

SOLDIERS GO TO WAR FROM AMONG FRIENDS

The China, Zealandia, Senator and Colon Are Now on the Pacific Carrying Nearly Four Thousand Men to the Aid of Admiral Dewey.

San Francisco Turns Out to See the Volunteers Off and the Bay Is Once More as Animated as When the California Troops Sailed.

California Bids Farewell to Troops of Her Sister States.

A Noisy Demonstration as the Soldier-Laden Vessels Start for Manila.

BY ALICE RIX.

THE second Manila expedition is gone to the front. The China, Colon, Zealandia and Senator ride the high seas to-day. Utah, Colorado and Nebraska have followed California to the Spanish port. Five thousand more of our men are out to help Dewey, to help defend the flag, to help remember the Maine.

At half-past one o'clock yesterday afternoon the transports sailed. The morning was sultry. The sun burned behind a milky haze. The bay, in vast, soft shadow, looked like a smoked pearl. Over it gleamed the colors of the mosquito fleet. The big ships swung at anchor waiting on orders delayed. Tugs rocked sleepily at their docks waiting on the same. The small fry flitted over the water waiting for nothing. The crowd gathered on the piers waiting for anything. Beggings fluttered with national and signal colors. Men and women wore little flags pinned to their breasts. Children waved the stars and stripes. The bands on the water played "Dixie" and "The Star-spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle" and "When We Were Marching Through Georgia."

A girl's voice picked up the chorus on the water.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!
We sing the jubilee."
The men on the China heard and answered.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!
The flag that made us free!"
The sound floated back faint and sad to the shore.

The China lay off Howard street, the Zealandia by the Potrero, the Colon close to the Mail dock, the Senator, still in trouble, fast at the Broadway wharf. Her coal allowance had crowded out more important cargo and a hundred tons of it went ashore again last night.

The last of her supplies lingered until this morning and she was loading up to noon. At the eleventh hour, before departure, the cork helmets, for which her troops had waited, looked and longed, arrived in packing boxes three feet square, and with a cargo bulging over the hatches, she could not take them aboard. It was plain that if cork helmets went to Manila they must go on the heads of the men. There was a quick smashing of cases on shore, a distribution of helmets aboard and the Senator's men came up under them like a crop of mushrooms on her decks.

Flying the Red Cross flag the Grace Barton and the Herald carried the ministering angels of the camp on their last visits to the troops. They went from the China to the Zealandia and then to the Colon, but the Senator's breast lines, stretched taut by the eager tide, shut her out. From the double decks of stern-wheelers rose the plaintive chorus, altered to fit the hour's need.

"Good-by, soldiers!
Good-by, soldiers!
Good-by, soldiers!
We're going to leave you now!"

"Good-by!" shouted the men cheerfully falling on the last lunch token. "Good-by. Three cheers for the Red Cross."

The Ukiah, laden to the water's edge, plodded heavily up and down the stream. Smart little private launches slipped across her bows, light skiffs and wherries shot along her sides. Tugs cast their lines and fussed out into the stream. The bay took on a frivolous regatta gayety which belied the heart beating beneath. A band played on everything afloat. There were songs, shouts, cheers, the hiss of steam, the scream of whistles, the rush of waters closing after moving craft. And the

chorus rose throbbing to the skies, swept across the city, in among the marts of men, stirring the unimportant civilian at his unheroic labors of the day.

The heroes of the hour, the men who were going out to do or die, or, it may be, both, were impatient of delay.

They swarmed on the docks of the transports and ate their lunch against the guard rail, too eager to go below. They were hysterically cheerful, wildly gay, mad to be gone, yet moved by the parting, filled with that tender enthusiasm which overtakes in love of all their kind and made their race their kindred for that hour. They leaned over the ships' sides to the friends who came to wish them heart and courage and glory on the field—new friends

won in the little space their tents were pitched beside the Western water—and gave them fondest greeting. They inclined tenderly even to strangers. They cut the buttons from their coats, tore the crossguns from their caps, and hung them to the girls in the little dancing boats below. They cheered the flag, they cheered the cause, they cheered the older heroes they have gone to meet. They wrote their noblest sentiments, or what seemed to them the noblest sentiments of other heroes, on cards, their military cards, with a flag and "Remember the Maine" on one corner, their company's letter and Regiment number on the other. Such fine, brave words as these: "It is base to live when duty calls to die!" and "We will live to honor our flag and we

will die defending it!" And "We will answer our country's call with our lives!" And "It is a glorious thing to die for the right!" And "What more can a man give to a cause than his life's blood?" And a hundred others as fine as these and all of doing and dying.

The cards went over the sides wrapped in bits of paper weighted with little lumps of coal and fell into uplifted hands. They were read hurriedly yesterday and then thrust into the pockets of coats and the bosoms of frocks with a nod or a smile for answer. There was not time for more, for several boats pressed close in the shadow of the big ones and a

Continued on Eighth Page.

As Royal a Farewell as the California Boys in Blue Received.

Gayly Dressed Bay Craft Escorted the Big Troopships Out to Sea.

BY HENRY JAMES.

A FEW weeks ago San Francisco sent forth upon the Pacific her own soldier boys. It was my privilege to see them go, and to pay perhaps some measure of tribute to them and to an occasion so august. Their farewell had been magnificent, nobody expected there would ever be another like it. There were tears then as well as cheers, and it seemed that the heart of the city had been profoundly moved not alone by patriotic ardor, but by the sorrow of sundered ties.

Yesterday there was another time of good-by. Once more the bay was alive with darting craft, with the well-beloved colors; whistles shrilled an adieu, flags dipped gracefully, over the still waters of the bay there floated the sound of music, the voices of women; again there were flowers, the exchange of tokens, and after it all four great ships sailed through the Golden Gate, and the second expedition for Manila was on the sea.

There was only one difference. People have become accustomed to the thought of war. Yesterday there was as marked a heartiness in the greeting and the parting, but the tone of sadness was not to be observed. The soldiers laughed gaily and their visitors laughed back. They tossed compliments and bouquets, but none was seen to weep. The common bond was the flag and its honor. These men, going to distant lands, were strangers but a brief span ago. Now each has become a friend. They foregathered from Colorado, from Pennsylvania, from Nebraska, but since their feet first pressed California soil it has been a delight to honor them, and to the last, until the smoke of the chimneys bearing them away had changed to a cloud in the west, and

a fog had barred the Golden Gate behind them, this was the spirit which ministered to them. They appreciated it. Did they not shout their gratitude? Did not they hurrah for the Red Cross?

Who missed a view of the scene can learn little of its majesty and its sweetness by any written description. As a whole it was impressive. In detail it was full of little incidents, each one a story. I was glad to observe the regard in which The Call seemed to be held by the soldiers, and that their devotion to Alice Rix was almost worship. Whenever the staff tug drew near to one of the liners there would be a very shower of good will, taking the material form of cards decorated with national emblems, buttons, badges, anything that could be adapted to the sudden emergency. One boy from Colorado—I wish I knew his name—could not find a moderate way in which to show his sentiments. Perhaps his supply of buttons had been exhausted. He took from his vest a gold watch, and saying it was for Alice Rix, dropped it into the tug. There could have been no refusal, as just then the tug was cast off. For the remainder of the trip Mrs. Rix wore suspended in plain view one certain hunting case watch, distinctly masculine as to size, and her pride in it was considered justifiable. I wish to thank the soldier for her and to tell him that his gift shall be treasured until such happy day as he may call for it.

Through the night and the morning the ships had rested in the stream, all of them but the Senator. The last was at the dock until a few moments before starting on its long voyage. From 10 o'clock the "Blue Peter" had been flying at the prow of the China. The flagship was ready to haul up anchor. Far up the bay the Zealandia waited, the smokestacks showing that it was ready

PORTO RICO ANXIOUS TO BE ADOPTED BY UNCLE SAM

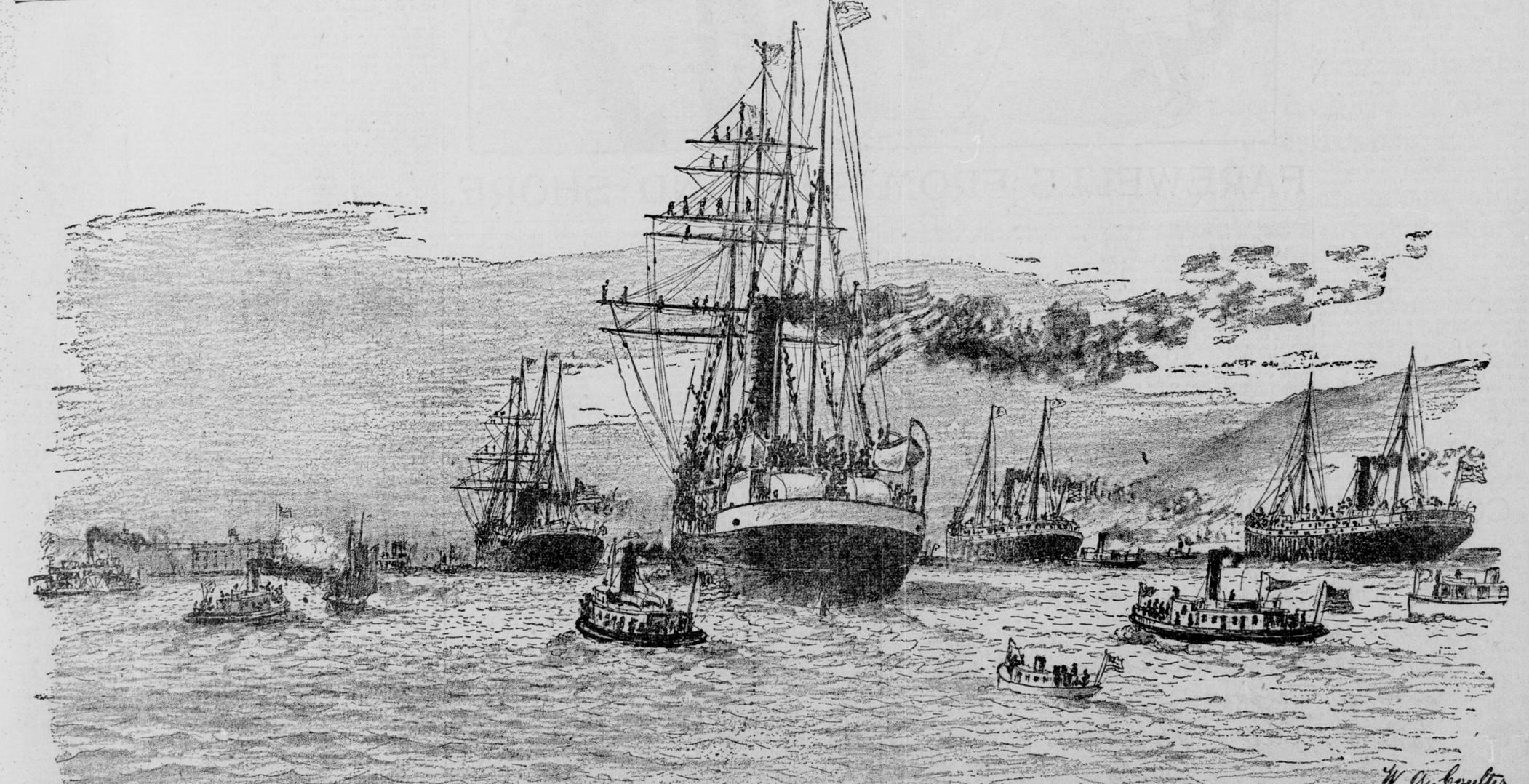
Under Sentiments of Hate and Terror for Spain on the Part of Residents Is Said to Be a Warm Friendship for the United States.

CARACAS, Venezuela, June 15.—Cuban and Porto Rican residents of Caracas are very active and very numerous. They publish a strong paper here in the interests of "Cuba Libre" and have been very useful in the way of giving information to the American Minister, F. B. Loomis. They brought the news that certain Spaniards here are planning to attack the American legation, which caused the Venezuelan Government to set a strong guard there.

Yesterday the Cubans sent a committee to the United States legation to tell the Minister they desired to present him with an engrossed memorial for President McKinley and a handsome silk flag for the legation. Mr. Loomis declined a public presentation of the flag, on the ground that such an incident would tend to unduly inflame the Spaniards and make more onerous the task of the Venezuelan Government in preserving order. The memorial will be presented privately to-night and forwarded to the Washington Minister.

The natives of Porto Rico have sent a petition to Washington through the legation of the United States here which is very important. The leader of the Junta said to me this evening:

"We want the Government of the United States to realize fully that if it desires the island of Porto Rico it will find the people of Porto Rico more than willing to be under the protection of the great republic. I have recently come from Porto Rico; I know that under the sentiments of hate and terror, inspired by Spanish rule, there exists everywhere outside Spanish circles warm friendship for the United States and the hope that the island will be annexed."



W. A. Coulter

OCEANWARD SAILED THE TROOP-LADEN TRANSPORTS SURROUNDED BY GAYLY BEDECKED ESCORTS