

So all was lost. The oldest child was then but a week old, and the family were thrown almost naked upon the world to subsist upon charity as best they could. The boy in her husband's employ was killed with the machete before her eyes, for what reason she did not know. We say many children without a living relative; and in one house a number of old women cowering in the corner like frightened animals, their husbands and sons having all been killed. We intended to take a coach from Arroyo de Naranjo to Calabazar, a distance of perhaps one league; but the Spanish army had appropriated all the horses and there was no alternative but to walk. As we were starting, the Spanish commandant met us—a young fellow who happened to be a gentleman—and courteously tendered us an escort of soldiers. When we declined the honor, saying that we felt no fear; he politely but firmly forbade us to go without the escort. Said he: "You don't know what you are undertaking. One or two persons might possibly go unmolested, but there are too many of you; our party had been increased by several acquaintances at Naranjo, your correspondent being the only American; soldiers were stationed all along the way, on purpose to prevent the passing of parties. You will surely be taken for insurrectionists, or spies, or fired on from the forts farther off." We saw the philosophy of the shotgun policy and concluded to accept the escort. Thereupon the commandant dispatched a message post haste, to summon a squad of soldiers, and another on the run to notify the little forts along the line that we were not to be molested. At last we set out—a funny cavalcade with two ladies in the center, soldiers to the right of us, soldiers to the left of us—marching down the middle of the dusty road under the burning sun. How feeble and hungry the alleged "guards" looked—mostly boys in their teens, in their blue cotton suits and straw hats! If it came to a conflict with fiats, every one of us could have vanquished half a dozen of the dispirited fellows; but each was a walking arsenal, with gun and knife and machete. Arriving at Calabazar, the chains stretched across the highway, which served as a dead-line for the reconcentrados, were removed, the sentinels in the forts saluted as we passed, and the escort straggled back on the weary way to Naranjo. Later, on returning by train to Habana we learned the wisdom of the commandant's precaution. There had been skirmishing that day within a league of the town last visited. The Spaniards had not come off victorious and consequently were in unusually vicious moods, and the lives of a party of strangers—Cubans headed toward the recent "scene of action" would not have been worth much. As it was we murmurs about "American spies." My harmless notebook came near getting us into serious trouble, as it was suspicioned to contain a plan of the Spanish fortifications. Fortunately the camera was left at home that day, and for the first time in my life I blessed my inability as an artist; for otherwise I should have been sketching some of those picturesque forts. Had such a picture been found upon me it is doubtful if I would now be writing this letter.

Los Fossos, that den of death in Habana, where a few weeks ago the reconcentrados were dying at the rate of 100 a day, has been transformed into a tolerable decent hospital—thanks to the Red Cross. Paint, soap and water have been used without stint, convenience have been added, and physicians and nurses are in daily attendance. One who visits the place by day is profoundly impressed by the improvement, but "eternal vigilance" is the price

of it, or rather, eternal scrubbing. Los Fossos is the general sleeping place for the whole of the army of beggars, mostly reconcentrados, who swarm the streets of Havana by day seeking what they may devour. At nightfall they drag themselves back, with all their sores, filth and infirmities, to the only shelter they know; soup is dispensed, and they lie down and wait for another day of beggary. Then the pencil is worthy the pencil of Dore. Wrapped in their rags and tatters, some almsnaked, men, women and children lie in long rows on the floor, in the courtyard, under the carts, wherever a human body can find room. Many of them are orphaned children—here and there a solitary little wretch alone in the weary world or a bevy of fatherless and motherless brothers and sisters, clinging to one another for protection, but Los Fossos is infinitely better than it used to be, since all are now tolerably sure of something to eat at least once a day, through the bounty of the United States. Formerly it was the morning task of the charitable to go about among the melancholy heaps of humanity and pick out the dead from the living—taking dead children from the mother's arms or finding perhaps a dead mother with crying children crawling over her. Ae ars? Yes, we shed shed them; and they continue to flow, day after day. But works are more to the purpose. These poor souls demand sympathy—and more than that, they need substantial aid.

The Red Cross Society continues to have more or less trouble with the Spanish authorities in Cuba. Unexpected obstacles are constantly popping up like Banquo's ghost, and delays are the order of the hour. Just now there is a "kick" in the custom house over an insignificant box of toys—which would be regular God-send in the new orphanage if the waifs could only get hold of them. Although Spain subscribed to the treaty of Geneva long before the United States came into the fold, she has never expected the "American Amendment," the terms of her treaty providing only for sick and wounded soldiers in time of war. If it were not for the world's opinion, it is doubtful if she would admit the American Red Cross at all into her island colony, since the Cubans are about the only ones to be benefited. For the orphanage just established, Miss Barton leased a commodious house in a quiet suburb of Havana, a beautiful, old-fashioned casa, with large airy rooms and ample grounds, the once luxurious home of a titled Spaniard. All was ready for the reception of seventy-five orphans when the first "hitch" occurred. Unfortunately, we had been speaking of it as the "Children's Hospital," because naturally all the starving waifs are ailing. Just as the children were about to be moved in, the Alcaldé decided that it was against the law to establish a hospital outside of certain limits; but after a few weeks delay the necessary papers were made out under the name of an "asylum," and things proceeded exactly as had been first intended. Only thirty-five children between one and six years of age are there at present—all full orphans, mostly taken from Los Fossos. Many are too feeble from long continued hunger to sit up, and a number of them will probably die. When they first entered the stately portals and saw the marble floors and beautiful frescoes of the old-time palace, their delight and astonishment was unbounded. Said one girl, "Esta el Cielo?"—"Is it heaven?" The work of preparing them for their new home was a tedious one for the nurses. Most of the waifs had never been properly in their lives; all were filthy beyond degree; one boy of six years had never worn any sort of garment, and many had never, before felt the touch of soap and warm water.

After all had passed under the scrubbing brush and had been shorn of their tangled and densely populated locks, they were arrayed in garments of various sorts from a big box of second hand clothing bearing the sign of the United States Red Cross, given a supper of oat-meal and milk, and put to bed. About 9 o'clock I went over to look at them. It was a sight for angels to see—the rows of neat white cots, each with its spotless sheets and pillows, and under the soft blanket a sleeping child who had never before known the luxury of a clean bed. The beautiful but somewhat dilapidated cherubs on the frescoed walls, seemed to look down with pity on the suffering-worn cherubs below; the fragrance of flowers floated in through the windows, the hallowed benediction of the moon rested upon all. Never in its palmiest days did the old casa of the Spanish aristocrat so richly merit the blessings of heaven. The new orphanage is under the direct supervision of the well known Dr. A. Monae Lesser and his wife, of New York City. Dr. Lesser, as everybody knows, is the surgeon-in-chief of the Red Cross hospital at New York—the only one in America, I believe—which was founded about four years ago by his wife, then Miss Bettina Hofker. When a young girl this lovely lady began to nurse the poor in their homes. She found that love for the profession was not the only requirement of the proper nurse and in 1901 she entered the Mount Sinai Training School for nurses. In two years she was graduated, received the prize medal of her class, and immediately resumed her former work. Mainly through her efforts, within one month a little fund was started for the establishment of a hospital, which quickly developed into that most beneficent institution. The New York Red Cross Hospital and Training School for Nurses. Doctor Lesser leaves a large practice at home among the wealthy class of our metropolis, and of course his unpaid labor of love in Cuba is financially a great loss to him; but he is heart and soul in the work and will remain here until the orphanage is well under way. Every afternoon he receives the poor for gratuitous treatment. Although the institution is not yet a week old, they come by scores, with all their woes and infirmities, to await their turn in the consulting-room. The physicians in Havana have been cordially invited to co-operate, and many lend their aid and counsel.

Dr. Hubell, Miss Barton's long-time right hand man, is of course one of the Red Cross party; also Dr. E. Winfield Egan, a well known young physician of Boston, who has accompanied Miss Barton on several previous expeditions; and two or three other trusted assistants, all giving their time and service gratuitously.

Where does the money come from? Is there danger that the supplies will give out?—are questions often asked. To the latter I can confidently reply that the bounty will not fail—if I know my countrymen—as long as pressing need continues. As to the large sums of money required—a great deal has been contributed from various sources, subscriptions started by newspapers, funds raised in churches, private donations, etc. The Christian Herald of New York, acting for the Christian Endeavor, has promised to furnish \$10,000 a month for six months. Miss Barton herself has a considerable fortune, every penny of which is consecrated to Red Cross work. Whenever a new calamity requires her aid, she telegraphs the Associated Press that she is going, and starts off at once; and funds never fail to flow in where she is at the fore. In many cases the primary needs of man have had to be supplied; tools and materials bought