

A Personal Chat With the Daughter of Fighting Joe Wheeler

I WANT to see General Wheeler's daughter. She was a little old lady in rusty black, a bit of crape on bonnet and sleeve hinting at her story. We helped her into the elevator, and it was a grateful "Thank you" with a rich coating of the brogue of Erin that she gave the artist.

We waited outside while the little old lady went timidly into the Wheeler apartments. The bell boy caught a glimpse of her. "That's about the twentieth today," he said. "They all think she's got some message from their sons. She sees 'em all, too, and lets her other callers go. Miss Wheeler's a real lady, she is."

"She's a blessed angel," said the little old lady when she came out and a tear fell on the big bunch of violets that she brought with her from the flower-laden room.

"I'm truly afraid of newspaper people," laughed Miss Wheeler as she greeted us. "They don't bite," reassured her father. "No, but they write such awful-unt-exaggerations!" The idea that Miss Wheeler could never have come to such a conclusion from reading the San Francisco papers was merrily scouted. "Why," she said, "I've seen two or three accounts in the papers here of my meeting the Sultan of Sulu, whom I never saw and never expect to see."

While the artist was busy with his camera Miss Wheeler spoke of her experiences at the front. "It was a sacred duty and pleasure to me," she said. "My hospital work will always be the sweetest and saddest memory in my life. I followed immediately after my father and stayed at the hospital in Cuba until he left for the Philippines."

There are two Manilas. One is at the city where youth and pleasure combine to rout monotony. There are teas and dinners and moonlight dances on board the ships. I had scarcely a glimpse of this gay Manila. There is another Manila where the soldiers, sick and suffering, fight the battle of life and death. That was the Manila I knew.

"You get so intensely interested in hospital work that you can stand an astonishing amount of hard work. The quarters for the Red Cross nurses are a mile from the hospital, and the nurses are driven to and fro when their watch is over. Every day the carriage would have to make extra trips to call for nurses who were voluntarily staying over the-

ingly laid her cheek against her father's head, saying, "I'll cover up the bald spot, daddy, dear."

"Do you know," said Miss Wheeler, "the most disagreeable ordeal that I've been through since I left home is this quarantine fuss. They have fumigated all my things until they're only fit for the ragman. All the light things are spotted and every bit of silk has been rotted by the process so that it tears if you touch it. It seems to me that it was unnecessary, since they had never been near the plague."

"You shouldn't criticize the officials; they know what they are about," answered General Joe Wheeler, with the true soldier's instinct to obey. And like a true soldier's daughter Miss Annie Wheeler saluted.

"I dread to think of my picture going into the paper," said Miss Wheeler. "But you won't write anything, will you?"

There really isn't anything to tell, for I've not done anything worth talking about."

Other lips told the rest of the story when Miss Wheeler was called out of the room. "Annie is the most modest girl," said Miss Elizabeth Davis, who has been visiting in Manila and is traveling with the Wheelers to her home in New York. The general and his daughter are both very fond of Miss Elizabeth, although she is not a niece, as has been stated. "Annie says she hasn't done anything, yet while we girls were complaining of the Manila heat and dancing and frittering away our time she was nursing the sick without even stopping to rest after her siege with the yellow fever in Cuba."

"Miss Wheeler was the only nurse who worked entirely without pay. The other Red Cross nurses were all under salary, but though she lived their life and did their work she never asked for or received a cent. You know, like most army people,



MISS ANNIE EARLY WHEELER

MISS WHEELER, GEN. WHEELER, AND MISS ELIZABETH DAVIS

I'LL COVER UP THE BALD SPOT, DADDY DEAR.

FIGHTING JOE WHEELER AND MISS WHEELER

time. The hands of a clock cannot regulate a labor of love—it's the heart's prompting that governs.

"I think the saddest experiences I had were in Cuba. Yellow fever carried off so many of the boys. There was a hospital especially for the yellow fever cases, but any number of patients in our hospital developed yellow fever. I was the only nurse in the hospital who was not immune to yellow fever. I never gave a thought to the danger or shrank from the yellow fever cases, and fortunately I did not succumb to it."

Miss Wheeler says that she nursed during the yellow fever, although not immune, as though it were the usual thing for a young woman to leave the comforts and pleasures of Washington for a life in a fever stricken camp. It would be impossible to exaggerate her modest simplicity or the charm of her soft Southern accent. Annie Early Wheeler is not particularly pretty at first sight. She is "just so high," and her black gown makes her look even more slender than she really is. A wisp of light-brown hair frames the sensitive face, that grows on you until you wonder that you did not discover at once how delicately pretty it is.

Miss Wheeler insists that she deserves no credit for giving a year of her life to the needy soldiers. "I had a father and brother at the front," she says, "and that was my first reason for wishing to go. You see, we are four girls, and we can't let our men folks go into danger without us. You're all right with a gun, but you can't manage a button, can you, papa?" and Miss Wheeler deftly fastened a refractory button on the uniform that plainly shows the wear and tear of service.

"I can't get along without Annie," said the general, who for all his title, "Fighting Joe," is scarcely taller than a boy and as mild-mannered and kindly a gentleman as ever longed for active service and the boom of cannon. "I can't get along without one of my girls," he said, "since their mother was taken away from us."

Then we all looked away until Miss Wheeler broke the silence with "Are you ready for the next one?" The artist slipped in his plate and Miss Wheeler lov-

they're not wealthy. There are four girls and it takes about all they have to keep up their official position. I think it was just splendid of Anna Wheeler to give her services gratis to her country.

"She says she hasn't done anything, but she's given so much of her health and strength that when she gets home the doctor says she'll have to spend weeks in a sanitarium to undergo a severe and thorough treatment. And yet Anna Wheeler says she hasn't done anything. Those who know of it appreciate her services."

Down in Alabama, her native State, that for twenty years has sent her father to Congress, they are waiting for the annual visit of Anna Early Wheeler. They are going to show what they think of the daughter of their fighting Joe.

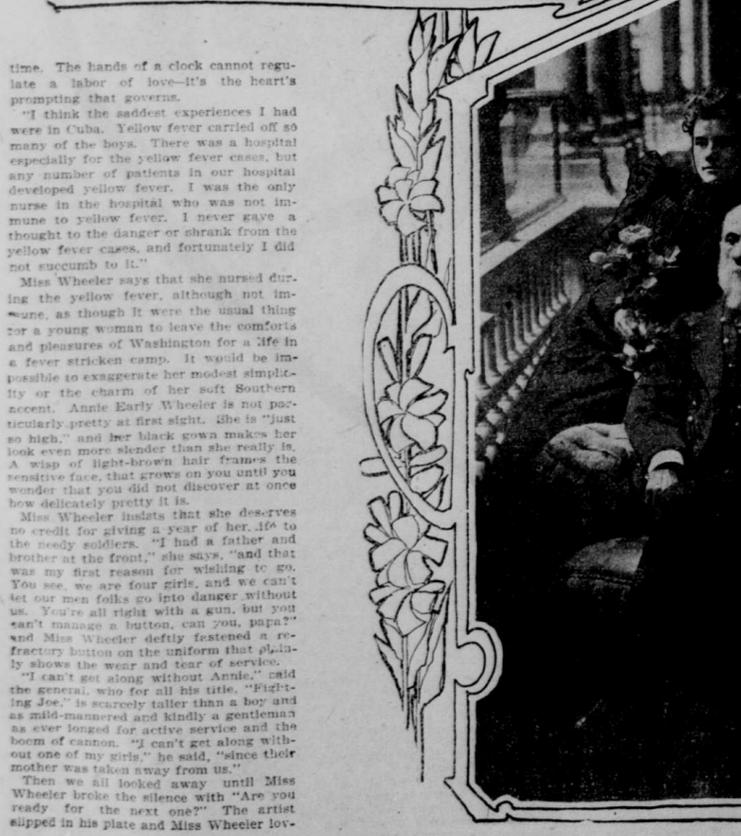
Fraternity Life at Berkeley.

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pledges and initiates. When a man has been asked to become a member of a certain fraternity it is known as "spiking" or "bidding." After he is "rushed" he is "spiked," then "pledged," and finally initiated, when all secret formula is explained to him.

This custom of "rushing" a prospective candidate is not in vogue in Yale and Harvard. There the fraternities hold a conference and decide upon the men to be asked to join, and divide the men. Then an initiation on an extensive plan is held. After the new man is sent into the college world with his new emblem, that all may become acquainted with him and his colors.

The fourteen Greek letter societies represented at the University of California are: Sigma Chi, Zeta Psi, Phi Delta Theta, Delta Kappa Epsilon, Beta Theta Pi, Chi Phi, Phi Gamma Delta, Sigma Nu, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Delta Upsilon, Delta Tau Delta, Kappa Alpha, Chi Psi and Phi Kappa Psi. Besides these there are three fraternities composed of young women students. They are: Kappa Alpha Theta, Kappa Kappa Gamma and Gamma Phi Beta. The clubs are the Bay View, the German, Belmont and Golden Bear and one or two others.



MISS WHEELER