

PICTURE STORY OF THE TRANSPORTS AND VESSELS ON THE WAY TO MANILA

The Routes, the Distances and the Probable Position of Each of the Transports on Each Day Till It Reaches Admiral Dewey's Fleet, Philippine Islands.

ON May 25 last the first fleet of transports sailed out of the Golden Gate on its way to Manila, and on June 15 the second fleet sailed. To-day is June 19, and a glance at the accompanying diagram will show approximately where each and every one of the vessels on the Pacific station is at this time. It will also show the progress of each vessel, day by day, until it reaches its destination.

At the present moment the vessels are scattered, owing to the different dates of departure. But all are working toward a common point, and in due time will reach Manila.

On the 25th of last month the fleet at Manila consisted of the Olympia, Baltimore, Boston, Concord, Raleigh and Petrel. This fleet is still there, waiting for the arrival of the transports and convoys. On the same date the cruiser Charleston was several days out of San Francisco on her way to Honolulu. The transports that sailed on May 25 were the City of Peking, City of Sydney and the Australia. These three vessels carried nearly 4000 men.

On June 2 the first fleet of transports reached Honolulu after a pleasant voyage, and found the Charleston already there. After a day or two spent in drilling on shore all again proceeded to sea, conveyed by the Charleston.

Calculating on the time spent in reaching Honolulu and providing there was no trouble at the Ladrone's, the first fleet must now be very close to the

Philippines and should reach Manila sometime on Tuesday.

After the departure of the first fleet the next vessels to leave this port were the Bennington and Mohican. These are both in all probability now at Honolulu. Then followed the Monterey and the Collier Brutus. These went first to San Diego and left there a few days before the second fleet of transports passed out of Golden Gate.

The four vessels that left here on last Wednesday, the 15th, were the China, Colon, Zealandia and Senator. Among them they carried about 4000 men.

These vessels will proceed at the rate of about ten knots an hour. As it is 2100 miles from here to Honolulu, the troop ships should reach there about June 23. It may be that the transports will catch up with the Monterey before reaching Honolulu, in which case all will proceed together.

At Honolulu coal will be taken aboard

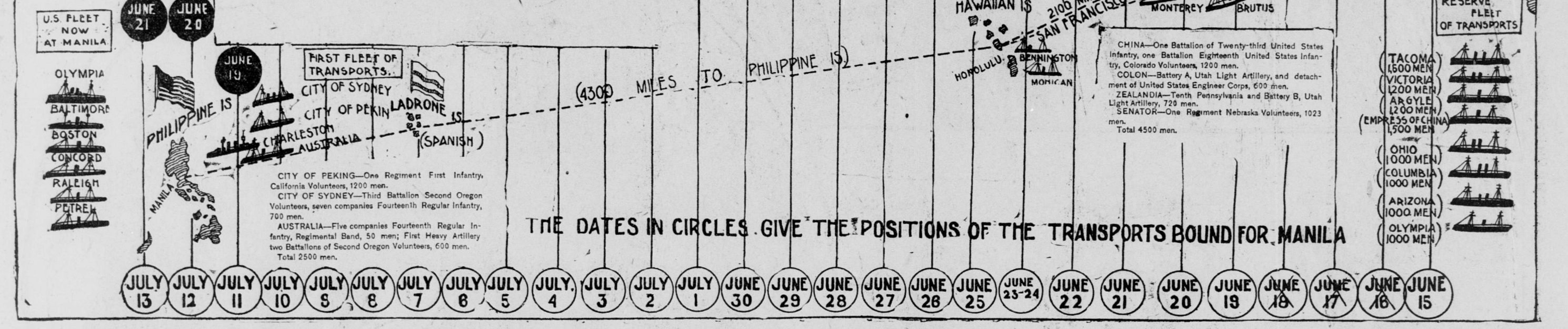
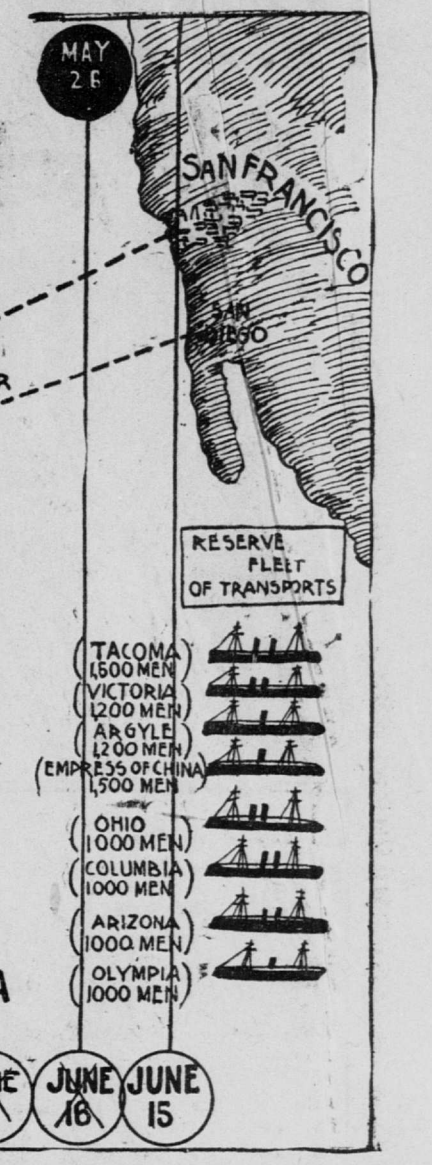
and the boys given a run ashore for a day or so. Then the long voyage of 4300 miles to the Philippines will begin. The Ladrone's are 3000 miles from Honolulu and the ships should reach there about July 7.

As the exact state of affairs at this point is now unknown the movements of the vessels cannot be definitely stated. It may be that there has been trouble there and that the first fleet had some fighting to do. In that case the second fleet may have to remain there for some time.

But, granting that all is well, the second fleet will stop at the Ladrone's for only a few hours and then proceed to the Philippines, which should be reached on or about July 13. It is not yet definitely settled whether the Bennington and Mohican will become a part of this fleet.

On the fourth of July the volunteers on the first fleet of transports will be going through the routine of camp life at Manila. The second fleet will be just about in the middle of the Pacific.

The third fleet of transports will sail about June 25 next.



RISKED HER LIFE TO SAVE THE NORTH.

Exciting Career of Pauline Cushman, Actress and Spy—Lies Buried in a San Francisco Cemetery.

THE Civil War bequeathed to us a list of nearly 400 women who, during those four years of intestine strife, served the Federal Government either as soldiers or as scouts or spies. In the records of the War Department in Washington there are preserved the dry bones of many romances that sprang from a woman's love of her country, love of some one of its brave defenders, or love of roving and adventure, and an overmastering desire to be a part of the stirring events of the time instead of a mere looker-on.

Many a woman fought bravely under the Union flag, and only returned to the ways of peace when the war was over, or when a wound sent her to the hospital and betrayed her secret. And doubtless where so many are on record there must have been some who were fortunate enough to carry out their deception without detection, so that the names handed down to us probably by no means represent the entire feminine fighting force of the Northern army.

The spirit that could impel a woman to leave her usual place in the world and her ordinary avocations for the hard fare of a soldier, the rough life of the camp, and the horrors and dangers of the battlefield, was a brave one, no matter what the underlying motive may have been. But it was a braver spirit still that led not a few feminine patriots to take up a branch of service in which all the perils of war are incurred without the hope of gaining any of its glory—a service which is as hazardous to the individual performing it.

Of the small band of women who were of material assistance in the "secret" branch of governmental work there were none more faithful, more efficient, and more worthy of the grateful remembrance of her countrymen than one who sleeps, undisturbed by the war alarms of the present, in the Grand Army plot of the City Cemetery in San Francisco.

"Pauline Cushman" this heroine liked to be called, even in the later days when another name was hers by right; for it was as Pauline Cushman that she won popularity in her youth, and afterward distinguished herself by her devotion to her country in its hour of need. And best of all did she like to be addressed by her rightful title of major, since she earned her commission—signed by the martyred Lincoln himself—by deeds of daring which gained her at the time not only the admiration of the army of the Cumberland, to which she was attached, but of the entire country as well.

Pauline Cushman was born in New Orleans in 1833. Her father was a Spanish refugee of excellent family, and her mother a French creole noted for her grace and beauty even in that

city of graceful and beautiful women. From her parents she inherited the charms of face and figure, the ardent, impulsive, emotional temperament, the brilliancy of intellect, and the fascination of manner, which particularly fitted her for the role she was destined to play in the drama of the preservation of our Union.

An early removal to Grand Rapids, Michigan, gave Pauline the advantage of a childhood and youth spent amid surroundings which developed the latent force of her character, and strengthened her physically that the delicate Southern-born girl soon rivaled her Northern mates in vigorous health.

Carefully educated, and envied by the somewhat friskier though entirely loving watchfulness characteristic of high-class Southern households, the elf-like child grew into a girlhood so beautiful that she became the envy of her girl friends and an anxiety to those who loved her best. She early showed an impatience of control and an independence of spirit which marked her strong individuality, and when she reached the age of 18 a girlish rebellion occurred against domestic rules and regulations.

Quite against the wishes of her rightful guardians, who shrank from the idea of a public career for their idolized daughter, Miss Cushman insisted upon entering the theatrical profession for which she felt herself particularly fitted. Being fortunate enough to find a manager who recognized and appreciated her undoubted talent, she was soon advanced to the front rank of vaudeville actresses, depending upon her Southern birth to gain her the initial good will of her audiences, made many trips along the Southern circuit of that day, and established herself as a prime favorite with the theater-going public on the lower side of what was afterward known as Mason and Dixon's line.

When war was declared Miss Cushman was playing a successful engagement through the Middle and Western States, but went South the next year, playing in those cities which had not as yet ranged themselves openly and boldly on the side of the Confederacy. Having always, for professional reasons, made a boast of her Southern birth, the charming actress was supposed to be at heart an adherent of the "Stars and Bars," and in every town where she appeared she attracted around her a circle of Southern sympathizers who delighted in showing her all possible attention in public and private, and doing everything in their power to prove their admiration of her and her supposed sentiments.

In March, 1862, came the turning point in Pauline Cushman's life. Here, tofore she had been only an ordinarily successful actress, earning a good salary and living in careless ease, courted, flattered and envied as those who are young, beautiful and fortunate always are. She had never experienced a hardship nor known a real trouble; her ways had all been ways of pleasantness, and she had lived like a but-

terly in one long day of sunshine. Strange, was it not, that she should turn from all this to brave dangers the thought of which might well cause stout-hearted men to hesitate before facing them? That she should of her own free choice give up her career, her luxuries, her flattering friends, all personal comfort and all real assurance of personal safety, to become a scout and spy for the Union forces, for the simple but to her sufficient reason that she felt that her country needed just the special work that she could do better than any one else who could, at that time, be of service to her country.

She knew that in entering this work she braved more than the possibility of a shameful death, for the Southerners, though chivalrous, were never merciful to spies, but her patriot soul looked above all this at the stately banner that she loved, and so gazing she forgot all but the fact that she was needed to help hold it aloft.

There are those alive to-day who remember well the night when Pauline Cushman made her dramatic exit from the scene of her many triumphs. She had been playing a long engagement in Wood's Theater, Louisville, and had had a brilliantly successful season, both socially and professionally. The city was full of carefully repressed secession sentiment, and Pauline was the center of attraction to the large contingent of paroled Confederate officers who made the place their temporary home. One of these gentlemen, with a view to the "sensational and angering the loyal residents, dared the popular actress to drink a toast to Jefferson Davis in one of the scenes of the "Seven Sisters," the play then on the boards, and she gave him her word that she would.

All over the town the news spread, and on the appointed night the theater was packed with both friends and foes of the Confederacy, all eager to see if the program would be carried out. The audience was a strange one, and the atmosphere of the crowded hall was like that which precedes a tropical thunderstorm—deadly still, and full of foreboding which is almost a promise of tragedy.

The play went on smoothly and quietly until the fateful moment came. Then, with brilliantly flashing eyes and a smile that was scornfully triumphant, "Miss Cushman" stepped to the front of the stage and raised a wine glass on high in her slender hand, said clearly, deliberately and defiantly: "Here's to Jefferson Davis and the Southern Confederacy. May the South always maintain her honor and her rights."

The house became a pandemonium on the instant, and the terrified manager, who had never believed that the dramatic actress would carry out what he considered an idle boast intended to advertise herself, rang down the curtain before the wine glass touched the lazing lips of the actress.

That night Pauline was discharged from the company, and the next day she was the idol of every Southerner who heard the story. Every door and every heart was open to her, and when, after being lionized for some time in Louisville, she was sent beyond the lines on account of her openly expressed disloyalty, the people of Nashville, considering her a victim of Yankee tyranny, welcomed her enthusiastically and lauded her to the skies.

Not for many months was the truth ever suspected. No one save the actress herself and those under whose orders she was working knew that previous to that sensational episode in Louisville she had made a confidant of Colonel Moore, the provost marshal of the district, convinced him of her staunch loyalty, taken the oath of al-

WILL SEE HER SON BEFORE SHE DIES.

He Sailed Away to Manila, a Young Volunteer, and the Doctors Say the Mother Cannot Live a Year.

"But he will come back to you," I said. "No, he will not unless I go to him. I feel it. If he should escape all the dangers and perils and come back I feel that I would not be here to welcome him. I should have died of waiting. I could stand nursing the sick and wounded, the heat, or any amount of discomfort. I would be near him. I am strong enough to work, but I am afraid I am not strong enough to wait." Perhaps she might prove strong enough to work. Not alone through physical strength though, but supported by her indomitable will power and the joy of being near her son. And perhaps she is not strong enough to wait. For of the two, working and waiting, which is the harder?

"It is only three weeks now, they tell me, since he left. It seems like three months. I have lived over and over again the last moments I was with him and the last glimpse I had of him standing waving his cap. Oh, I cannot explain my feelings. It is so different for a mother who has other children to go home to.

"They say that Manila would mean certain death for me. They tell me that I will go into consumption. That does not matter. If I could nurse the soldiers, my own boy if need be, and hear him say 'Mother' again, I would pay the price. Besides I am stronger than I look."

"I was out at the Presidio every day while Walter was there," she continued. "I never missed one day. They told me it rained, but I did not feel it. He was there and that was all I knew. Now he has gone and I feel nothing."

"Did you give him your permission to enlist?"

"No, I did not know until he had signed. He knew that I would not consent so he did not tell me until it was over. It was the first important step he ever took without consulting me. But I did not upbraid him. If he felt that was right then I could do no more than try to make his last days here comfortable. But I am determined to go to him. If the Red Cross Society does not send any nurse then I will find some other way. Unless I find out that no one will be allowed to land in Manila I will go. Perhaps I can get a position as stewardess of one of the ships to China and then cross over from there to Manila. If there is any possibility I shall find it out and nothing—not even certain death itself—shall keep me back.

"What's the matter with Holland? I hear he's laid up."

"Yes, he bought his wife a chafing dish a couple of weeks ago."

"But surely that isn't responsible for his illness? Why that fellow can eat anything."

"Oh, it wasn't anything that he ate. She hit him over the head with it."

Chicago Record.

