a sort of hissing of the breath. "Out of the way, or, by God! I'll shoot through you."

There was the crash of an opening door.

"What's this—this noise and shouting?" came a deep voice.

Holton, watching his enemy like a hawk, saw the revolver-barrel deflect from him, the man's head turned in the direction whence the voice had come. Springing backward and sideways like a deer, Holton shot across the room.

There was a loud report—a bullet

singed his hair. The next instant he had leaped through the window, glass and all, and was on the porch. From here, as two bullets sped after him, he leaped down upon the back of a horse that was being held by a soldier. Striking the animal with the butt of his revolver, he went careering off through the darkness like a rocket.

From the men on the drive, from men on the porch, came a rain of bullets; and Holton, who had learned a trick or two in the way of horsemanship, slipped down along the animal's body, shielding himself almost completely. But the horse was exposed, and a whining bullet pierced the steed to the heart. He suddenly plunged forward, throwing Holton to the ground, then rolled over and was still.

Holton landed on his knees, and, although jarred, was not stunned. He scrambled along desperately, regaining his feet, and struck out for the woods, about a hundred feet away.

He toiled on for two hours, distancing all sounds of pursuit, and then flung himself on the wet ground like a tired animal and fell at once into a deep sleep. When he awoke the sun was shining through the trees.

But it was not this that had roused him. It was the roaring of field ordnance and the racketing of small arms. Evidently they were at it again. His one thought was that this was the 2nd of July, and that on the morrow the Spanish warships meant to dash out of the harbor and attempt an escape.

His fleet must be warned. That was what he was there for, and this, from now on, must be the single aim of his life, the one thought in his mind, the supreme struggle of his body.

By constant concentration upon the object of his mission, he brought his mental condition into a sort of hysteria. The heat, too, had got into his brain. As he stumbled over a log he would sob or curse, and once, when he tripped and was thrown flat, he lay for a second, weeping like a child.

So he went on until once, upon climbing a tree to ascertain his position, he looked down upon the upper waters of the harbor. He was on the hills to the right, and another hour's journey would bring him within signal of his feet.

He struggled feebly, and then lay back with the realization that, great as was the exigency, he was not able to meet it. A sort of stupor, partly hunger, partly fatigue, stole over him, and he closed his eyes.

It was night when he opened them again, startled. At first he could not recall where he was. Then he remembered, and with a start remembered why he was there.

He sat up and with difficulty got on his feet. Then he walked. He did not know he was walking; he had no consciousness of moving, and no sense of direction; but his subconscious powers were leading him right. A breath of pure salt air blew on his face. He turned toward a line of brush and parted it, and there, below him, lay the Spanish fleet, their lights, reflected in the velvet waters, twinkling and winking. He heard the chug-chug of a steam launch, and several times the murmur of a voice rose to his ears.

Farther down, in the moonlight, he could see the masts and funnel of Hobson's Merrimac. Ships' bells struck as he looked, and the sound floated sweetly to the hilltops.

He turned his face seaward and walked along, partially revived by his rest. At length a sense of openness came upon him, the sensation of a vast void in front of him. He paused, and then stole noiselessly onward, until at last, passing through a growth of manigut, the wide expanse of the Caribbean lay before him.

Here he flung himself on the ground and waited for morning. His limbs were aching with almost unbearable pain. His eyes burned with fever, his head throbbled. And yet all these things he regarded lightly, for the Caribbean was in front of him, and the American fleet would receive his warning as soon as God brought the dawn.

CHAPTER XII.

Destroying a Fleet.

It was well past dawn when Holton awoke. He was in a panic of fear that he had permitted valuable time to elapse. He rose to his feet stiffly and broke through the bushes until the blue sea lay beneath him. His eyes were strained to the left, where the stern of the flagship was swinging toward him. He noticed black smoke belching from the funnels. Evidently the New York was leaving her station when the ships of the enemy were preparing to come out of the harbor where they had been bottled up for so long.

Cold sweat stood out upon Holton's forehead, and, hastily throwing aside his coat and tearing off his shirt, he took from beneath it a white signal flag, which he had carried around his body for days against just this emergency.

Breaking off a branch and knotting

the corners of the flag to it, he sprang tensely into position.

The flagship was leaving beyond peradventure. Her stern was still toward him, and it was growing smaller. The admiral going away, of all times! In desperation he raced along the hill, trying to catch an angle where his signaling would be seen.

Finally, seeing the futility of further running, Holton stopped, and began swinging the flag right left, right left, with frantic energy. For five, ten minutes he repeated the T. E. call, but without eliciting the slightest response, and so, ceasing his exertions he watched the New York move away with tears springing from his eyes.

The Brooklyn had swung broadside to him, and the picturesque ram bow and the tall funnels were as cleanly cut against the sea as a cameo. Admiral Schley, he knew, was on board her, and must of necessity be the commander-in-chief pending Sampson's return. So it was to this rakish craft that he now turned his attention.

Walking to a point as nearly abreast of her as he could get, he began snapping the flag right and left, in the effort to attract her attention. If he could only get her now, and could deliver his message, there was no doubt that the New York could be recalled by a signal gun. So simple did this seem that he wondered why he had not thought of it before.

He swung his flag with fresh ardor, but it was as though he were signaling to Mars, so far as any answer was concerned. Holton could see a launch leaving the Indiana for the Massachusetts. Everything was peaceful. From the city drifted the sweet notes of the matin bells and through the trees he could catch glimpses of the red roofs and the blues and greens and browns of the houses of Santiago.

Holton redoubled his efforts with the flag. It seemed as if he had moved his arms to and fro for an hour without response. He had to rest. He lowered the flag and was leaning on the staff when suddenly from the bridge of the Brooklyn he saw a flutter of bunting.

As he looked he read that vessel's call letter. No doubt now they had seen his signal and were making inquiries. Quickly raising his flag over his head he repeated his E. E. call and then, as he caught the answering flashes of white from the Brooklyn, he began his messages. And this is how it read:

"Message to admiral from Lieutenant Holton."

"All right. Ready."

"Cervera's fleet will leave the harbor this morning."

There was a pause. Holton waved his flag frantically.

"Did you get it?"

There was still no answer. Finally it came.

"Repeat."

Holton scowled.

"Cervera's fleet will leave the harbor this morning."

There was another pause.

"Who are you?"

"Lieutenant Holton, United States navy."

After a short wait the flag on the Brooklyn flashed again.

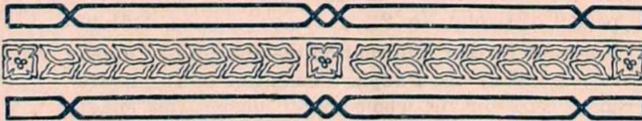
"The admiral sends his compliments—and his thanks."

There followed several up and down movements of the flag, indicating that Admiral Schley had received all he wanted to know and that his mind was already turning to more important matters of the hour.

As Holton threw his flag aside and turned shoreward he saw two tall columns of black smoke arising from the direction of the harbor. They were coming!

He dashed for his flag, but even as he did so he saw the flash of a tier of guns from Morro and Socapa, and then suddenly, as he glanced down

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



FELT HE WAS PASSED OVER

Somewhat Peculiar Idea That Gave Youngster a Great Sense of Personal Injury.

Mrs. Flint, who always has an eye and ear for childish troubles, stopped one day on her way to a luncheon of her college class because she saw a stout little boy who was standing near the curb and crying loudly. She undertook to comfort the distressed youngster.

She bent down, patted the tow-colored head, gazed into the tear-stained face, and made as if to wipe away the traces of grief.

"Why, what is the matter, my dear child?" asked she solicitously.

"M-my b-brother's got a vacation and—and I haven't!" he roared.

"What a shame!" said the woman.

toward the mouth of the bay, he saw a leaden-colored cruiser, with yellow and red flag of Spain snapping defiantly from her jack-staff, appear from behind the hills, and then, as a panther dashes from a cave in the mouth of which hunters have kindled a fire, she turned to the right and dashed into the open sea.

It seemed an age, but it was, not more than a few seconds, when a terrific roar shook the waters, and a burst of flame and gases rolled from a turret of one of the American ships.

Holton marked the course of the great thirteen-inch shell, saw the great, dark shape dart with lightning speed toward the Vizcaya, saw it hurtle over the deck, ricochet on the water, and explode in the woods beyond. Then the earth shook with fearful noise.

From all the American ships, and from those of the Spaniards, great guns vomited forth their messengers of death and destruction. The sky grew dark, and a yellowish pall settled upon the sea.

As Holton stood tense, following the combat as in a trance, he heard a tremendous explosion, and saw the Marie Theresa list sharply, and then saw her turn in toward the land, where she soon grounded. He could see men clinging to her decks.

It was clear that the American vessels were overhauling the enemy's ships, although Holton had understood that, as regards speed, our vessels were inferior. The discharge of guns was incessant. Almost directly beneath him he saw two Spanish destroyers disengage themselves from the larger vessels and swing about, evidently with the intention of returning to the harbor; but, like a hawk, a



The Earth Shook With Fearful Noise

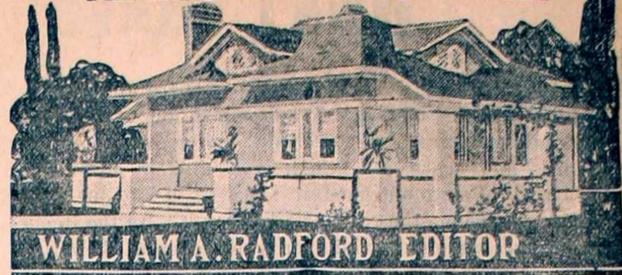
long, rakish American craft, a converted yacht, pounced down upon them, letting fly with her machine guns and six-pounders as she came.

The torpedo boats fought back with all the venom of maddened serpents, but gallant Wainwright and the Gloucester were not to be denied, and, under the fury of his onset, the two destroyers succumbed like craft of cardboard, disabled and sinking within the course of what seemed to Holton a very few minutes.

He could see two or three of the larger Spanish vessels aground now, flames seething from hatchways, the men of the crew leaping into the sea. Liefboats from the American vessels were among them, attending to the work of rescue as diligently as, but a few moments before, they had set themselves to the task of dealing death to their foes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE AMERICAN HOME



WILLIAM A. RADFORD, EDITOR

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

A house 36 by 40 feet is just about the right size when you want four bedrooms with good sized living rooms down stairs. It makes a great difference in the cost of building whether you have large rooms or small rooms.

Many times architects are asked to design an eight-room house with no sizes stipulated, but it is intimated that large rooms are wanted. When the plan is finished and the cost computed there is an objection at once on the score of expense and the architect is asked to reduce the size to come within the owner's means.

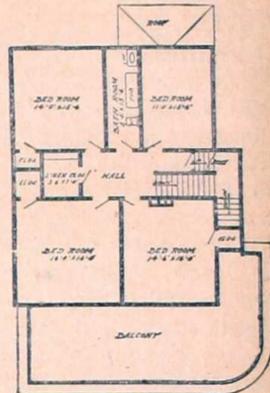
This is a difficult task. In the first place the owner has got his ideas up to a rather pretentious house and he has decided that he wants four bedrooms, which, with bathroom, hall and stairway means that he must either have a house about the size of this one or he must cut down the size of the rooms considerably. The decision usually is to make the rooms smaller, but this often alters the appearance of the house until the general effect is disappointing.

If a person can stand the expense this eight-room house plan is a good one; the proportions are right and the floor space is utilized to the very best advantage for convenience, sanitation and general utility, when considered as a home for a good sized family.

A great deal of time has been devoted to the stairway to make it one of the most complete house stairways ever built. It is easy to look at a stair when finished and admire it, but only architects realize how difficult it is to start with a naked plan and build a stair that will connect all parts of the house, including the cellar and the

before deciding on any plan or design. I find that it is necessary for people who are not accustomed to reading architectural drawing to study the subject in this way in order to get a clear idea of what the plans, elevations and specifications really mean. The study of a book of house plans will often result in a building entirely different from the one first decided upon.

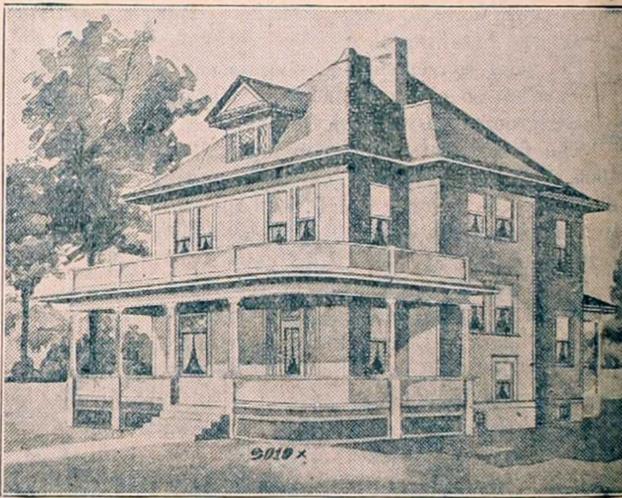
There are so many different styles of roofs, for instance, and the roof has a good deal to do with the value of the house. If you like the roof you are almost sure to like the house. It is a sort of introduction from a distance. It is the first thing you see when you approach home at night.



Second Floor Plan.

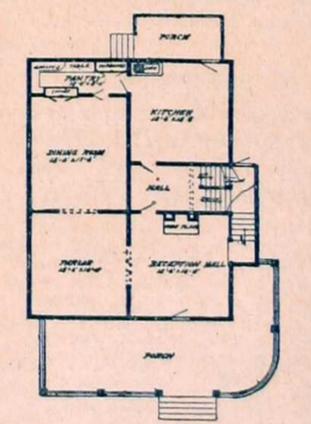
and the last thing you see upon leaving in the morning.

A good roof has a good deal to do with the real value as well as the sentimental value of a dwelling. Some roofs are so made that snow piles up in the corners to melt and freeze and back up the water so you have to get up in the night and set pans and pails around at different places to catch the drips. This happens with comparatively new roofs that are improperly constructed. There are a



attic, in a neat, convenient combination that will not eat into the cubic space unnecessarily.

This stairway is the product of the inventive genius of several generations of architects and it deserves very careful consideration on the part of the owner when he starts to build. There are many house plans in which the stairway is made to occupy a great deal more room than it should, while interfering with some of the



First Floor Plan.

more important rooms, but this stair is fitted into a recess in such a way as to take very little room from the house proper, but it looks well, is convenient of access from all parts of the house and the run is so easy that it will not tire a woman to death using it.

In building a house the plan is one of the first considerations and it is not one to be lightly considered nor quickly chosen. I often recommend intending builders to get a book of house plans and study it thoroughly

good many roofs in the snowy northern states where considerable shoveling is necessary after heavy snow storms. The roof must not be too plain, and it must not be too fancy. There is more in the general design than in the fancy features.

Next to the general plan and design the conveniences for doing the house work are very important. A person builds a house once and lives in it for years usually. If the range, kitchen sink, pantry, outside doors, cellarway and other working conveniences that a woman uses every day are so placed that she takes a few extra steps each time, the amount of unnecessary labor entailed when multiplied by every day in the year amounts to a great deal in the aggregate. Every one likes to see a house look well from the front, but really the most important thing is the culinary department and the accessories thereto.

In this plan these important features have received a great deal of consideration. They are homely subjects but we have formed a national habit of eating about three times a day, and that foots up to more than a thousand meals during the year. Women usually are not adepts at figures, but these facts will appeal to every woman who has managed a house as large as this with a family numerous to fill it.

Gives Benefit of Doubt.

Miss Janet Scudder says that, given the same amount of talent and education, men could produce as fine statues as women. She is herself a sculptor, and this remark quoted is her little sarcastic answer to Brander Matthews, who said that women should have a hall of fame of their own, as he did not believe they could do the same kind of work as men, and consequently could not be classed in a hall of fame with them.