

Following the Flag

Diary of a Soldier's Wife



Alice Applegate Sargent

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Alice Applegate Sargent
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Following the Flag

DIARY OF A SOLDIER'S WIFE

BY

ALICE APLEGATE SARGENT



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To the memory of my husband,
Col. Herbert H. Sargent,
this little book is dedicated.

*"But in the last days * * * * **
They shall beat their swords into plowshares,
And their spears into pruning hooks:
Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
Neither shall they learn war any more."

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FOLLOWING THE FLAG
DIARY OF A SOLDIER'S WIFE

CHAPTER I.

I was born in the Umpqua Valley, Douglas County, Oregon. My father and mother came to Oregon in the great covered wagon train of 1843. When I was a child I used often to say, "I will never leave Oregon." How little we know of the future. My feet have wandered far since those days of my childhood.

On the 11th of August, 1886, I was married to Col. Herbert H. Sargent, then a young 2nd Lieutenant of Cavalry, stationed at old Fort Klamath in eastern Oregon. Shortly before our marriage he was detailed as instructor in military science at the University of Illinois and we left immediately for his new station.

Up to this time I had never been out of Oregon and the prairie land of Illinois looked strange to me. We made our home in the city of Champaign while the Colonel was on duty at the University.

At the end of a year my husband rejoined his regiment at Fort Bidwell, Northern California, and here began my real army life. Dur-

ing my thirty-two years with the Army I followed the flag from the golden shores of the Pacific to the bleak New England coast, from the Green Mountains of Vermont to the palmetto groves of Florida, and from Cuba to the far away Islands of the Philippines—a life brim full of thrilling and interesting experiences, but in this little book I can touch only on the high lights in these eventful years.

After more than a year at Fort Bidwell my husband was ordered to march overland with his troop of cavalry to Fort Walla Walla, Washington, a distance of nearly five hundred miles. I decided to go with him, as I had a splendid horse of my own, a horse I had bought at Bidwell and of whom I was very fond and very proud. This horse was called Patsy; he was a beautiful dark mahogany bay with a white star in his forehead. The first week or so of our march was delightful, weather ideal and good camping places. Cavalry on a march have a certain rule as to gait; walk, trot and gallop, walk, trot and gallop. This change of gait rests both men and horses. In the afternoons the trumpeter would blow "Dismount" and the troopers would walk and lead their horses. Usually this order to dismount would be given at the top of some long, steep grade. I used to slip out of my saddle and lead my horse, and

when the order came to mount I got into my saddle, feeling quite rested and ready to ride the remaining miles to camp.

We were three weeks making this march. We could not make forced marches on account of the mule teams with the heavy baggage wagons. This was in November; the weather changed to cold and storms. I could not keep my hands and feet warm while on horseback and reluctantly found refuge in a covered coach called a "Dougherty" wagon, my horse being led by one of the troopers.

While around the camp fires in the early mornings we would each put up a bite of lunch, a sandwich we could put in our pockets, for we seldom halted at noon, but would march all day and eat our lunch as we traveled along.

The weather finally became so cold our sandwiches would be frozen and not fit to eat. We fell back on hardtack; two or three pieces of hardtack would keep us up until we went into camp and could get a good, hot supper. We sampled all the different kinds of weather eastern Oregon could produce—rain, hail, sleet, and finally snow, not to mention miles and miles of mud, before we climbed the Blue Mountains. On the summit we camped in a foot and a half of snow, with everything a glare of ice. Fortunately this was our last

camp, for on the following day we rolled into Fort Walla Walla.

Fort Walla Walla was at this time headquarters for the Second Cavalry. It is always pleasant to be stationed at Regimental Headquarters, for the Regimental band is there and there are many delightful concerts, at "Retreat" the stars and stripes float down to the strains of the Star Spangled Banner, there are full dress parades than which there is nothing more inspiring and beautiful.

The horses of each troop of cavalry are uniform in color; there is the bay-horse troop, the gray-horse troop, the black-horse troop, and so on. The 2nd Cavalry Band of about twenty-five pieces was mounted on white horses, a beautiful sight. It was no easy task to train these high strung horses to carry certain instruments, particularly the rider with the big bass drum, but horses are almost human in intelligence and learn to do many things; they learn to know the trumpet calls as well as their riders and an old cavalry horse will keep his place in the ranks and go through the drill with an empty saddle.

We had been at Fort Walla Walla about eighteen months when the 2d Cavalry received orders to change stations with the 4th Cavalry stationed at that time at various posts in Ari-

zona. We did not much relish the prospect of going to Arizona, for many and lurid were the tales that were told of the dreadful heat, the sand storms, the Gila monsters, centipedes, tarantulas, etc., but when Uncle Sam said "March," we marched.

We were in Arizona four years and I can truthfully say that Fort Huachuca was, of all our stations, the one my husband and myself loved best. We met the sandstorms, to be sure; we also found the Gila monsters, centipedes, tarantulas, and many other creeping and crawling things, but the extreme dryness of the atmosphere tempered the heat, we were six thousand feet above sea level, the winters were mild and delightful, the ranchers were glad to let us have cows to milk for their keep. True, the renegade Apache, called "The Kid," terrorized the ranchers and outlying settlements and detachments had to be sent out frequently to chase the "Kid" and his band of outlaws. Sometimes my husband, with a small command, would be out for a couple of weeks; nevertheless, we were young and life was sweet.

While we were at Fort Huachuca Col. Sargent was ordered to the Apache Indian Reservation on the Gila River for temporary duty. I joined him later. The little post on the Gila was garrisoned by the 24th Infantry, colored. The heat

was very great and sand storms were frequent, but we found it rather interesting. Friday was issue day and by daylight the Indians fairly swarmed in to get the supplies given them by the Government. Beef cattle were slaughtered on the spot and each head of a household received his or her share. The Indians were formed into long lines, moving in single file; each Indian in line carried a card, giving the number of persons dependent on this particular individual for support. As the tickets were presented at the door of the commissary storehouse so many pounds of flour, sugar, tea, rice and beef were handed out, the amount of each according to the number of dependents on the ticket.

When my husband was off duty we used to go over to the Indian camps looking for baskets. Some of these were very artistic and beautiful. The Colonel carried his revolver and I carried a club. This weapon was used to protect us from the Indian dogs which were quite numerous and sometimes ferocious.

After a few months Col. Sargent was relieved from duty on the Gila and ordered back to Fort Huachuca. We made a seven days march with the 24th Infantry from the Reservation to the town of Wilcox, Arizona, where at midnight we took the train for Huachuca.

This march was in sharp contrast to our march from Bidwell to Walla Walla, for in this case we traveled with Infantry, the heat was very great and the sand storms and alkali dust made us very uncomfortable. One evening, just after we had made camp, a sand storm struck us; our tents were blown down and our beds filled with sand.

After two years at Fort Huachuca we were ordered to Fort Bowie, another station in the mountains of Arizona, fourteen miles from the railroad. We were at Fort Bowie two years.

From Arizona two troops of the 2nd Cavalry—one of them my husband's—were ordered to Fort Logan, Colorado, twelve miles from the city of Denver. We were at Fort Logan only seven months when Col. Sargent was made Regimental Quartermaster and this took us to Fort Wingate, New Mexico, headquarters of the 2nd Cavalry.

Situated in the mountains of New Mexico, at an elevation of seven thousand feet, Fort Wingate was in many ways not a pleasant station; we had heavy winds and the winters were cold and disagreeable. We were three miles from the railroad. Fort Wingate was our home for three years.

In July, 1897, Fort Wingate suffered a disastrous fire. Soldiers' barracks, chapel, big ad-

ministration building and a number of sets of officers' quarters were burned. The house we occupied was one of the first to go and we lost nearly all we had. All the troops at Fort Wingate, with the exception of two troops, were sent to Fort Riley, Kansas, for station. The troops remaining at Fort Wingate went into tents and a new set of barracks were built; these were not finished until December. The men moved into the new barracks on Christmas day.

Fort Wingate stands at the corner of the Navajo Indian reservation and not far away were the Zuni and Moqui tribes. The blankets woven by the Navajo Indians are known far and wide for their beauty and durability. The Zuni Indians made very artistic pottery while the Moqui tribe are famous for their gruesome snake dances.

CHAPTER II.

THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN

The destruction of the battleship *Maine* in the harbor at Havana, Cuba, in 1898, was followed by America's preparations for war and the concentration of her fighting forces on the old battlefield of Chickamauga, Georgia.

We were still with my husband's regiment, the 2d U. S. Cavalry at old Fort Wingate, New Mexico. One memorable evening an order came requiring the troops at Fort Wingate to be ready in five days to take the train for Chickamauga. I resolved then and there to go with the regiment to Cuba if possible; but I will let my diary tell this part of the story.

Friday, April 22, 1898.

Left Fort Wingate this morning about 9 o'clock for Chickamauga, Georgia. Two troops of the 2d U. S. Cavalry and the band. Fine morning, clear and sun shining. The Pullman in which the officers and their families are riding is called the *Oregon*. My native state is Oregon, and I shall take this as a forerunner of good luck. I am leaving Wingate without a single regret. The barren hills of New Mexico

have no charm for me. It is a land of desolate distances and sand storms.

3 o'clock P. M.—Have just passed through Laguna, an Indian village of picturesque adobe houses where the native inhabitants brought to the train quantities of pottery—some pieces were very fine. Heard at Laguna Station that the battleship Oregon had been attacked by three Spanish vessels, but may be only a rumor.

Saturday, April 23, 1898.

This morning finds us running through a prairie country with the snow capped Spanish peaks in the distance. Have had a lunch and will soon reach La Junta, Colorado, where the horses are to be watered.

3 o'clock P. M.—Have just pulled out of La Junta where we spent three or four hours, getting a good dinner and having the horses taken off for water and exercise. Got new cars for the horses, for which we all feel thankful. The good people of the town turned out in crowds to see Uncle Sam's boys. Our band played some national airs.

We have passed old Fort Lyons, Colorado, abandoned some fifteen or twenty years ago, peopled now with ghosts of the past. No stars and stripes float from the old flagstaff, which still stands, and where all was once bustle and

busy life, dead silence broods. It brings to me a sad and almost indescribable feeling of regret to see these deserted places.

Sunday Morning, April 24, 1898.

We are just leaving Topeka, Kansas, where we had a good breakfast and met some friends. People very much excited and full of enthusiasm. We meet with a warm reception everywhere.

The first misfortune of our organization came this morning in the death of one of our ambulance mules; cut his foot so badly had to be shot. Poor old fellow!

Sunday Evening, 1 P. M.

Have just had dinner in Jefferson City, Missouri, where I met the Governor of the State, Governor Stevens. Have had a most exciting day, as we passed through many large towns and the people turned out in great crowds. Country beautiful; some rain in forenoon.

Have just had press dispatches telling of capture of Spanish vessels by some of our warships. It has come at last, and the dogs of war are loose.

Monday, April 25, 1898.

This has been an exciting day—it has been

like a triumphal march. We crossed the State of Illinois and everywhere the people were wild with excitement. At one town they gave us a salute and we "Daughters of the Regiment" had flowers given us.

We stopped for several hours at Cairo, Illinois, where General Grant took command of the Army at the time of the Civil War. The hotel where we had dinner was the same hotel where Grant stopped. It is beautiful and on the banks of the Ohio river, where we could watch the steamboats running up and down. The country through this part of the state is beautiful. Met at Cairo today a minister from Portland, Oregon, by the name of Gee. Very pleasant gentleman.

Reached St. Louis about one o'clock this morning where my husband's father was waiting to see us. I was asleep, but they woke me and we had a short visit.

Our arrival at Chickamauga put a stop to my entries in my diary. This I did not take up again until some time after we established camp on the hills of Santiago.

President McKinley called for ten additional regiments of volunteers, these regiments to be recruited in the South and called the Immunes.

My husband, then a young 1st Lieutenant of Cavalry was ordered to Washington, D. C., to

take a position in the office of the Adjutant General to help organize these volunteers. We went on to Washington, and just a month later my husband was commissioned Colonel of one of the new regiments, the 5th U. S. Volunteer Infantry or 5th Immunes. We left immediately for Columbus, Mississippi, where Colonel Sargent organized and equipped his regiment. As soon as the men were ready for service the order came to sail for Santiago.

IN CAMP NEAR SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

September 12, 1898.

On August eighth at three o'clock P. M. we sailed from Savannah, Georgia, on board the transport Rio Grande, Captain Staple, for Santiago de Cuba. On the vessel were six hundred and fifty-five men and officers of the 5th U. S. V. Infantry, part of Colonel Sargent's regiment of Immunes, so called. The voyage across was a very pleasant one, a smooth sea and very few cases of sea sickness.

Besides myself were two ladies of the regiment who chose to follow the fortunes of those dear to them. On our first night out some of the younger officers were singing on deck, and as I lay in my berth listening the tears I shed were not for myself, but for those left behind, far away in the Oregon country who would

grieve when they knew I had sailed for Cuba's isle. We passed within five miles of the Island of San Salvador, and on the morning of August twelfth sighted Moro Castle, a grand sight. We ran through the narrow passage, close to the wreck of the Spanish warship *Reina Mercedes*, and quite near the sunken *Merrimac*, whose spars were sticking out of the water. Soon after, we caught the first glimpse of the city of Santiago. The landing of the troops was not made until the next morning.

No transportation could be gotten for us women except carriages from the city, these having been used for carrying fever cases. We decided to walk to camp. Carrying our small bundles, we started out soon after the men and reached camp all right, a little tired and warm, but none the worse for our climb.

Coming up through the narrow streets we were greeted with smiles and a morning salute from the Cuban men, women and children along the way.

The city of Santiago is picturesque in the extreme. The buildings are painted chiefly in light blues, pinks and yellows, and the roofs are of red tiles. But distance certainly lends enchantment in this case, for the city is filthy beyond description.

Our camp on the hills overlooking the city

would be pleasant but for the drenching rains.

For some days food and water were scarce and we were delighted to get a tin cup of coffee and a bit of bread for our breakfast.

We can fully realize what our brave men suffered during the terrible two days' fight in the wet trenches—all glory be to them! We could not help them then, but we were proud to be among the first to relieve them and many regiments have sailed for our own shores since our arrival.

This island is beautiful, mountainous and green to the very summits. Villas nestle among the trees and the white tents of Uncle Sam's boys cluster on the hilltops. But the sun is intensely hot and the air seems full of hot steam. A scorpion on my skirts, and a small snake in our Lieutenant Colonel's tent warned us to keep our eyes open for creeping things. The mosquito toots his small horn, while tiny flies drive our poor horses almost wild.

One day we were honored by a visit from General Chaffee, "Chaffee the Magnificent," as he has been called since the two days' fight. I call him the Iron Duke. Our last meeting was under the blue skies of Arizona.

When I pass along the streets of Santiago the women crowd to the doors to see the "Senora Americano," and wrinkled faced, gray haired

old creatures smile and wave their hands to me.

I said to an officer of our army, one high in rank and with every opportunity to know, "Tell me about the Cuban soldiers." He said they were of invaluable service to our army, and while not what could be called brave soldiers, they were willing and ready to do what they could to help. I was glad to hear him say so. Let us hope that the United States with the glory of splendid victories fresh upon her, will deal generously and kindly with these people.

PART II.

DIARY OF A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Camp of 5th U. S. Volunteer Infantry
Santiago, Cuba, Fall of 1898.

Since my last record of events I have been ill of yellow fever. This fever has broken out in camp and two isolated hospital tents shelter a number of our poor stricken soldiers.

Right across the peaceful bay, where I can sit and look at them from the door of my tent, are two long, low buildings on the water's edge—yellow fever hospitals they are, and back in the hills we often see a dense cloud of smoke rise to heaven—there the bodies of the dead are being burned—patients from the city of Santiago. It all makes one think of these lines from "The Ancient Mariner"—"Oh, Christ, that such a thing should be." Blue water, blue skies, green, green hills and groves of stately palms, but air laden with disease and death. It took courage to face the Spanish bullets and our brave soldiers showed their valor. It takes courage to face a situation such as this, to face bravely another foe, a creeping, silent foe who comes without the boom of guns to herald his

approach. Is it any wonder some of us are a little homesick?

October 9, 1898.

The rainy season has set in; as a "watering place" our camp on the Cuban hills is a decided success. It has been the rainy season in Cuba ever since the month of July, or so we were led to believe, but it has just set in, as we are now informed.

We were all congratulating ourselves on getting through September, having been told that the month of September was the worst of all, but this is terrible. Since the first day of this month it has rained every day, some days all day. The hurricane season is at hand to add its horrors to the situation. Last night we were awakened by the howling of the storm and hastily dressed, expecting every moment to have our tent torn from its fastenings, leaving us exposed to the pouring rain, but fortune favored us and after a time the storm passed by, leaving our tent standing. Others were not so fortunate. To have only a thickness of canvas over one's head when the rain is coming down in torrents and the darkness is illuminated by the quivering blue glare of lightning is anything but pleasant. But we have to accept this situation along with many other disagreeable ones while campaigning in Cuba.

For our poor sick men it is doubly hard, although everything that is possible is being done for their comfort. Sick report ran up at one time to two hundred and seventy-five men out of a regiment of one thousand, but conditions are somewhat better now, there being no new cases of yellow fever. But there are still a number of cases of measles, malarial and typhoid fever.

Letters from home are anxiously looked for and the arrival of a vessel from "The States" causes great excitement in camp. Papers a month old are greedily read and as to magazines one is seldom seen here.

For nearly two months we have seen no birds except the carrion vultures; these hover overhead in great numbers, circling around and around, throwing black shadows on the ground until the air seems full of hundreds of these repulsive birds.

But within the last ten days I have seen a few little canaries and a black bird and have heard some sweet notes from an invisible songster, something similar to the notes of our robin at home. These little things have made my heart feel lighter.

Then came days so dark and dreary my diary was laid aside and forgotten. My husband, who

had kept up wonderfully through the long summer months, fell ill and lay for weeks at the point of death. I had recovered from my illness and had strength to nurse him.

That valiant regiment, the 5th Immunes—their loyalty and devotion to their Colonel and to their Colonel's wife is something beautiful to remember, for all through those anxious weeks their helpful kindness and sympathy never failed us. They would beg me to use my influence to induce the Colonel to allow them to put him on shipboard and take him back to the States, for they feared he could never recover if he remained at Santiago. But to all these appeals he made the same reply, "I can't leave my regiment." To our relief and joy he made a splendid recovery.

Through the almost unbearable heat of that summer, with the drenching tropical rains pouring down until the mud in the company streets was hub deep to the wagons, and our tents turned black with mould, a hundred men marched to the city every morning for guard and fatigue duty, for Col. Sargent and his Immunes helped General Wood clean up Santiago.

Through all this trying time we had no nurses. It was not until some time later that three nurses were detailed for duty with the 5th. The men of the Hospital Corps, though

inexperienced, did their duty nobly and we had two splendid surgeons.

Nevertheless, the regiment lost thirty-seven men. With heavy hearts we laid them to rest under the drooping palm trees on the hills of Santiago.

I was the only woman in camp. Of the two who sailed with us from Savannah, one, the mother of one of our Lieutenants, could not endure camp life and had to return to the States. The other, the wife of one of our Captains, went with her husband to Moro Castle where he, with his company, was assigned for duty.

With the coming of the winter months preparations were made to remove the bodies of those who had died in Cuba. I used to sit in the door of my tent and watch a transport swinging slowly at the pier just below our camp. They were cording up on the decks long boxes of yellow pine, and day after day the work went on until the decks were piled high with long rows, box on box, in every one the body of a soldier who had died that Cuba might be free. Soon the transport would be sailing for the home-land with this silent army—the grand army of the dead.

Now spring was at hand and still the fever did its ghastly work, and when an order came

for the regiment to move to Guantanamo, sixty miles east of Santiago, the relief it brought was good to see. Any change from the camp, where all had suffered more or less, was gladly welcomed.

At Guantanamo the men had barracks built of wood, an improvement on tent life in any climate, but especially so in the tropics. Here I had a house to live in. After eight months of tent life it was a pleasure. This house had been the home of a Spanish officer at the beginning of the war, and in it we found five coal-black cats which my Barbadoes maid declared were the ghosts of Spaniards left to guard the place.

A few months at Guantanamo and then came tidings that filled our hearts with joy. We were going home—back to our beloved America; and when our joyful eyes beheld the shores of the home-land, my only regret was for the comrades we had buried under the drooping palm trees on the hills of Santiago.

CHAPTER III.

I SAIL FOR MANILA.

We folded our tents in Cuba only to unfold them on the other side of the world. President McKinley called for volunteers in the summer of 1899. On our return to the United States at the close of the Santiago campaign, Colonel Sargent, with his volunteer regiment, was ordered to Camp Meade, Pennsylvania, where the regiment was mustered out, and soon after this he was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of the 29th Volunteers, Colonel Hardin's regiment. This regiment was recruited at Fort McPherson, Georgia, for service in the Philippine Islands. A number of officers and men who had been in Colonel Sargent's regiment at Santiago went with the 29th Infantry to the Philippines.

When I realized that there remained no hope of a peaceful home in a garrison in the United States, I thought of these words—

“The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man has not where to lay his head.”

This seemed to me to apply forcibly to army

people, especially to army wives, for we seemed to have become homeless wanderers on the face of the earth.

The 29th sailed for the Philippines in October, 1899. At this time an order was issued forbidding army women passage on the transports, and the outlook was certainly discouraging. The Oriental Steamship Company came to the relief of the dis-hearted women, however, with an offer of rates to Hong-Kong. Needless to say, these vessels were crowded, and I had to wait two months after I applied for passage before I could get a stateroom and start on my long voyage into the (to me) comparatively unknown world beyond the vast Pacific.

After a visit of two months with friends in Oregon I returned to San Francisco to prepare for my long voyage to Manila. Late in the afternoon of my last day in the city—(I was to sail at one o'clock on the following day), a cable dispatch was received telling of a fight at San Mateo, Island of Luzon, in which General Lawton had been killed. There were no details. I knew my husband was with General Lawton, and that night was an anxious one for me. Early the next morning, when I opened my bedroom door, I found the morning paper propped against it. This paper gave a full account of

the fight and I knew my husband was alive and well.

Part of the 29th Volunteer Infantry, under command of Colonel Sargent, had been sent with other troops to drive the insurgents out of San Mateo. They marched all night through a raging typhoon and went into the fight soon after daylight. Here brave General Lawton was killed, and after his death Colonel Sargent was in command of the attacking forces.

During my stay in San Francisco I made my home at the old Occidental Hotel, headquarters for people of the army and navy when passing through that city. The lessee, Major Hooper, was a most generous and kindly man. He had a warm place in his heart for us army women, and realized the anxieties we often had to endure. How he had a knowledge of all our incomings and outgoings I could never understand, but I doubt if any army women ever left the Occidental without receiving the gift of a dainty basket of lunch and a bouquet of beautiful flowers. It was this thoughtful kindness that had prompted the placing of the morning paper at my door after my anxious night. The Occidental Hotel was destroyed in the great earthquake and fire in San Francisco.

On December 21st I sailed away on a big white ship, the America-Maru, for Hong-Kong.

Seven days out from San Francisco we ran into the harbor of Honolulu, only to learn that the bubonic plague was raging to such an extent that all passengers bound for ports farther on were forbidden to go ashore. All that I saw of beautiful Honolulu and the Hawaiian Islands I saw from the deck of the ship.

It was a long voyage from there to Yokohama, with nothing as far as the eye could see on every hand but the vast expanse of sea and sky, with never a sail in sight, and only an occasional flying fish to relieve the monotony of the scene. Christmas and New Year's we spent on the ocean.

We dropped anchor in the harbor of Yokohama in the night, and when I went on deck in the morning the first sight to greet my eyes was wonderful Fujiama, the Japanese sacred mountain, piercing the blue sky, an almost perfect cone, the top gleaming white with snow. It is the belief of the Japanese that one night, centuries ago, this mountain arose from the bottom of the sea. Every summer hundreds of pilgrims toil to the summit to make offerings to the gods.

It was now January, and the air was piercing and cold, although it seemed a summer landscape. We were to remain here until noon on the following day, and all the passengers went

ashore to see the city. To take a ride in a jinrikisha through the streets of Yokohama repays one for the long voyage. Everything is interesting—the little people, the tiny houses and shops of bamboo and paper, the shops filled with beautiful hand-carved cabinets of native woods, embroidered and lacquered screens, exquisite pieces in cloisonne, satsuma and bronze, and embroideries in silk and linen, which could be purchased for a song, compared to the prices we have to pay on this side. Japanese children fairly swarmed on the streets, nearly every child having upon its back, in a sort of a shawl, another child almost as large. I have seen these quaint little folks, playing at their games, each seemingly oblivious of the child hanging on behind.

After leaving Yokohama we stopped at Kobe, Nagasaki and Shanghai, passing through the beautiful Inland Sea of Japan. Mere words cannot picture the marvelous beauties of this Inland Sea; all day long the big ship threaded her way in and out among the emerald green islands. It requires most skillful engineering to guide a ship safely through this sea, and our captain never left the bridge, his meals being served to him there. At Nagasaki the ship took on a supply of coal, the work being done almost entirely by native women, some working all day

long with their almond-eyed babies hanging on their backs.

We reached Hong-Kong on January 18th, twenty-nine days from San Francisco. Here I had to wait three days for a ship to Manila, but found the time short, for there was much to see. The air was mild and balmy, with flowers and foliage everywhere; it was "shirt waist" weather in Hong-Kong. Here were the same temptations in the shops filled with wonderfully beautiful things. All along the sidewalk on a certain street was the flower market, where masses of flowers in bunches and baskets were displayed; here one could get a huge bunch of beautiful roses or long-stemmed feathery chrysanthemums for the small sum of twenty cents.

In the harbor were two big British battleships, and in the evening one could hear the bands playing on deck and the notes of the bugles floating across the water.

The British soldiers stationed in the city were another attraction, and I crossed the bay to see them drill. This drill I found very similar to our own, but the uniforms were very different, consisting of very dark blue trousers, scarlet tight fitting jackets and white helmets. The Sikhs, or Indian policemen, were to me one of the most picturesque sights in Hong-Kong. They were splendid big fellows in dark uni-

forms with immense turbans of scarlet cloth.

I went in a jinrikisha to the cemetery or "Happy Valley," as it is called, two miles from the city. It was like a park, with trees and masses of flowers and splashing fountains everywhere, while under the trees were comfortable seats where one could sit and enjoy the beauties of the place.

The City of Hong-Kong is built along the foot and on the side of a huge hill, commonly called the "Queen's Hill." The view from an observatory on the extreme summit is very beautiful. Cars run part way up the hill like a fly crawling up a wall. To reach the summit, however, one must be carried by coolies in a sedan chair.

The fine weather, with which we had been blessed all the long way over from San Francisco, continued during the three days' run to Manila, and early on the morning of January 24th, thirty-four days from San Francisco, I went ashore, and "with malice toward none, with charity for all," I took up the burden of my life among the Filipinos.

Here was a strange world, a strange people, strange customs. For more than three hundred years the old city had kept her watch by the sea. Divided into two parts by the Pasig River, the more ancient part lies on the south bank

and within the walls of old Fort Santiago. This, with its huge gateways, its moat and draw-bridges, was a most fascinating place. My home was for several months with a Spanish family within the wall. Here can still be seen ruins of great stone buildings, wrecked by the terrible earthquake of 1880. For months I never tired of driving on the streets of Manila. To drive on the Escolta, the principal business street, was oftentimes a hazardous undertaking, for it was literally a jam of carriages, caraboa carts, and many other queer vehicles; and as these people have no regard for the rights of others, one was in constant danger of having a wheel taken off or of being driven into by a Filipino cochero.

In the evening it seemed as if all Manila turned out to drive or walk on the Luneta, the popular driveway along the beach, to listen to the bands and to see the beautiful sunsets. The breezes that blew across the bay were cool and refreshing, and the sunsets beautiful beyond description.

In Manila were representatives from many parts of the world. Here I had an opportunity for observing the Spanish soldiers even more closely than at Santiago, living, as I did, just across a narrow street from the barracks where they were quartered awaiting transportation

back to their beloved Spain. I found them still the same quiet, sober, well-behaved soldiers. There was never any loud or boisterous talking, drunkenness or rude behavior.

The Tagalos are small and brown; the women are, as a rule, much better looking than the men, having more regular features and more pleasing countenances. They have very pretty hair, long, black and glossy, which they wash almost daily. Men and women alike seem devoted to their little ones, and are very demonstrative, kissing and caressing them; yet I have seen but one native woman who wept on the death of her child. A funeral seemed usually more an occasion for rejoicing, where they could wear their best clothes and smoke their biggest cigars. Men, women, and even little children, smoke, and I have seen wee girls not more than three years old smoking cigarettes with as much gusto as a grown man.

Infantry, artillery and cavalry were stationed throughout the city. The now familiar khaki uniform was everywhere to be seen, and the tramp, tramp, of the sentinel could be heard at all hours of the night, bringing that sense of security which nothing else could give, for all was not sunshine in these sunny islands. The war, insurrection, rebellion, or whatever one might choose to call it, was not over.

Summer brought with it fresh anxieties and responsibilities, and regiments then on duty in the islands were ordered to join the allied forces in China. Here were men who had fought under the scorching sun and in the drenching rain at Santiago; in the dark and tangled jungles of Luzon, and who were yet to fight and die before the walls of Tien Tsin and Peking. There were heavy hearts in old Manila when they sailed away—heavy hearts for many weary days and weeks for the mothers, wives, sisters and sweet-hearts who had been left behind. There are some of us who will never forget the night when the message came across the water, telling of the fearful fight before the walls of Tien Tsin, with its gruesome list of killed and wounded.

Watching detachments leaving Manila for an expedition into the wilderness after insurgents, I was always impressed with the firm and manly way the the men had of looking straight ahead. There was never any careless lounging or looking from side to side. I used to feel that in each man's mind was the same thought that was in my own—some one would never come back; who in that little band would be the mark for an insurgent's bullet?

Eighteen months spent among the Filipinos brought many changes in my estimate of their

character and less of charity in my feelings.

While in Manila in 1900 I was, for a short time, correspondent for an Illinois newspaper, **The Carlinville Democrat**. In looking through an old scrapbook I have found the following letter which gives an insight into conditions around Manila at that time:

“Manila, P. I., Aug. 20, 1900.

Dear Editor Democrat:

Many things have happened since I wrote you last. Many who were with us then will be with us no more forever. The white man's burden has grown heavier as time has passed on. Now it is war with China, and the little handful of Americans who fought with the allied forces at Tien Tsin have been weighed in the balance and not found wanting. I saw them march away in their bright new uniforms with swinging step, proud to be the first called to join the allied forces; glad to leave behind them the tiresome work in the Philippines. But, alas, that this should be! A regiment depleted and worn with sickness after more than a year's service in this tropical country, they were thrown into the breach before Taku gate where for twelve long hours they fought for their lives. How bravely, all know. Here brave Col. Liscomb died with the colors in his hand, and many more gallant souls who marched so proudly away will never come back again. For them

‘The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo.’

And the mothers, wives and sisters of these men, what of them? Tears and heart-ache for the son who has answered his last roll call until the final trumpet shall sound. Tears and heartache for the husband buried under foreign skies in a far-away land. Tears and heartache for the brother who will never come marching home again. Anxiety and sleepless nights and prayers for those still marching on. And this is war! Ghastly and grim indeed, pushing onward and leaving its dead behind.

But what of the Philippines, you ask. Is the war over? Look to the north and what do we find? Under tangled masses of green vines and brilliant flowers lies a rigid, bullet-riddled figure, a signal sergeant ambushed and killed while at his work. From the south comes the rumor of almost daily encounters with the enemy. From the east comes the story of a young army surgeon with an escort of eleven men attacked and killed by insurgents. The west has its sad tale of a bright young officer, scarcely more than a boy, and two brave men, captured or killed by insurgents. Many plots to burn and loot the city have been unearthed.

These are the things that are happening all around us. Our 'little brown brothers' are busy, and the war in the Philippines is not over. We can but ask, when will the end come and what will the harvest be. Have we been sowing to the wind, and must we reap the whirlwind?

The rainy season, the most disagreeable part of the year in the islands, is upon us. It was ushered in by a typhoon, one of the terrific

storms prevalent in these waters. The storm lasted five days, and the very flood gates of heaven were turned open, so terrible was the downpour, while the howling wind and the boom of the great waves on the beach made it a thing long to be remembered. And as I write, another storm, almost as severe as the first, is raging outside. The bay is a boiling, seething cauldron, and when the U. S. transport Grant from the states dropped anchor in the harbor some days ago it was impossible to reach her to bring in the passengers and mail.

Alice A. Sargent."

When conditions in the Islands improved the 29th Volunteer Infantry was ordered to the United States to be mustered out of the service, but Colonel Sargent remained on duty in Manila as Judge Advocate of the Department of Southern Luzon.

We sailed for the United States in 1901 on the army transport Meade, named for Major General George G. Meade, who commanded the Union forces at the battle of Gettysburg. The Meade was at that time the longest ship that had ever sailed into the harbor at San Francisco. Long and narrow, the Meade was a roller in time of a storm.

When we steamed out of Manila Bay, leaving behind us the troubled islands, it was hard to realize that we were really going home. Who,

having once felt the charm of these Oriental countries, can forget or deny their subtle but indescribable fascination? Yet, after all, the "Land where our fathers died" is the land for all true Americans.

Besides quite a number of soldiers and officers with their families the Meade carried four hundred sick and thirty-six insane. Conditions in the Islands in those days were bad. Surgeons declared much of the insanity among the men was due to homesickness, generally among soldiers stationed in small outlying camps where there were no mail facilities and the loneliness and monotony of their lives were more than they could endure. Medical officers were of the opinion that many of these unfortunate men would recover. Soldiers on the march or "hike," as they called it, endured conditions fairly well.

When our long voyage was almost over we encountered a terrific storm which continued through a day and two nights. A heavy cable had been stretched from end to end of the upper deck, and before the storm reached its height one could go out on the deck, and holding onto the cable, watch the storm. I was so filled with awe I forgot to be afraid. It seemed to me I could go out and walk on the waves, so thick and oily did the water appear. The waves ran

“mountains high” and the good ship would roll until the railing along the deck would almost touch the water and it seemed the ship could never right itself, but over it would roll just as far the other way. After a time the storm increased in fury and the decks were battened down and I did not dare go out to watch the storm. Strange to say, I was not at all sea sick and not frightened until about 3 o'clock the last night of the storm. The Colonel was in his berth very sick; I was lying on the couch in our stateroom, when all at once the ship struck with terrible force against something I thought must be a rock. I sprang to my feet with a loud cry, the big ship quivered and trembled and shook. I waited for the end, but after a time the vessel ceased to quiver and settled back into the rolling and plunging motion it had kept up for many hours.

Some of the ship's officers told us the next day that they too, thought for a time that the ship had struck a rock. Later they decided that the shock was caused by the ship having been driven into where two huge waves had come together with terrific force; the strain on the ship was almost as great as if it had actually been driven onto a rock.

This storm was very hard on our sick men. It was almost impossible to keep some of them

from being thrown from their beds, so weak and helpless were they.

By morning the storm was over, the sun shone on a fairly smooth expanse of water. The Meade had made a gallant fight against wind and wave and had come through victorious. The Bible tells us that one of the most wonderful things in the world is "the way of a ship at sea." The truth of this was brought home to us when the big transport came safely through that terrible storm.

While we were still about a day out from the San Francisco harbor, one of the sailors said to me "we have a pilot on board." I thought it strange a pilot boat would meet us so far out, but the sailor hastened to explain to me that the "pilot" was a bird. These birds would come out to meet the ships and accompany them into port, and their coming to meet the transport was looked upon by the sailors as a good omen. We sailed into port without further mishap.

Happy were we when we stood once more on the shores of the land we loved. We had faced perils and hardships in those far-off Islands of the Philippines. We had been down into the depths of the ocean, imprisoned in a plunging ship; there had been sickness, sorrow, despair, and death, but an all-merciful Providence had brought us safely through. We dare not look

backward, but always forward, otherwise we could not hope to do the work lying farther on.

The Colonel was granted a leave of absence and we went to Oregon for a short visit with relatives, then on to Illinois to visit the Colonel's people in his old home town of Carlinville, then down to Florida to sail again for Cuba, for the Colonel was to rejoin his regular regiment, the 2nd U. S. Cavalry. This regiment was stationed near Matanzas in the Havana province. We went on board ship about six in the evening, and morning found us in the harbor at Havana.

How good it seemed to be back once more with the old regiment—what a joy to meet the friends we had not seen for three years. What a pleasure to hear again the golden notes of the trumpets, and to see the prancing horses. My beautiful Patsy was not with them. We had taken him with us when we went to Santiago. He had contracted a disease of the eyes common to horses in the tropics, and had lost the sight of one eye. We brought him back to the United States and sent him to the Colonel's father, where he could live a life of ease in the green meadows on the old home farm. He finally became totally blind. While we were in Manila we received a letter from the Colonel's father telling us Patsy was no more. Many were the tears I shed, for we had been devoted

comrades for many years.

Down through the ages the horse has left his hoofprints on the pages of history. What American does not glow with pride when reading of the valiant deeds of our cavalry at the battle of Molino del Rey, during the Mexican war. Two hundred and fifty of our cavalry put to flight two thousand Mexican cavalry. When our trumpeters sounded the thrilling and soul-inspiring notes of the "charge," our gallant two hundred and fifty went in under a withering fire from the Mexican Infantry. They lost a hundred horses and many men, but forty grand old cavalry horses, **their saddles empty**, kept their places in the ranks and drove ahead of them two thousand Mexican cavalry.

Read Redington's beautiful story of "Bugler Brooks."

When the troopers of the 1st U. S. Cavalry charged the Nez Perce Indians in a fight at Camas Meadows, Idaho, Bugler Brooks was shot and fell from his saddle, fatally wounded. His faithful horse dashed on for a time, but realizing that his young master was not in the saddle, he dashed back to where the boy lay, standing over him, he whinnied for the young soldier to mount. Brooks caught hold of the stirrup strap and pulled himself to his knees, then fell back dead. The faithful horse circled

around the lifeless body, champing and whinnying, then stood over him until Brooks' captain dashed back and gathered into his arms the lifeless body—all this under a withering fire from the Indian warriors.

Who has not read of the midnight ride of Paul Revere, and reading realized that without his gallant steed the message that saved a nation could not have been delivered.

“A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a
spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and
fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and
the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his
flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

* * * * *

“For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken to listen and hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.”

One could go on indefinitely citing interesting and thrilling deeds done by our faithful friend, the horse, but I will close my eulogy

with a quotation from the book of Job, Chapter 39, verses 21, 22 and 25.

“He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength;
He goeth on to meet the armed men—

He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted;
Neither turneth he back from the sword.

He saith among the trumpets, Ha, Ha;
And he smelleth the battle afar off,
The thunder of the captains, and the shouting.”

We were at our station near Matanzas for about seven months and enjoyed it very much. The winter climate in the province of Havana was ideal, just enough snap in the air to make it bracing, and weeks of sunshine. I remember our having ripe tomatoes all winter.

In the early spring our regiment was ordered to the United States. We “rejoiced with exceeding great joy” when this order was received. The regiment was to take station at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont. All American troops in Cuba were withdrawn at that time.

Fort Ethan Allen was an attractive station. All the buildings were of brick. We were on a street car line and only five miles from the city of Burlington.

There was an immense riding hall, built of brick, for in the winter the snow fell quite deep

and the mercury dropped to 22 degrees below zero, when the drills and hurdle jumping took place in the big riding hall. Saturday was set aside as the day for the officers and their wives, and while the soldiers occupied the gallery as spectators, as we did the hurdle jumping. I missed my beautiful Patsy, for he could soar over the hurdles like a bird. I rode a troop horse called "Brigadier." "Brigadier" could jump, but sometimes objected to the breast high hurdle. I could always make him take it, but he would retaliate by kicking his heels high in the air as soon as he landed on the other side of the hurdle.

Summer at Fort Ethan Allen was very pleasant, but when winter came it was trying, for we had all been for quite a time in tropical countries. The following spring I became so ill we found it necessary to go south.

The Colonel was given a detail at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas. Our life at the old A. and M. College was most interesting and enjoyable. The A. and M. College is a military school and the Colonel was Commandant of Cadets.

David F. Houston, afterwards President Wilson's Secretary of Agriculture, was at that time President of the A. and M. College. We were there two years with Dr. and Mrs. Hous-

ton. They were delightful people to meet and we enjoyed being with them. Doctor Houston and the Colonel, at that time a captain, became warm friends. When their day's work was done they would repair to the tennis court for what they called a "rattling" game of tennis. The cadets were a fine and manly lot of young men, and we made many warm friends among them, as well as among the professors and their families.

Five miles from the college was the little city of Bryan. The people of Bryan were a splendid class of people and we enjoyed them. I must not forget Doctor and Mrs. Houston's little son Franklin, then about four years of age. I remember that he was an attendant at Sunday School. Franklin had become much interested in search-lights. This was the year of the Exposition at St. Louis, and Franklin wanted very much to go to the exposition to see a search-light. He asked Doctor Houston to tell him all about search-lights; this his father did. When he finished Franklin said, "Now, papa, tell me about Israelites."

The detail at the college was for three years, but at the end of that time the authorities at the college asked that the Colonel be allowed to remain a year longer. The War Department granted this request. In the meantime the 2nd

Cavalry was ordered to leave Fort Ethan Allen for station in the Philippine Islands. They sailed from New York. On the voyage over some of the regiment left the transport and visited the Pyramids. It was hard to have them go without us, but before the end of the Colonel's detail at the college they were back in the United States with station at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, and here we joined them later. At the end of the four years at the A. and M. College I found myself well and strong and fit for the strenuous Army life.

We bade farewell to our many warm friends at the college and Bryan, and after a short leave, joined the old regiment at Des Moines. This was a regimental post, splendid buildings of brick, and a beautiful parade ground. We were in the suburbs of the city; street cars ran out to the gate of the garrison and the country was very attractive. Running into the city on the street cars we ran through cherry orchards, the branches of the trees almost touching the cars. In the summer the parade ground was white with clover blossoms. But in contrast to all this beauty, we experienced some fearful thunder storms. We had been through some hair-raising storms in Cuba and Arizona, but nothing quite so bad as these storms at Fort Des Moines.

In the winter of 1907-1908 the Ute Indians made trouble and settlers asked for troops. This was at Thunder Butte, South Dakota. The entire 2d Cavalry was ordered to South Dakota, leaving only enough soldiers at Fort Des Moines for guard and garrison duty.

Some time after the departure of the regiment for South Dakota I received the following letter from Lieut. McCoy, aide to President Roosevelt. This I forwarded immediately to Colonel Sargent.

WHITE HOUSE,

WASHINGTON, Nov. 5, 1907

Dear Major:

The President has just finished your recent book on "Santiago" and is most interested in it, as are all the rest of us who were on the spot.

It is the first cool and critical work on the subject.

You will be ordered to Washington soon for temporary duty. Will you inform me at once when it would be most agreeable or convenient for you to come.

With compliments

Very truly

FRANK R. MCCOY

MAJOR HERBT SARGENT
2d U. S. Cav'y.

After forwarding the Washington letter to

my husband I wrote to Lieutenant McCoy, explaining the situation.

As soon as the Colonel received Lieutenant McCoy's letter he put his little trunk on the back of a mule, and rode 80 miles before he could get transportation back to Fort Des Moines. We were greatly puzzled over this order requiring Colonel Sargent to go to Washington,—naturally we could form no idea as to the nature of this "temporary duty" at the nation's capitol.

As soon as the Colonel reached home we packed our trunks, and leaving our quarters in the care of our faithful colored man, we took the train for Washington. Arrived in the city, the Colonel reported for duty.

President Roosevelt had read and enjoyed the Colonel's "Campaign of Santiago de Cuba," and was interested in meeting and talking with the author of the book. He gave the Colonel a dinner at the White House, when they enjoyed "fighting their battles over again." There was a luncheon later on and the President told the Colonel he need be in no hurry to return to Fort Des Moines, that he could remain in Washington for two weeks longer if he cared to do so. We were anxious to return to our station, and were in Washington only a few days longer.

Some time later all the regiment was ordered back to Fort Des Moines with the exception of one troop. This troop spent the winter in a cantonment or dugout in South Dakota.

In the spring or summer of 1908 Colonel Sargent was ordered to Washington to take the fourteen months course in the Army War College. Every year officers of the army who had distinguished themselves in some way were given this fourteen months course at this college.

Packing our household goods and bidding our friends goodbye, we went on to Washington.

This detail was interesting and enjoyable. Washington is our most beautiful city. The broad streets and the magnificent old trees add to the charm. There were many interesting and historic places to visit. We met many distinguished people, and attended the reception given by President Roosevelt to the people of the Army and Navy in the capitol.

During the summer all the officers at the Army War College visited the battlefields of the Civil War. They went down through the valley of the Shenandoah; were at Antietam and closed their very interesting trip at Gettysburg. I met them at Gettysburg and spent two most interesting days. The officers had been two months making this study of the battles

and each officer was required to give an account of some certain battle, so this trip was instructive as well as interesting. I have always looked back on my visit to Gettysburg with pleasure and later wrote the following sketch.

GETTYSBURG

It was my good fortune some years ago, to visit the battlefield of Gettysburg and to stand on that historic spot where Abraham Lincoln stood when he delivered his immortal address.

We can all recall his words, "The world will little note we long remember what we say here," and yet we realize that these words of Abraham Lincoln's will be remembered as long as our nation shall endure.

The battle line at Gettysburg was twenty-five miles long. Along the crest of a hill, in the edge of the woods, the old Confederate cannons are all in place—from this point one can look down over the grassy slope where General Pickett sacrificed the very flower of the Southern Army in that last desperate charge. Bronze tablets mark the positions of the different divisions, and splendid monuments stand in memory of the men of the brigades who fought so gallantly and died so gloriously that our nation might live.

There are perhaps one hundred and eighty

beautiful monuments on the battlefield.

From the monument on Little Round Top I looked down over the valley of death. But looking through the summer haze, with the air sweet with the perfume of the wild honeysuckle, it was impossible to vision the scene of carnage that had taken place in the valley below me on those memorable days in July, 1863.

The town of Gettysburg is a quaint old place. Many of the buildings are battle scarred, for the old town received its baptism of fire. On the outskirts stands a little gray cottage. This cottage was once the home of Jennie Wade, the only woman killed in the battle of Gettysburg. On that second dreadful day, when the troops fought through the town, this cottage stood between the lines. In the panel of the old front door is a round hole made by the bullet which killed nineteen year old Jennie Wade. A small room in the little gray cottage is used as a museum. There are many interesting relics from the battlefield, but most interesting among the articles in the little room is a picture of Jennie Wade, an old time daguerreotype. Pretty Jennie's soldier sweetheart was killed in battle two days before her death. In the cemetery of the old town her body lies, and above her grave stands a pillar of white marble surmounted by the figure of a young girl. This

monument was placed there by the women of Ohio, a tribute to the memory of sweet faced Jennie Wade.

Long years have passed since those trying days, and with their passing the wounds of our nation have been healed.

In the cool of the summer evenings, when the setting sun shines in long rays of light across the battlefield, the good people of the old town bring their chairs out onto the narrow brick sidewalks, and sit in friendly conversation until night falls over Gettysburg.

“For the sweet winds of peace down the high-ways are blowing,
And songbirds are singing where bullets once sped.
The wheat and the corn in the old fields are growing,
In soil once hallowed by blood of the dead.”

In the spring of 1909 the Colonel had finished his detail at the Army War College, and we again packed our household goods and joined the 2nd Cavalry at San Francisco.

CHAPTER IV.

MY SECOND VOYAGE.

On the 6th day of December, 1909, I sailed on the big army transport Logan for the Philippine Islands. This was my second voyage, but in this case, instead of starting on the long voyage alone, as far as any friends or acquaintances were concerned, I went with my husband and his regiment, the grand old 2nd Cavalry, Colonel Frank West commanding. The entire regiment, headquarters and band, were on the Logan. Our destination was the Island of Mindanao, one of the southern islands, and the second largest in the Philippine group.

We carried a Christmas tree from San Francisco, for on the Logan were twenty-five children.

The wireless was in operation in 1909, and as we entered the straits of Mindanao, a favorite resort of pirates in days gone by, we began to get orders from army headquarters in Manila designating the stations of the different squadrons, for our regiment was to garrison a number of different stations in Mindanao.

Into the blue vault of heaven the message was cast in Manila, and out of the blue vault of

heaven the message was received by our wireless operator in his little cabin on the upper deck of the big transport.

My diary follows.

DIARY OF MRS. H. H. SARGENT

ARMY TRANSPORT LOGAN,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

December 6th 1909.

Sailed at 12 o'clock noon for Philippine Islands, 2nd U. S. Cavalry, bound for southern station. Rough and looking like a storm. About three in afternoon ran into a very rough sea. Had a bad storm which lasted through the night. All,—or nearly all—passengers were sick. Decks running with water. Surely the Lord looks after those who "go down to the sea in ships."

Tuesday, December 7, 1909.

Sea a bit smoother this morning. Everybody feeling better. Sun shining as I write. I was a bit sick last night for a short time and spoiled my previous good record by succumbing to the complaint and parting very reluctantly with my dinner.

Wednesday, December 8, 1909.

Waves are running high this morning and

some of our passengers are still confined to their staterooms. I was awakened last night by the howling of the wind and roaring of the waves. The ship rolled and rocked and tossed like a cork on the heaving ocean. Had a light breakfast this A. M. and feel fine.

Thursday, December 9, 1909.

Sea a little smoother this morning, cloudy but pleasant temperature. Have had breakfast,—two oranges, a cup of coffee and a slice of toast. Feeling well. All passengers hoping for better weather. A number still quite sick. Soldiers in bad shape as sea was very rough yesterday afternoon. Guard hardly able to do duty—a pretty rough voyage so far.

Friday, December 10, 1909.

Gale blowing this A. M. White caps forming. Not pleasant out on deck. Everybody much better in health and men drilling on deck below us.

Had grapefruit for breakfast and feel more cheerful. We are away behind on account of heavy seas. Will not reach Honolulu for several days. Hope to stop there long enough to go ashore and see the city.

Saturday, December 11, 1909.

Sea comparatively smooth this morning.

Passengers all looking brighter. Yesterday afternoon we passed the transport Thomas. A number of the passengers received wireless messages from the Thomas. The sun came up in splendor, but the rain poured down soon after and it is quite cloudy now. We hope to reach Honolulu Tuesday morning and expect to remain there over night. Saturday morning inspection is now going on. Vaccinated yesterday afternoon.

Sunday, December 12, 1909.

Sunny and bright this A. M. Sea is rather rough, but every one feeling much better. We are to have services this morning in the dining salon. Sea was rough last night, causing a very peculiar motion of the ship and making my bed in the upper berth a very uncomfortable place. This reminded me of Mark Twain's advice to those who feel a desire to travel—"Pack a suit case, put some stale cake and sandwiches into a shoe box and go to bed on the top shelf in the pantry." I sleep—or try to sleep—on the "top shelf" in our state room.

Monday, December 13, 1909.

A beautiful morning and sea smoother than at any time since we sailed. Passengers all in good spirits. Following along in our wake is

the liner "Asia." It seems good to see another ship on this vast expanse of water. Had some music in the dining salon last night. Every one busy writing letters today as we hope to reach Honolulu early tomorrow where they can be mailed to our friends at home.

Tuesday, December 14, 1909.

Reached Honolulu early this morning and are coaling the transport for the long voyage to the Philippines. This morning we went ashore and spent the forenoon looking through the shops. Found many beautiful and curious things. This afternoon we expect to take an auto ride through the city and country. There is to be a dance in a hotel in town for the transport's passengers. Weather beautiful. Air mild and balmy.

Wednesday, December 15, 1909.

Beautiful today and we are still in port, but are to sail this afternoon at four. The Hawaiian Band has just come on deck to give us a farewell concert. We went to the dance at the Young Hotel last night, but did not stay long. The music was good and the floor fine. This forenoon we did some shopping and came on board laden with packages, flowers and plants. I have a big bunch of red carnations

in my stateroom. Everybody in good spirits and feeling fine. This is a beautiful place.

Before our transport left the harbor of Hawaii the native band came on board and gave a concert which we all enjoyed. A Hawaiian woman sang two native melodies; the last one—Alohoa—was most beautiful. We all wore around our necks long chains or wreaths of flowers, "lai" the natives call them. Our stop at Honolulu will long be remembered with pleasure. This evening I could lie on the couch in my stateroom and watch the sun sink into the ocean. We are all tired after two strenuous days on shore.

Thursday, December 16, 1909.

White caps this morning, but glorious sunshine and summer air. We have before us a long voyage as our next stop will be the Island of Guam.

Nine days until Christmas. I am looking forward to opening my Christmas box with as much pleasure as a child. This will be the second Christmas I have spent on the Pacific ocean. Passengers seem in good spirits and are almost all out on deck, enjoying the sunshine. Growing warm, but not uncomfortably so.

Friday, December 17, 1909.

A bright and beautiful morning—sea a bit rough, but “deeply, darkly, beautifully blue.” —Down on the lower deck the men are at drill, going through the setting-up exercises. Our voyage is half over, for which I feel truly thankful. Even with good weather and excellent company the voyage is becoming a bit monotonous.

Saturday, December 18, 1909.

Cloudy this morning. Sea fairly smooth. Have had breakfast, hot cakes and coffee.

There are rumors of a dance on the lower deck tonight. Last evening the band gave a very enjoyable concert. Many of the passengers complain of the heat, but so far I have not found it unpleasant. I am wondering how we will find living among the Moros, as compared with life among the Cubans and Filipinos. It will be an entirely new experience for me.

Sunday, December 19, 1909.

A beautiful morning. We are to have services in the dining salon at 10 o'clock. There was a dance last night in which the majority of the passengers participated. We danced on the deck and enjoyed it very much. The

night was an ideal one, the moon made a path of silver across the ocean, and the stars gleamed brightly. We looked for the Southern Cross, but failed to find it. Went to bed at eleven and slept sweetly "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

Tuesday, December 21, 1909.

Clear and bright with a smooth sea and a fresh breeze. Last night we crossed the 180th degree of longitude, hence losing a day, Monday the 20th.

Only four days until Christmas. Last night the moon shone brightly, the sky was clear of clouds and altogether it was a perfect night. We are now almost half way to Guam.

These long voyages are certainly a trial of patience, but "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." To take each day as it comes and make the best of it, is the true philosophy of life and the only way to endure these long voyages.

Wednesday, December 22, 1909.

Clear and much warmer this morning. We had quite a shower last night.

Great preparations are going on for the children's Christmas tree. Some of the little folks are wondering how Santa Claus can get

on the ship, how the reindeers can cross all this water. We are all hoping for clear weather; the moon will soon be full and moonlight nights on the ocean are wonderfully beautiful. The farther one gets out to sea the deeper the blue of the ocean. In the morning the water is blue, in the evening it is grey, and at night gleams like silver.

Today I shall make candy bags for the children of the enlisted men—they must have their Christmas too.

Thursday, December 23, 1909.

A bit cloudy this morning and very warm. I have just finished some work in my stateroom and as soon as this little record is written I must get to work on those candy bags I am making for the Christmas tree.

It hardly seems possible that we are nearing Christmas, with the heat almost unbearable. The band gave a concert last night. We passed Wake Island last night about midnight, I believe. This has been a long voyage.

Friday, December 24, 1909.

Sea smoother this morning than at any time since we sailed. Warm with but little breeze. It required some effort on my part to get ready for breakfast, so great was my lack of energy.

Tomorrow will be Christmas. This tropical heat and a blazing sun makes it hard to realize. I have just been down to the commissary to get apples and candy for the Christmas bags. Anything to vary the monotony of this long voyage is welcome.

The men are taking the setting-up exercises. The band gave us a concert last night.

Saturday, December 25, 1909.

Clear and warm and Christmas Day. Sea quite rough and some of the passengers quite sick because of it.

At nine o'clock the Christmas tree was all ready on the lower deck, and Santa Claus arrived soon after the reading of a telegram from him by our Chaplain. The little folks were overjoyed and the grown-ups had a good time.

We are running southwest and the heat is great. I have enjoyed opening my Christmas boxes from home, beautiful gifts from all for the Major and myself. I made seven bags of antiseptic gauze and filled them with candy and an apple each for the seven little children of the enlisted men. Every one seems jolly and all seemed to enjoy the Christmas tree. There is to be a dance tonight. Our Christmas dinner is yet to come.

Sunday, December 26, 1909.

"Pulled through."

Monday, December 27, 1909.

Sea smooth, but temperature decidedly warm. Last night was about the warmest I have ever experienced at sea. I could not sleep until near morning. We hope to reach Guam early tomorrow morning.

I have begun my letters home as they must go back on the Logan. Twenty-two days since we sailed from San Francisco—we have about a week still ahead.

Tuesday, December 28, 1909.

This morning finds us in the harbor at Guam. The island is small but very beautiful, covered with groves of palm trees and tropical foliage. The transport cannot run in near shore, so launches have been sent in to carry any of our passengers who care to see the town.

Boats are busy carrying freight from the transport to the shore as the United States has a station on the Island of Guam. Quite a number of our people have gone ashore and more are going later, but I shall content myself with looking at the Island from the deck of the transport. We are to sail this afternoon at 6 o'clock. Still four days to Malabang.

Wednesday, December 29, 1909.

Raining and sea quite rough this morning and hot, oh, so hot. We left Guam this morning about 6 o'clock.

The harbor at Guam is beautiful, a half circle, and the bluffs are grand with the spray breaking high against the rocks and the long line of green water and foam along the coral reefs. We are now on the last lap of our long voyage, and hope to arrive at our first station, Malabang, where one squadron will be sent ashore.

No orders have been issued by our Colonel and all the people of the regiment are on the anxious seat.

These voyages are certainly a trial of patience—a drenching tropical rain has just driven us into our staterooms.

Thursday, December 30, 1909.

Sea very rough with clear skies and a burning sun.

Orders designating the stations of the three squadrons were published this morning. Every one seems pleased.

The band gave us a concert last night, which we all enjoyed very much. So warm this morning I have found it quite a task to do

anything, and in consequence have left undone many things I should have done.

Friday, December 31, 1909.

Sea a bit rough, very warm. Have just finished breakfast and am ready for the day. I hope it will not prove to be a very long one. This being the last day of the month, the men are out for muster and inspection.

Yesterday the transport made a good run, 302 miles. We are all looking forward to the happy day when we can leave the ship for our stations. Tomorrow will be New Year's and we will be near land. Last night the breeze was on our side of the ship and we passed a very comfortable night. I must try to finish some of my letters today, for as soon as our squadrons begin to land I am afraid I will be too interested to write.

OPEN AIR CONCERT
THIS EVENING AT 7:45 O'CLOCK
SECOND CAVALRY BAND
Louis Witt, Conductor

PROGRAM.

1. March, "Dixie Land I Love You"Ayer
2. Serenade, "Departed Days"Louis
3. Mazurka, "Zulma"Roth
4. Solo for two cornets "Panorama"
..... Greenwood

5. Characteristic, "Noisy Bill"Laescy
 6. Young Werner Parting Song.....Bettger
 U. S. A. T. Logan, at Sea.
 December 31, 1909.

Saturday, January 1st, 1910.

New Year's day on the Pacific Ocean. Sea fairly smooth, sun very hot. Breakfast over and the duties of the day begun. I did not sit up to see the old year out, but many of our passengers did. We hope to sight land tonight or tomorrow. How glad we will be when this long voyage is over. The heat is becoming greater every day.

Sunday, January 2, 1910.

Land in sight. I feel like Columbus must have felt when he discovered the New World. How good it looks to us weary mariners. Last night we had a dance, but it was really too warm for dancing,—the night was hot, but there is a fine land breeze this morning which is very refreshing. Many of the ladies are writing letters home. We have just had services in the dining salon—this will be our last services on the transport.

The first squadron, with headquarters, will leave the transport at Jolo and here we will say goodbye to our many dear friends, including our good Chaplain Flemming.

The 2d squadron will leave the ship at Malabang. The Major and myself will be the last to leave the ship.

Monday, January 3, 1910.

Anchored in the harbor at Malabang, 2d squadron unloading freight as this is their station.

The long range of mountains is heavily timbered and very beautiful to see. We, the Major and myself, expect to get off at Jolo (Holo) for station. This is the third time the order designating our station has been changed. Last night was very, very warm and I could not sleep.

Tuesday, January 4, 1910.

The Island of Jolo is in sight and we hope to land at our station there in a few hours. The sea is glassy and the heat great. We are sailing through the straights and many islands are in sight.

We discovered yesterday that our freight is not on this transport,—it has been almost the last straw with me. I have looked forward all this long voyage to unpacking our household goods and beginning life in our own home—now we will have to camp in an empty house for goodness knows how long. I have everything ready for going ashore.

Here we will bid goodbye to some of our dearest friends as the 3rd squadron will go on to Camp Overton.

Wednesday, January 5, 1910.

Clear and warm, sea smooth. We reached Jolo yesterday and there sent ashore the 1st squadron, going ashore ourselves with the expectation of remaining. Late in the afternoon orders were issued changing the Major's station to Camp Overton. When the soldiers of the 3rd squadron learned that Major Sargent was to go with them to Camp Overton as their commanding officer they broke into loud cheers. The Major is always much liked by his men.

All of our baggage, consisting of heavy trunks and suitcases, had to be carried back to the transport. We hope to reach Overton early tomorrow morning. Altogether our station has been changed four times,—I am almost a wreck. The heat has been very great and sleep has been almost impossible.

It is now almost noon. Have just passed a lighthouse on a small island. We can see islands on all sides of us. It breaks the monotony of the long voyage to be able to see the land.

At Jolo the natives came flocking around the

ship in canoes, diving for pennies. They look more like tadpoles than human beings and were repulsive to me. I wonder if they will surround us at Overton—I hope not.

Jolo is a beautiful place, and the houses in the walled city are very attractive. The officers stationed there were very kind to us and found places for all our officers and their families.

Thirty days today since we sailed from the United States.

Thursday, January 6, 1910.

Camp Overton, Mindanao. Reached here this A. M. Came ashore about 12 after having lunch on the Logan. I am writing this in my own house. All is confusion, freight being hauled up from the dock. Officers have chosen quarters and moved their families in. Too tired to write more today.

Thus endeth my diary.

Our long voyage was over, by this time we could fully realize that we were on the other side of the world.

Here were we, a little colony of Americans, thousands of miles from home, down in the

depths of the tropical forests, surrounded by a treacherous tribe, but above our little camps floated the Stars and Stripes, the symbol of Liberty we were pledged to follow wherever it might lead. No one can ever know how strong in their hearts is the love for the old Flag until they see it floating in the breeze on a foreign shore.

Our quarters at Camp Overton were quite primitive. The soldiers' barracks were built of rough lumber, but were comfortable. The set of quarters we occupied was the only set built of lumber, rough planks,—the other quarters for officers were nipa shacks, frames made of bamboo poles covered with palm leaves. But they were rain proof and quite picturesque when ready for occupancy. Our porches were made beautiful with hanging air plants, and many different varieties of orchids. Our lights were kerosene lamps and candles. Once a month a transport came to our isolated camp bringing mail from the United States via Manila.

General Pershing was in command of the Department of Mindanao, with headquarters at Zamboango, beautiful Zamboango, the quarters in a bower of trees, vines and flowers. Stately and handsome Mrs. Pershing was the "First lady of the land" at Mindanao. All the

world knows the fate of Mrs. Pershing and her three little girls, but all the world does not know that there are those who can go bravely on, doing the work given them to do though their hearts are broken.

We were now down among the treacherous Moros, Mohammedans, with great contempt for us "Christian dogs." The "Datoes" or rulers had offered eight hundred pesos (dollars) for every American rifle the men of the tribe could get by waylaying and killing our soldiers. An order was issued forbidding any man to leave the garrison alone, but notwithstanding all precautions, a number of our men and one young officer were killed with knives and spears.

Moros, monkeys, big snakes and wild hogs abounded. Speaking of snakes—one was killed only a short distance from our quarters which measured 18 and one-half feet in length, and as large around as a man's thigh, beautifully marked and colored, much like our garter snakes at home. These snakes belong to the boa species of reptile and crush their prey.

After two or three months at Camp Overton, Major Sargent was sent to Malabang for duty. In just one year to a day we were on our way back to Camp Overton. In a very short time we bade farewell to our dear friends at Over-

ton and sailed for Manila. This had been our station for almost two years during the insurrection twelve years before.

Some two months later we sailed for the United States on our fourth and last voyage across the Pacific ocean.

Our life in the sunny islands had been most interesting and unusual. There had been trials of course, and many hardships, but how gladly would we live again "those dear dead days beyond recall."

CHAPTER V.

THE WORLD WAR.

Before leaving Manila my husband went before a retiring board, and was retired from active service on account of disability; he had become quite deaf. It was hard for him to reconcile himself to giving up the army life, for he was a born soldier, but with his usual philosophic outlook on life, he cheerfully accepted whatever came, and made the best of the situation. We both loved the army life and the old regiment. The people of the regiment were "home folks" to us. The regiment has made a splendid record and we were very proud of it. Organized in 1836 the regiment was known as the Second Dragoons. On the third of August, 1861, the regiment became known as the Second Cavalry. I have never understood why the name of the regiment was changed, for the original name has always appealed to me. Since its organization the regiment had taken part in 162 battles. The beautiful old battle flag of yellow silk carries many names of battles, for it was carried through the Mexican War, the War of the Rebellion, the Span-

ish-American War, and through many Indian wars.

Finally the regiment did some fighting in the Philippine Islands and in France. During our war with Spain part of the Second Cavalry served in Cuba and Porto Rico and were the only **mounted** cavalry in that war.

Troops "A", "C", "D" and "F" made up the squadron in Cuba. Troop "B" in Porto Rico, served as a bodyguard for General Miles. There were not enough horse transports to carry all the cavalry horses, and they were left behind at Tampa, with one squadron from each regiment to care for them. I have always felt sympathy for the men of the squadrons left behind. I think I know how great must have been their disappointment.

The motto of the Second Cavalry is "Toujours Pret"—Always Ready.

Our homeward voyage was without incident. It is a long voyage, but this was to be our last, so we felt quite cheerful over it.

Arrived safely in port, we were for the first time in many years, foot-loose and free to go when and where we pleased. We decided to go to Oregon, the land of my birth, and here we finally made our home.

We bought a nice place in the little city of Medford, in the Rogue River valley. Here we

lived for four years, adjusting ourselves to civil life and trying not to look backward to our life in the army, for this made us very lonely. We missed our army friends for the bond between army people is very strong. They are never strangers; they all belong to one big family, whose aims and interests are the same. We missed the trumpet calls and the boom of the sunset gun.

At the end of four years we were fortunate in finding an ideal old place in the historic town of Jacksonville. This we purchased, and leaving our Medford place to be sold, we moved into the old mansion in November. In the following April my husband received a telegram from the War Department asking him if he would be willing to return to active service as Assistant to the Chief Quartermaster of the Western Department. His answer to this was "Yes."

At the time of his retirement my husband made it understood that if his country ever needed his help he would be ready to serve.

Conditions in Mexico were very bad; the air seemed full of rumors of war. I realized it was his duty to go, but I had some tears to shed, for it was hard to leave our home and begin again to "follow the flag." Of course I was not required to go with him, but it was the logical thing for me to do. I had always gone with

him, and I could not reconcile myself to being left behind. We were very fortunate in finding an excellent family who were anxious to take charge of our home, and as soon as the order came, we were ready to leave for San Francisco, headquarters of the Western Department.

When America entered the war against Germany, I realized that we were in for the conflict, however long it might prove to be. I had been through the Spanish-American war, the Philippine insurrection, and there was nothing for me to do but "gird on my armor" and face with courage whatever came. My husband's heart was set on getting to France, and I resolved to follow him if possible. I immediately trained for France by taking both courses in first aid. I received my certificates and was registered in Washington as a "cadet" or nurse's helper, only to learn later that the age limit for cadets was 35 years, and I was too old to serve.

Although recommended for command of a brigade by ex-President Roosevelt and twenty-four general officers of the United States Army, my husband failed to obtain the appointment. This was the bitterest disappointment of his life.

From San Francisco we went to Princeton

University where he organized the students into an officers' training corps. Here we met again ex-President and Mrs. Roosevelt. He was invited to deliver an address before some club at Princeton. Needless to say, the hall where he spoke was crowded, and I have never heard a public speaker receive so much applause.

On the day of his arrival the students were reviewed by Roosevelt. I went down to the drill ground in the afternoon. The review was over and I went through the crowd of spectators to speak to him. He came to meet me, saying in his emphatic way, "I am glad to meet you, Mrs. Sargent,—truly glad; your husband has written the finest history of the Spanish-American war that has ever been written." Just then a visitor came elbowing her way through the crowd, saying "I want to shake hands with the hero of San Juan Hill." "Madam," said Roosevelt in a loud voice, "I am not the hero of San Juan Hill, General Hawkins was the hero of San Juan Hill." I thought it fine of him.

In March, 1918, my husband was ordered to Washington, D. C. He was detailed in the War Plans Division of the General Staff in the War College. This pleased us very much. I had been very homesick that winter; we had

lived in Washington in 1909, and it was the next best thing to going home.

We found the city greatly changed,—from being one of the most quiet and cleanest cities in the United States, it was noisy and dirty. There were all sorts of vehicles running to and fro, and we often found it impossible to get even standing room on the street cars. It was hard to find vacant rooms; every available place was crowded with war workers, but we finally found a room at the old Ulster Inn, near Dupont Circle. We felt the war was very near, and when the hospitals began to fill with the wounded, we realized the horror of it all.

While in San Francisco I helped to make compresses, bandages and many garments for the sick and wounded in the hospitals. At Princeton the work went on, but when we reached Washington I decided to try an entirely different line of work in an army canteen. I found the work intensely interesting, but very hard, and much to my regret I had to give it up.

I count as my most interesting experience while in Washington during the war, my meeting with Madam Maria Bochkareva, commander of the Russian women's "Battalion of Death." When I learned that she was in

Washington I was very anxious to meet her for I had been thrilled with the accounts of her courage and wonderful exploits. I had gone down to the Army dispensary for treatment, and while sitting in the crowded waiting room, who should walk in but the very person I longed to meet! I seemed to know intuitively who she was. With her was a slender dark man who proved to be her interpreter, for she could not speak a word of English. I immediately crossed the room, and telling her interpreter who I was, asked him to introduce me to the Madam. Just as we were shaking hands her name was called and I never met her again.

She was about my height, five feet eight, but with broad shoulders and large frame. Her complexion was very fair and colorless, eyes gray, and hair dark brown. She wore her hair "shingled" but not short. Her mouth and chin were beautiful. I noticed the smallness of her hands. She was dressed in an olive drab uniform and across her breast were many medals. She came to plead for help for her country. When she finally obtained an interview with President Wilson she dropped to her knees to make her appeal. She failed in her mission, and I have never heard of her since. She was the daughter of a Russian

peasant, but a woman with a wonderful mind.

The Battalion of Death was made up of girls from all ranks in life, college girls, daughters of the rich and peasant girls. They fought heroically on the Galacian front and were nearly all killed or wounded. Their brave commander was herself seriously wounded, and lay in a hospital for several months, paralyzed from the waist down. As soon as she could travel she came to America to plead for help.

Every war has its great poem. Out of the World War came "In Flanders Fields," one of the most widely known and most popular of all the poems written during that conflict. It has been claimed that this beautiful poem did more to encourage enlistment than any one thing done during the war. This poem was written by Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae of the Canadian Medical Corps. He was working in a base hospital when this poem was written, and died soon after. He was stricken with pneumonia, meningitis developed, and on the fifth day he died. The poem follows.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

By John McCrae.

In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Many answers have been written to this poem. I was deeply affected when I read it, and resolved to put my feelings into an answer. My verses may not be called poetry by the critics, but in no other way could I express my emotion.

MY ANSWER.

Sleep well, beloved dead who lie in Flanders
Fields,

The soft winds bend the poppies' heads,
They shed slow tears of dew above your beds.
Sleep well, we have kept faith with you,
And still fight on.

The great guns boom, the deadly missiles fly;
The torch you gave we still lift high,
To light brave men to victory.

Sleep well, oh valiant dead, where larks sing
low!

And all the brilliant poppies bloom and glow
In Flanders Fields.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 29, 1918.

My years with the Army convinced me of the necessity of preparedness, preparedness as advocated by George Washington, by Theodore Roosevelt, and by all the leading officers of our army and navy. To be so well prepared that no other nation shall dare molest or make us afraid.

Nobody wants war, least of all those who have had it to face; we want peace, but in order to have peace we must be prepared to fight,

“For our country and our fires,
For the green graves of our sires,
God and our native land.”

At two o'clock one morning I heard the newsboys in Dupont Circle crying “Extra, Extra.” They carried the message that brought joy to the world, the signing of the armistice.

Soon after the close of the war my husband was relieved from active service; for over two years he had been on duty. We left Washington on Thanksgiving Day and I cannot express the joy I felt when our train pulled out for the west, and the rails seemed to click this refrain: “The war is over; the war is over; we are going home; we are going home!”

This ends my little narrative. I am proud

and thankful to have been for so many years of my life with the Army of the United States, *the army that has never known defeat.*



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