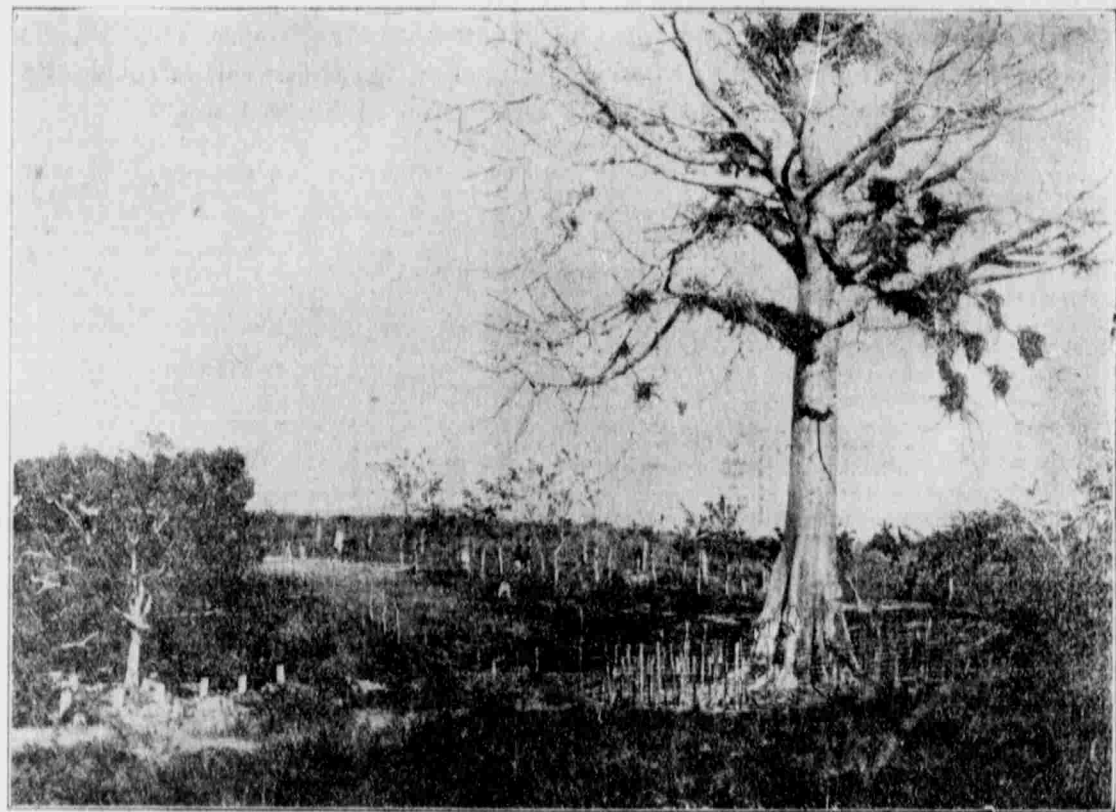


SAN JUAN HILL IN 1905.

HOW THE SANTIAGO BATTLEFIELD WILL BE MARKED.

Copyright, 1905, by Frank G. Carpenter. SANTIAGO DE CHILE.—I am standing beside the monument on San Juan hill. It is a beautiful summer evening in this peaceful year of 1905. The sun is just setting. There is not a sound to be heard, but the singing of birds and the chirping of insects. Over there on Kettle Hill, up which Col. Theodore Roosevelt marched with his Rough Riders in the face of shot and shell, a flock of white geese is feeding. Down on the slope of San Juan, where our infantry made one of its fiercest charges, a dozen red cows are chewing their cud, and further over in the middle of the plain a white horse is grazing. The grass about him is brown and dry. Here on San Juan everything is covered with green, and, excepting the trenches and the monument there is no sign that this was one of the great battle grounds of our history. All signs of war and fighting have long since passed away. As I write the white horse neighs and aways off in the direction of El Caney I hear the lowing of a cow. Looking beyond the white horse, I can see the San Juan river. It is still light with bushes at Broderick Bend, as it was when our soldiers were there under the fire of the Spanish guns. They were in sight for more

San Juan Hill and the Surrender Tree—A Ride over Wood's Folly—The Santiago of Today—Overcharges for Americans—A Cuban Prison Where the Convicts Drink Wine, Sleep on Spring Mattresses and Sit on Rocking Chairs.



"SURRENDER" TREE, SAN JUAN.

Specially Photographed for the Deseret News by Frank G. Carpenter.



SAN JUAN HILL MONUMENT, Showing Mr. Carpenter, the "News" Correspondent, at its Side.

than a mile and they crossed that plain and were under fire until they reached the foot of this hill, which is so steep that the Spanish soldiers who lay in the trenches could not see them. Our men swarmed up the hill, grabbing their enemies as they climbed, and fighting their way to the top.

MARKING THE SANTIAGO BATTLEFIELDS.

Standing here the greater part of the

THE SAN JUAN MONUMENT.

While standing on San Juan hill I had Mr. J. B. Cox, the manager of the Spanish-American from Havana, who was with me take a short shot of myself standing beside the monument, in order to show you the size. I am five feet eight inches and a comparison between the top of my Panama hat and the top of the monument will give you the height. The monument is a shaft of concrete made on a concrete base, with one great arch on top and shells about the corners of the foundation. The inscription upon it reads as follows:

"In memory of the officers and men of the United States army, who were killed in the assault and capture of this ridge July 1, 1898, and in the siege of Santiago, July 1 to July 18, 1898. War between Spain and the United States." San Juan hill has been lately cleaned of brush. The grass is growing finely, and even the trenches are covered with green.

A LOOK AT SURRENDER TREE.

Crossing the ridge, I stopped awhile under the Surrender Tree, beneath which Gen. Stoffer received from Gen. Toral the surrender of Santiago. It has now a barbed wire fence around it to keep the vandals from cutting their names in its bark or chipping it for mementoes. The tree is a magnificent Ceiba, which rises about 40 feet from the ground before its branches begin. It is in full leaf and great green orchids hang from its limbs and nestle their roots against the trunk. It was under this tree that the real end of the war came. Here was the first acknowledgment of Cuba's independence and of the absolute defeat of Spain.

The Surrender Tree, in fact, marks the birth of the Cuban republic. It is the site of our beginnings as a world power. The United States looked through the branches and saw that the earth was good and started out to possess it. Since that surrender we have held a different rank among the nations. Our strength has been appreciated, our flag is respected, and our trade increased. It means much to the United States, and it should be guarded in this great national park until the tooth of time rather than the hand of

WOODS' FOLLY.

During my stay here I have taken a drive over the road which Gen. Leonard Wood made from Santiago to the top of the mountains in the rear. The road, now right along the railway, crossing it five times before it reaches the hills. It then winds up the mountain to an altitude of a thousand feet above the sea. It is as well built as the military road made by the Spaniards across Porto Rico and it cost, in places, as much as \$25,000 a mile. There are cement drains every few feet, where it climbs the mountains, and these drains are as smooth as a tiled bath room. They serve to carry the water under the road. They were expensive. Still, on a 20 years' proposition, they may be profitable as a piece of engineering. Every here and there is a stone bridge as fine as those of Rock Creek Park in Washington, and along the way on both sides are miles of stone walls two feet in height. The road is looked upon as

SO EXTRAVAGANT THAT IT HAS BEEN NICKNAMED "WOODS' FOLLY."

It was built to give work to the Cubans, and on this ground its construction may have been warranted. It would seem, however, that the money might have been spent in building highways where they were more needed than here.

Cuba wants good roads. Much of the eastern part of the island is a wilderness, the only way of going from place to place being by bridle paths. The government expects to remedy this, and the roads are larger, they move easily, although much of the load seems to rest on the back of the mule. The streets of Santiago are narrow, and the drays are such that they can be turned anywhere. They are very cheap. The best of them ought not to cost more than \$15. They are at the same time strong and easily made and repaired. Much has been recently published about the filthy condition of Santiago. I do not find it so. The streets are clean, and, although here and there rough, they compare favorably with those of any American city. The town

looks prosperous. Its people are well dressed and its stores do a big business.

Santiago is beautifully situated. It lies on the bay, rising to the hills. The warehouses are located and wholesale dealers have their establishments in the lower part of the city, fronting the water, where there is also a large park, with a fountain in the center. Beside the fountain stands a great 19-inch shell, which was dropped in the city from one of the gunboats during the war, and from each end of the park extends a long promenade, lined with trees, which with the fresh breeze from the bay, is delightful during the evening. Farther back is a central park or plaza, about which the chief hotels are situated and about which the cathedral faces.

The buildings of Santiago are even more Spanish than those of Havana. They are seldom of more than two stories, but their walls are three or four feet thick, and there are windows and doors are barred with iron. The walls are painted in all colors of the rainbow and the roofs are of red tile. Many of the floors are of red brick or marble. The buildings run around courtyards or patios. There is usually only one tier of rooms, so that each room has windows on both sides, affording excellent ventilation and abundant light. There are no chimneys in the town. Charcoal is used for cooking, and the weather is so warm that any sort of heating arrangement is unnecessary.

There are but few good hotels in Cuba, and they are not to be found in Santiago. I am stopping here at the Venus. The only lovely thing about the house is its name and the park upon which it faces. My room looks out upon the patio, with a prison-like window high up in the wall at the back. The price is \$2 a day, without board. I got my meals in the restaurant of the hotel, where all sorts of Spanish dishes are served a la carte. I am told that the Cuba road intended to build a hotel here, but that just as soon as it was found that the railroad officials wanted property for the purpose, the owners of all available sites put the prices at such a figure that the officials could not afford to buy.

MUST PAY FOR BEING AMERICANS.

Indeed, there are two sets of prices all over Cuba—one for natives and the other for Americans. The hotels of Havana double and treble their rates during the winter. In the height of the season they make Americans pay \$5 and upward a day for the same accommodations that Cubans receive for \$2 during the summer. At such times one can only live on the American plan, and if he would have extras at table he pays through the nose. The Cuban or Spaniard gets his rooms on the European plan, and his payments are moderate. In most of the cities the cub rates are fixed. They are reasonable and the service is good. This is the case inside of Santiago, but outside the city the cab drivers put on exorbitant rates. In the city the fares are something like a dollar an hour. Outside, if the customer is an American, \$4 is often demanded, especially if a bargain has not been made beforehand. The other day a young American was charged an outrageous price for a drive outside Santiago. He refused to pay it, and one of the city policemen, who was probably a friend of the driver, said that the money must be given or the man go to the police station. The young American replied that he would go to the police station, and did so, taking the policeman and cabman with him. The cabman told the

chief of police that he had already received \$5 that day from one American, \$12 from another and \$15 from a third for a similar service. Whereupon he was fined \$10 for overcharging, and, upon his objecting, another fine of \$10, then forced to let the American go free upon his paying 50 cents per hour above the regular city rates.

IN SANTIAGO PRISON.

Speaking of the police brings me to visit that I paid yesterday to the prison of Santiago. I was walking from the harbor to the prison, and, about half way between the two I passed a fine building with the Spanish word for jail, "carcel," in full uniform on the front entered, called upon the superintendent, and by presenting my card was granted permission to go through the establishment.

It is the most luxurious prison I have ever visited. Its spacious rooms ran around a hollow court, and, were it not for their crowded condition, they would be quite as comfortable as those of the Hotel de Venus. The second floor has galleries or covered porches 15 feet wide, running round them, looking down into the court. These form a promenade and leading place for the prisoners. As I walked through them I found scores of convicts, seated in cane chairs rocking back and forth in the breeze as they laughed and chatted together. Here I saw a man playing checkers, there one was sitting at a table, and further on others were sitting in hammocks and smoking away. There was a barber's chair on the porch, and in it a prisoner was being shaved by a fellow prisoner. The iron bars were the only signs of a prison.

As I walked around the gallery with one of the officials I stopped a now and then to look in at the wards. All were filled with beds of different kinds. Many of the prisoners have woven wire cot with convicts spread over them. I asked whether this was not rather luxurious for criminals, whereupon the jailor told me that the city provided iron beds and board benches only, but that the convicts could get them. Any one who has a dollar or two can buy a cot with wire springs; the selling of such cots is a part of the revenue of the chief of police.

Feeding the prisoners is another requisite of the officials. The ordinary prisoner has poor food, but he who can pay for it may have all the luxuries of the market. In one of the rooms on the second floor I saw a dozen convicts sitting at a table. Several had bottles of wine before them which they mixed with apollinaris water; others were eating, sizzling, hot peppers and Lima potatoes. Some of the prisoners pay 50 cents per day extra for food, and all can alleviate their sentence by a judicious expenditure of money.

AMONG THE WOMEN CONVICTS.

I went into the ward devoted to the women, where a score or more female convicts, white, black and brown, were herded together. I noticed a laundry tank in one corner of the room in which they had been washing, and there were clothes lines running across from window to window upon which garments were drying. I tried to make a photograph here, but the girls furiously objected. One of them, however, held up the little one that I might photograph it, forgetting that she must come into the picture behind.

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