

# REVISITING SANTIAGO

## FIFTEEN YEARS BRING GREAT CHANGE IN DECIDING BATTLE-FIELD OF WAR WITH SPAIN

BY WINGROVE BATHON.

SANTIAGO, Cuba, May 15.—The average visitor to this tropically colored and heated city might well concern himself with the fact that it has grown in population 15,000 in 15 years, with all that that implies, for here "sugar is king," and Santiago never was so rich.

But when one falls into the hands of friendly naval officers on their way to Guantanamo, the nearby United States naval base, or into the hands of one of the elderly Washington colored men whom the United States Government maintains at the casaba tree outside of Santiago, where the peace preliminaries between the Spanish armies and those of the United States were signed, one is apt to overlook the romance of Cuba's business and intellectual progress and write into the record some of the military romance which must forever make glistening the eyes of the American pilgrim.

Two years ago on April 15 the Atlantic fleet sailed for Mexico. That is remembered by Cubans—it was a subject of comment in Santiago. Not long ago a Spanish transport sailed for the United States, to gather at Portsmouth, N. H., the bodies of Spanish soldiers, sailors and marines who died in the United States and take them back home. That also is remembered in Santiago today, and men have turned aside from their work here in banks, postoffices and hotels to ask me if I knew these things, so interested are the people of this city in all things American.

I was very little surprised, therefore, when I found that the chauffeur who was to take me to the celebrated "blockhouse" on San Juan Hill spoke as good English as I, or that at the end of my journey there should be awaiting me (it seemed) Jeff Everett, long (and still) a member of the Twenty-fifth United States Infantry, and D. E. Matthews, long (and still) a member of the Twenty-fourth United States Infantry.

It is these colored soldiers, both of whom were in the charge up San Juan Hill 15 years ago, who now care for the "peace tree" on orders of Uncle Sam.

The statement that they seemed to be "waiting" is made advisedly, for the approach of a traveler to Santiago is made through storied waters, whose tales are not of the many new docks from which iron ore, oil and sugar are shipped, but of Daquiri, where the American troops landed; of the inlet off which Rear-Admiral Cameron, Midway Winslow performed his exploits, of another inlet off which the late Admiral Lucien Young wrote his name on the scroll of history, and of that unbelievably narrow passageway where Hobson sank the Merrimac.

Past historic Morro Castle, smaller but more picturesque than the old fort of the same name at Havana, the traveler comes to this ancient town prepared to ask all sorts of questions, to find out "what makes it tick," only to find in the end that the resident of Santiago wants to tell him nothing of his secrets of cement buildings here which have withstood more attacks of the elements since 1600 than perhaps will some of the reinforced concrete buildings of the present day in the United States.

Nor will he tell the traveler the secret of the dyes in the wall coverings of these buildings—purple, pink, old rose, ultramarine, brown and gray—which blend with the scarves of the women in the street into a kaleidoscope of colors.

Perhaps the resident of Santiago does not know these things. Perhaps it is too late to talk about such things. Or, perhaps the native Cuban courtesy is inspired with the idea that the way to entertain a traveler from the United States is to show him the place where the men of the District of Columbia, Massachusetts, New York, Michigan and all through the sonorous roll perished in support of the ideal of "Cuba Libre." The citizen of the United States is the friend—the sincere friend—of the citizen of Santiago.

"I will show you how El Caney and San Juan Hill look today," he tells you, "and you may read for yourself at the 'blockhouse' on tablets of bronze the names of your compatriots who perished in our behalf."

So, through narrow, tortuous, winding streets, past ancient beggar women in rags to whom a penny is a direct interposition of Providence, past natty policemen in khaki with black stripes who smoke while on duty, past the doors of banks which are closed during the noonday heat, past strings of the little mules known as burros bringing in the market produce, past modern cement houses mid banana plantations and palms, beautiful new suburbs built by American farmers, disputing a passageway of one foot to spare with trolleys that intend to knock the beggars off the sidewalk if your chauffeur does not beat the motorman to it, you go to El Caney.

You see the house in which General Del Rey was killed by an American bullet, and you charge up San Juan Hill today over a macadamized road which would have been extremely useful in the days whose stirring scenes are being recalled.

The old "blockhouse" is gone, its site cleared, and there now stands there to mark the place where Hamilton Fish, Allyn Capron and others fell a new brick "blockhouse" containing tablets which also give the name of every other man who was killed or who died of disease.

The over-grown, grass-covered trenches are still there, mute reminders of what befell so many years ago between July 1 and July 16, twenty men enrolled on the bronze, too, the names of the Sixth, Sixteenth, Second, Tenth, Twenty-first, Ninth, Thirteenth, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth, Third and First United States Infantry, the Seventy-first New York National Guard, the Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Michigan National Guard, the Ninth Massachusetts National Guard, the First United States Volunteers (Rough Riders), Batteries A and F, Second United States Field Artillery, and the



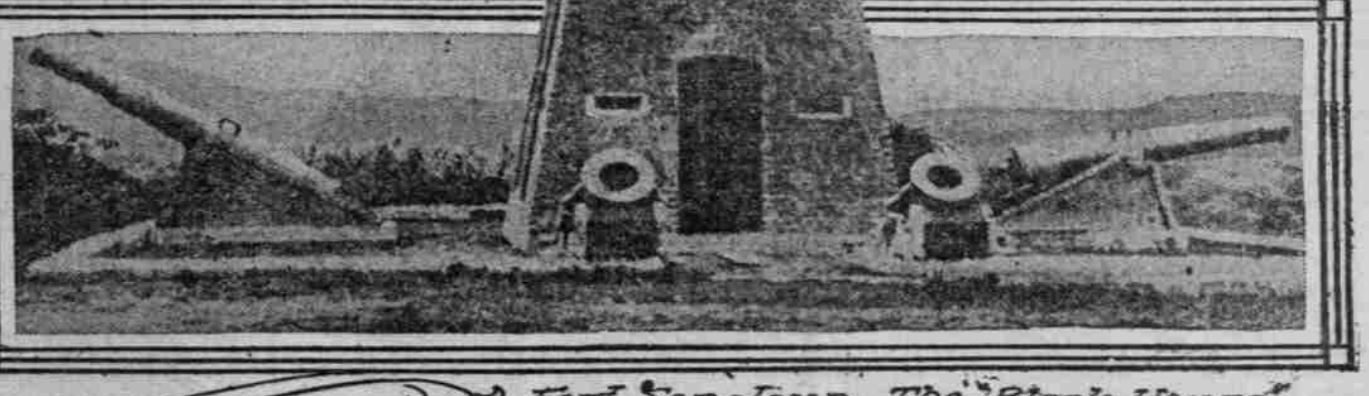
The "Peace Tree,"



José A. Saco Street, Santiago



The Nautical Club, Santiago.



Fort San Juan, The "Block House"

Second and Ninth United States Cavalry. These were the men who were in the famous charge, and the "peace tree," known as a sacaba (otherwise silk cotton), nearby is fenced in with the old Spanish rifle barrels they captured, and marked off with some of the old Spanish guns of large caliber molded and cast centuries ago, with which the Spanish commanders should not have been obliged to attempt to defend the entrance to Santiago harbor, which Morro frowns down upon.

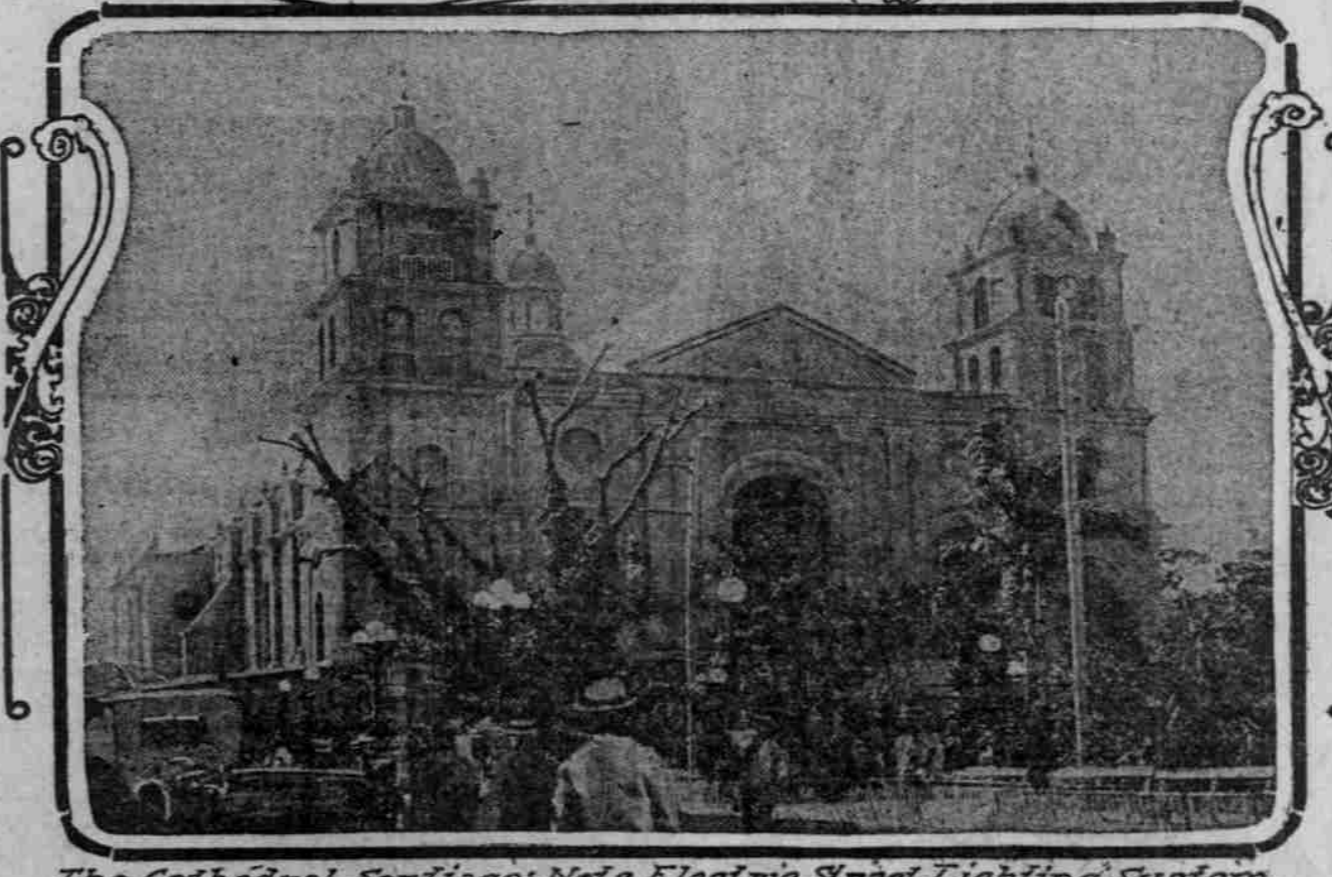
All these shrines are being well preserved. A new agricultural school has been erected on the hillside nearby, and a new school for American students has found a place upon the macadamized roadway which leads to the hill. Today the traveler may go to the hill by trolley if he be so minded, or he may go anywhere in and around Santiago by the ubiquitous automobile, which has found its sphere of usefulness here as elsewhere throughout the world. But, although these shrines on land are marked, it must not be believed that there are not equally as many sacred spots on the waters about Santiago, and the present traveler, even if unable to name a lighthouse or some other distinguishing mark to the memory of the naval heroes who participated in the campaign of Santiago, is nevertheless in position, he is informed, to be able to set some secret history down upon the record which may be interesting.

When the North Atlantic Squadron blocked the southern coast of Cuba, and some of the ablest newspaper correspondents in the world put Mole St. Nicholas, Haiti, on the map, although no one has been able to keep it there, the arrival of the ships made possible what the Army afterward did. The Secretary of War at that time was asked by the Secretary of the Navy if the assistance of the Navy was needed to land troops. His reply was: "The Army will land its own troops." Easier said than done. The traveler to Santiago passes Daquiri, as well as Mole St. Nicholas, and if the surf on the beach at Daquiri, as the writer passed that point, was anything like, in the campaign, what it was this morning, there is every reason to believe that there should have been as much of a cry for naval preparedness in those days as there is today. Fortunately, the Navy was prepared with miles of boats at Daquiri in the campaign. If it had not been the Army could not have been landed. Daquiri today is a port from which one of the interior is sent to the United States for use in a certain process in the manufacture of steel. There the troops landed and marched inward to Siboney, a little to the westward, with them the First District of Columbia Volunteers, under him who is now Major-General George H. Harries, N. G. D. C., retired. Near Siboney the first skirmishes took place with the Spanish troops, and the Army moved up, digging trenches, the battle front extending six or seven miles. That is the background in which afterward stalked the specters of typhoid and malaria. Now for the story of the Navy—not published history, but some of the things which the office of naval intelligence and the bureau of navigation did not give to the newspaper correspondents. Every one knows of the sea battle in which Cervera was beaten. Santiago was laid sterge to land and sea, because Cervera had escaped into that port. He was obliged to go there because of a shortage of coal. He did not have enough to take him to Havana. When it was learned in the United States that his fleet was at Cape Verde Islands a patriotic business man of New York and a Washington lawyer in international practice offered to be of service to the United States Government in conjunction. They had coal merchants and brokers in the Cape Verde Islands as correspondents, and every few days they sent cablegrams reading "Ship 1000 tons coal," "Ship 1500 tons coal," etc. These were cipher messages, explaining Cervera's movements. He then steamed due west from the

United States cruisers. Cervera then fled for coal to the nearest Spanish port—Santiago, Cuba—and the sea battle resulted. So much for written and unwritten history. There is a large amount of building going on in and around Santiago. They have here suburbs which are rapidly developing and which would be a credit to any city of the United States. There is progress on every hand. But it all dates from the

campaign of Santiago and the participation of the United States forces. In the opening paragraph of this article I made the statement that this city, which is the principal commercial center of the Island of Cuba, has gained 15,000 inhabitants in 15 years. That is so because Major-General Leonard Wood "cleaned it up" after the campaign. Across the street from the veranda on which this record is set down is as modern, up-to-date and complete a

pharmacy as any in the United States. I obtained there a few minutes ago the beverage one goes to drug stores in the United States for—soda water. Just as good as at home. Every one here except the very poor street beggar wears shoes—an unusual habit in a tropical city. The wearing of shoes in a Latin American city is a sign of a rise in the world. Santiago has arisen. Cuba has arisen. One watches the color and light and life of the tropics in the city streets, but one meets, in this ancient city, also, a note of readiness, which has most certainly come from American influence. A servant came near this table a few minutes ago and sharpened my lead pencils without being asked to do so. A "hoky-poky" ice cream wagon goes by and the merchant in charge is clean and, for the tropics, unbelievably quick. The little boys and girls have their faces washed, hair combed and are ready to play in the streets at 5 or 5:30, just as they are in Washington, New York, Boston, Detroit, Seattle or St. Louis. Goats go through the streets pulling milk wagons as the dogs do in Belgium, the hearse which carry the dead to their last resting place are gaudy as in other Latin American cities, and if one should be in need of a candle to be "blessed" and placed upon an altar of the beautiful cathedral with a multi-colored tile roof sparkling in the sun, one could buy it at a "candina." But these are merely notes in a city full of color. The spirit of the city is "progress" and its pulse beats in tune with American institutions which carry that banner. Makes No Difference. (New York Times). She was very much in love with him, and one evening while they were alone, she asked: "Frank, tell me truly: you have kissed other girls, haven't you?" "Yes," replied the young man, "but no one you know."



The Cathedral, Santiago; Note Electric Street Lighting System.