

# SIX HEROES OF SANTIAGO, JUST SAVED FROM DEATH, HOME FOR TREATMENT.

## Greeted by Hundreds of Friends at the Kansas City's Pier--One Saw Cubans Behead Spaniards.

SIX wounded soldiers—heroes, every one—who fell at the battle of Santiago on that first day's attack by the American forces, or while they were on the march, arrived here last night on the Savannah liner Kansas City. Here are the names of the men who were cheered to the echo as the steamship swung in to her pier at the foot of Canal street, North River, at 9 o'clock:

J. D. HOEKSTRA, private in Troop C, Second Squadron, First United States Regular Cavalry, wounded by a Mouser ball at the base of the skull.

JAMES CARROLL, private, Company M, Seventy-first Regiment, wounded in right forearm and hand on the march against San Juan.

F. A. SANDLAND, bugler, Company G, Seventh United States Regular Infantry, wounded in left forearm and hand.

JAMES H. KELLER, private, Company A, Seventy-first Regiment, wounded in right hand.

C. W. GOODMAN, private, Company A,

Seventy-first Regiment, wounded twice in the right arm.

FRED C. KUEHNLE, Company D, Seventy-first Regiment, wounded in right forearm.

The Pier Was Thronged.

The Savannah line pier was crowded with the relatives and friends of the wounded soldier boys when the steamship slowly, very slowly, ranged alongside the wharf. Cheers after cheers rent the air as the throng on the pier caught sight of the boys in blue who came out of the saloon and lined up at the rail.

When at last the gangplank was put up there was a rush of relatives to get on board. The vessel smelled like a hospital, but little recked the other voyagers and the steamship was thronged of such a throng. They made way for the wounded men, four of whom had their arms in slings and backed away into the saloon, so that relatives could have a chance to greet the returning ones.

One of the most painfully wounded of the six was J. D. Hoekstra, who had a Mouser bullet extracted from his neck near the base of the skull, in Key West, where he and his comrades and one hundred and

ninety-one other wounded soldiers arrived on the Ironclad on July 5 last.

"Others were hurt a great deal worse than I," said Hoekstra, as he fingered the bandage wound about his head. "They fell around us first at El Caney." He continued, "but we had a chance at them, too. The First regular cavalry landed at a place about twenty-seven miles east of Santiago on June 21. I can't figure all the dates from then on, but I know the second squadron, including Troop C, of which I was a member, camped there that night, while the first squadron marched on toward Santiago and engaged the enemy at 8 o'clock the next morning at Siboney.

Rough Riders Fought Like Demons

The second squadron broke camp at 6 that morning, two hours to a minute before the first went into battle, and we reached Siboney at 10:40 o'clock, just twenty minutes after the battle had ceased for a while. That engagement lasted exactly two hours and twenty minutes, and the Spanish were driven back toward Siboney. The Rough Riders, the First Squadron of the First Cavalry, and the First Squadron of the Tenth Cavalry did the fighting, and to them belong the honors.



FROM PHOTO, BY BURR MCINTOSH.

### LIEUT.-COL. ASTOR REVIEWING THE TROOPS AT SIBONEY.

(Drawn from a photograph taken July 6, by J. C. Hemment, the Journal's special photographer with the Fifth Army Corps.)

At the breaking out of the war Colonel Astor, as president of the Fort Wayne & Western Railroad, offered free transportation of troops over its lines, and also tendered his private yacht, Nourmahal, to the United States as an auxiliary cruiser. He fitted out at his own expense the Astor Battery, now en route to Manila. This photograph was taken the same day that Colonel Astor received H. obson and the Merrimac heroes from Major Irlan, a Spanish staff officer, in exchange for Spanish prisoners.

### HE SAW CUBANS DECAPITATE SPANIARDS.

THE Journal is absolutely correct in the statement that Cubans have cut off the heads of their Spanish prisoners. Mr. Hearst wrote the simple truth when he made that declaration. I KNOW OF MY OWN KNOWLEDGE THAT THE CUBANS HAVE DONE THIS NOT ONCE, BUT MANY TIMES. It is common talk at Santiago. When we landed there from the transport Leona, June 2, last, this fact was brought home to me almost before I had stepped on Cuban soil.

A Spaniard had been handed over to a Cuban soldier to guard, and THE CUBAN PROMPTLY TOOK HIS MAN BACK INTO THE WOODS AND CUT OFF HIS HEAD. When asked to account for his prisoner the Cuban calmly told of his fate, and added that there was no other way as he (the Cuban) had no food for the man, and it was much better for him to die and be out of the way.

At the battle of El Caney, where I was wounded, I saw a Spanish soldier fall. THE MAN WHO HAD SHOT HIM DREW HIS MACHETE, AND ALMOST BEFORE THE SPANIARD HAD REACHED THE GROUND, HIS HEAD WAS ROLLING DOWN THE HILL. Our division took 110 Spanish prisoners, and I heard that a lot of them were decapitated. Of course, I do not know this to be a fact, but THE TWO CASES THAT CAME UNDER MY OWN OBSERVATION CAUSED ME TO READILY BELIEVE THAT THE FATE OF THESE PRISONERS WAS THE SAME AS THAT OF THE TWO POOR SPANISH DEVILS THAT I KNEW HAD BEEN KILLED THAT WAY.

The Spaniard I saw wounded at El Caney might have recovered from his wound, but HIS CUBAN FOR GAVE HIM NO CHANCE. It sickened me to see the ferocity of that Cuban. I did not see other Spaniards dealt with in this way on the battle field.

I do not believe that all the Cubans are of that stripe by a great deal, but I do believe that many Spanish prisoners have been decapitated by the Cubans when they should have been protected as prisoners of war. We heard after the battle of El Caney that a number who had been handed over to the charge of the Cubans had been murdered.

J. D. HOEKSTRA,  
Troop C, Second Squadron, First United States Regular Cavalry.

A Nineteen Hours' Battle.

"We reached El Caney on the 20th and on the 1st our squadron was ordered to charge up that hill. I shall never forget that day. The battle began at 6:30 in the morning and lasted till nearly midnight. It was war to the bitter end. The Spanish fought bravely. They did not give up without a struggle. I can't tell you of that day in detail. It is like a dream to me now. The smoke was rolling all along our lines and the cannon spitting fire at a few seconds' intervals. We of the cavalry had to take our share of the brunt of the fighting.

In the midst of the fight I saw a Cuban shoot a Spaniard and THEN, HORRIBLY AS IT SEEMS, THAT CUBAN DELIBERATELY DREW HIS MACHETE AND CUT OFF THE SPANIARD'S HEAD. The body had not struck the ground when that head was seen rolling like a cannon ball. It was seen first by the man who was wounded, and remember no more till I found myself being carried off the dead after the battle.

"Our division took 110 prisoners, and I heard that a number of them had their heads cut off by the Cubans, who had been given charge of the prisoners."

First Regiment, who was wounded in the right hand and arm during the march to San Juan, gave a graphic story of the terrible journey through the cactus bushes to San Juan. Carroll is about twenty-five years of age, little and active, and several times when telling his story forgot about his wounded hand and attempted a movement as if to illustrate what he said only to be reminded that his hand was in a sling and useless for the present.

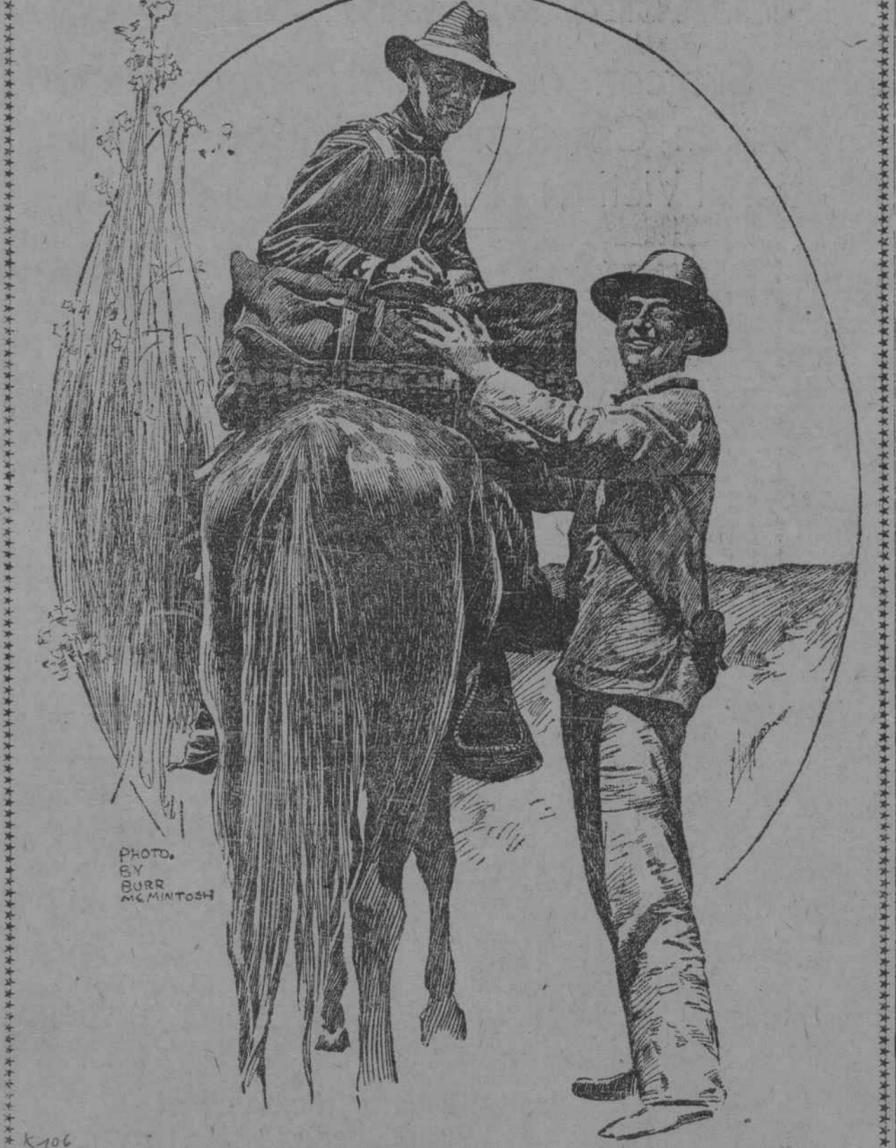
"We were on outpost duty on Thursday, June 30," he said, "and were short of rations. One battalion, to which I was attached, went back to the base of the cactus for the rations, and it was about midnight when we got back. We had hardly reached camp when our battalion received orders to march in the morning.

"Some of us decided not to go to sleep, the rest lay down for a few hours to slumber. When, at 2 o'clock in the morning, the orders were given to get in marching order and start for San Juan.

"I shall never forget that march. The cactus bushes were so thick that we could scarcely force our way through them. After pushing our way along wearily, covered with blood from the points of the cactus bushes, for about four hours, we found that we had been travelling at the rate of three-quarters of a mile an hour.

"I shall never forget that march. The boys tried to cheer each other up and joked about it, but you tell me it was no joke. Then the Spaniards began firing, and the Mouser bullets came whistling past our ears but we were in such trouble that we did not mind. 'Forward!' was the cry, and on we went the road seeming to get rougher and more painful at every step. Every now and then a man would say, 'Boys, I'm hit' but as far as I know, no one dropped behind.

"Then I felt a stinging pain twice in my hand and arm and the hot blood began trickling down. We had everything but our canteens and felt consumed by thirst. I remember little more except having a confused idea of still marching on until I was exhausted. I was faint, and at intervals until 5 o'clock in the morning. What exertion we did I only learned afterward. I am glad, however, to get home and see my friends for a while."



PHOTO, BY BURR MCINTOSH.

### WHIGHAM FINDS A FRIEND INDEED.

(From a Photograph by Burr McIntosh, the Journal's Special Correspondent.)

The English newspaper correspondent and golf player, H. C. Whigham, who was recently captured on Cuban soil by the Spanish, after having been landed on the coast from a yacht. Much uneasiness was felt for him, the supposition being that he had been shot as a spy. He was released from custody owing to the representations of the British Consul. He is shown in the picture placing a bundle on the horse of Breckenridge, of the Rough Riders, to be taken to the front.

### THANKS FROM ROUGH RIDERS.

Wounded Men Tell of Their Gratitude.

JOURNAL MEN PRAISED They Gave Up Their Cots at Siboney to the Stricken Soldiers.

Tampa, Fla., July 12.—From the bloody battlefields of Eastern Cuba came grateful greetings to the Journal. Arthur F. Cosby, who was wounded in the right hand and chest by bullets from Mouser rifles directed and sent the following letter:

W. R. Hearst, editor New York Journal:

Allow me to thank you publicly for the kindness shown me at Siboney, Cuba, by members of your staff in the field, headed by Mr. Jack Mumford, after I was wounded at Santiago. Mr. Mumford took me to his headquarters the day after I was wounded, when the hospitals were overcrowded, and not only gave me his cot and blanket but gave me every consideration possible. I can never repay the kindness done me at such a trying moment, and wish to personally thank you for the courtesies extended by your representatives in the field.

Lieutenant George Drexhaus, of Troop K, Rough Riders; Sergeant Basil Bicketts, of the dynamite gun squad, and myself occupied the cot of your line, compelling them to sleep on the floor of the cottage at Siboney while we enjoyed every possible comfort. I assure you that we appreciate their generosity.

ARTHUR F. COSBY,  
Troop K, First Volunteer Cavalry.

### Doesn't Regret His Wound.

"Never mind," he said, kissing her in return. "It's not so bad after all. I don't regret going to the war."

"His brother then kissed and hugged him and his father tried to be more dignified and shake hands with him. He could not restrain himself, however, and threw his arms around his son and kissed him."

A young girl and a young man who were standing with the party, and who said they were not related to Carroll, then came forward. The girl kissed him and the young man shook hands with him. Carroll had then to stand a gauntlet of handshakes from a number of other friends who had had work guarding his wounded arm.

D. J. Murphy, the brother-in-law of James E. Keller, one of the wounded men who was shot in the right hand, was on hand to meet him. He embraced him affectionately without any regard to decorum and then led him away. Keller had also many acquaintances to welcome him, and had to begin to tell the story of his adventures as soon as he started to leave the field.

### Forgot About His Wound.

James Carroll, of Company M, Seventy-first Regiment, who was wounded in the right hand and arm during the march to San Juan, gave a graphic story of the terrible journey through the cactus bushes to San Juan. Carroll is about twenty-five years of age, little and active, and several times when telling his story forgot about his wounded hand and attempted a movement as if to illustrate what he said only to be reminded that his hand was in a sling and useless for the present.

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### THINKS HE'S IN LUCK.

Keller laughed when he was told that he was at first confounded with another man of the same name who was wounded.

"I don't know which one was in luck," he said. "I am not sorry at spilling a little of my blood in such a good cause."

All the others had friends or relatives waiting for them, some of whom met them on board. Young girls were there who knew the men, and felt proud to number among their acquaintances men who had fought the Don. They brought other girls along who could not boast of their acquaintance.

"I am glad I came down, anyway," said one of the latter in an undertone. "If I was a man I would be a soldier, too."

"So would I," said several of the others, "and I'm glad we showed the Spaniards how well the American can fight."

A crowd of seamen stood at the gate outside and looked with approbation at the wounded men as they passed through. One or two of them shook hands with some of the men, though they had never seen them before, and congratulated them for having been at the war.

### A Veteran's Blessing.

"God bless them," said one old man with a weather-beaten face, who looked like a counterpart of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." "They've begun well. They're the right sort. I like the looks of 'em."

"Right you are," said several others. "This may be a young country, but it's a big one."

"You bet!" chorused the others, and a number of longshoremen who had gathered around, agreed with the general sentiment. The crowd kept around until the last passengers had left the ship and reluctantly separated when the order was given to close the gates.

### Several Hurt in a Car Collision.

Several people were injured yesterday morning at the Bowery and Houston street by the collision of a north-bound Fourth avenue trolley car and a west-bound Houston street horse car. The trolley car hit the front platform of the horse car, turning the car completely around, and smashing the windows of the horse car. The driver of the horse car was injured, and the driver of the trolley car was also injured. The horse car was also damaged.

### Admiral Ammen's Quiet Funeral.

Washington, July 12.—Low quietness was over the remains of the late Admiral Daniel Ammen as he was buried at St. Paul's Catholic Church here to-day. The funeral was held at 10 o'clock, and was attended by a large number of admirals and officers of the navy. The remains were interred in the National Cemetery at Arlington.

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### CERVERA STILL AT PORTSMOUTH.

Portsmouth, N. H., July 12.—Captain Goodrich, of the cruiser St. Louis, intended to sail for Annapolis at 5 o'clock this afternoon, but bad weather prevented. Eleven Spanish officers were landed from the St. Louis this morning and were assigned to quarters on Seavey's Island, near the captive steamer.

There are four lieutenants, three surgeons, two chaplains and two ensigns in the party. Their quarters are separate from those of the men, and the officers have been allowed to retain their own servants. All the Spanish officers were allowed to cable home. Admiral Cervera was much improved to-day.

The Harvard is expected here tonight with a second lot of prisoners. She will proceed to New York after landing the Spaniards.

Gullwing guns have been mounted on all the bridges and at several points on the island to prevent the prisoners from escaping.

### Policeman Saved Drowning Boy.

Policeman Patrick McNeeny, of the Central Park squad, Tuesday night, rescued Robert Wilson, six-year-old, of No. 427 Ninth avenue, from drowning in Central Park lake. The little fellow was sitting on the grass and in his anxiety to reach it fell into the lake. The boy was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital and returned to his home yesterday morning. McNeeny jumped into the water without knowing his helmet.

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