

LIFE OF SOLDIERS AT CAMP M'KENZIE MUCH MORE PLEASANT THAN IT WAS A WEEK AGO.

Health of the Regiment Is Good. Members of the Companies Who Are Home on Sick Leave—A Trifle Less Than Eight and One-Half Per Cent. of the Men and Officers Now on the Sick Roll—Lieutenant Inglis Is Again with the Regiment—Gossip of the Camp.

Special to the Scranton Tribune. Camp McKenzie, Augusta, Ga., Dec. 4.—Camp life here is becoming just a shade brighter. More liberal rations are being received, the weather is settling somewhat, and those details which always accompany a change of camp and make the existence of the enlisted men at certain times a nuisance and an unmitigated bore, are now less frequent. In addition, the weather is settling somewhat, and those details which always accompany a change of camp and make the existence of the enlisted men at certain times a nuisance and an unmitigated bore, are now less frequent.

Officers on Leave. This summary also shows that two commissioned officers—Captain S. S. Derman and Lieutenant Johnson—are missing in A, and that G Company is entirely deprived of its officers. Considering the fact that there is hardly a vestige of sickness existing among the members of the regiment who are now here, and that of those who are at the present writing absent, nearly fifty per cent. of them are in good health and waiting for transportation to join their companies.

Private Dan Matthews, of F, who was discharged from the regiment after reaching Camp Meade and was taken to the hospital, returned to camp yesterday from an extended sick furlough. Harold L. Gillespie, of D, has received formal notification of his transfer to the First division hospital corps.

Private Peter McCrea, of C, who is now a typhoid patient in the Lackawanna hospital, has applied for a sixty day sick furlough. Richard J. Bourke.

Good Leaf The Social Season

Rumors of society events for the holiday home-comings are heard. And we are ready—ready with fabrics, and trimmings, and accessories, selected with this special pre-Christmas display in view. Wraps, Dress Fabrics, and Accessories, "Be well attired," and the prices sing, "At little expense."

Evening Wraps

Visitors to this store, born with their eyes open will be assured that success in the selection of Evening Wraps has attended our ways. Parisian novelties in Theater and Party Wraps, imported by us, have lately come. A word of description follows, in which you see through our eyes. A personal investigation will be more satisfactory. One beauty of Light Blue Satin, has an all over effect of a description follows, in which you see through our eyes. A personal investigation will be more satisfactory.

Evening Dress Fabrics

A subject that needs a volume. If you will look it over you will understand why. A superb collection that enjoys the honor of two superlatives—largest and best. These fabrics might aptly be termed "night-blooming textiles"—a delicate tribute to their beauty and the fact that they are for evening wear.

Evening Gloves

Among other things we are leaders in gloves and the coming season of gaiety will make you think of those for evening wear. We've a large showing in all the new shades of Mousquetaire Gloves—you hardly find some of them elsewhere, especially the pale cream, the light pinks, the faint tints of mode and tan. Plenty of plain white and black.

ISAAC LONG, 73 Public Square, WILKES-BARRE, PA.

ON BOARD THE TRANSPORT CHESTER

INTERESTING LETTER FROM R. C. COLBORN.

He Left This City with a Party of Recruits and Went to Huntsville, Alabama—He Is Now on a Transport en Route for Cuba Where the Regiment of Regulars to Which He Is Now Attached Will Do Garrison Duty.

The following interesting letter has been received by The Tribune from R. C. Colborn, brother of Attorney A. J. Colborn, who recently enlisted in the regular army and is now en route for Cuba:

On Board U. S. Transport Chester, G. Colborn, Fifteenth U. S. Infantry, Nov. 28.—Having many Lackawanna and Luzerne county boys with our regiment I thought perhaps a letter from one of them would be of interest to many of your large number of subscribers. Altogether there are over two hundred men in the regiment from the northeastern part of the old Keystone state, and I have great faith in their ability to become thorough soldiers and a credit to the community from whence they came. The discipline in the "regular army" is a schooling in itself and will prove a lasting blessing to many of the boys, who heretofore have never felt the hand of restriction, ever.

These boys who enlisted with the expectation of having feather beds to sleep on with "down" pillows and all home comforts, find some of them suffer great disappointment and had better have remained at home. The true life of a soldier in the United States army has been grossly misrepresented by all correspondents after whom I have ever read, and the "boys in blue" placed in a false light before the public. I was never so grossly disappointed in my life with the regular army boys, and army life in general, and feel that the expiration of my enlistment I will be a wiser and better man.

FINE BODY OF MEN. Instead of finding a rough, uncouth, selfish crowd, I found a crowd of big-hearted, honest, generous fellows, always willing to help a fellow recruit, without a pretense towards dominating over them. True, it affords amusement to most of them to watch the actions of the "Rookies" (as they term recruits), but never an unkind word is spoken. Our regiment is officered by educated, talented gentlemen, who seem to be always solicitous of the welfare and comfort of the men under them. No complaint can be made of the character and quantity of the food, but, of course, those who expect "hotel Jermyn" fare will have to bring it with them.

The trip south to Huntsville, Alabama, was a pleasant one, with the exception of a shortage of rations, six sandwiches only being given each man upon leaving Scranton for a forty-hour trip, and when the commanding officer here was told of it, he ordered an outrage and it is evident that some one is making a "good thing" at the expense of the recruits. The boys all think the "Sunny South" is a myth, for we encountered more severe weather here than any experienced before leaving home. Alabama and Georgia are the most barren looking states I ever visited, nothing but corn and cotton fields, with old broken-down shanties to live in. There is no spark of progressiveness or enterprise in any of the cities which come from the "Yankee" and their railway service is fully ten years behind the north. The attention from the "Rookies" (as they term recruits), but never an unkind word is spoken. Our regiment is officered by educated, talented gentlemen, who seem to be always solicitous of the welfare and comfort of the men under them.

HELP IS SCARCE. The planters find difficulty in getting help to pick cotton, as the darkies find it more profitable to hang about the camps doing chores for the soldiers, selling pies, cakes, etc., and doing their washing. Altogether there are 1,500 troops en route to Cuba, and some of the crimes have been committed by the soldiers who indulged too freely in "corn whiskey." All of the serious crimes and murders have been traced to the volunteer regiments, who lack the severe discipline of the "regulars," and do not punish as severely, and planters are restrained upon their men. Friday morning orders to "back up" were received, and I never witnessed such a scene of activity. Every man had a duty to perform and no one allowed to shirk. At 6:30 p. m. the regiment started, leaving in three sections of Pullman sleepers, reaching Savannah, Ga., at 8 a. m. Sunday morning we remained aboard the cars until 5 p. m. when the entire regiment, headed by the regimental band, marched to the transport Chester lying at the dock in waiting for us.

"Here the trouble began to brew." No words are more apt to describe the strong enough to apply to the government transportation department for the accommodations given the men. Imagine, if you will, 120 men sleeping in a space 40 by 60 feet and eight feet high. Sleeping in hammocks placed one above the other with a space of one foot between, with no sign of ventilation, and sanitary conditions ignored entirely. Only one toilet room for 1,500 men, with no place to wash. The deck of the ship is crowded by 250 mules and horses which shuts off all possibility of breathing pure air or having exercise.

Talk of war investigations, who right here is a chance for some noble-hearted philanthropist to immortalize himself by starting inquiries and investigations into the outrages perpetrated on the men being sent to foreign lands for garrison duty. There is absolutely no excuse for it on the part of the government officials connected with the war department. Our officers are in no wise to blame and deplore the fact that their men are thrown together like swine, and do all in their power to make things brighter.

ON A SAND BAR. The boat left the pier at 6 a. m. Monday, and had gone down the river but five miles, when to avoid a collision, she was forced to change her course and by so doing, struck a "sand bar" where she has remained captive ever since. At 4 a. m. Tuesday all men were taken from the boat and placed on barges, while numbers of tugboats attempted to release her, but her release was only temporary, for when the men again boarded her she "stuck" again, and here we are waiting for the "flowing tide" to come in, that we may slide seaward, on toward our destination the Province of Puerto Principe, Cuba.

Up to the present all the Pennsylvania boys are well and in good spirits notwithstanding the discouraging surroundings at present. This is written on board the transport Chester with scarcely room to manipulate a pencil. I used the floor as a table. Shall advise you of the landing of troops, etc., later. R. G. Colborn.

SEVERAL MINERS BURNED. Were in a Mine Fire Explosion in the Buttonwood Shaft. A small blaze in the Buttonwood mine of the Parish Coal company, near Wilkes-Barre, Saturday morning, caused the explosion which injured several men, though none were seriously hurt. The fire, which was trivial, was in a chamber at the head of No. 1 plane, East side, about a half mile from the foot of the shaft.

Fire Boss W. J. Powell alone tried to extinguish the fire, but without success. He then secured the services of a gang of men. The heat from the blaze had generated a body of gas which exploded about 8:30 o'clock. The following men were burned: William J. Powell, fire boss; Thomas Morgan, fire boss; William Matthews, fire boss; Richard Matthews, miner; Zigmund Dalucka, miner; Wm. Thomas, plane runner; and Ralph Hutensin, miner. They were taken to the surface and cared for. The burns were about their faces and hands. Not much trouble was experienced later in subduing the fire.

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