THE EVENING PAPER IS THE PAPER OF TODAY. THE MORNING PAPER IS THE PAPER OF YESTERDAY.

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PHILIPPINE SENSATION.

Red Cross Nurse from Manila Tells a Startling Story.

SCENES OF SICK SOLDIERS DYING

For Want of Proper Sustenance—Utter Neglectness and Suicide in the Hospitals.

Seattle, Dec. 13, via San Francisco, Dec. 14.—A sensation Seattle, which played quite high, Manila, which plays the second fiddle, arrived here today in the shape of a stowaway of whom the Tacoma Ledger publishes the following:

Mrs. Lockwood, a Red Cross nurse who came from Honolulu to Manila, stowed away on the Senator Mantle, and was discovered when the ship was well out to sea. She makes some startling charges as to the way Uncle Sam's soldiers are taken care of in Manila. Mrs. Lockwood tells the following story:

"Scores of the soldier boys are dying in the hospitals at Manila for want of proper nourishment. They say the government allows sixty cents a day for the care of the hospitals, the beneficiaries to be the sick men. Men are brought down from the trenches, some of them with fever, and are placed in the hospitals, where they lie, seeking for a cooling drink, or anything else that will relieve the fever that comes upon them. Nothing is offered them but days of sun and nights of sweltering misery, without proper care, without even a cup of water with which to cool the parched tongue or even, to write to friends, to relieve aching hearts or unburden pent up, if by chance ordinary or extraordinary of vitality they do not better, there is before them nothing but the still more cheerless period of convalescence, with the possibility of death, and the old weariness of the mind to be suffered again. No wonder they do not care to live. No wonder the dead houses is never empty.

"And outside the hospital and even within it, such indifference. Body snatchers and hack and gambling, operations going everywhere, and no attempt at concealment. It is disheartening and prejudicial to the cause of the soldiers. It is expected that the government will look after its sick and wounded. I could have saved a dozen of my boys a day, on average, if I had been allowed to do what I knew they needed. Men are brought down from the trenches, the heliographs are all over made, giving up to death, crying for a cooling drink, or for something else that will ease the agony of the fever, and there is nothing to give them. Men who are able to be up and about, who are able to give them a cup of water, are not allowed to do so, for they are under orders to remain in their tents, and the old weariness of the mind is to be suffered again. No wonder they do not care to live. No wonder the dead houses is never empty.

"Not a day passes but some one commits suicide in the hospital. Only a week ago a young man, who was convalescent, was left alone in his tent, and he took his life with a pistol. Only a few days before a young man who was convalescent