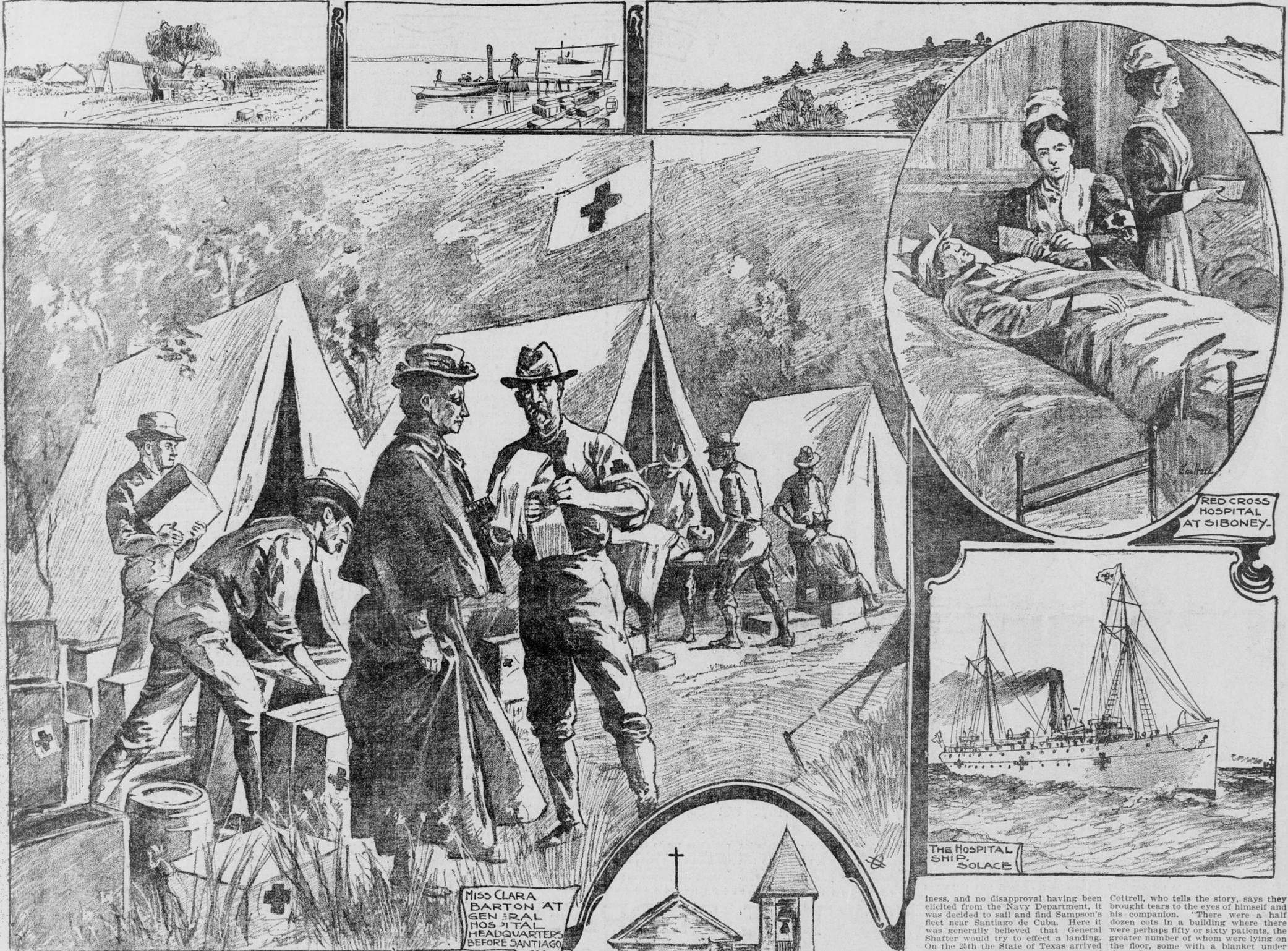


## CLARA BARTON DESCRIBES THE RED CROSS WORK IN CUBA

In Her Forthcoming Book She Will Tell All About the Horrors of the Cuban Campaign as She and Her Assistants Saw It, and Will Score the War Department.



MISS CLARA BARTON AT GENERAL HOSPITAL HEADQUARTERS BEFORE SANTIAGO.

RED CROSS HOSPITAL AT SIBONEY.

THE HOSPITAL SHIP, SOLACE.

RED CROSS HOSPITAL AT E. L. CANEY.

IN her forthcoming book on the history of the Red Cross Society, a review of whose preliminary chapters has already appeared in the New York Sunday Herald, Miss Clara Barton will give to the world a thrilling—almost a gruesome—narrative of official mismanagement. Through the courtesy of the publishers the advance sheets of those newer portions of the work that deal with the Cuban campaign are here reviewed. The statements are Miss Barton's, and will appear over her own name in the volume to be issued next month.

It must remain for the War Investigation Commission to lay the blame for the shameful mismanagement she describes on the proper shoulders. Every candid reader will rise from the perusal of the book with the fixed impression that had it not been for the aid cheerfully extended by the Red Cross and grudgingly accepted by the military authorities, the loss of life and health at Siboney and Santiago would have been well nigh unparalleled in the history of modern warfare.

The publishers of the book are the American National Red Cross at Washington, D. C.

IN reviewing Miss Barton's forthcoming book I must necessarily pass over much that is interesting about the beginning of the Red Cross campaign in Cuba and the official stumbling blocks placed in the society's way, and come down to the situation just previous to the destruction of the Maine. At this time Miss Barton was already well established in Cuba, and was dispensing relief at Ceno, a suburb of Havana.

Explosion of the Maine. It was before this good work was well in hand that the explosion of the Maine occurred. Miss Barton describes how, on the memorable February 15, the clerical work to be done was so heavy that it kept herself and Mr. Elwell, her interpreter and secretary, busy at their writing table until late at night. "The house had grown still, the noises on the streets were dying away, when suddenly the table shook from under our hands, the great glass door opening on the veranda, facing the sea, flew open, everything in the room was in motion or out of place, the deafening roar of such a burst of thunder as, perhaps, one never heard before, and off to the right, out over the bay, the air was filled with a blaze

of light, and this, in turn, filled with black specks like huge spears flying in all directions. "Then it faded away. The bells rang, the whistles blew and voices in the street were heard for a moment. Then all was quiet again. I supposed it to be the bursting of some magazine, mortar or explosion of some magazine. A few hours later came the terrible news of the Maine."

Some forty of the wounded were brought ashore and placed in the Spanish hospital of San Ambrosio. All the members of the Red Cross hurried to their relief.

Upon the advice of the Consul General at Havana, the Red Cross retired when the President recalled all Americans home. The day before they left Cuba the Archbishop of Havana publicly blessed the Lee Orphanage in the presence of a large crowd. In the eyes of all Catholics, Cuban and Spanish alike, this blessing was a symbol of protection by the church and a warrant of success. Hence Miss Barton was not surprised to learn several months after the war had begun that the Spanish authorities had not only taken the most scrupulous care of the hospital, but had also placed a guard around her former private residence.

Return to Key West. On April 11, 1898, Miss Barton and her staff boarded the ship Oliveette and after a great deal of discomfort caused by overcrowding of passengers and stormy weather, reached Tampa, Fla., two days later. Leaving the rest of the party at Tampa, Miss Barton proceeded to Washington with Drs. Hubbell and Egan. The Red Cross agents left in Florida found work enough to hand in looking after the 1500 Cuban refugees in Tampa and the 800 or 900 in Key West. These people were almost entirely dependent for a period of some seven months upon the good offices of the Red Cross agents.

In the meantime Miss Barton, in Washington, also had her hands full. Early in April it had been decided by the Cuban Relief Committee in New York to charter a steamer in that port, load her with supplies and send her to different ports in Cuba, where her cargo could be unloaded in such quantities as might be required.

The steamer State of Texas was accordingly selected. Notwithstanding the departure of the Red Cross party from Havana and the subsequent declaration of war with Spain the preparations were kept up and the steamer was loaded with a cargo embracing a fine assortment of necessaries and delicacies, medicine and other hospital stores. She arrived at Key West on April 28, and was met by Miss Barton, who had come down from Washington, and all the Red Cross assistants who had been left in Tampa.

Key West at that time was a very busy place, the harbor being filled with naval vessels which came in daily from the Cuban blockade squadron for coal and provisions. There was scarcely a day that some accident did not happen to sailor or workman. The Red Cross doctors were at all times in demand. In order to keep every one in the best preparation for possible contingencies those on board the State of Texas were instructed and drilled in the various phases of their particular work, and at all times of the day the Red Cross boat, with its well known flag floating, could be seen going from one transport to another on its errand of mercy.

Prisoners Left to Starve. There were other charities which clamored for the attention of the Red Cross officials. Scarcely a day passed that some of the blockading squadron

did not bring into Key West from one to three captured prizes—ships, schooners, steamers or fishing smacks. Within a couple of weeks after the declaration of war there were between thirty and forty of these boats lying at anchor in the harbor with their crews aboard under guard. Somehow it was forgotten these poor foreigners must eat to live! Or perhaps somebody thought that somebody else was responsible for this very important matter.

At all events, when the small amount of provisions aboard the boats at the time of capture had been exhausted, calls were made on the United States Marshal for additional food. Having no contingent fund upon which to draw, and knowing the quantities of red tape that must be unraveled before he could

secure any relief, the Marshal came to Miss Barton with his troubles. That good lady reassured him by promising to provide for all the prisoners until such time as he could get his petition through the circumlocution office. Several boatloads of provisions were hastily gathered and taken in tow by a steam launch, which landed them alongside of each prize.

Miss Barton visited every boat in person, learned the wants of the crews through an interpreter, and not only supplied all needed foods, but arranged to take all letters and forward them to their destination through the intermediary offices of the Red Cross at Portugal.

Could Not Reach Reconcentrados. On June 20, everything being in read-

iness, and no disapproval having been elicited from the Navy Department, it was decided to sail and find Sampson's fleet near Santiago de Cuba. Here it was generally believed that General Shafter would try to effect a landing. On the 25th the State of Texas arrived off Morro Castle, at the entrance of Santiago Bay. The Spanish flag was flying over the land fortifications and Sampson's fleet was stationed in the adjacent waters.

Miss Barton sent a representative aboard the flagship New York asking Rear Admiral Sampson for instructions. Word was returned that General Shafter's army had disembarked at Estimol, a point about twelve miles east of Morro Castle. The admiral advised Miss Barton to take her ship to Guantanamo Bay, where she would find good anchorage and calm water, and where she would be able to learn more of what was taking place on land, as there was constant communication from there with the invading army. The steamer was at once headed westward, just inside the mouth of Guantanamo Bay and some forty miles from Santiago.

Here two reporters from New York papers called on Miss Barton, informing her that they had just come in from Siboney, where there was great need of supplies and medical aid. They told how many of the wounded in the fight between the Rough Riders and the Spaniards, on the previous Friday, had just been brought in and were suffering from lack of everything in the way of comfort and conveniences. The steamer was at once headed westward, and started to the scene of suffering, which she reached at 8 o'clock.

A party of doctors accomplished a difficult landing in an open boat and found their way to the army hospital. This was a rough wooden building which had evidently been used for a store and warehouse in more peaceful times. The surgeon in charge, Major Havard, stepped forward to greet the visitors, who formally offered him, in the name of Clara Barton and the Red Cross, the personal services of all their doctors and nurses and any of their supplies that might be needed. These were courteously refused. Major Havard thought that he and his assistants would be able to take care of all the sick and wounded, and as for supplies, he knew that there was an abundance of them on the transports, which he hoped would be landed next day.

A Sorrowful Scene. But the sights that met the eyes of the visitors as they looked through the miserable place that bore the name of hospital did not seem to warrant the cheerfulness of the doctor. Indeed, Mr.

Cottrell, who tells the story, says they brought tears to the eyes of himself and his companion. "There were a half dozen cots in a building where there were perhaps fifty or sixty patients, the greater number of whom were lying on the floor, some with a blanket under them, but a great number were lying on the bare boards.

"Sheets, pillows and bedclothes were unknown, but those poor fellows, who were not dressed in their uniforms, were lying almost naked. There were some wounded men and others who were sick with fever, and in the dim light of a few lanterns we could see them turning from side to side in their discomfort and agony and hear their moans and, in some cases, imprecations against the Government that would so ill provide for such a contingency."

A touch of the grotesque is added to these horrors by the complacent behavior of one of the nurses in charge, who quietly sat out on the veranda in his shirt sleeves smoking a cigarette. In answer to inquiries he said, with a certain regret, that he couldn't do very much for the boys for two reasons—first, that he didn't have anything at hand for them, and, second, because one nurse couldn't do very much for forty men, all wanting him at the same time.

He added that he thought there ought to be more help.

"I couldn't," said Mr. Cottrell, "help contrasting this good natured but rather indolent chap, who was performing his duty in such a careless and perfunctory manner, with the brave, clean, intelligent and energetic young women whom I knew who, when on duty, never took a minute's rest, but were constantly busy; who anticipated every want of a patient, and who, by their bright faces and cheerful voices, drove away all feelings of despondency and homesickness among the sufferers, and in this way helped them on the road to recovery quite as much as the medicine that the doctors might prescribe."

Welcomed by the Cubans. Rebuffed by their countrymen, the party turned away with saddened hearts and entered the Cuban army hospital near by. Very different was the reception accorded them. General Garcia received them with his accustomed courtly bearing, showed them the heartiest cordiality, introduced them to the members of his staff, and in every way made them feel that they were more than welcome. He gladly accepted all proffered aid, saying that his men had suffered so terribly in the last three years that he welcomed the coming of