

things which of course a woman could not grasp, but, Mr. Editor, the president always expresses "gratification" beautifully.—More and more dizzy; more ill; more bewildered and dizzy; most dizzy. H. H.

THE WRECKING OF THE ARMY BY SICKNESS.

An extract from an article with the above title, by George Kennan, published in *The Outlook* of October 22. Mr. Kennan was one of the Red Cross officers in Cuba during the Santiago campaign, and was personally cognizant of the facts of which he writes.

Some of the defenders of the war department and of Gen. Shafter seek to convey the idea, by implication at least, that the wrecking of our army was inevitable—that it was a sort of divine visitation, which could not have been averted, and for which no one, except the Creator of microbes and the Cuban climate, was responsible. But this theory accords neither with the facts nor with Gen. Shafter's explanation of them. In his telegram of August 8 to President McKinley, he does not say: "What put my command in its present condition was a visitation of God;" he says: "What put my command in its present condition was the 20 days of the campaign when they had nothing but meat" (fat bacon), "bread and coffee, without change of clothes and without any shelter whatever." From this admission of the commanding general it is clear that the wreckage of the army was not due primarily to uncontrollable climatic conditions, but rather to lack of foresight, mismanagement and inefficiency. This conclusion is supported and greatly strengthened by the record of another body of men, in a different branch of the service, which spent more time in Cuba than the Fifth army corps spent there, which was subjected to nearly all the local and climatic influences that are said to have wrecked the latter, but which, nevertheless, escaped disease and came back to the United States in perfect health. I refer to the battalion of marines under command of Col. Huntington. This small naval contingent landed on the western shore of Guantanamo bay June 10—two weeks before the Fifth army corps finished disembarkation at Baiquiri and Siboney. It was almost immediately attacked by a superior force of Spanish regulars, and was so harassed, night and day, by the fire of the latter that some of its officers slept only two hours out of 115. As soon as it had obtained a foothold it went into camp on a slight elevation in the midst of an almost impenetrable jungle, sur-

rounded itself with defensive trenches, and there lived, for a period of ten weeks, exposed to the same sun, rain and malaria that played havoc with the troops of Gen. Shafter. On the 6th day of August, after eight weeks on Cuban soil and in a tropical climate, its condition, as reported by Admiral Sampson, was as follows: "The marine battalion is in excellent health. Sick list 2½ per cent. The fleet surgeon reports that they are in better condition for service in this climate than they were when they arrived south in June. I do not think it necessary to send them north." (Telegram to Secretary Long, dated Playa, Cuba, August 6, 1898.) Almost exactly at the same time when this report was made Gen. Shafter was telegraphing the war department that 75 per cent. of his command had been disabled by fever, and eight general officers of the Fifth army corps were signing a "round-robin" in which they declared that if the army were not immediately moved north it "must perish."

Late in August it was decided that the marines should return to the United States, notwithstanding their satisfactory state of health, and on the 26th of that month they reached Portsmouth, N. H., with only two men sick. They had been gone a little more than 11 weeks—ten of which they had spent in Cuba—and in that time had not lost a single man from disease, and had never had a higher sick-rate than 2½ per cent.

In view of this record, as compared with that of any regiment in Gen. Shafter's command, we are forced to inquire: "What is the reason for the difference? Why should a battalion of marines be able to live ten weeks in Cuba, without the loss of a single man from disease, and with a sick rate of only two and one-half per cent., while so hardy and tough a body of men as the Rough Riders, under substantially the same climatic conditions, had become so reduced in four weeks that 75 per cent. of them were unfit for duty, and 50 per cent. of them fell out of the ranks from exhaustion in a march of five miles?"

The only answer I can find to these questions is that the marines had suitable equipment and intelligent care, while the soldiers of Gen. Shafter's command had neither. When the marines landed in Guantanamo bay, every tent and building that the Spaniards had occupied was immediately destroyed by fire, to remove any possible danger of infection with yellow fever. When Gen. Shafter landed at Siboney, he not only disregarded the

recommendation of his chief surgeon to burn the buildings there, but allowed them to be occupied as offices and hospitals, without even so much as attempting to clean or disinfect them. Yellow fever made its appearance in less than two weeks. The marines at Guantanamo were supplied promptly with light canvas uniforms suitable for a tropical climate, while the soldiers of Gen. Shafter's army sweltered through the campaign in the heavy clothing they had worn in Idaho or Montana, and then, just before they started north, were furnished with thin suits to keep them cool at Montauk Point in the fall. The marines drank only water that had been boiled or sterilized, while the men of Gen. Shafter's command drank out of brooks into which the heavy afternoon showers were constantly washing fecal and other decaying organic matter from the banks. The marines were well protected from rain and dew, while the regulars of the Fifth army corps were drenched to the skin almost every day, and slept at night on the water-soaked ground. The marines received the full navy ration, while the soldiers had only "hardtack" and fat bacon, and not always enough of that. Finally, the marines had surgeons enough to take proper care of the sick, and medicines enough to give them, while Gen. Shafter, after leaving his reserve medical supplies and ambulance corps at Tampa, telegraphs the adjutant-general on the 3d of August that "there has never been sufficient medical attendance or medicines for the daily wants of the command." In short, the marines observed the laws of health, and lived in Cuba according to the dictates of modern sanitary science, while the soldiers, through no fault of their own, were forced to violate almost every known law of health, and to live as if there were no such thing as sanitary science in existence.

Gov. Tanner, Gen. Grosvenor and Secretary Alger may declare that the wrecking of the army by disease was inevitable; that northern soldiers cannot maintain their health in the tropics; and that "when troops come home sick and worn, it is a part of war;" but, in view of the record made at Guantanamo bay, we may say to them, seriously and respectfully, rather than flippantly: "Tell that to the marines!"

The record of the marine battalion, taken in connection with Gen. Shafter's admission that his command was disabled by "twenty days of bread, meat and coffee, without change of

clothes, and without any shelter whatever," seems to show conclusively that the epidemic of disease which wrecked the army was the direct result of improper and insufficient food, inadequate equipment, and utter neglect of all the rules prescribed by sanitary science for the maintenance of health in tropical regions. The question then recurs: "Why did not the army have such food, clothes and equipment as would have made obedience to the laws of health possible? Why should they have been directed by their chief surgeon to boil all drinking water, to avoid sleeping on the ground, and to change their clothing, when wet, if it was not the intention to give them camp-kettles in which to boil the water, hammocks in which to sleep, or clothing enough for a change?" The American people, certainly, are both able and willing to pay for the proper support and equipment of their army. If it had cost \$5,000,000, or \$10,000,000, to supply every company in Gen. Shafter's command with hammocks, water-proof rain-sheets, extra clothing, and camp-kettles, the money would have been appropriated and paid without a grumble or a murmur. We are not a stingy people, nor even an economical people, when the question is one of caring for the men that we send into the field to fight for us. If, then, the financial resources of the war department were unlimited, and if it had supreme power, why could it not properly equip and feed a comparatively small invading force of only 16,000 or 18,000 men? Were the difficulties insuperable? Certainly not! It is safe, I think, to say that there were 1,000 business firms in the United States which, for a suitable consideration, would have undertaken to keep Gen. Shafter's army supplied, at every step of its progress from Siboney to Santiago, with hammocks, water-proof tents, extra clothing, camp-kettles and full rations of food. The trouble was not lack of money nor lack of facilities at home; it was lack of foresight, of system, and of administrative ability in the field.

Once upon a time a Tramp was Sorely in need of Something to Eat, and approaching a Farmhouse, he spake unto the Farmer, saying: "If you will give me the Wherewithal to satisfy the Cravings of the inner Man, I will kill all the Rats about the Place." "Agreed," said the Tiller of the Soil, and he ordered his Good Wife to give the Tramp a Square Meal. After the Tramp had devoured everything in sight he went to the wood-pile and se-

lected a stout Club, then seating himself on the Porch, he said to the Farmer: "Now bring on your Rats."

Moral—Always have the details specified in the contract.—Our Republic.

HATS AND DOLLARS.

Pat Flynn had sixty-seven hats,
And wanted sixty more;
It was an odd, strange whim of Pat's,
For only one he wore;
But he would toil by night or day
To get a hat to lay away.

'Twas "hats" the first thing in the morn,
And "hats" at noon and night,
The neighbors laughed the man to scorn,
And said it was but right
To send such crazy cranks as he
To spend their days at Kankakee.

A million dollars Peter Doyle
Had laid away in store,
Yet late and early did he toil
To get a million more,
He could not use the half he had,
And yet he wanted "more," bedad.

His neighbors praised him to the skies.
Wherever he might go;
They called him great and good and wise,
And bowed before him low.
Is there such a difference as that
Between a dollar and a hat?
—Indianapolis Journal.

After all, Gen. Wheeler is a sarcastic kind of an old chap, but he is so deep that some of the republicans may not have understood him. For instance, in his testimony before the war commission he made the statement that there was as much sickness and suffering in the Spanish army as in our own. The pith of this may be understood when it is remembered that the Spanish were almost without medical stores, and had got down pretty close to their boots in the way of supplies or provisions.—Peoria Herald.

Compromisers, traders and neutral men never correct abuses, never found or save free institutions and never fight for human rights. They always become instruments for the enemy. Wherever they are in control the party is unworthy of the respect of mankind. Only men of conviction and courage can save this land. Only the men who stand erect ever get recognition.—John P. Altgeld.

In view of the numerous and widespread complaints of military mismanagement which our badly treated soldiers have been making, this from the Springfield (Mass.) Republican is a peculiarly happy hit:

Probably the war department had forgotten that this was a war for humanity. The mistake was a natural one under the circumstances.
—New Christianity.

The new charter of Montreal extends municipal suffrage to widows

and unmarried women who lease or own taxable property in the city. This is in line with the just principle, "no taxation without representation," but why should our friends across the border discriminate against women with husbands?—Woman's Journal.

"Oi s'pose d'the twins kape yez awake a good dale wid d'their croyin'?"

"No; yez see, aitch av 'em yells so loud thot yez can't hear d'the other at ahl; an' d'the result is dead soillence ahl noight long."—Puck.

You may build your capitol of granite and pile it high as the Rocky mountains; if it is founded on or mixed up with iniquity, the pulse of a girl will in time beat it down.—Wendell Phillips.

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Single copies, five cents each.

Published weekly by

THE PUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, Room 822,
Schiller Building, Chicago, Ill.

Post-office address:

THE PUBLIC, Box 687, Chicago, Ill.

SUBSCRIPTION AGENTS:

Western Reserve, Ohio, OTTO PFISTER, 140
Wason Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Toronto, Ont., E. M. BLOOMER, 579 King St
West.