

Hope for the Sick

The strongest desire of the sick is to get well. Nobody in good health can realize the intensity of this longing. It is so strong that unless relief comes it turns to hopelessness—and hopelessness kills. Certainly no one can afford to neglect a remedy that brings hope to the hopeless, strength to the weak, health to the sick; a remedy that, like Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, gives absolute proof that it has cured every form of disease. It is advertised to cure:

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ON THE FIRING LINE IN AND NEAR MANILA

GRAPHIC PICTURES OF WARFARE IN LUZON.

Told in the Simple Language of a Common Soldier—American Bravery and Endurance—Native Ignorance, Fatalism and Treachery—The Filipino as He Really Is—How the Trouble Began and How It Is Being Adjusted—A Narrative That All Should Read.

In a letter to his cousin, John J. Caffrey, of Sugar Notch, published in the Wilkes-Barre Times, James Cleary, of Company B, First Idaho volunteers, gives a series of graphic pictures of military experiences in and around Manila. Under date of Feb. 25 he writes:

"I think in order to get a good start I had better commence at the beginning of the present outbreak. On Saturday night, Feb. 4, assembly blew and we all fell in and had no more than done so than the ball had started and firing had commenced all around the city—everywhere along our lines. It was then about 8:30 p. m. and we were started towards the line at Paco district and block-house No. 2. When we got to within one-fourth mile of the block-house we were ordered to remain at the block-house until the next day, which we did until about midnight. All this time one company of Washington volunteers were holding the block-house and one company could easily hold it, as I believe it was our officers' intention to keep them as quiet as possible until daylight, when we would give them what they needed and what they had long been looking for. However, at midnight we got orders to move up towards the firing line as they had been expecting a stronger attack and we moved up towards the firing line and remained there until nearly daylight, when we returned to our quarters, got breakfast and then returned to the Paco church, where we had stayed some time the night before, and as all the troops were ready, and the artillery moved up to the front, we were waiting for the command to take a coffee. There were six companies of our regiment in the old church yard. We were only in there about one hour when stray bullets commenced to drop around the yard and from the appearance they must have been signal shots, for we found out afterwards when we sent a scouting party out that there were niggers in the old church. They had sneaked in there some way or other and they must have had their guns concealed in the building, for they were very cunning to get hold of them and they were known to take a coffin into a church filled with Mauser rifles, for they have been caught doing an act of that kind several times.

SICK OF THEIR JOB.

But, nevertheless, they were sick of their job that morning, for when the scouts discovered them we were notified and we opened fire on the building at the windows and doors, as that was the only place that our shots would take any effect, as the building was of stone and had stood there for more than two centuries. We killed many of them when finally the door was opened and a woman appeared with a baby in one arm and a white flag in the other hand. There were also some priests in the building as well as lots of soldiers and women. When they appeared with the flag our major ordered them to cease firing, but they killed some of them after he had called out and if they did after I would say "kill them all for they never show us any mercy." In a few minutes afterwards they trained one of the Sixth artillery guns on the old church and it only took six shots to knock the old thing down and it soon burned up what would burn of it.

We marched to the firing line then on the Paco road when three companies of our regiment turned to the right into a rice swamp, the other three companies, of which I was in one, stayed on the road until we reached block-house No. 11 and the way that bullets fell there it was terrible, and yet there were not many of us getting

plucked off at the time. When we arrived at the block-house we halted. Our general was there—General King. We were in his brigade. We had a bridge to cross that was a very dangerous place, for it was high and the niggers were shooting high, and the way that we had of getting across that bridge was no trouble, with our major in the lead. It was right by the forward, double time march, and double time I guess we did. And, how the bullets struck at my feet, as I was crossing and yet they never touched me, and I have good sized feet, too. But it was no fun and I never want to see them come my way any faster than they came there for a few minutes.

When the three companies of us had got across we made a left flank and threw out our skirmish lines and advanced in a half-right circle, until we were right in front of the enemy at the place where we were about to make our charge. We were right at a stream that we had to cross, and the way the stream ran we had to cross it three times. Our major, finally, after we had rested a minute, gave us orders to advance and then the trumpet sounded "charge," and away we went, our company and one of the others to the front and the other one to the left, and the stream was waist deep and up to some of the boys' necks, and we were carrying 150 rounds of ammunition that made it a very hard trip; but the niggers made it interesting enough for us, so we forgot our wet clothes and heavy loads and went busily engaged pumping the lead into them as fast as we could and advancing all the time—and no protection only to lie down at times in the rice swamp.

A HOT TIME.

I tell you it was the hottest place I ever saw. Hell could not be hotter. But we finally got to their strongest entrenchment and they had all left their rifles and were able to get away. Then we had one more strong place to take and it was impossible to charge on them for they had strong breast-works and we did not know how many of them there were in it, so we kept up a heavy volley fire at them whenever they would show us, and they soon raised the white flag. That place was called Santa Ana. The two companies of us numbered then about fifty men each, as a number were left at quarters and a good many were wounded. The two companies on our left and they were the only troops between us and Paco river—were one company of Idaho and one of Washington, and they did very good work too, for when we broke the niggers' lines some went down the river and it was sent for those boys to pick them off. Some went into boats and tried to cross but they were shot and their canoe was swamped with bullets. It did not last more than an hour and a half, but it was good and interesting while it was going on and we were all ready to rest a minute. We had in my company killed three, and wounded five. In the other two companies of our regiment that were with us none was killed and only two or three in each company wounded.

DOING GUARD DUTY.

On Sunday morning, Feb. 12, we started at usual with volley firing, after everything was quiet for a few hours. And at about 7 a. m. there was quite a lively battle for a few minutes, in which four or five Americans were wounded, but after the artillery opened it soon quieted the niggers. On that afternoon we got the order to load our extra ammunition and blankets on the cars and were ready to go to Manila and expected to go to our own brigade, but we did not get a chance to ride, as they did not have cars enough. So six of our companies hiked into Manila, while the other two remained at Calocan and rode in that night, being the first American troops moved by rail on the island. We arrived at our quarters at about 6 p. m. Sunday evening and all pretty well worn out, for we were on the move nearly all the time for eight days. I do not believe it will ever be known the correct number of niggers that were killed that day, for even where we were, half of our niggers fell into the river. But just so they were gone was all we wanted.

NO REST FOR THE WEARY.

We remained at Santa Ana from the time we had the battle on the 5th until the afternoon of the 6th, when we moved inland about four miles to a place called San Pedro Macati, where the rest of our regiment and division was camped there that night with about one-third of our troops on guard and outpost. On Tuesday, Feb. 7, we had a skirmish line thrown out of six companies and travelled about fifteen miles in a kind of circle and had scouting parties out, but could not see any niggers (except now and then some old men and women and them we would not bother) until we got near to the town of Pasig, which is a walled city and only two ways to get into it. It is situated on the banks of the Pasig river and we were on a high bluff and could take in the whole town.

There were white flags flying on all the buildings. We also returned to our camp and next morning, Feb. 8th, three companies went out and took that town. So that was the way we were scouting and patrolling, guarding prisoners and now and then into little skirmishes, until on the afternoon of Feb. 9 all the Idaho companies got an order to return to quarters and it was rumored that we were going to have a rest for a day or two. But it turned out different, for we scarcely got time to change clothes and take a bath when an order came for us to be ready to move at a moment's notice—so it was one more night to sleep with our boots on.

Friday morning, Feb. 10th, it was "fall in" and throw out skirmish lines and search all the native shacks and buildings. That lasted all forenoon and when we were back to quarters an order came for us to move at any moment and just as we were about ready to have dinner assembly blew and it was "fall in." We had about seven miles to go to the firing line on the other side of the river. It was to go in another brigade under command of Major General MacArthur. On our way out there we had the pleasure of playing government mule and helping to haul artillery, which is a very nice job for a swabby when he is loaded down with extra ammunition. However, we got there just the same at about 2:30 p. m., and after the batteries were set they looked just as well as if the regular mules had hauled them out, instead of the imitations. We then fell into our places on the line and were ready to start against the batteries that we took out were all General MacArthur was waiting for; at exactly 3 p. m. the signal shots from the batteries could be heard.

ORDERED TO ADVANCE.

As they rang out ten seconds apart, which was a signal that it had started, we got an order to advance. We were alongside of the Manila and Dagupan railroad, one battalion of Idaho on one side and one on the other, and troops on that part of the line were the Dakotas, Twentieth Kansas, Idaho, Montana and a detachment of the Third artillery with rifles. And as we advanced, the niggers were retreating. We never did get in close range of them that day, but the Montana and our battalion drove them across the track and the boys on the other side were having the sport. It was just the same as a rabbit hunt, one Kansas man said, and I believe it was from the looks of the dead niggers that I saw there afterwards. They must have had great sport. We took the town of Calocan where the headquarters of the railroad are and also their shops; and then we kept on going and finally when we stopped and threw out our lines for the night, we found out that we had crossed three and one-half miles in that short time, and we camped and waited for our hard track and coffee to come.

It had not more than arrived when two companies of Idaho—and I happened to be in one of them—got orders to retreat, but the niggers had not more than started, so that was the first time I had the pleasure of walking on the railroad track of this island. And we did have one bit of a time going back—dark as could be and the soldiers had a work train out putting in rails and doing the grade, but the niggers had torn down. However, we found the piece and had to stand watch—nearly all of us. We also had some prisoners to guard. I thought that was the longest night I ever put in. We had nothing to lay on but the mud and wet rice grass, and yet the niggers did not so daylight coming that morning.

NATIVE TREACHERY.

Some of our men on guard a few days ago saw two natives going along the street and suspected that something looked wrong about them, when they followed them up and, on examining what they had, it was discovered that they had coal oil and waste and were prepared to do some business; but they were hustled off to the walled city and will remain there. They are watched very closely here, those that are in the city, and if one makes a crooked move or is out after hours, down goes his apple cart. And we are very careful. There is a stronger guard around town than there was before and a native's life is not worth a cent, for as a rule a patrol will shoot first and then call afterwards. They are not termed as friends by our boys any more, as they were just before the outbreak, for then every soldier here had some native or other for a friend and could bum cigarettes or cigars off him and they would run errands for you and do many little things; and we called them Amigos, which in Spanish is "friend." But now the only good nigger is the dead one and the more dead the better the country is.

NATIVE WEAPONS.

We have even got some of the wild men that fight with spears and wear nothing but feather headgear; and also some of the bow and arrow men, that also carry a shield. Some of their arrows are made of bamboo and they have a piece of hard wood spliced on the end in place of a spear. But the chances are that if they hit a man with one of them it would injure him, while many of them had spears on eight inches long and the naves will take a kind of weapons they have! They have everything from a pen knife to a thirteen-inch gun. Some, it is said, have got sharp pointed sticks, which they figure on getting Americans with. There were some Englishmen in Manila before the outbreak and they told us what we were going to go against. They have guns made of gas pipe and even got some made out of wood or imitations of guns. They must have figured on giving us a big scare with their dynamite batteries. But they are holding out better than, or I would say not giving up as soon as I expected they would, and as it looks to me they are bigger fools than I even thought they were. Their leader, General Ariniao, is reported to have left for parts unknown and they are handled by his first assistant. And he might bleed spit on this island at present than we can ever get revenge for, if



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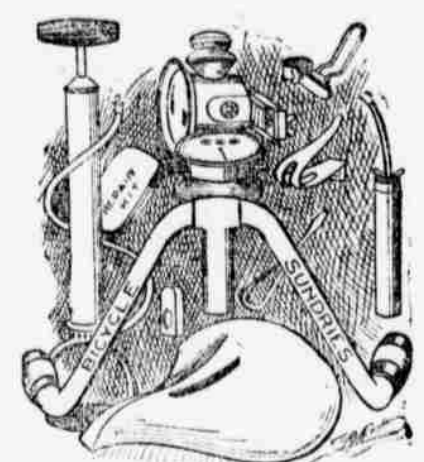


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In the city and had guns and knives stored away in different places and they had it all fixed for a general attack, but they got the worst of it and got it bad, just as they have got everything that they ever started. They were mown down and I was told by one of the Minnesota police that went over the ground next day early, that it looked like a regular slaughter pen, and they drove the niggers out of town and into a rice swamp, and then they were surrounded by two companies of Minnesota and two of the Twenty-third United States and they got all of them. Those that were not killed were taken prisoners and hustled off to the walled city for safe keeping. There were not many of the Americans wounded—five or six, and two killed; and it is a wonder that they do not get more of us than they do, for they stay in their buildings and shoot out at you cannot see them. The only way we get them when a fire starts is to let them shoot at us for a few minutes, and then they cannot stand a heavy fire, for they had the biggest part of their game taken out of them on Sunday, Feb. 5. They have not stood fire since like they did on that day.

MALAY FATALISM.

And they do not care. They drive each other out, expecting to get a shot at us now and then, and they will take desperate chances in order to get a shot at one of us. A few days ago a company of Montana boys had some of them cornered up and killed a good many when the rest of them were willing to surrender; and they were all disarmed but one, and he was holding out his gun for someone to come and take it, and as a lieutenant came near him he raised his gun and shot the lieutenant through the heart. In less than ten seconds there were a hundred bullet holes through his coat, for every man took a shot at him the instant. But it goes to show what one of these devils cares for for a life, doing anything like that when he knows or ought to know that if he did he would give up his gun and go afterwards. I tell you that the Americans have treated them too d—n well all the way since we landed here, and are doing so at present. They take them prisoners when they catch any of them that have got weapons and they never get any that have them unless it is right in some battle and then they only get a few, as there are four or five of them to every gun, and when one gets tired or wants to smoke a cigarette there is another close at hand to take up the gun. So when they want to shoot they can keep a gun hot.

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does get hold of him, or the chances are that very few would know what ever became of him. Nearly every day that we were in the field or on the firing line we had plenty of visitors. Some one would drive right up to the firing light to visit. A great many civilians used to come out and when a soldier would get hit or sick they would pick right up his gun and go along with us. There was one lady doctor, whose rank was lieutenant, that followed the firing line all one afternoon and when one man would drop she would bandage him up and as he would be packed off she would come out and when a soldier would