

of the United States—the country which has sent them food and on which they base all their hopes of better days, they expressed their gratitude in the only way they knew.

Let nobody persuade you that Spain was responsible for the great disaster. In all probability it was an accident, which will be explained in the course of the pending investigation; or at the worst, the horrible crime was committed by some irresponsible lunatic, like Glitteau, or Booth, or the last assassin of the president of France. Everything in the power of man to do for the relief of the survivors and to further the full investigation has been done by the Spanish government and the people of Havana. They bore the entire cost of the funeral and nobody in the city will accept any pay for the service rendered. Neither pains nor expense has been spared, and the fathers and mothers of the men could not have been kinder. The marines of the Spanish man-of-war that lay alongside the Maine in the harbor, and the Bomberos, (firemen) of Havana risked their lives in assisting on the night of the disaster, and the doctors in the Spanish military hospital of San Ambrosio, where many of the wounded were taken, neither slept nor ate for thirty-six hours, in unremitting care of the suffering. Of course, in time of war, when feeling runs so high, all manner of stories are in circulation. One of them is, to the effect that for some time a strange man had been haunting the United States consulate, begging General Lee to send the Maine away, as some horrible thing was about to be done to her. They thought he was a crank, such as frequently visit the White House, and sent him away, again and again; but now they are diligently hunting for him, and he cannot be found. I heard one of the officers of the Maine say that it was not possible for a bomb to have been exploded beneath her. The keel lay within two feet and one-half of the bottom of the harbor, and a bomb large enough to destroy the big vessel could not have been crowded between the mud and the keel; furthermore, a bomb of sufficient capacity to have lifted the Maine would also have wrecked Havana and destroyed every other ship in the harbor.

An oft-repeated canard is that the commanding officer of the Maine when the first explosion occurred, sent five men down to remove the gun-powder and dynamite in the hold, in order to save the city, and that the men obeyed, knowing that it meant death to them all. As a matter of fact but a few seconds elapsed between the first alarm and the final explosion, and there was no time for the giving of any orders whatever. I am spending a few hours every day with the wounded men who remain in the Hospital de San Ambrosio, writing letters for them to their wives and sweethearts, and carrying them the grapes and cigarettes and little luxuries which some of them crave. In no case have I been allowed to pay a penny for anything for the hospital; every merchant in Havana is ready to place his entire stock at my disposal. These are the worst cases among the living, all the rest have died here, or been sent to Key West. They are all patient and cheerful fellows, bearing their pains like heroes. Though terribly burned, their severest injuries came from being dashed with such violence against the rocks. Among them is Fred C. Holger of New York City, with both legs and arms entirely helpless, besides terrible burns and bruises. One of the most pitiable cases is that of William Mattingly, a handsome young fellow from Bay City, Michigan. His jaw is crushed and his whole body a mass of injuries, and so excruciating are his sufferings that he is kept most of the time under the

influence of opiates. The burned and powder-blackened faces of all are covered with sheets of cotton-batting, put on helmet fashion, with slits for eyes, mouth and nostrils; and Sister Mary Wilberforce, of the English Red Cross society, who is their devoted nurse, calls them her crusaders in battle array. This dear little woman has washed and dressed their wounds from the first, cheered the living and closed the eyes of the dying, as only an angel in mortal guise could do.

Some thirty bodies are now in the morgue, or rather horrible bits of bodies, brought up from the sea during the last few hours by ropes and grappling hooks and dumped into boxes, to be buried as quickly as possible. Out in the splendid cemetery de Cristobal Colon, where several wide graves have each received their complement of coffins, other trenches are kept in readiness for receiving the remains of our boys as fast as they are found. Yesterday I made a trip with some Cuban friends to Jaruco, thirty miles from the capital. As we crossed the ferry at 5 o'clock in the morning to the railway station on the other side of the bay, we passed close to the melancholy wreck of the Maine, a fleet of small boats at their gruesome fishing for bodies by the light of a crescent moon. When we passed that way a few days ago, en route to Guanahacoe, how proud we were of our gallant warship and the men who swarmed her decks! The road to Jaruco lies through a beautiful country, of rolling hills and royal palms; or rather, how beautiful it must have been before the dreadful war. Nature has done her best for it, in climate, soil and scenery. Three years ago rich plantations, prosperous villages, country houses and sugar mills covered every mile of it; now all the cane-fields and orchards are burned, the houses and mills in ashes, the villages mere heaps of ruins. Here and there is a small fort, or a straw-thatched camping station for a portion of the Spanish army; but not a sign of other occupation or a single trace of the former inhabitants. The latter, who have not been killed in battle or died in prison are all among the reconcentrados who are starving in Havana and Jaruco, or are among the 200,000 already dead by starvation. The insurgents have burned cane-fields and killed the cattle and destroyed the villages, to prevent the Spaniards from being benefitted by them, and the Spaniards in retaliation have destroyed the people. Our train was strongly guarded by Spanish soldiers, for every hillock might hide a troop of insurgents and trains are frequently attacked. Under pretext of adjusting a refractory window, a dark-visaged, poorly-dressed stranger—evidently a rebel in disguise—whispered in my ear, "don't be alarmed, the insurgents will not attack this train; there are Americans on board!" It is said that the movements of all foreigners in Cuba are closely watched, by Spaniards on one side and the rebels on the other; so that notwithstanding the extreme kindness and courtesy we are constantly receiving, there is always the uncomfortable feeling of being "between two fires."

Our visit to Jaruco happened to occur on the second anniversary of the raid of the late insurgent chief, Maceo, when he laid the city in ruins. Before that day it was a rather important place of 12,000 inhabitants; now it numbers about 5,000, three-fourths of whom are in a state bordering on starvation. Aside from the sadness of its desolation it is one of the most picturesque places I have ever seen. The streets straggle hap-hazard up and down stony hills, the pink and blue and pea-green houses mostly mere roofless shells with only portions of their walls

left standing; the church is a fort, surrounded by a hastily erected barricade of stones, and the most prominent features are now the quarters of the Spanish soldiers, the prison and the graveyard. The latter is an immense bare enclosure on the top of a hill. A small high-walled space shows the cemetery of two years ago—all the rest having been added since Maceo's raid. I asked how many were killed in the battle. "Oh, nobody was killed then," they said; "there was no battle. Maceo only rushed through, burning villages as he went. Afterwards the Spanish soldiers followed in pursuit and murdered many people; but most of those in the cemetery have died of miseria." That is the disease which afflicts all rural Cuba. The name was coined by the physicians who attended the starving reconcentrados, and now it is so recorded in the burial certificates. It means "misery," nothing more—the gaunt shadow that has depopulated the country. It happened that the first carload of food from the United States was attached to our train. We did not know it when we left Havana, and were in no way responsible for the good deed; but the grateful Jarucans could not be made to understand that. In spite of our repeated protest and explanations, that we came merely as visitors and had nothing to do with the food, the entire population turned out to welcome us, headed by the Jefe, the Alcalde and the Judge; we were escorted in state through the city; followed by several thousand people, given the best breakfast the place afforded, loaded with gifts of flowers and birds; and to cap the climax your humble correspondent was addressed by a delegation of ladies and presented with an official document, signed by many names, which made her the "Patroness of the Publication!" In vain I tried to dodge the honor, and to persuade the people to wait for Miss Clara Barton, who would probably come to Jaruco later on and make her their "patroness." I was the first American woman who had visited them and upon my defenseless head the full measure of their gratitude was wreaked! It was as heart-breaking as embarrassing. A very large majority of the crowd were like living skeletons—an army of beggars, with swollen feet and emaciated bodies, victims of fever, hunger and "miseria." Patiently they followed us about, from street to street and house to house, where we were led by the "delegation" like lambs to the slaughter, and at every opportunity they pressed to kiss my hand. How guilty I felt to eat the breakfast served in the moson, with that hungry crowd waiting patiently and respectfully outside! How I begged the "delegation" to let the sight-seeing go—that I would come another day for that, if they would only open some of those blessed bales and boxes and feed the hungry multitude. "Si Senora fuerda" no so moteste," they said; "yes, dear lady. Don't disturb yourself. They shall be fed tomorrow!" Had it been in the United States the cover would have been knocked off and the multitude fed within an hour after the train arrived; but "Manana" (tomorrow) rules all things in Spanish-America. The kind and benevolent souls, actuated by the very best intentions, could not be made to realize that for the starving immediate work would be far better than a thousand words; and the reconcentrados themselves, expecting nothing else, meekly folded their skeleton arms and waited for manana.

Such harrowing tales as were told to us by motherless children and tearful women! Space will not permit me to repeat but one of two.

A girl of 10 years, with arms not