

## WAR TALK.

Old Point Comfort. —As the St. Louis and St. Paul, with General Brooke's staff and General Haine's command, glided out, bound for Porto Rico, wistful glances followed them; Santiago's wounded had not, even now, enough of it! Those who could, hobbled down to the wharf on crutches, with canes, arms in slings and with heads bandaged, to see these untried heroes pull out.

Over five hundred of our sick and wounded are here in the hospital and tent annex. Generals, colonels, majors, captains, corporals, privates, cavalrymen and infantrymen—Spanish bullets leveling all ranks. The stories they tell—one and all—make one realize fully the needless horrors of this war. It is not war. It is a torture, so great that its details are too terrible for publication. It makes one believe in the reincarnation of the soul and hell, with Santiago reserved for hell's deepest cell. Our poor men who have died there, and who have come through it, must have paid a penalty for sins committed in some other existence; surely nothing of which we know in this existence calls for such punishment.

A noticeable thing is that these men tell of it not at all complainingly—just as though it were a matter of course. If they tell you they lay for hours where they fell, in the sun, in the rain, in the mud, in their own blood, without food, without water, fighting land crabs, fighting ants, watching vultures, stung by hornets, they add "but the best was done for us that could be done—there were so many to be taken care of."

These brave boys in blue are at present brave boys in pajamas. Blessed be pajamas! The government furnishes nightshirts for its sick and wounded, but the women of the country are sending pajamas. These in this hospital were furnished by the Woman's National Relief association, of which Mrs. U. S. Grant is president, and Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth is director-general. And director-general in every sense of the term is Mrs. Walworth. She was here personally with pajamas, crutches, slippers, nurses and other necessities, with the consent of General Sternberg, when the wounded commenced to arrive. The pajamas, just now, are the only uniforms some of these soldiers have; the suits of blue and of brown duck, worn since the transports were loaded at Tampa, stiffened with blood and with Cuban soil, were cut off, thrown in piles on the outside of tents and afterward burned. Pajamas, slippers, tooth brushes and underclothing were furnished immediately by this association—organized to assist sensibly the government—and Uncle Sam will come to the rescue in due time, and in dignified, true, military, regulation, red-tape order. In the meantime, our wounded and convalescing sick are not obliged to stay in bed because of such a trifle as having no wearing apparel.

Great fuss and fume have been made about the Seneca, which arrived in New York without being properly equipped for the sick and wounded. The Seneca is only one, and was no worse and probably not so badly off as the Alamo and Concho, which were quarantined here the past week. The physician who boarded them said the sight sickened him. There were several of the wounded soldiers without a stitch of clothing. To dress their wounds before leaving Santiago it was necessary to cut off uniforms, and the men were sent on without others having been supplied. They were without medical supplies from the start,

and when they reached this port were without food and without drinking water. The fever patients were raving in delirium and all of them were in desperate condition. They were not allowed to land. Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, who is stopping at the Chamberlin, and several angels, sent out milk, ice, lemons, food, and such necessities as could be gathered up in the town.

General Sternberg claims these reports are all exaggerated. They are not exaggerated. They have not been exploited "unpatriotically." They are simply statements of fact.

How are you going to get around a fact?

If our prisoners of war are sent back to Spain in the condition our sick and wounded are being sent back to us, God pity the Christian reputation of the United States.

Who shall be blamed? No one, I suppose. It is "war." General Shafter was asked to have medical and other supplies landed first at Santiago. He said no—men first and supplies afterward. Men were landed, fighters were lost, and many supplies came back to Tampa, just as they were loaded. The only attention these wounded men—many of them—had at Santiago is what is called the "First Aid." Many of the men carried the necessities for this, and dressed their own wounds. Others had been obliged in the awful heat and strain, to throw aside all accoutrements and had everything available stolen by the Cubans.

Incidentally, you ought to hear the soldiers' opinions of the Cubans! They have a sort of respect for the Spaniard but the Cubans! They don't like them. They spit out when they mention them.

Many of our wounded had sunstroke after they were disabled. These cases, here in the hospital, are the most difficult to control. David B. McClure, one of the Oklahoma Rough Riders, one of these wounded who had sunstroke, sat on the edge of his cot, in Ward 23, arrayed in pink pajamas, with a green shade over his eyes. He said, "those Rough Riders fell so fast they made a carpet of brown duck on the hillside." He, with the rest, had nothing to eat from Friday morning until Saturday noon. At noon a company of the Thirty-third Michigan came by and divided their rations with the wounded.

One poor fellow, who was wounded on the first day, July 1, was not found until July 5. He had crawled out to the roadside and was lying there unconscious. He was shot in the leg. He had packed the wound with mud to stop the flow of blood. The leg was amputated and his life saved. Another soldier tells of lying in the shade of some bushes. A short distance from him was another wounded soldier, lying out in the open, unconscious. Presently he noticed that shots were falling near this soldier—the shots came nearer and nearer—a sharpshooter was getting better and better aim. He himself could not move to save his comrade—he could not arouse him. Finally the sharpshooter had his aim perfected and with another shot the wounded and unconscious soldier was dead. A Sioux Indian cannot fight better from concealment—than these Spanish soldiers.

To return to the hospital here. The soldiers call it "heaven." About 450 are in large tents, having floors and iron cots with comfortable furnishings, while the officers and severest surgical cases are in the hospital proper. This post hospital was equipped for fifty or seventy-five patients. When Major De Witt received word that the wounded would commence to arrive at 2 p. m., he had but

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six hours to make preparations. The tents were up, with the flooring laid, and in the store house were five hundred cots. Without going into details suffice to say that, thanks to the wonderful executive ability conceded to Major De Witt, at nine o'clock that night two hundred and sixteen men had had their wounds dressed, had been bathed and tucked in between pure white sheets in white night shirts, on comfortable cots, with a supply such as they had only dreamed of for weeks.

Wounds are not the worst trouble surgeons and nurses contend with at this hospital. It is typhoid fever, and the typhoid brought from Chickamauga. Yesterday it was the final "lights out" for one of the Third Illinois; today, for one of the Fourth Pennsylvania. Both of these patients with twenty-five more, the majority from the Third Illinois, were brought to the hospital as their regiments sailed away. They were all sick when they left Camp Thomas, but were anxious to go, and thought they would be well if they could but get to Newport News. They marched to Rossville to take the train—those who did not fall by the roadside, to be picked up by the wagons—and on reaching Newport News they were laid on the ground in the rain. They were given the "dog tents," shelter tents, after a few hours, but still lay on the wet ground.

They were accustomed to rain. Two weeks before I saw the Illinois regi-

ments stand parade for three hours and a half in the greatest down pour of rain I ever witnessed. They were being reviewed, and were listening to a speech by Governor Tanner. I was in a curtained carriage. Governor Tanner and his staff wore mackintoshes. The Illinois soldiers were not wildly enthusiastic over their governor. Their blue uniforms were probably too heavy with water for enthusiasm.

Some of these who are lying here with typhoid fever tell me they had been drinking "red water"—near Kelley's field at Chickamauga the wells are low. General Brooke, while I was in Chickamauga, had allowed the owners of pure springs to cut off the supply of good drinking water. He would not be blackmailed into paying an exorbitant price for the springs. Of course, the government should not be compelled to pay for water. The lives of men do not cost the government anything; still, the horses and mules, which do cost something, get sick on bad water. I should think, by way of parenthesis, that the government would take the springs of pure water and tell the owners to go—to get out of the way of our guns.—Town Topics.

"John," said Mrs. Dumley at the supper table, "I was to the loveliest funeral today."  
"Indeed," asked her husband. "Whose was it?"  
"Oh, I don't know. I only went for the ride."