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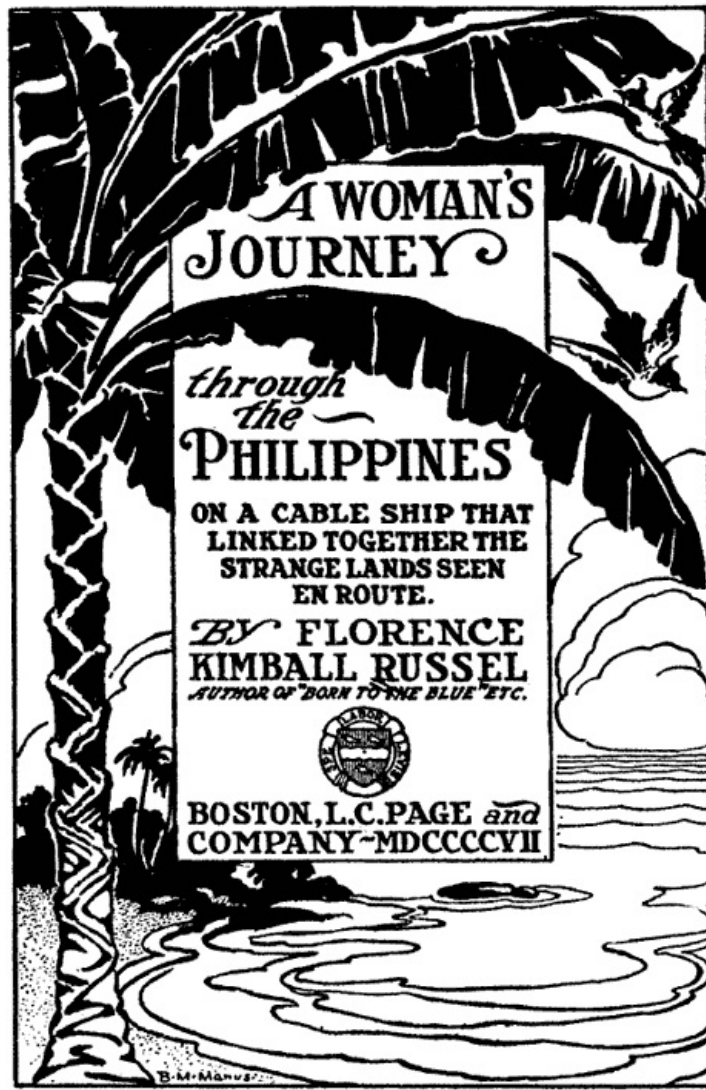
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## A WOMAN'S JOURNEY THROUGH THE PHILIPPINES

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## **A Woman's Journey**

### **through the Philippines**

**On a cable ship that linked together the  
strange lands seen en route.**

By **Florence Kimball Russel**

Author of "Born to the Blue" Etc.

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TO  
My Husband  
WITHOUT WHOSE INSPIRATION AND ENCOURAGEMENT  
THIS BOOK WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN WRITTEN

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## **A Woman’s Journey Through the Philippines**

### **Chapter I**

#### **Introductory Statements**

Life on a cable-ship would be a lotus-eating dream were it not for the cable. But the cable, like the Commissariat cam-u-el in Mr. Kipling’s “Oonts,” is—

“—a devil an’ a ostrich an’ a orphan child in one.”

Whether we are picking it up, or paying it out; whether it is lying inert, coil upon coil, in the tanks like some great gorged anaconda, or gliding along the propelling machinery into some other tank, or off into the sea at our bow or stern; whether the dynamometer shows its tension to be great or small; whether we are grappling for it, or underrunning it; whether it is a shore end to be landed, or a deep-sea splice to be made, the cable is sure to develop most alarming symptoms, and some learned doctor must constantly sit in the testing-room, his finger on the cable's pulse, taking its temperature from time to time as if it were a fractious child with a bad attack of measles, the eruption in this case being faults or breaks or leakages or kinks.

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The difficulty discovered, it must be localized. A hush falls over the ship. Down to the testing room go the experts. Seconds, minutes, hours crawl by. At last some one leaves the consultation for a brief space, frowning heavily and apparently deep in thought. No one dares address him, or ask the questions all are longing to have answered, and when his lips move silently we know that he is muttering over galvanometer readings to himself. During this time everyone talks in whispers, and not always intelligently, of the electrostatic capacity of the cable, absolute resistances, and the coefficients of correction, while the youngest member of the expedition neglects her beloved poodle, sonorously yclept "Snobbles," and no longer hangs him head downward over the ship's rail.

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At last the fault is discovered, cut out, and a splice made, the tests showing the cable as good as new, whereupon the women return to their chiffons, the child to her games, and the men, not on duty, to their cigars, until the cessation of noise from the cable machinery, or the engine-room bell signalling "full speed astern" warns us something else may be amiss.

In the testing room, that Holy of Holies on board a cable-ship, the fate of the *Burnside* hangs upon a tiny, quivering spark of light thrown upon the scale by the galvanometer's mirror. If this light jumps from side to side, or trembles nervously, or perhaps disappears entirely from the scale, our experts know the cable needs attention, and perhaps the ship will have to stop for hours at a time until the fault is located. If the trouble is not in the tanks, the paying-out machinery must be metamorphosed into a picking-up apparatus, and the cable already laid will be coiled back into the hold until the fault appears, when it will be cut out and the two ends of cable spliced. After this splice grows quite cool, tests are taken, and if they prove satisfactory, we again resume our paying out, knowing that while the spot of light on the galvanometer remains quietly in one position, the cable being laid is electrically sound, and we can proceed without interruption.

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As may be imagined everyone on the ship got to think in megohms, and scientific terms clung to our conversation just as the tar from the cable tanks clung to our wearing apparel, while few among us but had wild nightmares wherein the cable became a sentient thing, and made faces at us as it leapt overboard in a continuous suicidal frenzy.

The cable-ship *Burnside*, as some may remember, was one of the first prizes captured in the Spanish War. She had been a Spanish merchant ship, the *Rita*, trading between Spain and all Spanish ports in the West Indies, and when captured by the *Yale*, early in April, 1898, was on her way to Havana with a cargo of goods. There is little about her now, however, to suggest a Spanish coaster, save the old bell marked "Rita" in front of the captain's cabin. The sight of this bell always brings to mind the wild patriotism of those early days of our war with Spain, when love of country was grown to an absorbing passion which made one eager to surrender all for the nation's honour, and stifled dread of impending separation—a separation that might be forever—despite the rebel heart's fierce protest. The *Rita's* bell reminds one also of a country less fortunate than our own, and sometimes when looking at it, one can almost fancy the terror and excitement of those aboard the Spanish coaster when the *Yale* swept down upon her on that memorable April afternoon. But it is a far cry from that day to this, and the *Burnside*, manned by American sailors, flying Old Glory where once waved the red and yellow of Spain's insignia, and laying American cable in American waters, is a very different ship from the *Rita*, fleeing before her pursuers in the West Indies.

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When the *Burnside* left Manila on December 23, 1900, for the cable laying expedition in the far South Seas, there were eight army officers aboard, six of whom belonged to the Signal Corps, the seventh being a young doctor, and the eighth a major and quartermaster in charge of the transport. Besides these there were civilian cable experts, Signal Corps soldiers, Hospital Corps men, Signal Corps natives, and the ship's officers, crew, and servants. The only passengers on the trip were women, two and a half of us, the fraction standing for a young person of nine summers, the quartermaster's little daughter, whom we shall dub Half-a-Woman, letting eighteen represent the unit of grown-up value.

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Half-a-Woman was the queen of the ship, and held her court quite royally from the

Powers-that-Be, our commanding officer, down to the roughest old salt in the fore-castle. Having a child aboard gave the only real touch of Christmas to our tropical pretence of it. Everything else was lacking—the snow, the tree, the holly and wreaths, the Christmas carol, the dear ones so far away—but the little child was with us, and wherever children are there also will the Christmas spirit come, even though the thermometer registers ninety in the shade, and at the close of that long summer-hot day we all felt more than “richer by one mocking Christmas past.”

Half-a-Woman was also obliging enough to have a birthday on the trip, which we celebrated by a dinner in her honour, a very fine dinner which opened with clear turtle soup and ended with her favourite ice and a birthday cake of gigantic proportions, decorated with ornate chocolate roses and tiny incandescent lamps in place of the conventional age-enumerating candles, cable-ship birthday cakes being eminently scientific and up-to-date. Other people may have had birthdays *en route*, for we were away from Manila many weeks, but none were acknowledged; modesty doubtless constraining those older than Half-a-Woman from making a too ostentatious display of tell-tale incandescent lights. [17]

It was a very busy trip, everyone on the ship being occupied, with the exception of the women who spent most of their time under the cool blue awning of the quarter-deck, where many a letter was written, and many a book read aloud and discussed, though more often we accomplished little, preferring to lie back in our long steamer chairs and watch the wooded islands with cloud shadows on their shaggy breasts drift slowly by and fade into the purple distance.

Now we would pass close to some luxuriantly overgrown shore where tall cocconut-palms marched in endless procession along the white beach; now past hills where groups of bamboos swung back and forth in the warm breeze, and feathery palms and plantains, the sunlight flickering through their leaves, showed myriad tints of green and gold and misty gray; these in turn giving place to some volcanic mountain, bare and desolate. Then for hours there would be no land at all, only the wonderful horizonless blue of water and sky, the sunlight on the waves so dazzlingly bright as to hurt the eyes. [18]

But nearly always in this thickly islanded sea there was land, either on one side or the other, land bearing strange names redolent of tropic richness, over whose pronunciation we would lazily disagree. Perhaps it would be but a cliff-bound coast or a group of barren islands in the distance, bluer even than the skies above them; perhaps some lofty mountain on whose ridges the white clouds lay like drifted snow; or perhaps a tier of forest-grown hills, rising one above the other, those nearest the water clothed in countless shades of green, verging from deepest olive to the tender tint of newly awakened buds in the springtime, those farthest away blue or violet against the horizon.

Golden days these were when Time himself grew young again, and, resting on his scythe, dreamed the sunlit hours away. Until eventide the summer skies above us slept, as did the summer seas below us, when both awakened from their slumbers flushed and rosy. On some evenings the heavy white clouds piled high in the west seemed to catch fire, the red blaze spreading over the heavens, to be reflected later in the mirror-like water of the sea. Then the crimson light would gradually change to amethyst and gold, with the sun hanging like a ball of flame between heaven and earth, while every conceivable colour, or combination of colours, played riotously over all in the kaleidoscopic shifting of the clouds. At last the sun would touch the horizon, sinking lower and lower into the sea, while the heavens lost their glory, taking on pale tints of purple and violet. A moment more and the swift darkness of the tropics would blot out every vestige of colour, for there is no twilight in the Philippines, no half-tones between the dazzling tropic sunset and the dusky tropic night. [19]

Then there were other evenings when the colours lying in distinct strata looked not unlike celestial *pousse-café*s, or perhaps some delicately blended shades of pink and blue and mauve, suggested to a feminine mind creations of millinery art; or yet again, when a sky that had been gray and sober all day suddenly blazed out into crimson and gold at sunset, one was irresistibly reminded of a “Quakeress grown worldly.” [20]

And then would come the night and the wonderful starlit heavens of the tropics—

“—unfathom’d, untrod,  
Save by even’ and morn and the angels of God.”

Every star sent a trail of light to the still water, seeming to fasten the sky to the sea with long silver skewers; wonderful phosphorescence played about beneath us like wraiths of drowned men luring one to destruction; while in the musical lap of



tobacco, and the like. I even had a hint here and there as to the geology of the group, but ruthlessly blue-pencilled out such bits of useful information, and while it may not be at all utilitarian, rejoice that I have been privileged to see these islands in a state of nature, before the engineer has honeycombed the virgin forest with iron rails; before the great heart of the hills is torn open for the gold, or coal, or iron to be found there; before the primitive plough, buffalo, and half-dressed native give way to the latest type of steam or electric apparatus for farming; before the picturesque girls pounding rice in wooden mortars step aside for noisy mills; before the electric light frightens away the tropic stars, and dims the lantern hanging from the gable of every nipa shack; before banking houses do away with the cocoanut into which thrifty natives drop their money, coin by coin, through a slit in the top; before the sunlit stillness of these coast towns is marred by the jar and grind of factory machinery; before the child country is grown too old and too worldly-wise.

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## Chapter II

### Dumaguete

Our first stopping place after a two days' trip from Manila was Dumaguete, on the southeast corner of the island of Negros. We reached there at seven o'clock on Christmas morning, and found it a tropically picturesque little town, surrounded by forest-grown hills, and built mostly of nipa, with the exception of the church, *convento*, watch-tower, and *tribunal*, which were of wood painted a dazzling white.

All day long men and boys, innocent of even an excuse for clothes, hovered about the ship in *bancas* or dugouts, chattering volubly with each other in Visayan, or begging us in broken Spanish to throw down coins that they might exhibit their natatorial accomplishments, and, when we finally yielded, diving with yells of delight for the bits of silver, seeming quite as much pleased, however, with chocolates wrapped in tin-foil as they had been with the money, and uttering shrill cries that sounded profanely like "Dam'me—dam'me," to attract our attention.

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When a coin was thrown overboard every one dived for it with becoming unanimity, and the water being very clear, we could see their frog-like motions as they swam downward after the vanishing prize, and the good-natured scuffle under water for its possession. Laughing, sputtering, coughing, they would come to the surface, shaking the water out of their bright eyes like so many cocker spaniels, the sun gleaming on their brown skins, their white teeth shining, as they pointed out the complacent victor, who would hold the money up that we might see it, before they would again begin their clamour of "Dam'me—dam'me," and go through a pantomime of how quickly each personally would dive and bring it up, did we throw our donation in his direction.

When the supply of coins and candies had been exhausted, some one bethought him of throwing chunks of ice overboard, and as none among the natives had ever seen ice before, their amazement may well be imagined. The first boy to pick up a piece of the glittering whiteness let it drop with a howl, and when he caught his breath again warned the others in shrill staccato tones that he had been burned, that it was hot, *muy caliente*, wringing his hands as if, indeed, they had been scorched. Presently, finding that the burn left no mark and had stopped hurting, he shamefacedly picked up the ice again, shifting it from one hand to the other with the utmost rapidity, and occasionally crossing himself in the interim.

[29]

Meanwhile more ice had been thrown overboard, and the rest of the natives, not at all deterred by their comrade's warning, examined the strange substance for themselves. Very excited were their comments, those in the far *bancas* scrambling over the intervening boats to see with their own eyes the miracle of hard water so cold that it was hot. They smelled and tasted of it, like so many monkeys, chattering excitedly the while, and they rubbed it on each other's bare backs amid screams of genuine fright, while many tumbled overboard to escape the horrible sensation of having it touch their flesh, the superstitious being reminded, no doubt, of all the tales the padres had ever told them of hell or purgatory.

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Some thrifty and unimaginative souls tied up their bits of ice in cloths or packed them in small boxes, to take back to the village, while others, engrossed in their examination of the strange substance, transferred it from one hand to the other until, miracle of miracles, it had entirely disappeared. Others, emulating the laughing people on the big boat, put their pieces of ice into their mouths, but not for long at a time, as the intense cold made their teeth ache; while still others



piously crossed themselves and refused to have aught to do with so manifest an invention of the Evil One.

Meanwhile, despite the fact of its being Christmas, the Signal Corps officers, men, and natives were hard at work establishing an office in the town, digging a trench for the shore end of the cable, and setting up the cable hut, packed in sections for convenience in transportation. Thirty Dumaguete natives were employed at twenty-five cents a day to help dig the trench and put up the hut, and they seemed very willing in their work and thought the remuneration princely.

So heavy was the surf in the early morning that the officers and soldiers going ashore had to be carried from the rowboats to the beach on the backs of natives, but it fortunately calmed down enough before we women went over in the afternoon to allow of our entering Dumaguete in a more conventional manner.

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Being a *fiesta*, the town was full of natives from the provinces, all smartly dressed and all beaming with good-natured curiosity at the advent of two and a half American women,—the only *Americanas* most of them had ever seen,—and quite an escort gathered around us as, accompanied by the officers of the post and those from the ship not otherwise engaged, we walked down the dusty streets toward the cockpits, where in honour of the day there was to be a contest of unusual interest. At every corner came new recruits to swell the ranks of our followers. "Merry Christmas," cried everyone in Spanish or Visayan, and "Merry Christmas" we responded, though June skies bending down toward tropical palms and soft winds just rustling the tops of tall bamboos, so that they cast flickering fern-like shadows over thatched nipa roofs, but ill suggested Christmas to an American mind.

[32]

The cockpit reached, we found it to be a rudely built circular shack of nipa, fairly crowded with natives in gala attire, and a sprinkling of khaki-clad soldiers from the post. Native policemen, in uniforms that strongly reminded one of the *insurrecto* insignia, showed us to our seats, and a few moments after our arrival two fine cocks, matched as nearly as possible in strength and weight, were brought into the ring by their respective owners, while the onlookers discussed the birds' relative points. The two cocks, still held by their masters, were then allowed to peck at each other's combs until fully angered, when they were put into the ring a short distance apart, and while each owner held the tail feathers of his bird, the cocks made futile efforts to reach each other, giving vent the while to derisive crowing.

The audience, after watching this performance a moment or two, began making their bets, both individually and through the agency of the "farmer," who, standing in the centre of the ring, cried out chaffingly in Visayan to faint-hearted gamblers. Then circles were drawn on the earthen floor of the pit, and the money put up on each cock deposited in one or the other of these rings. At the end of the fight some one appointed cried out the name of the victorious bird, and the winners swarmed down into the pit where they collected their money and the original stakes. There is never any cheating at such affairs, a sort of bolo morality existing among the natives, and all is as methodical and well-behaved as the proverbial Sabbath school.

[33]

It was the first cock-fight most of us cable-ship people had ever seen, and it was hard to understand the wild enthusiasm of the natives when, after unsheathing the steel gaffs on the roosters' legs, the birds were allowed to make their preliminary dash at one another. For a moment they walked around the ring with an excessively polite air, each keeping a wary lookout on his antagonist, but frigidly impersonal and courteous. One might almost fancy them shaking hands before the combat should begin, so ceremonious was their attitude. Then there would come a simultaneous onslaught of feathered fury. Again and again they flew at one another, while the volatile audience called out excitedly in Spanish, "The black wins—No, the speckled one's ahead. Holy Virgin, give strength to the black!" In a very few moments one cock is either dead, or perhaps turned coward before the cruel gaff of his opponent, and victor and vanquished leave the arena to new combatants, while the clink of coin changing hands is heard throughout the cockpit.

[34]

The first few fights we thought rather tame, and I, personally, had to assure myself over and over as the bloody contestants were removed from the scene of action, that such a death was no more painful and certainly far less ignominious than when chicken stewed or *à la Maryland* was to be the ultimate result of the fowl's demise.

There was one little game-cock, however, who enthused even the most dispassionate among us. He was small and wiry, and his well kept white feathers testified to a devoted master. How impatient that absurd little rooster was for the fight to begin, and how he struggled to get off his gaff and go into the fray unarmed, the weight on his legs seeming an impediment to action, and how

insolently he strutted and crowed before his antagonist, an equally well groomed gentleman of exceptional manners, attired in a gorgeous suit of green and gold. But handsome as the darker rooster was, the white one seemed to be the universal choice, and heavy were the stakes in his favour, so heavy that when, after a few minutes' fighting, his wing was broken, a general groan went up throughout the cockpit, a groan which merged into sullen silence when the poor little chicken fell before the furious onslaught of his enemy.

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Again and again the victorious green and gold rooster jumped upon his prostrate foe, pecking now at his crop, now at his eyes, in a perfect frenzy of triumphant rage, the little white fellow lying so still meanwhile that everyone thought him dead. But suddenly he struggled to his feet, and, despite the grievously broken wing, whipped the big bully in a way to raise a cheer even from the hitherto indifferent Americans.

As for the natives, they simply shouted themselves hoarse, and, contrary to all precedent, jumped down into the pit, throwing their *sombreros* on high and yelling vigorously, "*Muy valiente gallo—muy valiente!*" The little rascal had simply been sparring for wind, and he seemed to wink an eye at us after having chased his vanquished enemy to a corner, for, like the coward he was, the green and gold rooster turned tail and ran at the first opportunity.

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It is to be hoped that the *muy valiente gallo* had his wing patched up and lived to tell his tale of bravery to many a barn-yard chick—a war-scarred veteran whose honourable wound entitled him to the respect of all domestic fowl. But knowing Filipino nature, I am rather inclined to think that the white rooster made a very acceptable broth for his master on the following day, the flesh of fighting-cocks being quite too tough for consumption in any other form.

On our return to the ship's boat we were accompanied to the water's edge by a juvenile contingent of natives, some of them being our friends of the forenoon, who returned any notice of themselves on our part by a rapturous gleam of teeth and eyes. One of them, a youngster of perhaps ten or eleven, who gloried in the euphonious name of Gogo, was particularly assiduous in his attentions, and would come close up to us and say, "*I-ese—i-ese—dam'me—i-ese!*" going into paroxysms of mirth the while, and wrinkling up his handsome little face at the mere remembrance of the water so cold it was hard.

[37]

That night the shore officers took their Christmas dinner with us on the *Burnside*, and a very jolly evening we made of it. The saloon was entirely covered, ceiling and all, by American and ship's flags, interspersed with palms, while over the sideboard were suspended the American flag and Union Jack intertwined, this last in honour of our two cable experts, both of them being Britishers. We women donned our smartest frocks, the electric piano, slightly out of tune, did rag-time to perfection, the *menu* included every conventional Christmas dish, and yet—and yet it was not Christmas, and all the roast turkey and plum pudding in the world could not make it so. It was a very jolly dinner, to be sure, well served and with charming company, but it was not a Christmas dinner. Only Half-a-Woman's presence saved it and the day from utter failure.

The next morning the presidente of the town, other officials, and some of the leading men and women of Dumaguete made a visit to the ship, and were voluble in their surprise at what was shown them,—the electric lights and fans, the steam galley and ice-machine; the cold-storage room, where one could freeze to death in a few moments; the little buttons on the wall which one had only to touch and a servant appeared to take one's orders; the wonderful piano that "played itself,"—all were duly admired and exclaimed over.

[38]

But what seemed to please and astonish them most of all were the bath-rooms with their white porcelain tubs, tiled floors, and shining silver knobs, which one had only to turn in order to have hot or cold water, either salt or fresh, in the tub, the basin, or the shower. Even the electric piano failed to impress them as did this aqueous marvel, and they crossed themselves and called on the Virgin and all her angels to testify that verily the American nation was a mighty one.

The men were of course greatly interested in our gallant armament of rapid-fire guns, and when the quartermaster, who is a crack shot, hit an improvised target in the water several times in succession with a one-pounder in the stern of the ship, the Filipinos were astounded, and stared at him in even greater admiration than they had shown for the formidable little weapon. Two shotguns of newest design were also brought on deck, and while the native women were frankly bored at this display of ordnance and preferred to talk about the way our gowns were made, the men were delighted, declaring they never imagined a gun could be broken in pieces and put together again so easily.

[39]

Before our guests left, lemonade and cake were served on the quarter-deck, and it

was really amusing to watch their faces as they discussed the coldness of the drink, while the pieces of ice in their glasses excited as much perturbation as the untutored savages had shown the day before. One travelled lady, however, who had been to Iloilo once and tasted ice there, drank her lemonade with ostentatious indifference to its temperature, as became one versed in the ways of the world, explaining to me with condescension a few moments later that the Iloilo ice had been much colder than ours,—an item of physical research which I accepted politely.

We women were asked innumerable questions as to our respective ages, the extent of our incomes, our religious beliefs, and other inquiries of so personal a character as to be quite embarrassing. They seemed, though, to be very genuine in their admiration of us, and evinced great interest in our clothes, especially those of the quartermaster's wife, who, being a recent arrival in the Philippines, had yet the enviable trail of the Parisian serpent upon her apparel. One heavy cloth walking-skirt of hers, fitting smoothly over the hips and with no visible means by which it could be got into, animated the same inquiry from these people as good King George is said to have made anent the mystery of getting the apple into the dumpling, a problem of no little difficulty, as any one will agree. At more than one stopping-place we were called upon to solve the riddle of that skirt, and I verily believe that, being women, they were even more awed at the thought of a garment fastening invisibly at one side of the front under a very deceptive little pocket than at all the electrical marvels shown them on the ship. [40]

While in Dumaguete we were driven around the town and far out into the country surrounding it, finding everything much more tropical and luxuriant in growth than in Manila or its vicinity. There were giant cocconut-palms, looking not unlike the royal palm so often spoken of by travellers on the Mediterranean, clusters of bamboo and groups of plantains, flowering shrubs and fields of young rice, green as a well kept lawn at home. [41]

Picturesque natives saluted us from the roadway, or from the windows of their nipa shacks; naked brown children fled at our approach, and wakened their elders from afternoon *siestas* that they might see two white women and a yellow-haired child drive by; carabao, wallowing in the muddy water of a near-by stream, stared at us stolidly; fighting-cocks crowed lustily as we passed; and hens barely escaped with their cackling lives from under our very wheels.

A native lazily pounding rice in a mortar rested from his appearance of labour and watched the carriage until it became a mere speck in the distance. Two women beating clothes on the rocks of a little stream stopped their gossip to peep at us shyly from under their brown hands. Weavers of *abaca* left their looms and hung out of the windows to talk with their neighbours about the great event. Heretofore they had thought the Americans were like Chinamen, who came to the country, yes, and made money from it, but never settled down as did the Spaniards, never brought their families with them and made the islands their home. But here were two American women and a little girl—surely evidences of domesticity. [42]

Everyone was friendly and peaceably disposed, everyone seemed glad to see us, if smiles and hearty greetings carry weight, and there was apparently no race prejudice, no half-concealed doubt or mistrust of us. Yet in a few days thereafter that very road became unsafe for an unarmed American, while the people who had greeted us with such childlike confidence and delight were preparing a warmer reception for the Americans under the able leadership of a Cebu villain, who had incited them to insurrection by playing upon their so-called religious belief, this in many instances being merely fetishism of the worst kind.

This instigator of anarchy boasted an *anting-anting*, a charm against bullets and a guarantee of ultimate success in battle, which consisted of a white *camisa*, the native shirt, on which was written in Latin a chapter from the Gospel of St. Luke. But notwithstanding his *anting-anting*, and the more potent factor of several hundred natives in his ranks, he was easily defeated by a mere handful of soldiers from the little fort, and when last heard of by our ship was lying in the American hospital at Dumaguete awaiting transportation to Guam. His former army was *mucho amigo* to the Americans, and once again the pretty drives around Dumaguete were quite safe, and once again the native, when passing an American, touched his hat and smilingly said good day in Visayan, a greeting which sounds uncommonly like "Give me a hairpin." [43]

On the evening of our second day in Dumaguete, the natives of the town gave a ball in honour of the cable-ship, at the house of one of the leading citizens. There, on a floor made smoother than glass with banana leaves, we danced far into the night to the frightfully quick music of the Filipino orchestra. One would hardly recognize the waltz or two-step as performed by the Visayan. He seems to take his exercise perpendicularly rather than horizontally, and after galloping through the air with my first native partner, I felt equal to hurdle jumping or a dash through

Their *rigadon*, a square dance not unlike our lancers, the Filipinos take very seriously, stepping through it with all the unsmiling dignity of our grandparents in the minuet. The sides not engaged in dancing always sit down between every figure and critically discuss those on the floor, but while going through the evolutions of the dance, it seems to be very bad form to either laugh or talk much, a point of etiquette I am afraid we Americans violated more than once. Another very graceful dance, the name of which I have forgotten, consists of four couples posturing to waltz time, changing from one partner to another as the dance progresses, and finally waltzing off with the original one, the motion of clinking castanets at different parts of the dance suggesting for it a Spanish origin.

At midnight a very attractive supper was served, to which the presidente escorted us with great formality. As is customary, the women all sat down first, the men talking together in another room and eagerly watching their chance to fill the vacant places as the women, one by one, straggled away from the table. The supper consisted for the most part of European edibles, but there were several Visayan delicacies as well, all of which I was brave enough to essay, to the great delight of the native women, who jabbered recipes for the different dishes into my ear, and pressed me to take a second helping of everything. All of them ate with their knives and wiped their mouths on the edge of the table-cloth, having Spanish precedent for such customs, and all were heartily and unaffectedly hungry after their violent exercise in the waltz and two step.

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It was very late when we finally left the *baille*, amidst much hand-shaking and many regrets that our stay in Dumaguete was so short, while great wonder was shown by all that we should be able to sail at daylight on the morrow, it seeming well-nigh incredible to the native mind that so much could have been accomplished in so short a time; for, despite the fact that we had been in Dumaguete less than two days, everything was completed—a marvel, indeed, when one considers the tremendous current which made the landing of the shore end a hazardous proceeding.

To one who has never witnessed the difficulties of propelling a rowboat through the heavy breakers of some of these Philippine coast towns, it would be hard to appreciate the struggles of the Signal Corps to land shore ends at the different cable stations. More than once men were almost drowned in its accomplishment but fortunately on the whole trip, despite many narrow escapes, not a man was seriously injured in the performance of his duty. Once landed on the beach, the shore end was laid in the trench dug for it, one end of the cable entering the cable hut through a small hole in its flooring, where after some adjustment and much shifting of plugs and coaxing of galvanometers, the ship way out in the bay was in communication with the land, through that tiny place, scarce larger than a sentry-box, in which a man has barely room enough to turn around.

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Each telegraph office, when finally established, looks for all the world like a neat housekeeper's storeroom, with its shelf after shelf of batteries, all neatly labelled like glass jars of jellies and jams. It positively made one's mouth water to see them, and only the rows of wires on the wall, converging into the switchboard, and from thence to the operator's desk, where the little telegraph instruments were so soon to click messages back and forth, could convince one that the jars contained only "juice," as operators always call the electric current.

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When this work on shore was completed, the ship paid out a mile and a half of cable, cut, and buoyed it, awaiting our return from the next station, where, because of the inaccurate charts already mentioned, it would be necessary to first take soundings before we could proceed to lay the cable. These buoys, so large that they were facetiously called "men" by the punster of the ship, are painted a brilliant scarlet, which makes them a conspicuous feature of the sea-scape. Sometimes a flagstaff and a flag are fastened to the buoy, and often it is converted for the ship's benefit into an extemporaneous lighthouse by the addition of an oil lamp attached to its summit.

That night at Dumaguete the swift current unfortunately swung our ship's anchor past the buoy to which the cable was attached, so that at daylight the next morning, instead of sailing for Oroquieta, Mindanao, as we had expected, the buoy was picked up and a half mile of cable cut out, a new mile being spliced on in its place. When this was completed we paid out the fresh cable, buoyed it, and started for Oroquieta, which was to have been our next cable landing, stopping every five knots for soundings and observations.

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One of the officers with the sextant ascertained the angle between two points on the coast, while other men, under the generalship of one of the cable experts, took deep-sea soundings, not only that the depth of the water might be known, but also its temperature and the character of the bottom, so one could judge of its effect

upon the cable when laid, every idiosyncrasy of that cable being already a study of some import to the testing department.

This deep-sea sounding is a very necessary feature of cable laying, as unexpected depths of water or unlooked for changes in submarine geography, when not taken into account, might prove disastrous to the cable being laid. The sounding apparatus is of great interest, being a compact little affair consisting of a small engine that with a self-acting brake helps regulate the wire sounding-line as it is lowered into the water, and after sounding heaves it up again. When this weight touches bottom the drum ceases to revolve, due to the automatic brake, and the depth can be read off on the scale to one side of the apparatus. A cleverly devised little attachment to the sinker brings up in its grasp a specimen of sea bottom, so that one can ascertain if it be sand or rock, and whether or not it is suitable for cable laying.

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The next day lingers in my memory as a profusely illustrated story, uneventful as to incident, and bound in the blue of sea and sky, with gilt edges of sunshine. Before our five o'clock breakfast we saw the "Cross hung low to the dawn," and at night, anchored near our last sounding, fell asleep under the same Cross. The morning of the next day was but a repetition of the morning before, even to the early rising, for at our breakfast hour the moon had not yet turned out her light, nor were the stars a whit less brilliant than when we went to bed. "It's too early for the morning to be well aired," one of our cable experts was wont to whimsically complain at these daybreak gatherings, but by the time we had finished breakfast the night would have whitened into dawn, and before most people were astir an incredible amount of work had been accomplished by that little band of men, seemingly inured to fatigue and the loss of sleep.

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All that morning on the way to Oroquieta the shore end of the cable was paid out of the tank and coiled in the hold ready for instant use when we should reach our destination. The music of the cable on the drum, the voice of some one in authority calling "*Cobra—cobra*," to the natives in the tank, and their monotonous "*Sigi do—sigi do*," half-sung, half-chanted, seemed an integral part of the day's beauty. Even the natives themselves, guiding the heavy, unwieldy, treacherous cable round and round in the water-soaked tank, that only one turn should be lifted at a time, grinned affably and perspiringly at those of us peering over the railing at them—grimy tar-stained figures that they were, the sunlight bringing their faces out in strong relief against the dark background.

That afternoon we anchored off Oroquieta, but the surf was so heavy that it was felt unsafe to send one of the small boats ashore, especially as no one knew the location of the landing. Strangely enough, no boats of any kind came out to the ship, not even a native *banca*, so that our intercourse with Oroquieta was purely telescopic. Through our good lens we saw many a soldier, field-glass in hand, looking wistfully in our direction. Other soldiers walked up and down the beach on sentry duty, still others seemed to be standing guard over a small drove of horses in a palm grove a little to the right of the principal buildings, while many more lounged lazily on the broad steps of the church, or, leaning out of the windows of the *tribunal*, evidently used as a barracks, stared stolidly at the strange ship in the harbour. That every man wore side-arms seemed an indication the rebels were still rampant on the northern coast of Mindanao, and the fact of numberless native boats passing by with a pharisaical lack of interest in our presence spoke insurrection even more plainly.

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Through the glass we all took turns in watching retreat, the little handful of khaki-clad men standing at attention as the stars and stripes fluttered down the flagstaff. Oroquieta was a lonely looking place, built entirely of nipa, with the exception of the inevitable white church and *convento*, so we were not sorry when the Powers-that-Be decided it was a poor cable landing, and gave orders for the ship to proceed to Misamis, Mindanao, on the following day. Early next morning we weighed anchor, and, still taking soundings, arrived off Misamis about ten o'clock, after a sail which one never could forget, as the coast of Mindanao is rarely beautiful and much more tropical than anything we had seen even on the island of Negros.

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## Chapter III

### Misamis

Long before reaching Misamis the old gray fort at the entrance of the town was

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picked out by some one looking through the telescope, and many were the theories concerning it. At so great a distance, and with the hot sunlight shining full upon it, the fort might have been a strip of white sand; later it was decided to be a *tribunal* of unusual proportions, and at last when it loomed full upon us in all the picturesqueness of its gray, moss-grown walls, with weeds trailing in luxurious profusion from every crevice, we decided that there lived the American inhabitants of Misamis. Soldiers gathered under the roof of the nearest watch-tower to observe our entrance into the harbour, while still others, unmindful of the blazing sun, perched on the top of the wall and swung their feet over the side, doubtless making numerous wagers as to the transport's name and its business in so out of the way a place as Misamis.

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Owing to the unreliability of the Spanish charts, the *Burnside* anchored some distance out of the harbour, and just before tiffin a boat-load of officers from the garrison came out to the ship, accompanied by the titular captain of the port, a young chap who also acted in several other official capacities, a sort of military "crew, and the captain, too, and the mate of the *Nancy Bell*." After tiffin the ship sailed into anchorage in the harbour of Misamis, half-way around the old fort, which seemed to grow more picturesque with every turn, till finally we could see the village of Misamis, almost hidden in a bewildering mass of tropical vegetation. Our numerous theories to the contrary, the old fort was uninhabited, save by the ghosts of other days, remaining but a grim relic of the time when Moro pirates swept terror to the hearts of all coast villages south of Luzon. It was within those historic walls that the Signal Corps decided to set up the cable-hut, and early the next morning two parties were sent ashore, one to establish an office in the town, the other to superintend the digging of a trench by native prisoners, just outside the walls of the old fort.

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Among these distinguished gentlemen was a so-called colonel of the *insurrecto* army who had been captured a short time before. The colonel posed as an aristocrat, whose hands had never been soiled by labour, and when his companions in confinement were turned out to assist in making way for liberty by means of the cable trench, he protested vigorously at the indignity, and averred that he was not seeking the opportunity of reimbursing the American government with pick and shovel for his enforced subsistence. He reiterated so often he was an officer and a gentleman, that finally the American major in command at Misamis mildly replied that self-appointed colonels in self-appointed armies were not recognized by any government, and as for his gentility, if it were the genuine article and not a veneer like his title, it would certainly stand the strain of a little honest labour. The arguments were cogent, and the hand of the law more irresistible still, so the high ranking officer took his turn in the trench with the other prisoners.

In the late afternoon we women went ashore and created even more of a sensation than we had on the island of Negros. We were literally mobbed by natives anxious for a glimpse of the first American women ever seen in that part of Mindanao, and we walked up to the Headquarters Building with a chattering, crowding, admiring horde at our heels. There the officers held an informal reception in our honour, to which all the socially possible of Misamis were invited, and the native band serenaded us with such choice selections as "A Hot Time," and "After the Ball," decidedly off the key, to be sure, but with the best intentions in the world.

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The Misamis women were charmed with their white sisters, and could no more conceal their artless delight than so many children. They laughed and giggled nervously. They gesticulated as they talked, and shrugged their pretty shoulders with a grace taught them by our Spanish predecessors. They patted imaginary stray hairs into place in their sleek black coiffures, and settled *camisa* or *panuela* with indescribably quick and bird-like movements. Those of them who could speak Spanish talked clothes and babies and servants, or smiled politely at our mistakes in the language, laughing out-right at their own futile efforts to speak English. They were astonished that the quartermaster's wife should have attained the remarkable height of five feet eight inches *so young!* Was it possible there were other women in America as tall? Taller even? '*Susmariajoseph!* But surely that was a joke? One never could tell when these Americans were joking.

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One of the officers presented the *Burnside* women with some native hats typical of the island, and the Filipinos were overcome with surprise at our interest in such ordinary headgear. What were we going to do with the hats? Wear them ourselves? Oh, no, we hastened to explain, they were to decorate our walls in America, that all our friends might see what pretty hats the Filipino people wear. Decorate the wall with hats? What a very curious idea! They chatted volubly over this idiosyncrasy, and even laughed at it, but quite decorously so that our feelings might be spared. Suddenly one of them, a most vivacious girl, and evidently the belle of the village, leaned over and in persuasive tones suggested that we women leave our hats, each real creations of millinery art, for their walls, at which

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witticism they all giggled explosively and shrugged their shoulders in rapturous appreciation of our confusion; all but the presidente's wife, who looked shocked at such presumption and spoke to the younger women warningly in Visayan.

She was a shy and rather fat old lady—the presidente's wife—and seemed greatly impressed by any statistics translated into Visayan for her information. Speaking Spanish but indifferently, she made up for her linguistic deficiencies by a pair of eyes which let nothing escape them; and she stared at us continually throughout the afternoon, seeming to be studying this new species of woman as intently as a naturalist might some strange butterfly under a microscope. Whenever we caught her eye she looked away hastily as if detected in an impropriety, and then furtively resumed her inspection, taking in every detail of our wearing-apparel, from the real hats upon our heads to the stout soled walking boots on our feet, the shine of our patent leathers seeming to inspire her with more respect than any other part of our costume.

The only other shoes in the room, excepting those worn by the Americans and some few of the native men, were the proud possession of a tiny girl eight years old. This fashionable young person boasted also a European hat of coarse white straw stiffly trimmed with blue ribbon and blue ostrich tips. That the feathers had a wofully limp, depressed, and bedraggled appearance; that the ribbon was obviously cotton; and the straw of the coarsest weave, in no wise detracted from the glorious knowledge that it was a hat, a real hat such as the *Americanas* themselves were wearing. Sustained by this fact the young lady, who, in addition to the shoes and millinery, wore only a single other garment, comported herself with great dignity. Even in the trying circumstance of passing between one and the light, she was quite unconscious of anything amiss, the proud assurance of being dressed in the height of style as to her head and feet, precluding all worry as to minor details. [59]

Among others met that afternoon at the Headquarters Building was a Spanish gentleman of charming manners. He invited our party from the ship, and the officers stationed in town, to stop at his house on our return to the launch and have some refreshments, an invitation we gladly accepted. So the courtly Castilian, beaming with hospitable intent, hurried ahead to prepare for our coming, we following shortly after in his footsteps. But to the young Spaniard's ill concealed chagrin and our own embarrassment, the whole Filipino contingent accompanied us to the house. Fully as many more natives gathered at every available door and window, while outside the band, which had brought up a tuneful and triumphant rear, played the "Star Spangled Banner." After all had partaken of Señor Montenegro's enforced liberality, we repaired to the launch, accompanied by almost the entire population of Misamis, and amidst a shrill chorus of "*Hasta la vista,*" and "*Adios,*" we steamed back to the *Burnside*, whose twinkling lights shone out dimly against the evening sky. [60]

The next morning a party of Signal Corps men, accompanied by a guard of fifteen soldiers from the fort, sailed at peep o' day in the ship's launches, the two in tandem towing a native *banca* loaded with cable, which was to be laid in the Lintogup River and upper Panguil Bay, a stretch of water too shallow for the *Burnside* herself to attempt its navigation. This cable was in turn to be connected at Lintogup with Tukuran, on the southern coast of Mindanao, by a land line across a mountainous country. [61]

When the party started there were guns and ammunition enough on the two launches to have quelled a good sized insurrection, but as little was really known of the upper bay and river, and as many rumours were rife among the natives of Misamis as to warlike Moros and Montes living on these shores, and more disquieting rumours still among the officers that it was a camping place for *insurrectos*, it was thought best to amply provide against any emergency.

Unfortunately, no information could be obtained as to the rise and fall of the tides or the strength of the current, a fact that delayed the expedition many days and necessitated the return of one or other of the launches for a renewal of rations, fresh water, and coal, not once but thrice. The first, second, and third relief expeditions, we called them, and teased the officer in charge unmercifully over his hard luck.

But at last, despite adverse winds and tides; despite the fact that one of the Filipino guides ran the launch aground, with malice aforethought, no doubt, as on his return to Misamis he was arrested on indubitable evidence as a spy; despite the fact that the sailing *banca*, ran on the bar, and while trying to pull her off she and her five miles of cable were swamped; despite the fact that the ship's launch *Grace*, or the *Disgrace*, as she was afterward called, distinguished herself by blowing up twice and almost scalding everyone on board; despite the fact that all the odds were against the expedition's success, and that it took six days and nights to accomplish what might have been done in a third of the time—despite all this, I [62]

say, the cable was at last laid and the luckless workers returned.

But, oh, the bitterness of life in general and that of a cable man in particular! For after all those heroic struggles the first test showed a fault, and, cruel fate, at the far end of Panguil Bay at that! The silence which greeted the reception of this terrible news was as profane as words, and the Powers-that-Be decided on the spot that enough work had been spent on that calamitous cable for the time being, and decided to proceed with the laying of the main lines, leaving the Lintogup stretch until a subsequent visit to Misamis. [63]

Meanwhile there was much work accomplished in the town, a fine telegraph office being established on the principal street; and a trench completed by the shore end party; while much overhauling of the cable in the tanks, and daily drills given to the Signal Corps soldiers in cable telegraphy and the care of the instruments kept those aboard ship busy. Tic—tack, clic—clack, went the little telegraph instrument at one end of the quarter-deck, and clic—clack, tic—tack answered an instrument at the other end, hour after hour through the long, warm mornings, and the longer, warmer afternoons.

On New Year's eve, several officers from the fort saw the century in with those of us remaining on the *Burnside*, but the time passed so pleasantly that no one remembered the auspicious occasion until the sound of sharp firing from the shore broke in upon our conversation. The jangling of church bells followed, and one of the shore officers, usually a very cool and self-contained young fellow, sprang to his feet, exclaiming as he buckled on his revolver, "Great heavens! An attack on the town and I not there. May I have a ship's boat at once?" But even as he spoke the *Burnside's* whistle blew a great blast, and several shots from the ship answered those on shore, every man with a revolver, shotgun, or rifle adding his quota of noise to the general hubbub. [64]

And so it was the new century came to Mindanao, some thirteen hours ahead of its advent in New York or Washington. Before eight bells had ceased striking a search-light greeting was sent to our friends at Lintogup, but they, being tired after a hard day's work, slept supinely on, unaware of our good wishes or the fact that a fine young century had been born to the old, old world.

I am sorry to relate that the next day a court-martial was held in Misamis to try the irrepressible guard who, in a burst of enthusiasm due to their first taste of twentieth century air, had fired off their rifles. The soldiers were sentenced rather heavily, rifle-shots in a Philippine town at that time being productive of dire results. Indeed, the shrill warning of the church bells and scattered shots in a Mindanao village meant one thing only, an uprising in the town or an attack from the outside, the incoming of a new century being of far less importance than the preservation of order and quiet in the garrison, and no cognizance could be taken of a new year which must be ushered in with a clang of firearms or the jangle of church bells—shrill heralds of disaster. [65]

On New Year's morning the presidente and secretario of Misamis, accompanied by their respective families and a young Moro slave, the property of the secretario, came aboard the *Burnside* to return our call. It was the first time any of them had ever seen a modern steamship, and loud and voluble were their exclamations of wonder at what we have come to regard as the every-day conveniences of civilization. After seeing the electric light, electric fans, and the shower baths turned on and off several times, the presidente craved permission to essay these miracles himself, and, to his own great surprise, accomplished supernatural results. The old wife watched him tremblingly. Surely, these were works of the Evil One, and, as such, to be left to heretics. But still the man persisted in his madness, and with a turn of his wrist brought light out of darkness or water and wind from the very walls.

Finally he turned around, and with a humourous twinkle in his eye, that belied the gravity of the rest of his face, he said: "The *Americanos* are a great people—a wonderful people—and how unlike the Filipinos! When a Filipino wants sunshine or rain or wind, he must wait until the good Lord gives it to him. When an *Americano* wants sunshine or rain or wind, he turns it on!" [66]

The whole party was intensely interested in the big telescope which drew Misamis within a stone's throw of the ship, and they could not in the least understand how we cooked in the steam galley without any fuel, while the ice-machine and cold storage rooms were quite beyond their comprehension, none of them ever having seen ice before. Of course, on seeing the strange substance, it must be tasted as well, so iced drinks were served on the quarter-deck, these being received with much preliminary trepidation and ultimate gustatory gratification. As for the small Moro slave, I only hope he did not die from his excessive libations, for he drank unnumbered glasses of lemonade, making most violent faces the while, and rubbing his small round stomach continually, as if the unaccustomed cold had



On going ashore, each of the three children carried back a box of American candy, the order of our guests' departure being somewhat delayed by Señora Presidente's intense fear of going down the gangway. As I have said before, she was a fat old lady, and the way was steep; but finally, after much persuasion, she slipped her bare feet out of their velvet *chinelas*, gathered her voluminous skirts close about her, and, seating herself upon the top step of the ladder, *slid* down! Surely a simple solution of the difficulty.

That evening a ball was given in our honour at the Headquarters Building, which for the time being was transformed into a most attractive place with palms and flags and coloured lanterns, while just outside the broad windows a wonderful tropic sky, hung with silver stars, added its enchantment to the scene. No carriage being available in the town, we walked from the dingy little wharf to the Headquarters Building, arrayed in our very best, and followed by a guard of armed soldiers, our escorts themselves wearing revolvers.

At every corner a dark form would shoot out suddenly from the shadows and there would be the swift click of a rifle as it came to position, while a voice cried, "Halt! Who's there?" "A friend," some one would reply, or "Officer of the garrison," as the case might be. Then again would come the sentinel's voice telling the person challenged to advance and be recognized, at which one of the number would march forward, and, on being identified, the rest of us were allowed to pass the sentinel, who, meanwhile, kept his rifle at a port, his keen eye watching closely, that no enemy slip by under our protection.

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It was a rarely beautiful night even for the tropics, that first of January, and as we women wore no wraps of any description, the contrast between our satins and chiffons and the rough khaki clothes of the soldiers was a strange one; and still stranger was the fact of our going under guard to a ball, a ball that at any moment might be interrupted by the bugles blowing a call to arms, whereupon our partners would have to desert us, perhaps to quell an uprising in the town, perhaps to defend it against an attack from the outside.

But fortunately the occasion was not marred by any such sinister happening, and doubtless still lives in the annals of Misamis as a very grand affair, for everyone of consequence in town was invited to the *baille*, and everyone invited came, not to mention those not invited who came also. When we arrived the rooms were quite crowded and the dancing had begun. Far down the street we heard the music and the sound of the women's heelless slippers shuffling over the polished floor to a breathlessly fast waltz. If possible the people of Misamis dance faster and hop higher than the people of Dumaguete, and how the women manage to keep on their *chinelas* during these wild gyrations is quite beyond me.

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As the secretario of the town played a harp in the orchestra—surely an evidence of versatility—we ventured to ask if he would play a two-step very, very slowly, and hummed it in ordinary time. At its beginning the Filipinos who had started to dance, stopped aghast. "Faster, faster!" they cried in Spanish. "No one could dance to such slow music. This is a ball, men, not a funeral!" But the secretario held the orchestra back, and in a few moments the Americans had the floor to themselves, the Filipinos stopping partly because they found it impossible to dance to such slow music and partly because they wanted to watch us.

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They were all astonished at the apparent lack of motion in American dancing and the fact that we got over the ground without hopping. Many of them asked officers stationed in the town if the women wore a special kind of shoe to balls, as they appeared to be standing still and yet moving at the same time, while one old man was heard explaining to his cronies that we wore little wheels attached to the soles of our slippers—he had seen them—so that we did not have to move at all, the men doing all the dancing and merely pushing us back and forth on the floor. So much for the glide step as contrasted with the hop, though it must be confessed that the natives were quite frank in liking their own dancing better than ours, one of the reasons being that it gave them so much more exercise.

During the evening the natives gave a Visayan dance, called in the native tongue "A Courtship." As the name implies, a young man and woman dance it *vis-à-vis*, the man courting the woman rhythmically and to music, she at first resisting, flashing her dark eyes scornfully as she trips by him, holding her fan to her face until he looks the other way, then peeping over its top at him, only to turn her back in disdain when, emboldened by her interest, he approaches. Finally his attentions become more pronounced, at which the girl grows coy, dropping her eyes shyly as they dance past one another, and covering her face again and again from his too ardent gaze; now bending her supple waist from side to side in time with the passionate music; now closing her eyes languorously; now opening them wide and smiling at him tenderly over the top of her fan, a graceful accomplice to her pretty

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coquetry. At last she surrenders to the wooing, the happy pair dancing away together while the music plays faster and faster until at last it stops with a great crash, that, we trust, not being symbolical of infelicity in wedlock. The dance was very well done, and the native audience enjoyed it thoroughly, calling out chaffingly in Visayan to the couple on the floor, and occasionally beating time to the music with hand or foot.

It was at this ball we met for the first time a family of American *mestizas*—three sisters there were, if I remember rightly,—all pretty girls, with regular features and soft brown hair, this hair distinguishing them at once from the other women of the place with their more conventional blue-black tresses. It seems that the grandfather of these girls had been an American sailor, who for some reason or other was marooned at Cagayan, Mindanao. Making the most, or as a pessimist might think, the worst of a disadvantageous situation, he married a native girl and raised a large and presumably interesting family, his descendants being scattered all over the island. The Misamis branch were extremely aristocratic, and so proud of their blue blood that since the arrival of the American troops they have associated with no one else in the village. It is said that the girls even refer to the United States as “home,” and occasionally wear European clothes in preference to the far more becoming and picturesque costume of *saya*, *camisa*, and *panuela*. [72]

While in Misamis I verily believe that family was pointed out to us twenty times at least, and whenever a man lowered his voice and started in with, “You see those girls over there? Well, their grandfather was an American—” I steeled myself for what was to follow, and expressed surprise and interest as politely as possible, for it is hard to attain conventional incredulity over a twice-told tale. After the genealogy of the family had been gone over, root and branch, we would invariably be told the story of how the grandfather, grown rich and prosperous in his island home, once went to Manila on a business trip. He had then lived in Mindanao over thirty years, during which time he had spoken nothing but Visayan, varied occasionally with bad Spanish. [73]

His negotiations at the capital taking him to an English firm, he started to address them in his long unused mother tongue, when to his extreme mortification he found he could not speak a word of English. Again and again he tried, the harsh gutturals choking in his throat, until at last, flushed and angry, he was forced to transact his business in Spanish, all of which amused the Britishers to the chaffing point. Leaving the office, the American flung himself into the street, muttering savagely under his breath, a torrent of old memories surging through his brain, those harsh English words in his throat clamouring for utterance. On and on he went, until at a far corner he suddenly pulled himself up sharply, turned on his heel, and with all speed walked back to the English firm, a shrewd smile playing about his hard old mouth. Throwing open the door of the office, he walked abruptly in, saying as he did so, in an unmistakable Yankee drawl, “Blankety blank blank it! I knew I could speak English. All I needed was a few good cuss words to start me off!” [74]

On the afternoon of January 3d, a party of Montesés visited the *Burnside*. Gaily turbaned and skirted were these Moro men, their jackets fitting so tightly that some one suggested they must have grown on them, that they were “quite natural and spontaneous, like the leaves of trees or the plumage of birds.” One’s olfactory nerves also bore evidence that frequent ablutions or change of garments were not customary among our guests, and the fact that when shown over the ship they evinced but little interest in the bath spoke volumes.

Strange to say, what the Moros most admired were the brass railings around the walls of the saloon, and the brass rods down the different stairways, in fact all the brass fittings on the ship, a thing that puzzled us not a little until the interpreter explained that the Moros thought the brass was solid gold, and were naturally much impressed thereat. Firearms they also enthused over, and looked with envious eyes at the shotguns, rifles, and revolvers exhibited, evincing great delight at the six and the one pounder guns on the quarter-deck. With the greatest equanimity they accepted several little presents made them, nor deigned thanks of any sort for benefits received, stuffing the different articles into their wide girdles with a stolid indifference which was enlivened by a smile once only. This was at a case of needles given to the leading Datto or chief, which, through the interpreter, we told him were for the wives of his bosom; whereupon they all smiled broadly, the interpreter explaining it was because we had sent the needles to women, as among Mindanao Moros men do all the sewing. [75]

Being Mohammedans, they were very careful not to eat anything while on board ship for fear of unconsciously transgressing the Holy Law, even refusing chocolate candy because it might contain pork. They were shown ice, but took little interest in it, nor did they seem surprised at the cold storage rooms or the electric lighting. It is possible they thought Americans had attained the one really great thing in having white skins, after which all else followed as a matter of course. [76]

The next day we went to call on the presidente and his wife. They lived in a bare, forlorn old house, with nothing attractive about it save the floor of the *sala*, which was of beautiful hard wood polished with banana leaves until it would have served for a mirror. Everything was scrupulously clean, but bespoke poverty, from the inadequate furniture of the *sala* to the patches and darns on the old wife's stiffly starched skirt of *abaca*. This poverty was all the result of the war, we were told, as much of their out of town property had been confiscated or ruthlessly destroyed by the insurgents because of the presidente's unswerving loyalty to the American government.

Both the presidente and his señora were delighted to see us, and while he discoursed on politics and what the coming of the cable meant to the people of Mindanao, the good housewife bustled about and brought forth the greatest delicacies her larder afforded, laying them out with proud humility on the marble topped table of the *sala*. There were peaches and pears, canned in Japan, and served right from the tin; there were little pink frosted cakes made in times prehistoric, to judge from their mustiness, and carefully packed away in glass jars for just such great occasions; there was good guava jelly and a Muscatelle that breathed of sunny vineyards in Spain—indubitable evidence of better days.

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The house was so bare and shabby that this gastronomic outlay seemed an unwarrantable expense, yet what could one do but accept their hospitality in the same generous spirit in which it was offered? So at ten o'clock of a steaming hot morning we cheerfully stuffed ourselves on badly preserved fruits, elderly small cakes with enamelled complexions, and tiny sips of liquid fragrance, our reward of merit being the little señora's beaming face.

Indeed, she even stopped apologizing after a bit, and while the presidente was toasting everybody from the "Chief Magistrate of America" down to our very humble selves, she sent a *muchacho* out to borrow the hand-organ belonging to a neighbour, this musical instrument being highly venerated in Misamis. On its arrival the presidente himself turned the crank, and with such vigour that I feared a stroke of apoplexy on his part.

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A little later, as we were leaving, the señora took us into what would have been the stable had they possessed horses, a large open space under the house, to the right of which a room had been partitioned off with bamboo. Inside this partition a Filipina servant worked the señora's loom. Back and forth went the shuttle under the little maid's deft fingers, and up and down went her slender bare foot on the treadle, so that even as we watched the striped red and cream *abaca* grew under our very eyes.

Unfortunately I became enthusiastic, and nothing would do but that the old lady must present me with several yards of the pretty stuff. I felt as if I should be tried for larceny, what with those indigestible fruits, the pink cheeked cakes, the Muscatelle, and finally the *abaca*. I protested vigorously, I even pleaded, but in vain.

"You are my daughter," laughed the señora, happily, "my white daughter. The *abaca* is yours—coarse stuff that it is," and she reached up timidly and kissed me, first on one cheek and then on the other, the joy of giving in her dear old eyes.

The next day dawned so clear and beautiful that three of us decided, there being little work on hand until the Lintogup party's return, to take a long drive around Misamis, and if we had time to even go so far as its four outposts. On the previous day the presidente had unearthed a queer little carriage out of a junk heap, and put this conveyance and a wise looking piebald pony at our disposal. The carriage was an odd affair between a *calesa* and *carromata* in shape, or like a high surrey with a small seat for the driver in front. It was beautifully clean, with a new bit of carpet at our feet, and cushioned in sky-blue tapestry. As there was but a single seat at the back, in addition to the driver's seat in front, one of the two men of our party offered to relieve the Filipino in charge of the trap, and do the driving himself, but the native shook his head, declaring we would find the pony unmanageable. We thought not, but the driver was firm, and although the back seat was not very wide, we piled in upon the sky-blue cushions, trying to look as pleasant as possible in the circumstances.

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After some persuasion on the part of the Filipino, the piebald pony started and proved to be a fine little animal with an unusually clean and even gait. The air was fresh and invigorating, and as we passed other *Burnside* friends trudging through the sand of the beach or toiling laboriously along the dusty road of the town, we congratulated ourselves on securing the only available trap in the place, and marvelled at the way our pony covered ground.

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"Why, any one could drive him," remarked one of the trio. "He's a fine little beast."

"To be sure," assented the others. But just then a treacherous feminine hat blew off, and we had to stop and pick it up. That was but the work of an instant—the stopping—but when it came to starting again—well, you just ought to have seen how that piebald acted! He simply laughed at the idea, his laugh extending in ecstatic chuckles all the way down his spinal column till the very carriage shook with his mirth. Then he planted his two fore feet down hard as much as to say, "I challenge you to budge me one inch from this spot," and though the Filipino threatened, entreated, implored, and finally beat him unmercifully with the handle of the whip, the piebald stood his ground.

At last the two men clambered out of the high vehicle, and after tugging for some minutes at the rope bridle, succeeded in starting the stubborn animal along, but at so furious a gait that they had all they could do to get up over the wheels and into their seat again. All went well for about a quarter of a mile, when to our surprise the driver started to turn around. "Here, *hombre*," called one of the men, in what he was pleased to consider Spanish, "we don't want to go home yet. We want to go to the outposts—way out, *sabe*?" Yes, he "sabed," grinning broadly the while, but this, *señor*, was the outpost.

We were dumbfounded, and stared stupidly at the white tent among the trees. "Why don't they call 'em *in*posts?" growled one of the men, and then to the driver, "Very well, *hombre*, take us to the other three. We want to see 'em all." But this was easier said than done. Again our wise-looking piebald balked, and balked most awfully. Again the two men, at imminent danger to life and limb, jerked at the rope bridle, and again barely escaped with their lives as they performed the perilous acrobatic feat of falling headlong into the carriage while it was going at full speed.

After the sixth performance of this kind, one being at a street crossing where some raw cocoa beans were drying on a *petate* in the sun, and the three others at the different outposts, we decided among ourselves that we had best dismiss our *cochero* and return to the ship, since it had taken us more than two hours to drive where we might have walked in thirty minutes.

It was here a most embarrassing situation arose, for just as we were debating what to pay our Jehu, something in my boot heels suggested that perhaps the native was not a coachman at all, but a Filipino gentleman taking us to drive at the request of the presidente. There was the sign manual of Misamis's four hundred about him. He wore shoes. Moreover, he sported a very large and very yellow twenty dollar gold piece on his watch-chain. But stronger even than these evidences of native gentility was the freedom from restraint in the very frequent remarks he had tentatively thrown over his shoulder during the drive, and the fact that he had not weakened when, on first coming ashore, we had tried to browbeat him out of driving the horse.

"But if he *is* a *cochero*, and we don't pay him, he'll think we're cheating him," wailed one of us.

"And if he isn't a *cochero*, and we do pay him, he'll be indignant," affirmed another.

My boot heels gave me another suggestion. Being a woman, I suppose I have intuitions, but I trust my boot heels every time. They are more reliable. "How would it do," I suggested, with a consciousness of superiority which I trust did not sound in my voice, "How would it do to stop a sentinel and ask whether our friend is a coachman or the mayor of the town?" and even as I spoke a sentinel hove in sight and was promptly interrogated by the men.

"Him?" returned the soldier in answer to our questions, "Him? Why, he's the richest man in these parts, I reckon, and holds some big job under the government. I forget what just now, but provost marshal, chief of police, or somethin' like that." We gasped at our narrow escape, and after getting that villainous automobile horse in motion again, pressed some cigars upon our distinguished host, and on reaching the dock thanked him heartily for our charming morning, impressing upon him that the *Burnside* was at his disposition at any and all times, an invitation of which he later availed himself.

On the afternoon of January 9th the fault which we had been seeking so long in the cable tank was located, and two and a half miles of cable were taken out before the fault could be removed. We then weighed anchor and buoyed six miles out, talked with Misamis over the wire, and then attached the end to a buoy and dropped it overboard, preferring to wait until morning to make our splice and proceed on our return trip to Dumaguete. At daylight we picked up the buoy, drew the end of the cable on board, spliced it, and at eight o'clock were proceeding toward the island of Negros, laying cable as we went.

Then for the first time did we hoist the cable-ship insignia on the foremast head,

three balls, which at a little distance looked not unlike the sign of a pawnshop, though our three balls were hung vertically from the masthead, two red ones with a white octahedron shape between them. After dark two red lights with a white centre light were substituted for these signals, each serving as a warning to other vessels that we were either laying or picking up cable and could not be expected to observe the etiquette of the high seas. In other words, we were to have the right of way. As I understand it, disabled steamers also carry three balls by day, all of them being red in that case, and by night three red lights, our centre white ball by day and centre white light after dark protecting us from well-meant efforts at rescue by other vessels, which would of course foul our cable and cause no end of mischief.

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We sailed very slowly to Dumaguete, not over five knots an hour, with the cable paying out perhaps six knots, this speed limitation being necessary in order to stop the ship quickly in case of accident. It seemed a sentient thing, that cable creeping slowly along the paying out machinery, winding itself over the drum, and then stretching out to full length and disappearing down the covered wooden cable troughs on the main and quarter decks, and so into the sea at the stern of the ship; the hose meanwhile playing a stream of water over the drum, brakes, and jockey pulley, where the friction is always greatest. This water ran off in a dirty yellow stream, flooding the forward deck, while the tar from the cable decorated the ship from stem to stern, thus transforming our *Burnside* from a pretty, trig looking yacht into a veritable work-a-day old scow.

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Everyone on board was in the best possible spirits all morning because we were really under way and accomplishing work that showed. Even the natives in the tank, swiftly passing the cable from hand to hand, were singing in barbaric monotone to themselves, while we idle ones on the quarter-deck read a marvellous tale of love and bloodshed to the monotonous accompaniment of the cable shuffling through the wooden troughs beside us.

At about four in the afternoon, however, just as we were lazily deciding to ring for tea, there came a rush of feet from the forward part of the ship and a jangle of the engine-room's bell meaning "Full speed astern!" But quick as the ship was in coming to a standstill, and quick as were the Signal Corps men in stopping the machinery, the cable itself was quicker, and in less time than it takes to tell it, a tangle of cable in the tanks blocked the drum, causing so tremendous a strain that the cable broke, the end going overboard.

We were all sick at heart, none more so than the poor Filipino who had been knocked flat by the cable on its erratic departure from the tank. Fortunately, the native was more frightened than hurt, and not many moments later joined in a game of monte with his friends not on duty at the time. The cable laying machinery was then transformed into a grappling machine, and by half past seven that evening the strain on the dynamometer showed we had in all probability hooked something. An hour later the end was on board, and by midnight a satisfactory splice had been made by a sergeant of the Signal Corps, in charge of such work, and his band of native cable splicers. Then sufficient tests were made to ascertain if the joint were perfect, that is, if the insulation of the new piece of cable, when added to that already laid, gave the right answer.

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Meanwhile some one ascertained our position with a sextant, these observations being marked on the cable map and entered in the log to facilitate the work of locating and repairing the splice in case of accident at that particular point, though it must be confessed that these splices often proved more sound than the original cable. After this data had been duly registered, the bight was lowered over the side of the ship and we were again under way, "dragging our tail behind us" like the poetical sheep of the nursery rhyme.

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Everything worked perfectly after this, and we arrived off the Dumaguete buoy the following afternoon. On sighting it, a boat was lowered, in which our "able cable seaman," as we called him, with his crew of native "buoy jumpers," set forth to fasten the cable attached there to a stout rope from the ship. Then the buoy was cut away and taken into the little boat, the cable being heaved aboard by means of the drum, where, after detaching the mushroom anchor, tests were made and final telegraphic instructions sent to Misamis about connecting the office there. Then the final splice was made, and the two women of the *Burnside* were given the privilege of cutting the slip-ropes that held the cable on the ship. It had already been lowered over the bows, and only these ropes held it in place.

"If anything goes wrong now, you are to blame," said the Powers-that-Be severely, and I, personally, felt the responsibility of so momentous an event, and awaited with no little nervousness the signal which would tell us to sever the ropes, for it was important that the two fastenings should be cut at exactly the same moment to avoid a strain on the cable. "Now!" called the cable expert. It was a thrilling moment. My little *kris* dagger seemed scarcely to make an impression on the stout

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Manila rope. "Faster! Harder!" called some one, and we sawed with all our strength. A moment more and the green waters of the bay had opened and closed over the cable—the first stretch of it laid on the trip—and we women had helped do it.

Everyone on board was excited over the great event, the very natives, tired as they were, sending up a faint *viva*, and at dinner that evening it was easy to see a strain had been lifted from all the officers. Not a man but was freshly shaved and attired in immaculate white linen in contradistinction to the inevitable khaki. Later, however, the young officer who had been sent ashore to make the final adjustments in the Dumaguete office, came aboard with the disheartening information that Misamis could not be raised, and the ensuing depression on the *Burnside* was appalling.

The next morning a wire was run ashore connecting the cable hut with the ship, and by what is called a capacity test, the trouble was located at Misamis. So late that night, instead of going to Iligan, as we had expected, we sailed for Misamis again, arriving there a little after one on the following day. The fault was found in a lightning arrester which one of the operators had neglected in the cable hut. This was remedied, and the cable connection between Misamis and Dumaguete completed. [90]

Immediately the natives poured into the cable office with numberless messages for friends or business acquaintances, and knots of men gathered about the building and congratulated each other on the great event. At last the much talked-of communication with the outer world was at hand, a marvel no less astounding to the minds of these people than would be the realization of those stories of Harun-al-Rashid's days to our more complex civilization, those dear, delightful days of genie and fairy, when two and two didn't always make four, and when nothing was too impossible to happen.

That afternoon a schooner was hired, and five miles of cable for the Misamis shore end of Iligan's line of communication was put aboard her. At daybreak on Monday, January 14th, the schooner started out to lay the cable, while a second party dug the trench and prepared for the landing of the shore end. This was all completed by ten o'clock, and we were under way for Iligan, towing the schooner at our stern. We sailed very slowly, as bearings and soundings were being taken all day, anchoring off our destination late that afternoon. [91] [92]

## Chapter IV

### Iligan

Our first glimpse of Iligan was not assuring, as only the Headquarters Building could be seen from the harbour, and in front of it, reaching to the left for some distance, stood a long, single row of cocoanut-palms, so tall that the green foliage was far above the top of the house, making the trees look like stiff bouquets in absurdly long wooden holders. At the foot of these trees water, blue as indigo on wash day, lashed itself into a white fury against the stonework of the pier.

Before daybreak on the following morning the Signal Corps had its breakfast, and aside from the not always obvious compensation which undeviating good conduct is said to bring, we had a very evident reward for our early rising in seeing Jupiter and Venus in a brilliant stellar flirtation, the Southern Cross as chaperone giving sanction to the affair. [93]

Before the night had really paled into a gray dawn, three life-boats from the ship, each loaded with some six hundred feet of cable, were fastened in tandem and drawn to the shore by a stout rope, which had already been run to the beach, and the two shore ends, one for Misamis and one for Cagayan, Mindanao, were laid with but little trouble. As Iligan's insurrectionary population was too aristocratic to demean itself by manual labour for any monetary consideration, the soldiers of the infantry company stationed at Iligan were detailed to dig the trench. But, being Americans, they worked with a right good will, completing the trench late that afternoon. The office was also established by this time, after which the two shore ends were laid and buoyed, thus accomplishing a tremendous day's work.

In the early afternoon we women went ashore sight-seeing, and found Iligan chiefly interesting for what it was not. On paper—Spanish paper, that is—the town is represented as a city of some magnitude, boasting handsome barracks for the

soldiers, two beautiful churches, many well-built houses and shops, a railway running from the outskirts of the town to Lake Lanao, a handsome station for Iligan's terminal of the line, and many other modern improvements, including fine waterworks.

In reality, Iligan is a little nipa-shack settlement, some of the nipa buildings being very pretty, to be sure, but hardly pretentious enough for city dwellings. As for the railway to Lake Lanao, all that is left of it are two old engines and some dilapidated cars in a discouraged, broken down shed on the outskirts of the village, the shed doubtless representing the handsome station aforementioned. Even the rails of the road have been carried away by the Moros to be made into *bolos* and *kris*es.

As for the barracks, the natives say that the Spaniards burnt them down on evacuating in favour of their American foe, while the churches probably never existed save in imagination, though one place of worship was in process of construction at the time of our visit, the skeleton of its framework being covered by a well finished roof, which, by the way, is a peculiarity of carpentering in these islands. The woodwork of the structure had a weather-beaten air, which told only too plainly how long a time had elapsed since its foundation-stone was laid, and on all sides the houses were deserted and dropping into decay. Board fences rotted under a pitiless sun, and gardens, overgrown with weeds and rank vegetation, encroached on the highway, which seemed to hold the glare of noon in its stifling dust. Degraded, wretched looking pigs wallowed about under one's very feet, and thin babies scowled at us fiercely from behind the skirts of their unsmiling mothers.

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With the exception of two or three very good little shops, run of course by the ubiquitous Chinaman, at which one could purchase Moro turbans, *sarongs*—the long skirt-like garments in which Moro men and women wrap themselves—*petates*, or sleeping mats of split bamboo, and other like curios, Iligan is a most unattractive and desolate place, by God forsaken and by man forgot.

Picturesque it could not help being. All Philippine coast towns accomplish that, built as they are of *caña* and nipa in the midst of luxuriant foliage, and surrounded by palms and bamboos, beyond which spread verdant plains or lofty forest hills on one side, and on the other stretches of sunlit sea and an unobstructed view of the blue and cloudless sky. Lovely beyond description, to be sure, but a loveliness of which one would tire all too quickly, its very beauty becoming monotonous, like the pretty face of an insipid woman; its sunshine and balmy airs but an aggravation to the soul, combining to make one long for rugged outlines, rough east winds, and climatic hardships and privations, anything rather than the enervation of that unending tropic softness.

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Market-day, which comes every Saturday at Iligan, made a break in the dull uniformity of our several visits there. It was full of interest to everyone, for it is then the Moros come to town, like the beggars in the old nursery rhyme, "some in rags and some in tags," but none in velvet gowns, no doubt because of climatic exigencies. It was a glorious day of dazzling sunshine, and the market-place fairly swarmed in colour, which blinded the eyes and warmed the heart. There were to be seen in *sarong*, or coat, or turban the faded reds and subdued blues that artists love, with here and there a dash of vivid green, scarlet, and purple, barbarously tropical.

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The Moros were represented mostly by men and boys, lithe, graceful creatures, their legs encased in skin-tight trousers, or else concealed entirely by a *sarong* wrapped closely about them, the long end tucked into a belt at the front. Their jackets, in the gayest of colours, fitted them not wisely for so hot a climate, but too well; their long, lank hair, done up in a knot at the back of the head, was usually surmounted by a resplendent turban, whose colours shrieked and stuck out their tongues at each other, being on even worse terms with the rest of the costume; and in their belts would be stuck a *barong* or *kris*, often both, and a square or semicircular box of brass, sometimes inlaid with copper, sometimes handsomely carved, and sometimes plain. These boxes were divided into three compartments on the inside, one for betel-nut, one for the lime to be smeared on the betel, and one for the leaves of the pepper-tree, in which the combination of lime and betel is wrapped before being chewed. Dattos of rank were followed by a slave carrying these boxes, the receptacle in their case being large and much more beautiful in design.

It was hard to differentiate the few women in the crowd from the men, for they also wore a *sarong* wrapped closely about them, which, if it slipped aside for a moment, showed a tight fitting jacket of gay cotton worn over a *camisa*, short at the waist line, where a band of brown flesh showed frankly between it and the top of the wide, bloomer-like garment on the nether limbs. They also wore their hair in a knot at the back of the head, with a long, straight wisp hanging out of the coil,

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and in most instances were much less attractive than the men, being quite as unprepossessing in appearance, and lacking the redeeming strength and symmetry which gave beauty to the masculine figure.

Several of the Moro men, presumably chiefs by the goodly number of slaves following in their train, protected their august heads by means of a gaily coloured parasol; others had the parasol held over them by one of their retainers, while at their sides gambolled small Moro boys, either entirely naked or decorously clothed in a very abbreviated shirt. Some of the youngsters sported old *sarongs*, which could be discarded or put on at their discretion, and only one boy seen throughout the morning was fully clothed.

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A delightful figure was that of a Moro dressed in a faded *sarong* drawn closely about him from waist to knee. Above this he sported a flannel blouse on which he had fastened with safety-pins two very dilapidated infantry shoulder-straps of a second lieutenant's grade. He also wore on his right breast some crossed cannon of American artillery and a huge Spanish medal. On his head was a plaid turban, as parti-coloured as the proverbial coat of the over-dressed Joseph. Between the straining buttons of his blue flannel blouse dark flesh gushed forth, and from beneath the variegated headgear fell some straight, straggling locks, too short to be confined neatly in the coil of hair at the back of his head. He was not at all averse to having his charms of person and dress perpetuated in a photograph, and from the way the Moros and natives gathered around him it was evident that he was a personage of no little importance in the community.

Scattered around the market-place were various groups of Iligan natives and Moros from the hills, all squatting on the ground, and haggling over the price of fish and eggs. There were Moro chiefs, looking world-wearied and indifferent, followed by their attendant slaves; there were thrifty Moros willing to sell one anything from a *kris* or a *barong* to the very clothes on their backs; there were handsome young Moro blades, who stared shyly at the strange white faces and chatted volubly the while in their soft Malay tongue; there were Philippine market women in *camisa* and *panuela*, some of them carrying large, flat baskets of vegetables or fruits on their heads, the green of ripe oranges and bananas making an effective splash of colour above their dusky hair; there were a few, a very few, Moro women, as I have said before, and they wrapped themselves more closely in their *sarongs* as we approached, smiling at us broadly with the utmost friendliness, their blackened teeth behind red, betel-stained lips reminding one irresistibly of watermelon seeds in the fruit.

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Of course the Moros asked us exorbitant prices for their arms, Americans being made of money, and transient Americans, in particular, having the added reputation of being utterly bereft of reasoning faculties, but we had been warned as to their business methods by officers of the post, so were as adamant. At first the Moros seemed indifferent whether we purchased or not, and only when we had really embarked in one of the life-boats for the ship did they let us have the knives for one-half of what they had originally demanded.

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One gentleman who boasted a coat, *sarong*, and wide sash of brilliant green, the material being of Moro manufacture, and hence of great interest to the *Burnside* people, was possessed that one of us should buy the outfit, and only with great difficulty and the utmost tact was he persuaded from denuding himself then and there, so anxious was he to make a sale; and long after the life-boat was under way did some belated Moro rush to the beach, wildly gesticulating and calling, evidently willing to exchange some treasured knife, *buyo* box, or brightly coloured turban for American gold at our own valuation, although he had perhaps scorned a very high price for these same things earlier in the day.

The second morning after our arrival at Iligan, on the occasion of our first visit there, all on board were shocked to hear that one of the buoys attached to a cable anchored in the bay was missing. It was the buoy to which the Cagayan shore end had been fastened, and there was not a little mystery as to how it could have got away from its mushroom anchor. So, instead of starting to lay the cable to Misamis, we used the machinery as a fishing tackle, and, after some little trouble, hooked the Cagayan cable in a hundred and twenty-five fathoms of water. Later in the day the buoy was picked up, a most disreputable looking object, banged and battered almost beyond recognition, which showed it had undoubtedly been struck during the night by the ship's propeller, owing to the tremendously swift current in the harbour.

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All that afternoon the cable sang its song of the drum, in preparation for the morrow's trip, and a little after daylight the next morning the Misamis buoy was picked up and its cable spliced to that in the main tank, after which we left Iligan, paying out the cable so slowly that it was five o'clock before we anchored off the Misamis buoy, just in time for a splice to be made ere the swift darkness of the tropics was upon us.



The signal sergeant in charge of such work had a large audience that evening watching his skilful joining together of the two ends of cable. How deft he was in unwinding the sheathing wire, how exact in cutting off just the right amount of core from each end of the cable, how careful in stripping the insulation from the cores' end with a sharp knife not to nick the wires, which would have produced untold trouble. Then the seven wires stranded together in each end were unwound, carefully cleaned and scraped, that they might solder readily, after which they were again twisted together with pliers, and the joint completed. When this was done the rubber tape was wound round and round the copper wires, after which the whole was put into a vulcanizing bath of hot paraffine. Upon soaking half an hour, it was removed from the paraffine and the jute serving was bound back again; then the armour—a steel wire spiral jacket—was replaced, the spirals winding back into their original position with the greatest ease. Wire was then wound at intervals over this steel jacket to keep the spirals in place, after which the whole, for ten or fifteen feet in length, was served with a neat finish of spun yarn.

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At sunrise the next morning we went into the harbour of Misamis for the third time, staying just long enough to ascertain that the cable was working satisfactorily, after which we sailed once again for Iligan, leaving there the following day for Cagayan, taking soundings every half hour in preparation for the laying of the cable between those two places. The morning was so rainy and disagreeable that no bearings could be had, but just as we were nearing the harbour of Cagayan, at about four in the afternoon, the mist cleared away, the sun came out wetly from behind a mass of clouds, and over the harbour to the southeast stretched a bow of promise, with the town of Cagayan standing at one end of the arc like the proverbial pot of gold for which we hunted in childhood.

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## Chapter V

### Cagayan

After Dumaguete, Misamis, and Iligan, the harbour of Cagayan presented a truly metropolitan appearance, what with a transport, a coasting vessel, and a navy gunboat, all in at the same time. From the *Burnside* we could see nothing of the town save a very dingy wharf, a few white tents pitched near the water's edge for the convenience of soldiers guarding the unloading of vessels, and a settlement of nipa shacks, in front of which were gaily coloured washings hung out to dry in the hot sun. For miles in every direction hills, with but little vegetation on their volcanic sides, rose tier above tier as far as the eye could reach, and the bay reflected on its placid surface every cloud in the heavens, every tree on the shore.

The long two and a half mile drive from the wharf of Cagayan to the town proper is lined on either side with well-built nipa dwellings, a schoolhouse, and some native shops, at that time all empty. The windows stared back at one like wide-open sightless eyes; the doors swung to and fro in the warm breeze, and occasionally gave a passing glimpse of a shrine to the Virgin or some saint, the faded flowers still in the vases, the candles burned out, and the placid face looking straight into one's own, pathetic in its neglect.

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Deserted Village was writ large on this entrance to Cagayan, but the town itself looked prosperous; the little shops were flourishing; and the natives, with ill-concealed interest, peered out furtively from under their jalousie blinds as the great swinging Dougherty wagon, with its four strapping mules, tore down the broad streets, taking us to or from the ship.

This Dougherty wagon was at our disposal all the time we were there, thanks to the courtesy of the colonel commanding, though sometimes, when there was an unusually large party from the ship, we women were put into a two-seated barouche of great antiquity, as dingy and faded as its own cerulean lining, but the only carriage in town. The officers called this delightful equipage "the extreme unction," as it was owned by the padres before the government bought it, and was by them used in last visits to the dying. The natives crossed themselves on passing this conveyance, and would no more have ridden in it than in a hearse, but we found "the extreme unction" very comfortable and heard no groans or death-bed confessions in its rusty creak, neither saw aught in its moth-eaten tapestry but that it had once been very handsome. To our frivolous minds the old carriage resembled nothing so much as Cinderella's coach just as the clock was striking twelve, and we were constantly expecting it to turn into a pumpkin under our very

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eyes. But it refrained from doing anything so unconventional, and took us on many pleasant excursions around the quaint old town.

There was much to be seen in Cagayan, as for instance, the Door of the Bloody Hand, a most gruesome memento of a night attack on the place some time before, when several insurgents, fleeing from avenging Americans, tried to force their way into one of the native houses and seek protection from its inhabitants. Then there was the Amazon colonel of a native regiment, who, on the day we saw her, was spreading out washing to dry on a grass plot near her home, a truly feminine occupation, considering her martial proclivities, and one that disappointed us sadly, as we should have preferred seeing her at dress parade; and lastly, there was the old cathedral, which in its way was decidedly unique. [108]

This cathedral was far more pretentious than any we had seen outside of Manila, and its altars, for it boasted several, were unspeakable combinations of cheap gaudiness and some little beauty. Common tinsel was cheek by jowl with handsome silver, and while a few of the many mural decorations and paintings were good, most of them were atrocious—glorified chromos of simpering saints with preternaturally large eyes, more nearly resembling advertisements for a hair dye or complexion bleach than ecclesiastical subjects. Around the main altar stood armoured soldiers of Biblical antiquity, squat, inelegant figures that had first been painted on canvas and were afterward cut out like gigantic paper dolls, being put into wooden grooves to ensure their perpendicularity.

At one side of the church was a glass case containing a coffin of regulation size, the wax figure within being covered with a black shroud so that a bare arm only was visible. Across the soft white flesh, for it was a woman's arm, ran a hideously realistic burn, suggesting that the figure might have been that of some Christian martyr, the probable patron saint of Cagayan. Before the principal altar stood quaint prayer stools of ebony carved to resemble kneeling human figures, and in the loft was a very good organ, though somewhat high-pitched and reedy in tone. [109]

The native women of Cagayan were rather more progressive than those in the towns we had just visited. Some of them even wore hats, and straightway copied, or rather, tried to copy, those worn by the cable-ship contingent. They also rode bicycles, looking most incongruous awheel, the long, spade shaped train to their skirts tucked out of the way, their wide *camisa* sleeves standing out like stiff sails on either side, their demure and modest little kerchiefs swelling with the quick throbbing of their adventurous hearts. We were told that one of these women, after seeing the quartermaster's wife riding a bicycle in her very short and modish skirt, straightway took two deep tucks in her own long *saya*, train and all. Verily, the spirit of that Filipina in an American would have emboldened her to wear—bloomers? Perish the thought—knickerbockers! [110]

At the time of our first visit to Cagayan, the principal occupation of the American troops there seemed to be chasing two bands of insurrectos under the respective leadership of one Capistrano and one Vajez, most wily game, that led them many a weary tramp over the mountainous hills surrounding the town. Shortly after our arrival Vajez was captured, and a milder-mannered man never laid traps of spears and forked bamboo in the pathway of an enemy. He was the personification of gentleness and confided to the American officer in command that he would long since have taken the oath of allegiance had not circumstances, over which he had no control, prevented. The general, greatly impressed by the cogency of these remarks from a man brought in by force, sent him to Manila by the first available transport, that he might spread the light to his brethren there, after which he was doubtless given opportunity for more proselyting work in Guam. [111]

Capistrano was made of sterner stuff, and on our numerous visits to Cagayan still roamed the mountains with his picturesque robber band. One day, under a flag of truce, he came to town and discussed the military situation with the authorities. He made one very astonishing claim, namely, that he had no animosity against the Americans, and was not seeking a fight, meaning, doubtless, he would rather run than fight, any day, but that he felt remaining in permanent armed protest, passive though it was, sufficed to show the world his attitude toward our military occupation of the Philippines. The spectacle of a large number of well armed men who would not fight in any circumstances has the merit of novelty. It sounds like a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. But Capistrano evidently had no sense of humour, and until surrendering, he and his followers kept well out of the way of the American army, lest they be disturbed in pursuing the gentle art of peace.

Socially, we enjoyed Cagayan to the utmost, and if fault could be found with our numerous visits there, it was that we had too good a time, so good that the undoubted local interest of the place quite faded into insignificance beside its purely social side. There were luncheons and dinners given us on shore; and dinners and luncheons given by us on the ship; there was a delightful tea on the gunboat, and a concert by the infantry band in our honour; there were horseback [112]

rides for those who cared for them, though all went well armed, as the roads around Cagayan were then in hostile territory; while the shooting for the men was exceptionally good, though this was not discovered until our last visit to Cagayan, when the quartermaster, after a half day's outing, returned with a prodigious string of ducks.

But while we aristocrats of the *Burnside* idled away the sunlit hours, the workers had landed the cable, put up an office in the town, and run a line on iron poles from the wharf to the cable station; the testing department, meanwhile, turning over cable on the ship, faults having developed which were not located for several days. But on the morning of January 3d all was considered ready for the return trip to Iligan.

Before leaving, two buoys were swung overboard with a block and tackle arrangement, one five miles north and the other ten or fifteen miles in the same direction, small lamps being placed on each, thus converting them into temporary lighthouses should we return to Cagayan after dark, or in the event of our return by daylight, the buoys themselves, looming up big and red, would serve as guides, observations having been made with the sextant upon them and adjacent land.

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By half past one that afternoon we weighed anchor and sailed out of the harbour, our friends on the different ships waving us good-bye, and that night lay off Iligan in a very rough sea. At daybreak we drew alongside the buoy, got it and the shore end aboard, and before splicing, "spoke" Iligan, making several tests which showed that end working satisfactorily. Then the splice was completed, and by evening we were under way for Cagayan, laying cable as we went.

In less than an hour after we started there was great excitement on board, even the loungers on the quarter-deck hurrying forward to hear the details of what might have been a very serious accident, due to the cable slipping on the drum. Had the officer on watch not been very prompt and efficient the cable would have become unmanageable, "taken charge," as it is called, resulting in great inconvenience, delay, and possible loss of life to those in the tank.

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As it was, we had a delightfully uneventful sail, anchoring off Cagayan that evening a little after six o'clock. Not caring to make so important a splice after dark, the cable was cut and buoyed overnight. This was necessary, as that particular splice had to be made from a small boat, which of course precluded the use of electric lights. But by nine o'clock on the following morning our splice was completed, and communication established between Misamis, Iligan, and Cagayan, the line being most satisfactory in every respect. So it was with light hearts that we sailed for Cebu, on the island of Cebu, where we were to coal, picking up our giant buoys as we went.

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## Chapter VI

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### Cebu

Early the next morning we sailed into Cebu harbour, and found it alive with ships of all sorts and conditions. From the sea there is nothing picturesque about the town. It is a grimy, dirty place that might be located anywhere in the world, with huge warehouses and rows of squat, ugly buildings near the shore, and in the distance, over the gray walls of the inevitable fort, church spires and green tree tops intermingle under a burning sky.

Before we were really at anchor small boats filled with boys and girls clustered around our ship, the children yelling in English—English, mark you!—for coins to be thrown overboard that they might plunge into the swift current after them. There was a veritable pandemonium of noise, for while some of the occupants of the *bancas* dove for the pennies, amid wild shrieks of laughter, others, most of them quite young boys, went through the manual of arms very acceptably, with little sticks in lieu of rifles; still others danced and acted a Spanish fandango; while the more mature among our entertainers sang a song so swinging in measure that it appealed to me instantly as one that would be immensely taking were it sung in an American music-hall. It had an indescribable roof garden cadence, and I found myself humming it delightedly. At the end of the second verse I was so carried away by its possibilities that, turning to a group of people talking near the rail, I remarked that with rag-time words, it would be vastly popular in American vaudeville. At which everyone stared incredulously for a moment, until one of the number, realizing the situation, managed to explain, between gasps of laughter,

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that "Hello, my Baby, Hello, my Honey" was in its dotage in the United States. Then the laughter became general, for all were more recent arrivals from America than I, and it was hard for them to understand how so elderly and decrepit a ditty could be unfamiliar to any one.

When the classic words of "Hello, my Baby, Hello, my Honey," were repeated for my benefit, and I realized that not only had these Cebu natives picked up the air of the song, but the component parts of its speech as well, my disgust was complete, for it showed that Cebu, dirty and disagreeable as it was, also lacked local colour, liberal applications of which we had found so necessary in the Philippines. [117]

Despite our several visits to Cebu, few of us found cause to change our first opinion as to its unpleasantness. Indeed, it would be hard to imagine a more uninteresting, bedraggled, down-at-the-heel place than this. Aside from the old churches and *conventos*, a few pretty drives, and a wonderful view from the top of the fort, we found nothing to like about it, for the natives were sullen and unfriendly, while the town itself was not wild or barbaric enough to be interesting, nor yet civilized enough for comfort.

Of course the officers stationed in Cebu, and their respective families, were delightful people, who varied the monotony of their existence with tennis, drives, little dinners, and once, I believe, even a ball was indulged in. There was an excellent club and reading-room for the men, and every week, on ladies' day, the women donned their prettiest frocks, and chatted over their teacups on the club veranda, quite as if they were not hundreds of miles away from everything that makes life bearable. [118]

Cebu is a town with a past, like the Ibsen woman; it also has a future; but at present it is in the transmigratory period between the two, and is in consequence odious. The place is chiefly interesting because it is the oldest town in the archipelago settled by Europeans, and one revels in its queer, moss-grown churches and *conventos*, each of them said to be the most ancient edifice in the Islands. This occasions much amicable dispute among the different religious orders of Cebu, and it is really edifying to hear them mildly slander one another, as they give conclusive evidence why their particular building is far older than some other for which is claimed that not always enviable distinction.

Not far from the shore stands an octagonal chapel or oratory, said to be built on the very spot where the first mass was celebrated after the landing of Magellan. Even the old stone fort is claimed by some earnest prevaricators as a relic of those early Spanish days, but as the architecture is clearly that of the eighteenth century we took the liberty of doubting the veracity of these statements. [119]

As to Cebu's future, it is assured, for the harbour is excellent, and, although not large, is well sheltered from both monsoons and has good anchorage, so the place is growing quite rapidly and should in time rank next in importance to Manila. A number of "godowns," as large warehouses are called in the Philippines, were in the process of construction at the time of our visit, and so many industrial and commercial improvements were being inaugurated that my little note-book reads like a leaf from a geography—"manufactures—imports—exports—chief industries," and the like. As for climate, it was hot, is hot, and will be hot on into infinity.

Had it not been for the Santo Niño, I fear our memories of the place would have been purely statistical, a perfect orgy of useful information. But the Santo Niño saved the day, though it was not until our last visit to Cebu that most of us saw this image so famous among the island group. Calling upon the Philippine fathers in charge of the Santo Niño convent, and stating our interest in the Santo Niño itself, we were received with the utmost cordiality. Were we Catholics? No? Ah, that was too bad. But, yes, of course we could see the Santo Niño. People often came all the way from Manila just for that. And then we were taken into the clean, barely furnished drawing-room of the *convento*, where an anticipatory refreshment was served, the while we were regaled with a history of Cebu's famous image. This refecton consisted of a wee glass of delicious Muscatelle apiece and some crisp, very rich cakes made by the sisters of a neighbouring convent, and as we ate and drank, a fat, jolly old padre, who thought he could speak English, tried to tell us about the Santo Niño in that language. As his enthusiasm and interest increased, he often forgot to use his newly acquired tongue and lapsed into Spanish, which was far more comprehensible to us than was his sublime disregard of syntax when attempting Anglo-Saxon, notwithstanding the fact that he tried to better his linguistic efforts by shouting out each English sentence like a phonograph gone mad. It was from him we first heard the legend of the Santo Niño—how it was an idol in the old days, worshipped by savage Visayans, and how, after the advent of the Spaniards with Magellan, there was a great fire in the town, everything in one populous section being burned, save a little nipa shack in which stood the wooden idol. On every side buildings crashed down, sending showers of sparks over the inflammable thatched roof of the nipa house. A monsoon was blowing at the time, [120] [121]

which fanned the flames into so fierce a blaze that finally all attempts were abandoned to save property in that section of the town, and people fled to the woods with the few belongings they could gather together, there to watch the cruel flames spreading in every direction.

It is probable that Cebu would have gone up in smoke had it not been that the monsoon brought on its wings a fierce tropical rain that beat down upon the burning city and quenched the fire. But in that section where it had raged hottest, nothing was left standing save the little nipa shack already mentioned. Around it were the ruins of pretentious Spanish houses, across its threshold lay a smouldering, blackened piece of wood, which alone should have converted it into cinders. But there it stood unharmed, not even scorched by the fierce heat to which it had been subjected, and within its walls the Visayan idol smiled down on the curious crowd, with a superhuman intelligence. Recognizing at once its miraculous powers, the Spanish priests obtained it from the savages for a mere bagatelle, and enshrined it in their Catholic chapel as the Santo Niño of Cebu. Blessed by the presence of so holy a thing, the little chapel grew and prospered until a handsome stone church and *convento* were built, the church being the very one where the image now stands.

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Other stories have it that some time during the sixteenth century, a Spanish sailor found the Santo Niño cast up on the eastern coast of Cebu after a terrific storm. On picking it up, he was rejoiced to find that the use of his left arm, long withered by palsy, was miraculously restored, whereupon he carried the image into Cebu with him. There numberless wonderful things were accomplished by the Santo Niño, till at last the sailor, half frightened at possessing so sacred an object, turned it over to the priests, who promptly enshrined it in the one Catholic church of the place. Some fifty or sixty years later, the church was burned to the ground—for both stones agree as to a destructive fire—and all was lost save the Santo Niño itself, which escaped by a miracle only.

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Whatever may have been its origin, many wonderful things are attributed to the Santo Niño of Cebu. It is to him that childless women pray for offspring; to him that mothers bring their little ones, and beg a thousand blessings upon them; from him that distracted parents beseech renewed health and strength for their children, ill unto death with diseases that baffle the doctors, for the Santo Niño, being but a child himself, is especially tender toward the little ones.

It is said that once an attempt was made to send the Santo Niño to Rome, as the Pope had expressed a wish to see the much talked of Philippine image. Very tenderly was it packed away in soft wrappings, after which it was placed in a wooden box, fitted with an intricate lock, the key of which was carried by the old bishop who was to accompany the Santo Niño on its travels. To ensure the safety of so valuable a thing, the wooden box was put into a metal casket, which in turn was fastened securely. Then the ship sailed for Italy, and the little niche in the wall of the cathedral which had been the Santo Niño's shrine was boarded up, and the natives came to the church but seldom, so bitter were they that the Holy Child had been taken from them.

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Hard times followed; crops failed; there was an epidemic of sickness; and Cebu was shrouded in gloom, a gloom which deepened when word came from Rome that the image was either lost or stolen, for although the bishop had never let the sacred box out of his sight, yet when he came to unlock it before a hushed throng at the Vatican, there was no Santo Niño within. It was thought that in some mysterious way the bishop had been robbed and that the Holy Child was forever lost. Great was the grief and terror and excitement in Cebu. Masses were said, and individual prayers offered up, novenas were held, and vows taken, all to the effect that the Santo Niño should be restored to the island.

One day, months later, while the church was being repaired, the partition of wood over the Holy Child's shrine was accidentally knocked out of place by a workman, and what should he discover there but the Santo Niño himself, gravely smiling, his little hands outstretched in benediction. He had not wanted to go abroad, and so had left the carefully locked boxes and returned to his old home. What more natural? Of course there was a great *fiesta*, and the miracles performed in that week of rejoicing will never be forgotten.

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But even to this day the Santo Niño gives numerous evidences of his supernatural power, and any native will tell you how he walks abroad of a night, and visits the homes where his image is enshrined, a tremendous undertaking, as hardly a nipa shack on the island but boasts its picture or statue of Cebu's patron saint. On returning from these nocturnal tramps, the Holy Child is wont to bring back with him food and drink for his own consumption, the evidence of these midnight feasts being found on many a morning in the shape of crumbs scattered over the altar, a touch of nature which makes him indeed kin to the natives, who, we were told, invariably save a bit from their scanty suppers, putting it where the Santo Niño

will be sure to find it does he honour them with a visit.

But at last we were to see the Santo Niño for ourselves, and as we left the reception-room and passed down a long corridor, hung with atrocious native paintings of Christian martyrs in every degree of discomfort and uneasiness, through a wide refectory with three great dining tables, the top of each being a solid piece of wood, and finally into the chapel itself, I plead guilty to a distinct thrill of interest in every Protestant pulse.

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The chapel was a large, rather bare room, with an altar to the Virgin on one side, and directly opposite it a small shrine painted white and picked out with gold. This shrine was locked, and as one of the little altar boys unfastened the double doors, we noticed the pictures on either side. To the left was Saint Joseph with the child Jesus in his arms; on the right, Mary, sweet and sad-eyed, the premonition of Gethsemane in her tender smile.

When the white doors had been unlocked and lifted off their hinges, a door of silver was discovered. On being opened, it revealed an interior so rich as to surprise a simultaneous exclamation of delight from us all. Gold and silver predominated in the decorations, and in the midst of this splendour stood a little figure about twelve or fourteen inches high, its back turned toward us as it faced the dark interior of the church so far below. A pale blue curtain was drawn over the front of the shrine, but we fortunate ones in the little chapel were looking at the Holy Child more intimately; from the back, to be sure, but so close that we could have touched him with our hands.

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On the day of our visit the little figure was attired in a flowing coronation robe of crimson velvet, richly encrusted with elaborate gold embroidery, and while we were admiring this work of art, the priest slowly and very reverently turned the Holy Child around on his pedestal until he faced us squarely.

He is not beautiful—the Santo Niño—nor does he even faintly resemble our conception of the Christ-child. His face is flat and lifeless, carved very roughly out of some dark wood, which, when contrasted with his rich vestments and ornamentation, seems strangely incongruous. From out of this brown face, eyes painted a vivid blue stare straight into one's own. Around his cheeks fall golden curls. This is not a figure of speech, but a reality, for the curls are of solid metal, the locks of hair being pressed into it like the china hair on the dolls of our childhood.

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These golden locks were surmounted by a golden crown. In one wooden hand he held a golden globe with the cross of Catholicism above it, and in the other a golden staff, both of his hands being covered by long golden gauntlets. Right under his feet, which I have no doubt were booted in that precious metal, although they were hidden by the coronation robe, was a gold encrusted medallion containing the tiny bone relics of eight Christian martyrs. Never have I seen anything so barbarically splendid as that little Santo Niño, with his brown wooden face and bright blue eyes, for all the shining metal surrounding him was real, and not a specious tinsel masquerading as something of value.

Legend has it that originally, when the Santo Niño was a Visayan idol, it, too, was made of gold, and not of wood as it is to-day. It seems that after its conversion to Catholicism, on Magellan's arrival in Cebu, it was sent to Spain at the request of that pious king, Charles the Fifth, where many extraordinary performances were accredited to it, perhaps the most miraculous and unaccountable thing of all being that on its return to Cebu, the people found it had changed itself *en route* from gold to wood, a reversal of alchemy strangely defective in wisdom on the part of the Santo Niño. Though, indeed, the transmutation may have been entirely without his volition, in which case it is small wonder that the Holy Child objected so strongly to a subsequent visit on the Continent.

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At one side of this very elaborate shrine of gold and silver stood a small tin box in which one was expected to place his contribution to the Santo Niño. We paid handsomely for our glimpse of it, saw the little figure turned slowly around on its pedestal so that it again faced the church below, saw the silver door locked and the two white removable outside doors placed in position, and then somewhat reluctantly left.

Once down the broad stairway of the *convento*, whose massive hand-rail of carved ebony would make the heart of a collector leap for joy, we stepped into the church where many natives knelt in prayer, glancing up reverently now and then at the tiny shrine so far above their heads. In front of it the blue silk curtains were fast drawn, for except on holy days, it takes at least a *peso* to see the Santo Niño face to face.

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On the following morning two of the padres from the *convento* returned our call,

and evinced the most satisfying interest in all that was shown them aboard ship. Everything delighted them, and they even gathered up the long skirts of their cassocks, and grasped their birettas firmly in one hand, preparatory to descending into the noisome cable-tanks, should it be demanded of them. When the ship had been inspected, we all returned to the quarter-deck, where refreshments were served, the while we showed our guests some photographs of America.

As Manila had heretofore represented to these native priests the apotheosis of urban magnitude, it may well be imagined how delighted they were with their first glimpse of our larger cities. How excitedly they talked and gesticulated over the elevated railways and cable-cars; the height of the buildings; the suspension bridges; the magnificent private residences, which at first it was hard to convince them were not in reality hotels; the theatres, parks, and churches, though they shook their heads sadly at so many of Protestant denomination. When, however, they were told how many Catholic churches were in New York alone, they regained their lost interest, and grew more enthusiastic than ever, while the English-speaking padre, in his excitement, fairly screamed his uncertain vocabulary in our direction, though when he addressed his confrères in Spanish his voice was of normal register.

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A few days later, as an evidence of their enjoyment aboard ship, the padres sent each of us a silver medal of the Santo Niño and a history of the image written in Spanish, *con superior permiso*; a lithographic picture of the Holy Child in its shrine, giving but a faint idea of its appearance; and a queer stone jar, the shape, if not the size of those in which the forty thieves were hidden. These jars were full of those delicious pastry cakes already mentioned, *qjaldres*, they are called, made by the sisters of the Convento Maria Natividad de Albero. Rich the cookies were, and crisp, fairly melting on the tongue, but each one, wrapped in its protecting bit of tissue-paper, was "a gastronomic delusion and a dyspeptic snare," to be treated as were the forty thieves themselves by the implacable Ali Baba.

It is not at all impossible that some of our distaste for Cebu arose from the fact that, on the several occasions of our visits there, we were coaling, a circumstance which would detract from the Pearly City itself. No sooner were we at anchor than huge *cascos* came alongside and the coaling would begin.

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Inky black shapes flitted back and forth through great clouds of dust, each carrying a basket on its head. Hoarse commands were shouted, demoniacal voices answered somewhere from the pit, and then would come a period of comparative quiet, followed by what seemed to be a burst of frenzied rage from the different lighters, though in reality I believe the natives were on the best of terms, and were just inviting each other to dinner. This state of affairs continued without intermission for eight days on each of our several visits there. For eight days the soot fell alike on the quarter-deck and the fore-castle. The ship became a black abomination. The very towels in our staterooms left grimy, unpremeditated streaks on face and hands.

During this period I do protest that we suffered those torments usually reserved for the unregenerate, and as the furnace over which the town is built was several degrees hotter each trip than on the previous visit, we were thus precluded from going ashore to either of the badly managed hotels for which the place is infamous.

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So dangerous was the country around Cebu in those days that one afternoon on a little drive to an encampment about four miles from the town, we were escorted there and back by a guard of armed soldiers on horseback, some of them heading the cavalcade, the others bringing up the rear. It was a most unusual day for Cebu, as the slightly overcast sky made the temperature quite endurable. The country passed on our drive was unusually fine, with its groves of palms and plantains; its tall cottonwood-trees by the road-side, the ripe pods on the bare branches bursting and showing the soft, white fluff within; its giant mango-trees with bonfires built beneath them, as a quick method of ripening the fruit for market. Then there were acres of corn and fields of rice ready for harvesting, proving conclusively, as some one suggested, that the natives of Cebu could raise something besides h—, though he had never believed it before.

At our destination we were cordially welcomed by the officers of the infantry company stationed there, a native band shrilled its salute, and the big American soldiers stopped their preparations for an approaching march against the enemy to stare at us long and undisguisedly. There were several women among us, a rare departure in those days, one of them being the wife of the young captain who was to command the detachment going into the field that night. She had arrived from America but a few days before, bringing with her a splendid boy nearly three years old, whom up to that time the young father had never seen. Even after so long a separation the husband and wife were together but seldom, as she was obliged to live in town because of insurrectionary troubles, nor did she ever know from day to

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day what the next tidings might be from the little camp of San Nicolas.

Before our return to Cebu the officers took us to see the fortifications made by the Spaniards after Admiral Dewey's victory in Manila Bay, fortifications they expected to use as a last defence against invading Americans. Not far from these earthworks was an old nipa church, most picturesque in its decay. It was nipa within as well as without, the floor and ceiling being of braided bamboo and the walls of the nipa-palm. Its high altar was innocent of any attempt at decoration save for some faded paper flowers stuck into empty beer bottles, while the niche above was unfilled by patron saint of any description. At the very door grazed a lean carabao, completing a picture of the desolation and ruin in the wake of an army. [135]

And now as to cable work, for even here, where we had expected only to coal, the Signal Corps was kept busy, as it was found on investigation that an old cable landing two miles up the beach at Mabola was in such bad condition and the line so insecure that the cable must be put directly into the Cebu office, thus avoiding the defect of a shaky land terminal. So prisoners were engaged to dig a trench from the office to the beach, where the cable was landed, after which it was placed in the trench and so laid up to the very door of the telegraph station, the lead covered wire being inserted there into an iron tube lashed to an upright pole, and thence into the window where the operator had his desk. Surely a novel way to lay a shore end! It reminded one of that nice old lady's suggestion to the London *Times* in 1858, just after the Atlantic cable failure, that in future it should be laid above the ocean instead of in it, mentioning that in her opinion the rock of Gibraltar, peak of Teneriffe, and the Andes should be used as points of suspension. [136]

This work, coupled with the entire refitting of the office, took several days, and meanwhile on board ship the cable was being turned over from one tank to the other in search of faults, and numerous experiments were made in splicing, so that much learned conversation might be heard anent the necessity of homogeneity in core joints and the like.

On February 3d we left Cebu for Liloan, island of Cebu, where a cable put in eleven months before needed repairing. After a two hours' run we anchored off our destination, which proved to be a most deserted little hole, rich in vegetation only. There were but a few men, commanded by a non-commissioned officer at Liloan, and as our stay there was to be very brief, only the Signal Corps detachment went ashore. By one o'clock the defective splice in the trench had been cut out, a new one made, and the office overhauled, after which, as the tests showed the cable working satisfactorily at its Cebu end, but unsatisfactorily at the other, we sailed for Ormoc, Leyte, arriving there about seven o'clock that evening. [137]

On the following morning the Signal Corps men went ashore in a small boat, and while some of the party rehabilitated the office, others underran the cable, cut in near the shore end, and after finding communication satisfactory with Cebu and Liloan, located the fault, the ship's volt-meter indicating when the small boat underrunning the cable came to the break. It proved to be a defective factory joint, which was cut out and repaired, so that by three o'clock communication was established between Cebu and Liloan.

Ormoc did not prove interesting enough for a trip ashore in the hot sun, so my only recollection of the place is a white *tribunal* and a great preponderance of green foliage, toned down by the dull gray-brown of nipa buildings and the dull gray-blue of sky and sea.

Then, too, it will always bring to mind the sad experience of a very delightful officer we met there. At the time of our visit he was *en route* to Northern Leyte, a hostile part of the island where several hundred insurgents were strongly entrenched. With him were fifty soldiers, all of them eager for a scrap, while the young fellow himself was "insatiable of glory." We were everyone of us enthused by his prospects, the officers perhaps a bit envious of the stirring times ahead for him, the women fearful of the outcome with such tremendous odds in favour of the well entrenched Filipinos. [138]

On a subsequent visit to Cebu we heard the last deplorable chapter of his little story, the beginning of which had so interested us, for while there had been no loss of life in his command, the whole expedition had been a complete failure. It seems he was vanquished, disarmed, and routed by the enemy at every turn, notwithstanding the fact that he had studied strategy so that his plans of employing and combining his resources would have filled any general officer with admiration. Nor did his overthrow have the merit of dignity. It was irresistibly droll, and no one laughed more heartily at the preposterous ending of the expedition than did the victim himself.

For according to his own story at every town and village in the enemy's country,



he and his brave followers, all of them thirsting for gore, were met by a brass band, and, accompanied by the leading citizens of the place, were marched down the principal street with great pomp and ceremony to where a *fiesta* in honour of the great American captain was in progress. There the people, in gala-attire, clapped their hands and called "*Viva, viva,*" at their discomfited enemy, and later in the day a great banquet would be given, at which the leading citizens threw oral bouquets at their disgusted prisoner, while the soldiers walked disconsolately around the little village they had expected to conquer. Had fate not willed it otherwise the captain might have rendered such distinguished service as would have merited at least recognition from Congress, perhaps a medal of honour, or even the star of a brigadier; while now all he can expect from a grateful country is some slight acknowledgment of his undoubted heroism in partaking of the food at the natives banquets, surely an intrepid performance!

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After an eight hours' run from Ormoc we reached Cebu, remaining there just long enough to put ashore some iron poles for the construction of a cross-country line to Oslob, Cebu, where it was intended to land the cable from Dumaguete; then sailed for Misamis, where we completed the ill-fated Lintogup line, finding that the break in the cable was caused by the *Disgrace's* propeller on that memorable trip in January.

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The day was wet, and raw, and gray, and we could see the beach strewn with trees and timber, the thatched roof of a bamboo house, and all the aftermath of a terrible storm that had swept over the islands five days before, and of which we, in the safe shelter of Cebu's harbour, were ignorant. It was here we were told by cable that the line from Iligan to Cagayan had not been working since the storm had torn up the wharf and beach at the former place a week before, so the next morning we sailed for Iligan again, feeling as blue as the day itself.

Arriving off our destination some three hours later, a party, shivering in the misty rain, was sent ashore to ascertain the trouble. After careful tests it was found to have been caused by a submarine landslide which had crushed a part of the cable, laid by necessity on a steep hill under water.

So for a whole day we grappled there near Iligan, "fishing for bights," as the punster on board called it, and surely even Izaak Walton's piscatorial patience would have been tried on this fishing trip. Once after having successfully hooked the cable, it broke as we were drawing it in, and only one end came on board. It was the shore end, and through it we spoke Iligan, finding the cable satisfactory in that direction. So we buoyed the shore end and continued our fishing with the heavy tackle. For hours we unsuccessfully lowered the massive grapnel iron, where our charts indicated the cable should be, but without success until late in the afternoon, when the strain on the dynamometer indicated another "bight."

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Then it was pulled up very slowly, for we could not afford to have it break a second time, when suddenly it slipped the grapnel and was again lost at the sea-bottom. As it was getting dark we put lights on our two buoys, one placed where the cable had slipped the grapnel, the other, as I said before, attached to the captured end. Now it is by no means easy to jump from a small boat to a buoy in such rough water as that in Iligan harbour, and we watchers on the ship felt some little uneasiness until the lights from both buoys proclaimed that it had been accomplished by the young native who always did that work.

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In the morning our scientific fishermen were rewarded for their patience. They had a bite, and everyone on board watched with interest the heavy machinery as it slowly and steadily pulled the sea end of the cable out of the water. It was hooked at half after eight, and not until an hour later was it landed, the dynamometer showing a strain at times of from one to two tons.

Immediately after getting the cable on board, Cagayan was called over and over again without response, which would have indicated that the trouble was farther out at sea, had not tests shown the resistances were what they should have been, from which it was easily inferred that the operator at Cagayan was not attending strictly to business. "Gone to Sunday school, probably!" ironically observed the Powers-that-Be, chewing the end of an unlighted cigar, as he always did when worried, and, Sunday though it was, we felt the sarcasm to be a just one, Sunday schools not being a chief industry of Cagayan.

Reasoning on the premise that all was right at that end of the line, the splice was made, and we paid out the cable until reaching the buoyed shore end, which in turn was spliced to the deep-sea cable, and the bight dropped overboard. Then a Signal Corps man returning from shore reported all communicating lines in good order, at which there was great rejoicing on board the *Burnside*, and, our Cagayan friend having condescended meanwhile to communicate with us, we were soon under way for Zamboanga, Mindanao.

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The next day was a perfect one for sailing, and eventful, in that while turning over cable the long objurgated fault in the tanks came to light, proving to be the result of carelessness on the part of the manufacturer, a carelessness which had caused much agony of mind to the Signal Corps, and many groans and imprecations from all concerned. But at last the fault was cut out, and a nice healthy splice substituted by the reparative surgery which has been so often mentioned.

It seemed such a small thing, the fault, only a little break in the armour wire, and yet it had induced the most severe nerve paralysis in that sentient thread of copper in the cable's centre. "Words and words of men" could not "flicker and flutter and beat" until the wound had been healed, which was promptly done, accompanied by vigorous language concerning the aforesaid careless manufacturer.

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## Chapter VII

### Zamboanga

Zamboanga! The very name brings back our first daylight glimpse of Mindanao's principal town—an adorable water-colour sketch, what with the soft, deep blue of sky and sea, the tropical freshness of green foliage, amidst which nestled picturesque white houses with overhanging balconies, the red and blue sails on the sunlit water, and to the right of the picture an old Spanish fort, gray and stern and forbidding.

This old fort, aside from its undoubted pictorial charm, is historically interesting, in that it is a relic of the seventeenth century and of those first Spanish governors, martially ambitious, who stirred up wars with the Moros for their own personal aggrandizement, wars which have been protracted through two bloody centuries.

Indeed, the history of Spain's occupation of the islands is but a repetition of wars with the Mohammedans, religious wars, perhaps, at the very first, for the sixteenth century Spaniard was no less fanatical in his religion than is the Moro of to-day; and later, wars for the presumable abolishment of slavery, though we are told by Foreman that "Whilst Spaniards in Philippine waters were straining every nerve to extirpate slavery, their countrymen were diligently pursuing a profitable trade in it between the west coast of Africa and Cuba."

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Zamboanga seems so peaceful at present that it is hard to believe it was ever otherwise. All around the town stretch fine lands, much better cultivated than any we had seen on the trip, with here and there beautiful groves, now of cocoanut-palms, now of mangoes, interspersed by well ploughed paddy fields and acres of corn or sugar-cane. The town natives were extremely friendly and when passing always saluted us deferentially, while in the country the children, and sometimes the grown people as well, yelled cheerily after our carriage, "Hellojohn, hellojohn," evidently under the impression that Hello, John, was one word, and a salutation of great respect as well as a sociable greeting.

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No one wore arms around Zamboanga, in fact it was forbidden so to do; and the smiling, well-disposed natives testified highly to the efficiency of the American officer in command, the sight of whose jolly face brought ecstatic yells of recognition from the very babies, bare and dirty, tumbling around in the streets, greetings which the colonel always answered in kind, his eyes twinkling with amusement the while.

Most of our success with these southern Moros may be traced to religious tolerance, and the fact that we interfere with them only in their disturbance of non-Mohammedan neighbours. Slave raids are a thing of the past, and leading dattos have been notified that any piratical or fanatical incursions into American territory will be punished swiftly and surely.

It has also behooved us to respect their race prejudice, to be considerate of their religious idiosyncrasies, and to dispense justice untempered with mercy, the latter virtue being considered a weakness in the eyes of our Mohammedan brothers, and as such to be taken advantage of. The border troubles in India, the mutiny of '57, the Turkish atrocities in '95, the Pathan rising under Mad Mullah in '97, the French-Algerian difficulties, and the ever present reminder of Spain's three hundred years of struggle for supremacy in the Philippines, all serve as mile-posts on the road to good government.

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Although thus far we have made no little progress in the right direction, the path has not been strewn with roses, for Mohammedan customs, prohibitions, and theories of living are so strange to a North American intellect that mistakes are liable to occur at any moment. For example, it is a deadly insult for a man to even touch a Mohammedan woman not belonging to his harem, or to pay her the most conventional or trivial compliment. Then, too, as everyone knows, their dietetic observances are of the greatest import, and a good Mohammedan will not only refrain from eating pork, but will not hunt the wild boar or help carry it home for fear the contact might defile him. Wine is of course forbidden, though I have heard that in the Philippines food over which the shadow of an unbeliever has passed need not be thrown away, the Moros there being more thrifty and perhaps less fanatically devout than their brothers in India.

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For some strange reason these people have taken most kindly to the Americans, though I am pained to confess that much of their liking is due to the fact that they think we are not Christians, our brand of religion being unlike that of Catholic Spain. This, coupled with the fact that in several instances we have been forced, by a lack of quarters, to shelter our soldiers in church or cathedral, has so strengthened them in their belief that *Juramentados*, or Mohammedans sworn to kill Christians, are without employment, it being obviously unwise to run amuck and kill, when the Holy Writ promises reward only to those dying while destroying followers of Christianity.

Many American customs that do not entrench on the Holy Law have been adopted with no little avidity by the Moros, and the Stars and Stripes float over the home of every native fortunate enough to possess a flag. This is particularly noticeable in and around Zamboanga, but an officer belonging to the regiment stationed there told us a tale illustrating the Moro's love for things American, that reads like a romance.

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It seems that the post assigned to this officer's battalion was at Davao, in the southeastern part of the island, a wild and seldom visited country, whose inhabitants consist of a curious mixture of Christians, Mohammedans, and Pagans. In the mountains surrounding the town live numerous Pagan tribes, all speaking different dialects, and wild as the country itself. Having occasion to make a reconnoissance trip in this territory, the officer and his escort stopped overnight in a little village of Bogobos, whose chief did the honours with a savage dignity.

The town was dirty beyond belief, the natives were lazy even in their curiosity, and everything pertaining to the place was in a shocking state of disrepair. Among other items of interest, proudly pointed out to the American officer by his host, was a gruesome collection of human skulls, which decorated the dwelling both indoors and out. "Trophies of war," he explained nonchalantly to his astonished guest, merely the skulls of his enemies. The American, with involuntary loathing, simulated a polite interest in these ghastly evidences of raids on the lower villages, and that night slept none too soundly in consequence. The following morning, on leaving, he thanked the chief for his hospitality, and asked him to some day return the visit.

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Nothing loath, the savage accepted the invitation, and a short time later arrived in Davao, accompanied not by a paltry half-dozen as escort, but by the major part of his tribe. He was evidently not going to be outdone in ceremonial observances, and he and his followers remained long enough in Davao to cause the official larder sadly to need replenishment. During this visit the Bogobos were one and all delighted with the military life of the post; with the drills and parades where the soldiers marched as one man; the evolutions wherein they were deployed, moved in echelon, or wheeled into position; and their sureness and quickness in the manual of arms. Then, too, the cleanliness of the barracks impressed them, and the personal neatness of the khaki-clad men, not to mention the very desirable things to eat evolved by the company cook.

But perhaps nothing so filled them with awe and admiration as the ceremonial raising and lowering of the garrison flag. They never missed the opportunity of seeing it, especially at evening, when the improvised band played the "Star Spangled Banner" and the flag fluttered slowly down the staff, while the troops stood at attention with bared heads. It was so solemn an occasion that the very heavens darkened before it, and night was upon them always ere they half suspected it.

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So impressed was the chief with this ceremony that on leaving Davao he asked the officer commanding the battalion if he would give him an American flag, that he might take the beautiful custom into his own village. This request was granted, and the presentation of the Stars and Stripes was made the occasion for a little sermon, in which the head of the Bogobos was informed that he and his people were under the protection of that flag, which represented the great American government, and that he, as chief of the tribe, stood for American authority in his

village, so that it would become him to set an example to his people of humanity, liberality, and all civilized observances.

Then, with great tact and diplomacy, he was further informed that in the United States the custom of decorating houses with human skulls no longer prevailed; it had fallen into disfavour with the more enlightened "Natives" of the country and, in fact, they seriously objected to such practices. Consequently, as a representative of the American government, he must keep abreast of the times in this regard. The chief listened very gravely and with never a word to the little disquisition, while it was hard to tell from his expression if his silence meant only savage taciturnity, or if he were really deeply moved.

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On a subsequent visit to the Bogobos, however, the officer was greatly surprised to see what weight his words had carried and to note the effect of the Star Spangled Banner upon a savage mountain people. Soldiers were drilling under the green trees; modern sanitation had been adopted; sweeping, heretofore unknown, was a custom of the village; the highly objectionable skulls had been removed from the executive mansion; while every evening the chief and his standing army failed not to face the splendid Stars and Stripes as they were reverently lowered from a bamboo flagstaff, where during the day they floated over a village redeemed by them from seemingly hopeless savagery.

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On our first visit to Zamboanga we remained a day only, for by evening our shore end was laid and the office established, so that at daybreak the next morning we sailed for Tukuran, Mindanao, thus deferring our intercourse with Zamboanga, though not terminating it. After laying a hundred-knot stretch of cable between there and Point Flecha, we began to take soundings, and for four days sailed back and forth between Tukuran and the Point, seeking water not too deep for cable laying, though in places the sea swallowed up our sounding wire for twelve hundred fathoms. Think of it—a mile and a quarter! And once the iron marker came up on a sun-baked deck icy-cold from its abysmal plunge.

But at last a suitable course was chosen, and on the afternoon of February 16th we anchored off Tukuran. A prettier bit of country it would be hard to find. Hills on every side—forest hills—as far as the eye could reach, while a road, looking from the ship like a narrow white ribbon, trailed from the shore straight up the green hills to a stone wall, behind which was stationed a company of American soldiers.

The next morning early most of us went ashore, despite the winding ribbon of a road which from the ship looked even more formidable than it really was. As we neared the land in the ship's launch two Moro boats anchored near the beach attracted our attention, the most absurdly picturesque crafts one could well imagine, with curving prows of rudely carved wood, outriggers of bamboo, and a thatched roof or awning at one end. A gaily coloured hat hung from one of the boats, and over each floated a red flag shaped like an isosceles triangle. These flags were finished by a white border ruffled on all around, such ruffles as we put on window-curtains in America, and over one of the crafts floated the striped red and white flag of the Mindanao Moro.

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On reaching the post we found that the boats belonged to two prominent dattos visiting there. One of these dignitaries was an old, toothless man, with a mighty following, two or three of his army even carrying rifles and the others gigantic spears. The second datto was much younger, and repaired to the officers' quarters to wait until the old chap had departed, evidently recognizing his own social inferiority, for he boasted half a dozen warriors only, and not a gun or spear among them, though they carried *barongs* of great beauty, with damascened blades and handles of handsomely carved wood, some of them being inlaid with pearl or ivory.

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Each of the chiefs and all their followers were dressed in the picturesque Moro costume, which we had seen first in Misamis and Iligan, and all of them were frankly curious over the American women. They discussed us freely to our very faces, and kept changing their positions to get a better view of us, staring with amazement when the old datto was brought up and introduced. How curious of the Americans not to know that a woman should be taken to a datto, not a datto to a woman. And then, too, how odd that they should shake hands just like men, and not cover their faces at all, and what remarkable hair the child had, just the colour of hemp, and how very, very tall she was, though the interpreter insisted she was but nine years old.

Nor was this curiosity confined to the natives by any manner of means, for officers and soldiers alike crowded around us, and one non-commissioned officer took a snapshot of the group, explaining later to his captain, who took him to task for his boldness, that he had meant no harm, but just wanted the picture as a reminder of what American women really looked like, not having seen one before in two years. Needless to say he was forgiven, his interest being subjective rather than

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objective.

We were told in Tukuran that when the troops first went there deer were so plentiful that the pretty, shy animals could be seen at any time of day around the garrison, while at night they would come so close to the barracks as to annoy the men, barking not unlike dogs, and stumbling over kettles and pots by the door of the company kitchen. I do not know that they ever became so annoying that the men had to resort to the cat-discouraging bootjack or soda bottle, but I do know that those Tukuran soldiers had so much venison that they would eat canned corned beef or bacon in preference. Good hunting stories were of course numerous, and some of these so fired the Nimrod of the trip—our major-quartermaster—that he set off at daybreak one morning, gun in hand, accompanied by the crack shot among the soldiers of Tukuran, each prepared to slay his tens of thousands. But although the two men tramped the hills from sunrise until dark they saw no deer, and all because the search-light from the ship on the previous night had frightened them away from their accustomed haunts. At least so said the officers on shore, an explanation at which we *Burnside* people sniffed, though feasting on venison at the time. But before we reached Zamboanga, a Signal Corps man, whom we left behind at Tukuran to complete the establishment of the lines there, sent a message to the major over the cable we were then laying, to the effect that he had seen a herd of deer from the window of his telegraph office that very morning, and, being a cable-ship man, and so not in league with the Ananiases of Tukuran, the major must fain believe him, whereupon he made some remarks not worthy of record.

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Before leaving Tukuran one of the officers belonging to the Signal Corps well-nigh lost his reputation for veracity, or sobriety, by coming back to the ship one day with a most amazing tale as to some fish he had seen promenading—*promenading*, forsooth!—on the beach. Everyone was hilariously skeptical. Some shook their heads with mock commiseration and hinted darkly that much learning had made him mad, while still others wondered audibly how any man, no matter how vinaceous his tendencies, could have seen fish walk so early in the day. Only one among us all believed him, and she was obliged to—legally.

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“Were they exercising for their health?” queried a scoffer, with what he was pleased to consider fine irony. “Undoubtedly,” responded the hitherto voracious one, with unabated good humour, “though perhaps one might more truthfully say they were walking less to gain an appetite than to find the means wherewith to satisfy it.” He then described these piscatorial pedestrians as small, dark fish with little bead-like eyes in the top of their heads, and a blunt nose—he called it a nose, I am not guilty. Moreover, their ventral fins were largely developed, and by this means the fish hopped, or rather, hitched along the sand, after the manner of seals.

It was a preposterous tale, and nothing would do but that the cable-ship Munchausen should take a party ashore where all might witness the fish of Tukuran taking a constitutional on the beach, after the manner of the oysters in “The Walrus and the Carpenter.” Nothing daunted, the officer agreed to the proposition, and so confident was he that even Mrs. Munchausen became less apologetically sure of his infallibility. But on our arrival at the beach, not a fish was to be seen, and loud was the laughter at both Munchausens, and numerous the jokes at their expense.

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However, the tide going out a little later discovered on the wet sand a multitude of small walking-fish, and thus spared a reputation, and at the same time saved to science a story that else might have been laughed out of existence. Text-books tell of India’s walking-fish, but I have been able to find nothing as to the walking-fish of the Philippines. In Luzon, during the rainy season, it is no uncommon sight to see natives casting their nets in the overflowed rice-fields, though perhaps but a few days before the ground there had been caked hard and dry from the sun. In this latter instance, it is more than probable that the fish do not walk back and forth, but bury themselves in the ground at the beginning of the hot season, remaining there until the first rains call them out in great numbers.

The Signal Corps found the trench at Tukuran a difficult problem in that it had to be dug down a very steep hill leading from the stone-enclosed fort to the beach, but by evening of the first day this was accomplished, and the shore end laid and buoyed. The next morning we left Tukuran, seeking better soundings than we had at first obtained, but finding the water nearly as deep in one place as another, it was decided to leave at sunrise on the following day and lay the cable as best we could.

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All went well until late in the afternoon, when communication with Tukuran was suddenly interrupted, whereupon we hauled in several miles of cable, and coming upon the fault, cut it out and “spoke” Tukuran. By this time it was so late that the Signal Corps realized it would be impossible to sight the buoy at Flecha Point that

night, though it was then but fifteen knots away, and so we lay to until morning.

As it was out of the question for the heavy cable to hang pendent from the stern of the ship all night at the mercy of the propeller; and as the three buoys were in use, there was one thing only to be done, and that was to fasten the cable to a small boat, with enough men to keep the craft bailed of water. It was a more hazardous proceeding than it sounds, for had a heavy squall come up, the boat, with nearly a ton of cable fastened to it, would surely have sunk. But notwithstanding this, one of the civilian cable experts, the able cable seaman, and three natives spent a most uncomfortable night afloat. [162]

Before leaving the ship, the Americans joked about their possible fate, as Americans will, while the natives, on going down the gangway, crossed themselves and commended their souls to the Virgin, each race brave and stout-hearted in its own fashion. To be sure, they carried with them life-preservers and signals in case of accident, while the ship stayed as near the little twinkling lights on the small boat as possible, like some big mother hen hovering over her only chick.

The next morning the buoy at Flecha Point was picked up, the splice made, and the journey to Zamboanga continued. On the afternoon of February 21st, after making the final splice twelve miles out, we sailed into the harbour, to learn that the cable was working successfully in every detail, and that the natives of the town were overjoyed to be in communication with the world. The great event was celebrated on board by a jolly dinner, to which many officers from shore were bidden, after which we sat up on the quarter-deck until very late, exchanging home news and gossip some six or seven weeks old, while a round and red tropic moon hung in the heavens like a Japanese lantern, and the torchlights of innumerable fishing smacks bobbed up and down, as the natives speared for fish in the dark waters of the bay. [163]

The next morning was Washington's Birthday, in honour of which the ship was dressed, and, more wonderful still, a holiday declared for all hands aboard, the first one since leaving Manila, This was principally due to the fact that at this particular juncture a day more or less made no appreciable difference in the outcome, while at Christmas and New Year's every moment was of import.

Even before sunrise the natives were astir in preparation for the great event. All of them discarded their tarred clothing, appearing in natty white "*Americanos*" and dinky straw hats, while some even sported swagger sticks. In the Philippines any white suit which consists of well fitting trousers and a coat buttoning up to the throat, as contradistinguished from baggy pantaloons with a *camisa* worn on the outside, is called by the natives an "*Americano*," and is by them greatly admired from a sartorial standpoint. [164]

Nearly all the Signal Corps employees, being men of social standing because of their really princely salaries, fifteen gold dollars a month, sported such suits, which with the addition of stockings and neat tan shoes, instead of bare feet thrust carelessly into *chinelas*, gave them the appearance of belonging to the native four hundred, any one of them looking eligible for the high office of presidente or secretario. There must have been many a flutter under modest *panuelas* when the sixty young swells struck Zamboanga that day, with money sufficient to buy unlimited *sorbetas* and the little rice *potas* so dear to the heart of Philippine maidens.

The jackies having shore leave were most picturesque, and, alas, hot as well, in their blue flannel suits, with the round sailor cap set at a jaunty angle on their heads; while the Signal Corps soldiers and hospital men in fresh khaki, the officers in crisp duck, and the women freshly starched and ironed, gave a holiday aspect even beyond that of the fluttering flags aloft, as the ship had been dressed both on Christmas Day and New Year's, although the work had gone on with unabated energy. [165]

Indeed, some of the Irish sailors in the forecastle were overheard talking together that morning, one of them saying, as he rammed his tobacco down hard in his pipe with anticipatory joy in the smoke to come:

"Sure, not that I am complainin' at the same, but will anny of yez tell me why the ship's a-flutter with flags, and the lads all given a holiday, and that old coffee-mill of a cable machine stopped grinding for the once?"

"Because," answered a comrade with an expressive wink, "it's Garge's birthday, Garge Washington, you know, the daddy of his country!"

"Oh, to be sure!" responded the other, meditatively, taking a whiff or two at his pipe to see that it was really lighted before he threw the match overboard. "To be sure! And it's a great mon that same Garge must have bin, a great mon, Dinnis. Sure, St. Pathrick himself couldn't touch him with a shillaly."

"And for why?" demanded several Irishmen, truculently, their ire aroused at the invidiousness of the allusion.

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"Because St. Pathrick, God love him, aint never been counted as ranking alongside of Christ, and this here Garge Washington seems to be of more importance than ayther of thim. Why, on Christmas we didn't have no holiday—divil a bit of it—just a bite more to ate for dinner, with no shore leave, and the haythens working us and working thimsilves all day as if it had been an ordinary Chuesday 'stead of Christmas, which is Christ's birthday, while on Garge's birthday the whole ship cilibrates. Ah, he certainly must have bin a great mon, that same Garge."

But notwithstanding our philosopher's grumble, he enjoyed his shore leave to the utmost, and he and Dennis came back on the evening boat hilarious as could be and reciprocally dependent upon one another for support.

That morning Datto Mandi, the Rajah Muda or heir to the Sultanate of Mindanao, came on board to pay his respects to the Powers-that-Be. The datto was accompanied by his wife, for notwithstanding he is a Mohammedan, he has but one, and the wife of his Philippine foster-brother, besides a large retinue of followers and slaves. He also brought with him a band, and as a rival orchestra had come out earlier, we stationed the first one in the bow of the ship, and the datto's musicians in the stern.

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All would have been well had not a spirit of emulation caused the bands to play different selections at one and the same time, resulting in a discordant war of notes and the death of harmony. Peace was restored by some native rushing valiantly to the front and forcibly stopping the band on the forward deck, after which each set of musicians waited, with no little impatience, its turn to play, and after once getting the floor, or in this case the deck, held it longer than was quite parliamentary.

The datto proved himself a most delightful man, with an earnest, sensitive face and a manner indicative of such innate refinement that we found ourselves most favourably contrasting him with some of the Tagalog and Visayan dignitaries already met.

It is said that after Spain's evacuation, and before the arrival of American troops in the southern islands, several insurgent leaders proposed to resist the landing of Americans in Zamboanga. Datto Mandi and the Philippine presidente of the town, knowing that the American government was unlike that of Spain, and realizing what an overwhelming defeat such a project would ultimately receive, although the first enterprise might meet with success, did all in their power to quell these martial aspirations.

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Failing in this, war was declared, and the presidente, surrounded by a loyal few, and Datto Mandi with his numerous Moro followers, drove the insurgents from town. Meanwhile the wives and children of these belligerents would have starved had it not been for the datto, who, notwithstanding the difference in their faith, looked after them all, until the discomfited warriors returned to more peaceful pursuits.

On the first anniversary of the Americans' arrival in Zamboanga, a great *fiesta* was held. It began, as all feast-days should begin, with high mass in the cathedral, after which the Mohammedans joined their Christian friends in games and cock-fights. Verily, Datto Mandi and the presidente had been right, Americans were unlike the Spaniards, and Zamboanga had never experienced so peaceful a year in all her history. Small wonder the *fiesta* was a success, and that the "*Viva America's*" were uttered from full hearts. But it is primarily to Datto Mandi and the presidente that the people of Zamboanga should be grateful. Citizens of the world these men are, and statesmen, too, although their sphere is comparatively circumscribed.

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The presidente was ill while we were in Zamboanga, his condition being so critical that none of us saw him, but one day while we were driving around the outskirts of the town, our coachman drew up his horses with a great flourish before a pretty vine-embowered house.

"Why are you stopping here?" I demanded, a trifle sharply, for heads had appeared at various windows and the situation was becoming embarrassing. The coachman turned with a dignified gesture, if one can look dignified in a shirt thin as mosquito-netting.

"It is the house of the presidente," he said, in an injured tone. "Every American who comes to Zamboanga wishes to be driven here. He is a very great man, the presidente."

I agreed with him heartily, if somewhat hastily, and then prevailed upon him to

drive on, which he did with melancholy resignation, disapproval expressed in every line of his body, which, from his box, was outlined strongly against the sky through the thin white *camisa*, embroidered as daintily as a girl's ball gown.

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But to return to the datto. On the morning of his visit to the *Burnside* he wore a white "*Americano*" suit and white shoes, as, indeed, did most of his followers, one of the men topping off this very conventional attire with a magnificent red, green, and purple turban which he did not once remove while aboard ship. The headgear of the Moros consists entirely of turbans, fezes, or soft tam-o'-shanters, the latter a compromise, I fancy, between the hats of civilization and the head-covering demanded by the Moslem religion.

The datto's wife was a shy little woman, with an unusually sweet voice and big, startled brown eyes, which gave her an indescribably pathetic look. She wore her hair straight back from a high, round forehead, and coiled it neatly at the top of her head. Her features were smaller and more regular than those of the average native, and her pearl earrings seemed an integral part of herself. Her frock, made after a European model—and very far after, I am obliged to admit—fitted badly, and she eyed our summer gowns with polite interest, evidently taking notes for a readjustment of her own wardrobe at home.

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Unlike other Moro women, her teeth were white, the Zamboanga officers telling us she had the black enamelling removed after American occupation of the town; and the only thing about her that would have attracted attention at an American gathering was the fact that several finger-nails on her very small hands were long, almost as long again as from the first knuckle of the finger to the finger-tip, indicating that she was a Moro of high caste and did no manual labour of any kind. Her clumsy Spanish slippers covered feet small as a child's, and her manner, while shy, was quite calm and dignified.

Of course the party was taken around the ship, and all expressed a polite interest and appreciation of what was shown them, although there was far less enthusiasm than when the more volatile Tagalog or Visayan had seen the wonders of electricity for the first time. To be sure, the datto himself had been to Spain, but we were told his wife had never been away from Mindanao, nor had many of his followers travelled more extensively than to Manila and back again; notwithstanding which they refused to be impressed or render indiscriminate approbation, however astounding, admirable, or strange the marvels might appear.

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Only the Philippine sister-in-law lacked self-control and talked volubly, grabbing the datto's wife by the hand, and expressing herself excitedly in unintelligible Spanish or Zamboanganese, which is a mixture of Castilian, Visayan, and Malay. Once, in an excess of emotion, she almost hugged me. I think it was on first seeing the wonders of a bathroom, and several times she came near enthusing the passive little "dattoess."

But this princess of the blood always controlled herself just in time, and managed to look as indifferent as possible. Her dispassionate attitude launched me into wild tales of Farthest America, wherein thirty-storied buildings, elevated and underground railways, beautiful theatres and parks, cars which ran without horses or steam, and millions of inhabitants produced no impression whatsoever, my most improbable tale being received with a diffident condescension, equalled only by the metrical repose that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. Given a few months in New York or Paris, and Mindanao's future Sultana would bloom like a rose in manners and millinery, for, despite her reserve, she is adaptable and what the Spaniards call *simpática*.

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Datto Mandi was frankly pleased with what he saw, though unenthusiastic, and he compared Spanish methods of government with American administration much to our advantage, saying tersely and epigrammatically that the Spaniards promised much and accomplished little, while the Americans promised little and accomplished much. In speaking of the cable, one of the Signal Corps officers told the Rajah Muda that it was a gift of half a million pesos from the United States to the Philippine Islands, at which the datto was obviously impressed. He translated this bit of information into Malay for the benefit of his followers, the monetary item seeming to have a profound effect upon them all, even the little wife showing a decided interest at the thought of that slimy rubber garden hose costing such a lot of silver dollars.

Just at noon we stood on the bridge while a national salute was fired from the forward gun. Twenty-one times the hills around Zamboanga reverberated to the warlike sound, and twenty-one times the excitable little sister-in-law squealed with a pleasurable terror. "Madame Mandi" lost none of her serenity, but she did not like the cannonading, and covered both ears to shut out the sound. Moreover, she turned her back upon the guns, explaining that she feared their flash might make

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her blind. Meanwhile the datto and his followers stood calmly and unflinchingly erect with uncovered heads, to show their respect for that great American, George Washington, who little thought that in the first year of the twentieth century his birthday would be celebrated on American territory ten thousand miles away from the United States.

That night we dined on shore with the commanding officer, and though the mess china, silver, and napery were not of the best, the dinner was one to remember in one's prayers. Moreover, it was extremely well served by swift and noiseless Chinese servants, who poured the wine at the psychologic moment, and needed no premonitory lift of the eyebrows to remind them when a course should be taken out or brought in. Throughout the repast the regimental band played patriotic airs, and only the consciousness of being at a formal dinner in our best clothes restrained us from humming the music or beating time to it with fork or spoon.

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The table was decorated with an ornate floral design in the centre, from which trailed wreaths of green to every plate. It was extremely effective, and I spoke of it to one of the hosts, who told me in a whisper that he had been rather astonished earlier in the evening by the gorgeousness of these decorations, especially as there were no florists in Zamboanga, and on asking one of the Chinamen where he had obtained the flowers, was not a little startled to hear that they had been stolen from a neighbouring cemetery. I looked with admiration upon this resourceful Celestial, and then felt mildly irritated at the completeness of the whole *ménage*. Dinners by men always exasperate me. They show so clearly how unnecessary women really are in the scheme of domestic existence.

After our black coffee and liqueur, we sat out on the broad *cahida*, or covered veranda running around three sides of the house, and watched the rockets from the shore and ship replying to each other in the clear, starlit night, while a theatrical-looking moon came up slowly out of the bay, leaving a trail of red light on the rippling water.

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The next morning we planned to call on Datto Mandi and his wife, having promised ourselves that pleasure the afternoon before, but the day dawned so fiercely hot that I, for one, rather wilted in my resolutions, until business called my especial Signal Corps officer to town, whereupon I yielded to his persuasion and accompanied him, the other members of the party having left the ship some hours before.

On disembarking, we turned directly into the Mohammedan quarter. This is just beyond the bay to the south, and the several streets teemed with Moro inhabitants, the men and women in their gaily coloured clothes making the place more like a water-colour sketch than ever. On the banks of one of the many streams that intersect the town, bathers clad in a single garment held stone jars of water above their heads and let the contents slowly trickle down over the entire body. On the steps beside them coloured stuffs were spread to dry in the sun, giving an added splash of green and red to the already variegated landscape.

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Reaching the datto's house, we found it decorated gaily in the Moro colours for our reception, while at the top of the stairs stood the future Sultana, petite and self-possessed, but with more animation than on the previous day. She was genuinely glad to see us, and from the *sala* we could hear the voices of our friends who had preceded us.

"So sorry we are late," I said with sudden compunction, for the decorations told their tale, and then, as airily as I could in Spanish, "Did you think we were not coming?" The future Sultana smiled her sweet, grave smile. "No, indeed," she said; "you promised you would come, and Americans never break their word." The Rajah Muda came out just then and spared my guilty blushes.

He, too, was delighted to see us, and the little sister-in-law bobbed about like a distracted butterfly, while the prospective Sultana grew almost effusive in her gracious hospitality, and as we sat down in the *sala*, reached over and gave my hand a little shy caress. She was so very pleased that we had come.

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This *sala*, or drawing-room, was a spacious apartment, and had evidently been arranged by the Philippine sister-in-law, as it was an exact counterpart of those in all native houses. There was little in the room save chairs and tables, and these were all of black bamboo arranged in two long sociable rows from every window. Between the chairs stood an occasional table, suggestive of something eatable or drinkable to come, and on every table and nearly every chair were sepulchral looking antimacassars of macreme cord.

Swarms of servants and slaves hung around in every available door, all of them in Moro costume, with the exception of the small children, and they were legion, who revelled in the luxury of bare brown skins, and, strange to say, did not look at all

undressed, as would Caucasian children under similar conditions, the dark skins rather suggesting a spontaneous covering.

These retainers of Datto Mandi seemed eminently happy, and from all we could learn, slavery among the Moros is a sort of feudal state, the slaves having many privileges and considering themselves always as members of the family to which they belong. They live their own lives to a great degree, marry, and bring up their children, seeming to be considered more as followers than servants. This probably is less true of slaves by conquest, but the hereditary bondsman likes his fetters and would doubtless feel ill-used were he forced to work for his sustenance rather than receive it at the hands of a liberal master.

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Before we left, the little hostess, quite forgetting her shyness, showed us women many of her native costumes, several of them being wonderfully beautiful in their rich, barbaric colours. There were *jabuls* or *sarongs* of gaily striped cotton stuff woven by the Moros; there were European silks and satins embroidered by natives of Zamboanga; there were brocaded stuffs from Paris, and roughly woven fabrics of home manufacture, comprising in one garment all the colours of the spectrum.

Two or three of the long, skirt-like *sarongs* the little woman tried on then and there, that we might get the effect of them when worn; and with her creamy skin and big, dark eyes, she looked so attractive in the barbaric colours that we could not resist telling her the Moro dress was even more becoming than the European.

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She shook her head deprecatingly at this, that she might not appear critical of our wearing-apparel, but she stroked each native garment wistfully as if she loved it, and smiled at our approval of the picture she made standing there in the big, sunlit room, the gaily coloured *jabuls* scattered about her on the polished floor, and one more gorgeous than the rest wrapped loosely around her, yet not quite hiding the European cut of her sleeve and collar. On every side stood women slaves watching their mistress and her guests with amused wonder, while the little sister-in-law became more voluble than ever and told us there were no *jabuls* in all Mindanao so handsome as these.

About this time the young daughter of the house was brought in and introduced to the American visitors. She was an attractive girl of eleven, the oldest of four children, and her dark eyes shone with suppressed excitement as she shook everybody's hand with a gracious little manner, and answered our many questions in her pretty, hesitating Spanish. She was a dear little thing, and comely even from an American standpoint, with her dark eyes, thick, dark hair hanging in a braid far below her slender waist, and a faint rose tint in her dusky cheeks. She and Half-a-Woman were of a size, although the little Moro was full two years the older, and a very pretty picture the children made, struggling through the medium of their imperfect Spanish to arrive at a starting-point of mutual interest—dusky daughter of the East and fair little maid of the West.

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Despite the datto's wine-forbidden code of ethics, whiskey and soda were passed to the men, as well as fine cigars and cigarettes; and when we finally left it was to be followed to the launch in real Arabian Nights style by two picturesque slaves carrying gifts for us all from the future Sultan and Sultana of Mindanao—*jabuls* magnificently embroidered, hand-woven turbans, and knives with silver handles—truly right royal gifts and charming mementos of a very charming visit.

The next day, February 24th, we left Zamboanga for Sulu, laying cable as we went, instead of having to take soundings first, the charts in this one instance being reliable. As it was the dark of the moon, however, we made the journey very slowly, having to anchor each night and cut and buoy the cable to prevent its fouling. By eight o'clock every morning the buoy was picked up, the splice made, and we were under way for another uninterrupted run of ten hours, which brought us into the harbour of Sulu on the afternoon of Tuesday, February 26th.

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## Chapter VIII

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### Sulu

That popular opera "The Sultan of Sulu" has made the island of Sulu one of the most-talked-of places on the map of our new possessions, but in the Philippines it is rarely called Sulu, being better known by its Moro name of Jolo, this being pronounced with the accent on the last syllable, so that it sounds not unlike that vulgar salutation of our Western World, "Hello!"

As first seen from our quarter-deck the village of Sulu was a thing of beauty, with its vivid tints of green and gold and amethyst, its red-sailed boats on the sunlit bay, and over all the strongly blue sky. Nor was this enchantment due entirely to distance, for on going ashore in the late afternoon, we found the town even more attractive than we had thought it from the sea.

On drawing up to the pier in the ship's launch, all were surprised to find it built solidly of brick and stone, a rare departure in these waters, while at one side rose a round watch-tower, the architectural evidence of Spain's ultimate victory, after numerous and heart-breaking failures, in establishing a fort at Sulu. Above this watch-tower, which might have been taken bodily from the stage-setting for a melodrama, floated Old Glory against the sunset sky; Moro fishing-boats, the breeze in their crimson sails, dotted the flushed bay; and to the north and east small, detached islands, tinged with a translucent purple like the skin of a grape, faded into the horizon.

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Within the town's mediæval loop-holed walls everything adds to this picturesque effect, for the streets are laid out in broad boulevards, with here and there a park or plaza, riotous with bloom; the houses are large and well built, there being no nipa shacks within the four walls, and the only church of the place is refreshingly simple in design.

During our first morning ashore we visited the market, and found it a most interesting sight. The Moros, in their parti-coloured raiment, were squatted on the ground in a great circle, buying or selling fruits and vegetables, while under a covered shed at one end of the plaza stood those dealing in fish and crustaceans of all kinds.

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These marketmen were eminently good to look upon from an artistic standpoint, and as they lounged around in groups or singly, one longed to imprison them on canvas in all the gorgeousness of their tropical colouring. One fishmonger, whom I especially remember, sported a ravishing costume, consisting of bright green trousers, skin-tight of course, a purple coat, and a high peaked hat of silver, gilt, and crimson. He might better have been in comic opera than in the humble occupation of selling crabs and lobsters.

The Moro women were particularly interested in the *Burnside* feminine contingent, but not to the extent of dogging our footsteps as did the natives elsewhere, several American women in town having helped satiate their curiosity. But they stared at us, nevertheless, with a deep and absorbing interest, the quartermaster's wife, as usual, being the cynosure of all eyes, because of her exceptional height and slenderness, not to mention that astounding walking-skirt, which had apparently grown upon her, there being no visible means by which it could be put on and off.

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It was that morning most of us saw for the first time the durian, of malodorous fame, whose taste is said to be as delicious as its smell is overpowering. The fruit was for sale in the market at a few pennies apiece, and had banishment from Sulu not been threatened as a punishment, I should certainly have tasted one, that I might more accurately describe it.

"If you're bound to eat one of those nasty durians," said a friend living in the town, "please take it on the ship and have the captain anchor out farther at sea. If you attempt to open one here, you'll have the Sanitation Committee after you hotfoot!"

So I desisted, but looked at the durians so wistfully that the Moros put them down in price to a penny apiece, evidently thinking that monetary considerations prohibited the purchase.

In appearance the durian is green and prickly, about the size of a small melon, and even through the tough outside rind one can notice a faint nauseating odour. It is said that when one is opened in the market it takes but a few moments to clear the vicinity of Americans, while if a man be courageous enough to brave the strong smell and take a bite of the fruit, his presence will be unwelcome in polite society for some time thereafter; yet the durian is delightful to the palate, and would doubtless be oftener eaten did not one become so steeped in its anything but Sabeian odour.

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That first morning in Sulu, after a jolly breakfast with some of our army friends, a post officer took me into the Moro village of Tuli, just south of the walled town. There we visited many native house, climbing up steps made of circular logs, which were hard to navigate in shoes, and in every instance the natives greeted us with the utmost cordiality.

In one of the tumble-down shacks near the sea we found the Sultana, Inchy Jamela, mother of the present Sultan, who had preceded her son to Sulu on a little

visit. She was a most repulsive old hag, blear-eyed and skinny with blackened teeth, from which the thin lips curled away in a chronic snarl, but she rose on her elbow from the couch where she was reclining, and shook hands in good American fashion. Then she threw us each a pillow, indicating that we, too, should lie down and take it easy, but we preferred our perpendicularity, and sat upright on the edge of her couch, this being the only article of furniture in the room.

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As the old lady could not speak Spanish, she leered at us pleasantly from where she lay, occasionally muttering something in her native tongue, that might have been a tribute to our charms of mind or person, but which sounded more like an incantation. I felt she was a veritable witch, and at any moment expected to find myself changed into some animal or other under the baleful light of her eyes. If she had said, "Rumpelstilzchen, rumpelstilzchen," or any other cabalistic thing the witches in our fairy tales used to say, I should not have been surprised; and I tried to smile as pleasantly as I knew how, for fear she would think me bad tempered, and so change my every word into frogs and toads, instead of diamonds and rubies.

After a particularly scintillating burst of silence the Sultana offered me some *buyo*, or betel-nut, to chew, and on my refusing it, placidly put a large hunk into her own mouth, and chewed it until the red juice stained her lips as if she were suffering from a hemorrhage.

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The dais on which she lounged was as large as a small room, and was raised about three feet from the ground, it being covered with pillows and hand-woven mats of straw and bamboo. Around this thronelike couch were grouped her slaves and attendants, all armed with *barongs* and *krises* stuck into their wide sash belts, and attired in many-coloured garments that gave one the impression, both from fit and odour, of being on terms of long and close acquaintance with their wearers. The inevitable naked, brown babies staggered around the room, their little stomachs, in many instances, being swelled frightfully from a diet of too much rice and fish.

When the Sultana wanted privacy a drapery of red and white stuff, hung from the ceiling, could be let down, but otherwise she was constantly in the presence of her slaves and retainers, having the alternative of being smothered to death in privacy or bored to death in plenty of fresh air. We were told the Sultana was a power in the State and a diplomatist of no mean order, but it was hard to believe this in the royal presence, unwashed and unlovely as it was. Still, I remember seeing in a Philadelphia paper that some American living in Sulu had described the Sultana as being "an agreeable, refined, and charming Oriental diplomat." Her personality was quoted as most attractive, "uniting a rare combination of Oriental elegance and modern grace." She would be, it was said, in bearing and appearance, a credit to an American drawing-room. Heaven forbid! Unless the writer possibly meant that after due training she would grace the drawing-room in cap and apron, wielding a duster in lieu of her inherited rod of empire.

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On the day of our visit, Her Majesty was attired in garments of decided dinginess, soiled and faded, with here and there an ill-made patch, or perhaps a fresh hole, like a gaping wound, in the cloth. But it is said that on the grand occasions when she honours the post with her presence, she is attired in a splendour before which the lilies of the field wilt with envy. Rainbow effects predominate, and much gilt and silver embroidery, the ravishing impression being further enhanced by a pair of white cotton mitts drawn over her bird-claw hands. On these occasions of state the Sultana rides into town on the back of a slave, with another slave holding a parasol over her august head, and accompanied by several outriders, or rather outwalkers, attired in few clothes of many colours.

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The Sultan, too, rides pickaback when he comes to town, and as it is considered a great privilege for a Moslem to have kissed the Sultan's hand or foot, he is often gracious enough to sit astride a slave's shoulders in some public place, the palms of his hands and the soles of his bare feet obligingly outstretched, so that the thronging people can come by fours and do homage to his state as expeditiously as possible.

One of the officers stationed in Sulu told us of a hunting trip which he and several other men had taken with the Sultan and a high-ranking datto, a royal hunt through royal preserves. To the intense amusement of the Americans, the Moros insisted on taking their respective harems with them on the chase, and at night all slept in one large room, the three factions being separated only by curtains around raised platforms.

For some time the harems and their respective lords called back and forth to each other quite audibly, until the officers, worn out with their day's shooting, fell asleep. About midnight the Americans were awakened by such frightful shrieks and blood-curdling yells that each instinctively felt for his revolver or rifle, fearing an attack from the fanatical Moslems. It transpired, however, that it was only a

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slave girl singing the Sultan to sleep! The officer described this musical effort as a most hideous uproar, saying that a note would be held almost to the bursting point, the breath being regained by an agonized, strangled sob, or else a bar would be yelled explosively between hissing, indrawn breaths, the effect not conforming to the laws of harmony as understood by Europeans.

On other hunting trips, when the Americans had been accompanied by Moro guides, great difficulty was found in procuring food suited to Mohammedan restrictions, the Moros even refusing bread because there might be lard in it, or because they had seen the soldier cooks grease the pans with that abomination; sardines were also prohibited for fear they had been soaked in animal fat; and bacon was of course accursed.

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The officers were in despair until one old Moro came across some cans of baked beans among the rations. Beans! Assuredly a clean vegetable, and as such to be partaken of freely. So there they sat, good Moslems all, regaling themselves out of cans marked plainly on their gaudy labels, "*Pork and Beans.*" Moreover, they averred that the American article had an exceptionally fine Bavour, not in the least like the Philippine variety!

So strong is the Moros' aversion to even touching pork, that while they will guide Americans where boar may be found, they themselves will take no part in the sport nor help carry the game home, and even when offered American prices a pound for the meat, that representing fabulous wealth to a Moro, he will not defile himself by so much as selling it.

Mr. Dean C. Worcester, in his delightful book, "*The Philippine Islands,*" gives a most interesting legend in explanation of the Moros' aversion to pork. He says he made numerous attempts in Mindanao, Basilan, and Sulu to find out the origin of this curious distaste, but without avail, until one day the minister of justice, under "his Excellency Paduca Majasari Malauna Amiril Mauinin Sultan Harun Narrasid," committed a bibulous indiscretion, and when the vivifying spirits were well amalgamated with his own he contributed the following narrative:

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"Jesus Christ, called by the Moros Isa, was a man like ourselves, but great, and good, and very powerful. He was not a son of God. The Moros hate and kill the Christians because they teach that men could punish and kill a son of God.

"Mohamoud had a grandson and a grand-daughter, of whom he was very fond. As he was king of the world, Christ came to his house to visit him. Mohamoud, jealous of him, told him to prove his power by 'divining' what he had in a certain room, where, in fact, were his grandchildren. Christ replied that he had no wish to prove his power, and would not 'divine' (*divinar*). Mohamoud then vowed that if he did not answer correctly, he should pay for it with his life. Christ responded, 'You have two animals in there, different from anything else in the world.' Mohamoud replied, 'No, you are wrong, and I will now kill you.' Christ said, 'Look first, and see for yourself.' Mohamoud opened the door, and out rushed two hogs, into which Christ had changed his grandchildren.

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"Moros are forbidden to tell this story to infidels, because it shows that Christ outwitted the great prophet. When my informant sobered up and realized what he had done, he hung around day after day, beseeching me not to let any one know what he had done, from which fact I inferred that *he thought* he had told me the truth, and not a fable invented for the occasion."

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That first morning in Sulu, after having paid our respects to the Sultana, we called upon the next greatest personage in town, a Hadji but lately returned from his pilgrimage to Mecca. He was a most intelligent man, with regular features, fine eyes, and a flowing beard, impressively patriarchal. He was a priest as well as a Hadji, and, we were told, had a mighty following among the faithful. Both he and his wife were most hospitable in their manner and courteous in their speech, she beaming toothlessly upon us throughout the call, and as we left they pressed upon me a handful of rather rare shells as a memento of the visit.

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The small boy of the family, a youngster of seven or eight, stared at us continually from the moment of our entrance into the house until our exit, seeming especially taken with the young officer; so much so, in fact, that on our leaving, he followed us to the door, and there climbed upon a high seat, from which point of vantage he seized the young man's hand, kissed it very reverently, and then laid it against his forehead. This was all done so solemnly and with such a calm dignity that even the youngster's entire lack of raiment could not detract from its impressiveness or the significance of the action. It was evident that he imagined the big, blond lieutenant

was a Serif, a direct descendant of Mohammed, or perhaps even a Habi, which means a Serif who has been to Mecca, or a Hadji and Serif in one, than whom none but the Sultan is so great, so good, so omnipotent. I dared not laugh at the child's earnestness, though I had some trouble in controlling my risibles, the aforesaid young officer not having a reputation for excessive holiness.

Long before reaching the Moro school for boys, which we next visited, we could hear the voices of the pupils in a treble uproar, for they all and individually studied aloud, rocking back and forth in their seats, so that at first the sound was an unintelligible jumble, which finally resolved itself into bits of the multiplication table, detached letters of the alphabet, and pages from geography or history.

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As we entered the door, the scholars looked up expectantly from their work, glad of an interruption, and at a sign from one of the Mohammedan teachers, they sprang to their feet with the uniformity of a machine, fairly yelling their "Good morning" at us. Fine little lads they were, all being of Moro, Chinese, or Filipino stock, with here and there a fascinating combination of the three nationalities in one.

Of course the children were put through their paces for us, and, as each recited in turn, he would preface his remarks by a profound bow and a little speech, the words of these formal introductions being exactly alike, as if ground out by a phonograph, and beginning "Ladies and Gentlemen," till I wondered if perhaps the children saw us double. They were not in the least abashed, these little savages, and in their quaint English recited selections from Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley, some of these efforts being in dialect, which must have been a trifle puzzling to one not acquainted with the vagaries of the language.

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Finally an arithmetical problem on the board caught my eye, and was surreptitiously transferred to my note-book for future reference. It ran something like this: "A poor old lady owns one thousand cents. She loses 189 of the cents. How many left has she?" The master, observing my interest in the financial difficulties of the aged and destitute lady, had the little slates brought up that I might see there were still 811 pennies to her credit. I inquired of some of the boys how much 811 pennies put into dollars and cents would amount to, but all were so visibly embarrassed that I, remembering my own mathematically tortured childhood, desisted before the schoolmaster could hear. On leaving, the boys again jumped up as one, and shouted their unanimous "Good-bye," and long after we were out of sight, we could hear their high young voices studying aloud, each for himself, and apparently undisturbed by the scholastic outburst of his neighbour.

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Half a mile outside the walled garrison of Sulu, to the west, is a strong outpost built of stone, and still farther out yet another. These outposts are always occupied by American soldiers, not originally because of any expected trouble with the Moros, but because if our men did not occupy them the Moros would, thus giving them an almost invincible stronghold against us in case of some sudden fanatical uprising. Among the Moros, as in Granada, "Love laughs with a grip on the knife," and preparedness is as essential as good government.

Near these outposts may be seen some very fine kitchen gardens, kept by the frugal Celestial, the Chinaman of Sulu being much more energetic commercially than the Moro. It is from the "Chino" the American housewife buys her fresh fruits and vegetables, while the Moros bring in fish and the Filipinos chicken and game, thus ensuring a well-stocked larder independent of the supply-ships from Manila. In fact, so delightful a place is Sulu, that if fever were not prevalent there at some seasons of the year, it would be a veritable Paradise; but even the sanitary measures taken by the great Spanish General Arolas have not quite stamped out that scourge to white men, which long made Sulu the most undesirable military station in the islands.

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Everybody in the Philippines knows the story of General Arolas, and of how, at the close of a brief republican administration in Spain, he was practically banished to Sulu, there to die by fever or be killed by the Moros. But Arolas, instead of settling down into an inactive life awaiting what seemed the inevitable, occupied himself in building up the town, fortifying it strongly, and at the same time making it more beautiful by laying it out in broad streets and avenues, interspersed at regular intervals with flowering squares and plazas. By draining these streets well, building water-works, and establishing a fine new market, he changed its reputation as a fever hole and made Sulu one of the most desirable stations in the south. By his relentless attitude he gained the respect and fear of the Moros, and only once during his administration did a fanatical *Juramentado* gain access to the town.

But Arolas was probably less popular with the Mohammedans than was the American officer in command at the time of our visit. Indeed, he had been *legally* adopted by the royal family, the fierce old Sultana calling him "Brother," and the

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Sultan referring to him as "Papa," while a greater proof of their affection may be found in this extract of a letter written to General MacArthur on the Moros being told that they were soon to lose their first American governor.

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"... I hereby bring to your notice that I have heard that our father, Major Sweet, Governor of Jolo, will be taken away from us. This is the reason of my writing to you, because you are the parent of the Moro people, and it is known to us that you will always do your best for us, as you have done hitherto. Therefore, I beg to you anyhow for the present not to remove Major Sweet from here, as he has been very good to us, and he is very well known to everybody. He is like a parent to us Moro people. It will be just like a child who is left by his parents; he will fret and be longing for the one he loves; the Moro people are the same way. Even if somebody else would come, it would not be the same, as he would be unknown; he will be another man for that reason. To tell the truth, our father, Major Sweet, has opened our eyes; he has been the man to show us the right way to come up to the white man's ideas, and there are many cases where he has shown us his good-will. Therefore, I, the Sultan of the Jolo Archipelago, am seeking that whatever is good for my people. It is my sincerest wish that my country should go ahead.

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"Since Major Sweet, our father, has been in command of Jolo Archipelago, no disturbance of any description has occurred; the reason is, that he has taken great interest in our country and its people. He was the man who saw our poverty, our incapability of paying customs duties, as more than one calamity has befallen our islands; therefore, we thank him and we trust him, although not knowing what he will do in the future, if it will change or not. Therefore, I and my people ask you to consider the removal of Major Sweet, we ask you to leave him here; we would like him to teach us the customs of the white people."

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This, signed by the Sultan himself, is surely documentary evidence of successful American administration with the Mohammedans, who were counted by the Spaniards as quite ungovernable.

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Socially, we found Sulu delightful, and in our few days there had many pleasant dinners both on and off the ship, a little dance at the club-house, and a tennis tea. The women all wore pretty frocks, their houses were charming, and their servants as well trained as if they were living anywhere but on a dot of an island in the Sulu Sea. All of which goes to show what American women can do in all circumstances, especially army women. It was often hard to realize, while in Sulu, that just outside the house which encompassed our little civilization, barbarism lurked, but through the open windows one could see the Moros in their picturesque colours, the more soberly dressed Filipinos, and the thrifty Chinamen, with their long queues twisted up under their flat straw hats, while bits of conversation in all three tongues drifted in and mingled with our talk, as foreign to the American ear as was the tropical foliage to the American eye.

Of course we bought all sorts of curios before sailing, embroidered turbans, *sarongs*, *jabuls*, handsome *kris*es, chow-covers of beautifully coloured straw, and hats of every variety, while one day, as an experiment in shopping, I bargained for a Moro slave, a handsome, black-eyed boy, but as he could not be purchased for less than ten dollars gold, I informed his owner that he was too expensive. This transaction was carried on with great seriousness by the elderly Mohammedan, while the youngster himself showed great interest in the proceedings, and looked a little disappointed when he found he was not to belong to the *Americana* after all.

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Slave-raiding has of course been forbidden since American occupation, but the authorities have not yet been able to entirely do away with slave-trading, polygamy, nor other like peccadilloes, religious toleration being the password to the ultimate civilization of our new citizens.

Meanwhile the Signal Corps had entrenched the cable, and connected it by a short land line with the telegraph office, which was established in short order, everything being in perfect condition for the return trip to Zamboanga by the afternoon of the 28th. At daybreak on the following morning, we sailed for Zamboanga, only to find orders awaiting us there to proceed at once on a wrecking expedition to Bongao, on Bongao Island of the Tawi Tawi group, a small launch, the *Maud*, being foundered there on a coral reef. Thus were we hoist by our own petard, for over the cable just laid came the order postponing our return to Manila; but as it meant yet another chapter in a delightful experience, few of us were averse to that.

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So, between nine and ten o'clock that night, we sailed for Tawi Tawi, passing east

of Basilan and Sulu. The ship, relieved of nearly all its cable, rolled a great deal, both on our way up from Sulu and that first night out from Zamboanga, but on the two succeeding days the weather was calm, the air cool, and the "Sultan's Sea" a gigantic mirror reflecting every cloud in the sky on its glassy surface. All on board were idle then, and every steamer chair on the quarter-deck was occupied.

On the first day out we saw no land at all, but the second day many coral groups appeared to the east and south of Bongao. Among others were Manuk Manuk, surely a name to conjure with! Then there was also Balambing, which on our ship chart was marked PIRATES! Think of sailing piratical seas in this prosaic twentieth century! We watched eagerly along the coast of Balambing, to which we passed very close, for possible crafts bearing black flags, and were rather disappointed at not seeing even one bearded highwayman of the sea, a gleaming knife between his teeth, his red shirt open at the throat, for, if I remember rightly, it was so that pirates were always drawn in the yellow-covered interdicted literature of childhood.

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These southern waters were bluer than any we had seen on the trip, excepting over coral reefs, where the blue changed suddenly to a glittering iridescent green, sparkling and treacherous. This coral is eminently American in its habit of expansion, and has spread itself well over the southwest portion of the Celebes Sea.

Finally Tawi Tawi itself appeared on the horizon, and we recalled that deep in its heart, surrounded by vast forests and jungles, the faintly discernible ruins of Dungon exist, the ruins themselves covered by tremendous growths of trees. This was the ancient capital of the Moros, and there lie the remains of the first Arab Sultan, that fierce old missionary who brought the Koran in one hand and a *kris* in the other to spread the light of Islam. That his converts were many and their faith was strong and sure is attested by the universality of Mohammedanism in these southern islands, and the exclusive use of the Arabic characters in the writing of the people.

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On the afternoon of March 3d, we anchored off Bongao. On our port side, and well forward, lay the wrecked *Maud* nearly filled with water. Altogether she was in a deplorable condition, but in a few days was raised by the combined efforts of our first officer, his crew, and the soldiers of the fort. Meanwhile, we were all idlers on the *Burnside*, and in consequence enjoyed our visit there to the utmost.

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## Chapter IX

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### Bongao

Despite the fact of its remoteness from civilization, or perhaps because of it, we found Bongao most attractive. Situated on a dot of an island belonging to the Tawi Tawi group, it is the southernmost part of our new possessions to be garrisoned. West of it Borneo looms up on the horizon, and to the south is Sibutu, for which Spain was paid a good round sum because certain gentlemen on the Paris Commission lacked geographic accuracy; while to the east and north are coral islands belonging to the same group as Bongao. The garrison is situated on a mountainous spur of land running down steeply to the water. It is laid out like a park, the soldiers' quarters, hospital, library, and storehouses being of bamboo and nipa, over which the men have trained vines and creeping plants, while before each door bloom beds of bright flowers.

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The officers' quarters are built higher up on a wind-swept slope overlooking the bay, where it curves around the point of the island, and while these houses are picturesque from the outside, they are roughly finished within, the "banquet-hall," as they dignified the mess, being especially *al fresco*. Over the extemporized sideboard, consisting of some rude shelves, on which were piled a heterogeneous collection of tinned fruits and vegetables, hung a motto which read "God Bless our Home. If you don't like it, get out!" On the reverse side of this somewhat suggestive placard was the pleasing gastronomic intelligence, "Chicken to-day," chicken forming the staple of diet at Bongao, as of course fresh meat is to be had only at the rarest intervals.

For six months at a stretch the monsoon blows across the coral peninsula in one direction, and then changes and blows six months in the opposite quarter, so that, as an officer stationed there remarked, one could take his choice and be blown off to the crocodiles in the bay or to the sharks in the sea outside. This high wind



moderates the climate perceptibly, however, and notwithstanding the fact that Bongao is situated within five degrees of the equator, we found it exceptionally cool, and the officers and men in splendid physical condition.

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There was but one company of infantry stationed at Bongao when we were there, comprising perhaps fifty men and three officers. Because of the two hundred miles of treacherous ocean between him and higher authority, the young captain acting as military governor was, so to speak, a small Czar, and he ruled an unique kingdom, untouched by civilization, and peopled entirely by ex-pirates or the descendants of pirates.

The official letter-book of this functionary, at which he allowed us to peep, read like a story of adventure, while some of his own personal experiences, and those of the former commanding officer, seem almost incredible when away from the glamour of the place. In the post records, sandwiched between such mundane things as requisitions for water-buckets or commissary supplies, one would read of atrocious murders committed by the Moros; piratical expeditions headed off, and their instigators punished; or attempted slave-raids against some neighbouring island.

Under the date of February 21, 1900, a thrilling story was told, it being the official and unvarnished account of a disastrous hunting trip taken by five of the post soldiers, the dispassionate routine language but giving it verisimilitude; while the subsequent happenings serve to show what kind of government seems most to appeal to these people.

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The story, as nearly as I can remember it, reads that five of the garrison soldiers were given permission to go to a neighbouring island of the Tawi Tawi group on a hunting expedition after wild boar. Relations with the Moros on that island having been, at least, nominally friendly, there was not the slightest hesitation in granting the soldiers' request, particularly as there had been no fresh meat in the garrison for some time.

The men left in a rowboat and spent the first few hours in Balambing, an ex-pirate community, where they were entertained in the best Moro fashion, leaving amidst mutual expressions of regret and good-will. The Moros' love for firearms is well known, and about ten of them were so taken with the soldiers' rifles that they accompanied the party, ostensibly to act as guides, but in reality to witness the sport. Delayed by a strong tide running to windward, they camped that night on a lonely beach, both Americans and Moros in the best possible humour.

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After a supper cooked over the camp-fire, all the soldiers, with the exception of one man who was preparing for bed, indulged in a game of cards, the Moros watching the proceeding with apparent interest, but talking a great deal among themselves. Each soldier had his Krag on the ground beside him in case of danger, the rifle of the man who was undressing being in a far corner of the room.

Suddenly, at a word from their leader, the Moros seized their wicked *barongs* and simultaneously attacked the men playing cards, beheading one poor fellow at a single blow, and fearfully cutting the three others. One died almost immediately, and the second fell unconscious, while the third, who was cut across the side of the head and neck, feigned death and so escaped with his life.

The soldier who was partly undressed, seeing that he could not reach his rifle, felt it was only a matter of seconds before his turn should come. But the Moros, having obtained all the firearms, escaped into the forest, leaving him unharmed. As hastily as possible, he lifted the still unconscious man into the boat, which had been hidden in the bushes against just such an emergency, the wounded soldier who had feigned death helping with all his little strength, though he was so grievously hurt that he had literally to hold on his head with his hands, the cords on one side of his neck being severed. Fortunately, the jugular vein escaped the keen knife's edge, else he would not have been alive; but it was with no little difficulty he helped the unwounded man push off from shore.

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All night they rowed, the wounded man working with one hand, despite his fearful suffering, and all the next day, the blazing tropic sun shining down on their unprotected heads. Once they were beached on a coral reef, and it was all they could do to get the boat off again into deep water. Meanwhile the third soldier died, but at last the survivors of the massacre, in a pitiable condition, reached the post, carrying between them the already putrefying corpse of their comrade.

Scarce waiting to hear their gruesome story, the commanding officer and most of his company put off in *bancas* for Balambing, the unwounded man accompanying them for the purpose of identification. Arriving late in the afternoon, the soldiers quickly surrounded the town before any Moro could escape in his *prau*, and the rapidity with which the Philippine Mohammedan can drop from his house, built on

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poles over the water, and paddle away is little less than miraculous.

The head men of the village were then summoned by the American captain and ordered to hand over the murderers and the stolen rifles, or lead the way to the hiding-place of the criminals before eight o'clock of the following morning, the penalty for their disobedience being the burning of the town.

That night numerous lights and the sound of voices in the village testified to the earnest discussion that was proceeding, and at daybreak six of the offenders were delivered into American hands, the survivor of the outrage testifying to their identity; but the captain was not satisfied and consulted his watch so impatiently as eight o'clock approached that the head men, after much consultation among themselves, finally led the way to where the others were concealed along with the captured rifles.

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Here the ten prisoners were rounded up and preparations made for the return to Bongao, when suddenly a simultaneous break for liberty was attempted, and the Moros had a lesson in the deadly aim of the American soldier, for a fearful fusilade was opened on them at short range, and not a prisoner escaped.

To one unacquainted with the Moros, this swift and sure vengeance would seem sufficient to cause the relatives of the dead men to hate Americans and plan blood feuds in retaliation; but it was not so, for they recognized perfectly the wrong that had been done, and accepted the death of their kinsmen as well merited, while any regret they may have felt was at the unlucky turn of fate which put them into the hands of justice. Being captured, it was inconceivable to a Moro that the offenders should be spared, and the break for liberty was doubtless induced by the belief that at the worst they merely advanced the day of execution. For had they not killed, and what is quite as bad in the Moro code of ethics, stolen? No punishment following this outrage, the Moros would have looked on the Americans as white-livered, cowardly, pusillanimous, and that first crime would doubtless have been succeeded by raids on the town, and massacres, and feuds, which only a bloody war could have ended.

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As a result of his prompt action, this very efficient young officer had the satisfaction of knowing that the cordial relations with the citizens of Balambing rested on a new and more secure foundation than ever before. That no ill-will is harboured against the Americans may be seen by the large crowd of Balambing natives who weekly market their wares at Bongao, and the invariable respect shown by them to the uniform. Americans go freely without arms all over the island. In truth, it is asserted by different head men that the first attack would never have been made on the soldiery had it not been for the rifles they carried. Human life is cheap among the Moros, and the inconvenience of that life standing between them and what they want is soon remedied by a *barong*, unless fear of punishment, prompt and pitiless, stares them in the face.

From Balambing of bloody memory comes a Moro love story of some interest and no little humour. It appears that a rich woman there fell in love with a handsome young slave belonging to a man in a neighbouring town. After some difficulty she effected his purchase and married him, despite the fact of his being so far beneath her in the social scale. Not long after this the happy couple went to Bongao on a market-day. The lady, being an inveterate gambler, repaired at once to the cockpit, where she lost so heavily that her remaining funds were inadequate for the return trip to Balambing. Then a happy idea struck her. Why not pawn her husband, awaiting her next visit to Bongao, for although she was married to him, he was still a slave in the eyes of the law, and she could redeem him at her pleasure.

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Acting on this happy inspiration, she sought an audience with the Governor, explaining through the interpreter her predicament, and offering her husband as a security for the loan of two hundred and fifty dollars, gold. The Governor, being a bachelor, was skeptical as to this marital transaction, especially as the couple had been wedded beyond the traditional honeymoon. He was afraid that he might have the bridegroom permanently upon his hands did he advance so great a sum. This was made plain to the bride, who protested that life would be quite unendurable without her liege lord, or more properly speaking, in this case, liege subject; but the Governor was unrelenting.

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How the lady finally managed to reach Balambing is not told. Perhaps some trusting Moro accepted the risk of the marital loan. Perhaps she induced the owner of a *prau* to row her across. However the distance was accomplished, it is to be hoped she was less reckless in her subsequent gambling, a husband having proved so bad a hostage.

Another love story of different import comes from a village on the island of Siminor, just south of Bongao. There, it is said, lives an old Moro who so loved his

wife, and strange to say, in this polygamous community, his only wife, that when she died he watched her grave long beyond the appointed time, after which he had his house built over her burial-place, and there lives to this day, still faithful to the mouldering bones beneath him. Surely a proof that great love sometimes stirs even savage breasts. Considering the environment, for this man lives in a country where polygamy is not only recognized but encouraged, and where women are bought and sold by the pound, like so much meat, his love is on a par with the idyllic attachments of history and fiction.

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Speaking of buying and selling women among the Moros, reminds me of an old Maharajah in Bongao who had never seen an American woman until the arrival of the *Burnside*. Of course all white women are considered very beautiful by these dusky savages, an evidence of how much they admire Europeans being found in the fact that they firmly believe in the Sultan's Seventh Heaven all the wives of his harem will have white skins. Noticing the Maharajah's absorbed interest in our appearance, the Governor, to our intense disgust, insisted upon asking the old fellow what he thought the quartermaster's wife should be worth in dollars and cents. The toothless Maharajah took it all quite seriously, looked at the lady in question with much discrimination, pulled at his wisp of a billy-goat beard in contemplative silence, and after some minutes of deep thought replied that she should be worth about a hundred dollars, Mexican, an abnormally large amount, as Moro women seldom average over forty dollars, Mexican, apiece.

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Then the irrepressible young man turned to me, asking at what the Maharajah thought I should be valued. Without a moment's hesitation, the old sinner, to my chagrin and the uproarious delight of the whole party, appraised me at only eighty dollars, Mexican, and this despite the fact that I had smiled my pleasantest, in the hope that he would rate me at least as high as the quartermaster's wife.

Datto Sakilon, whom we met next day, proved more diplomatic, for when asked what he thought we women should be worth in the Mohammedan market, replied that it was impossible to tell, because if Moro women could be bought for forty dollars apiece, an American woman should be worth at least a thousand. Not bad repartee for a barbarian! In return for his consideration, I must admit that he was the best dressed Moro we saw in Bongao. On the day in question he wore a suit of gray drill, made with the conventional tight trousers and vest-like coat, broken out at regular intervals in an eruptive fever of gorgeously coloured embroidery. A fez topped off this costume and added to its picturesqueness, while clumsy tan shoes of undeniable American make well-nigh ruined the whole effect.

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Balbriggan undershirts, hideously utilitarian, are much worn by these Moros of Bongao in lieu of the skin-tight gaily coloured jacket, which combines so effectively with the snug trousers buttoned up the side with gold or silver buttons, and the bright turban or scarlet fez. But fancy the shock to one's æstheticism at seeing coarse balbriggan allied to barbaric splendour. The Moros really looked more undressed so attired than if they had appeared without any coat at all, but they thought these shirts very elegant, and would buy them of the soldiers at every opportunity.

The women's dress in Bongao, unlike that of northern Moros, is more typical than the men's, and shows an even greater variety of colour, but because of their blackened teeth, which are often filed to an arch in front, these women, as a rule, are anything but pretty. Their hair is nearly always fringed over the forehead and temples, while at the back it is drawn into a knot, from which one end invariably straggles, giving a most untidy effect. The wealthier women wear their finger nails very long, in some instances almost as long as the finger itself, and often this nail is protected by an artificial shield of silver. All the women have their ears pierced, and many of them wear a round bone or stick, resembling a cigarette in shape and size, thrust through the aperture. Altogether they are as unlike European women as one could well imagine, and I do not blame the Sultan for looking forward to white wives in the hereafter, though I hope the celestial harem won't have to blacken its teeth!

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There was one beauty in Bongao, however, a slave girl of eighteen, so graceful and lithe that her every attitude suggested a bird just alighted for an instant from a flight through space. Her dark eyes were fringed by the longest of black lashes, and even her stained teeth could not detract from the curves of her pretty mouth. She had a self-satisfied consciousness of her own attractions, and was as imperious and overbearing as any American beauty, stamping her tiny foot in rage at our photographer's lack of haste in taking her picture, and once walking away from the camera with a disdainful toss of her head. When, after much persuasion, she was finally induced to return, it was only to scowl sullenly at everybody with the most bewitching ill temper, poised so lightly that the very wind seemed to sway her slender figure back and forth like a flower on its stalk.

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We called her the Belle of Bongao, and said all manner of nice things about her,

which she repaid with a bold stare from under those wonderful lashes, and a contemptuous manner which said as plainly as words that American women were not much to look at, what with their ugly clothes and still uglier faces. She was glad she wasn't so large and clumsy, and that her teeth weren't white, nor her throat all screwed up in high bandages, and she smiled a little as she thought of her own attractions, for the Belle of Bongao had not learned she was a beauty for nought; and then, too, had she not cost eighty dollars, Mexican, the highest price ever paid in Tawi Tawi for a slave? Small wonder the little beauty rated her charms high.

It was in Bongao we first made the acquaintance of Toolawee, the chief *vigilante* of Sulu. It seems this personage had been sent to the Tawi Tawi Islands as pilot of the launch *Maud*, which, under his careful seamanship, was then lying high and dry on a coral reef within sight of the little garrison. Pirate under Spanish régime, chief of police under American administration, Toolawee is known to fame throughout the archipelago, though perhaps most of his reputation depends upon Mr. Worcester's delightful account of him in "The Philippine Islands." As all may remember, Toolawee acted in the capacity of guide, philosopher, and friend to Mr. Worcester and Doctor Bourns on their second visit to Sulu, many moons before our occupation of the place. Toolawee was at that time acting as "minister of war" to the nominal Sultan, having for reasons of his own become a renegade. Mr. Worcester says of him:

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"A Moro by birth and training, he had thrown in his lot with the Spaniards. As a slight safeguard against possible backsliding, he was allowed a fine house *within the walls*, where he kept several wives and some forty slaves. Arolas reasoned that, rather than lose so extensive an establishment, he would behave himself. Later we had reason for believing that the precaution was a wise one....

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"He was considered a 'good' Moro, and we were therefore interested in several incidents which gave us some insight into his real character. After satisfying himself that we could use our rifles with effect, he made us a rather startling business proposition as follows: 'You gentlemen seem to shoot quite well with the rifle.' 'Yes, we have had some experience.' 'You say that you wish to get samples of the clothing and arms of my people for your collection?' 'Yes, we hope to do so.' 'Papa' (the Moros' name for their governor-general) 'told you if you met armed Moros outside the town to order them to lay down their weapons and retire?' 'Yes.' 'Papa does not understand my people as I do. They are *all* bad. When we meet them, do not ask them to lay down their arms, for they will come back and get them, and probably attack us; just shoot as many of them as you can. You can take their weapons and clothing, while I will cut off their heads, shave their eyebrows, show them to papa, *and claim reward for killing Juramentados.*' Toolawee never really forgave us for refusing to enter into partnership with him on this very liberal basis.

"Just before our final departure from Sulu, he presented himself before me and remarked, 'Señor, I want to buy your rifle.' 'But, Toolawee,' I replied, 'you do damage enough with the one you have; what do you want of mine?' 'My rifle is good enough to kill *people* with, but I want yours for another purpose,' my good Moro made answer. Pressed for details, he confided to me that he had heard 'papa' was soon going back to Spain, and, after the governor left, he should be '*afuera*' *i.e.* offshore, waiting for victims. He explained that he never fired at the people in a canoe, but shot holes in the boat itself, so that it would fill with water. The bamboo outriggers, with which all Philippine boats are provided, would serve to keep it from actually sinking, and the occupants, being up to their chins in water, could easily be despatched with the *barong*, thus economizing ammunition; and he added, 'My rifle makes but a small hole in one side of a canoe, señor, while yours would make a much larger one, and the ball would go clear through.' Toolawee was nothing if not practical."

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While in Bongao, a Moro dance was given in our honour at the house of the governor's interpreter, a German, who at the time was away on a business trip. His wife, a plump and jolly matron of Moro descent, did the honours, and smiled her good-natured, indiscriminating smile on one and all, shaking each cordially by the hand and indicating where we should sit by many motions of her fat, brown wrists and many shrugs of her still fatter shoulders. Unlike other Moro women, our hostess's hair was neatly arranged, her teeth were beautifully white, and her costume, which consisted of a nondescript skirt and loose dressing sacque, much affected by Spanish women throughout the islands, was daintily clean.

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The other occupants of the big room were Moro—unadulterated Moro—fifty or

sixty of them, all in gala dress, the women squatted on the floor, the men leaning against the side of the house, and all staring with unabashed interest in our direction, while we stared back at them quite as interested.

Every man there was armed with at least a *barong* stuck into his broad sash, and many of them boasted a *kris* and *campilan* as well, while the brilliant colours of their costumes, and the still more gaudy *sarongs* of the women, made them resemble a gathering of strange tropic birds, our European apparel looking singularly dull and sober beside their scarlets, greens, and purples. Over this strange scene flickered the dim light of cocoanut-oil lamps, and outside a shower beat softly against the trees, and the moon looked down at us whitely from a cloudy sky.

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Presently a weird noise broke in upon our conversation. The orchestra had begun to play. Now, Moro music is strangely unrhythmical to European ears, consisting as it does of a monotonous reiteration of sound, even a supposed change of air being almost imperceptible to one unaccustomed to the barbarous lack of tone. The Moro piano is a wooden frame, shaped like the runners of a child's sled, on which are balanced small kettle-drums by means of cords and sticks. These more nearly resemble pots for the kitchen range than musical instruments, but each is roughly tuned, forming the eight notes of the scale. Women, crouching on the ground before this instrument, beat out of it a wailing sound with shaped sticks, while on larger kettle-drums, hung by ropes from a wooden railing at one side, two men accompanied the "piano," an old woman in the background drumming out an independent air of her own on an empty tin pan.

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Meanwhile the dancing had begun, or rather the posturing of the body, for the feet and legs are used but little in the Moro dances, which consist principally of moving the body and arms rhythmically and to music, the wrists always leading gracefully.

Among the women this attitudinizing was very pretty, the bangles tinkling on their round arms, while the *sarong* half-revealed, half-concealed the curves of their figures. Most of them danced with their heads turned away, but whenever the evolutions of their measured step brought them face to face with us, they would hold up the *sarong* so that it concealed all but the eyes, evidently a survival of the *yashmak*, for Moro women do not hide their faces at all times from the gaze of men, as do the women of India.

When the men danced it was far less graceful, and at times bordered on the grotesque. They contorted and twisted themselves out of all semblance to the human body; they made their abdominal muscles rise and fall with the music; they seemed at times to put the body out of joint, and then reset it properly with jerks and jumps and sudden fierce movements; they twitched, and twisted, and twirled, hardly moving their feet from the floor.

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Then came sword-dances with naked blades, when some young Moro advanced and retreated, leaped high in the air, or crouched on the ground, waving his *barong* or *kris* aloft, now retreating, now coming uncomfortably close to the little party of unarmed Americans, the flickering light gleaming redly on the glittering knife, and reminding one, with a horrid insistence, that the time and place were ideal for a wholesale slaughter.

As the necessities of the dance took the last of these lithe youths farther away, I must confess to a feeling of relief, which mounted to a nervous joy when, after apparently slaying his enemy and grinding him under heel, the dancing combatant gave place to a chubby youngster who stamped, and twirled, and gestured himself into our very hearts. This baby, for he could not have been over four years old, was also a prime favourite with the Moros, who yelled out their delight at his prowess, and even clapped their hands and jumped about in their enthusiasm. But the baby was stoically calm, and moved not a muscle of his little round face in response to their greetings.

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Then came the old Maharajah, who had set his price on the American women. Wrinkled, white-haired, and toothless, he danced amidst great applause; and after him a tiny girl posed most picturesquely, throwing out her plump, dimpled wrists, on which twinkled innumerable bangles. Waving each wrist in turn, the little maid would fasten upon it a serious gaze, as if she were a snake-charmer and each arm was a serpent, her hand representing the head, which waved ever back and forth restlessly and in time to the strange music.

Before leaving, a mock marriage was performed for our benefit by the one-eyed Pandita. As is the custom at such times, all the Moro women, including the bride, who is never present at her own wedding, were hidden behind an extemporized curtain. On the ground before this curtain sat the Pandita and the prospective bridegroom, the bare soles of their feet touching and their hands closely clasped beneath an enshrouding cloth. The Pandita then chanted or intoned a service, the

bridegroom occasionally joining in, and not infrequently some outsider introduced a facetious expression or joke, which was greeted with uproarious delight by the others, the Moro sense of humour being apparently well developed.

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Of course, the mock marriage ended here, but we were told that at this point of the service in a real wedding the groom would go behind the curtain and seize his bride, who was supposed to struggle violently to escape. She would then be carried to the groom's house, and for three days the feasting and merry making would continue—for everyone but the happy pair, as according to custom, the bride must quarrel violently during this time with the groom, and not allow him to come near her, though when he finally leaves her alone, she must bitterly weep and lament. At the expiration of the three days, this charming state of affairs is discontinued, and they are considered legally married, and thereafter may be as happy as they are capable of being.

On leaving the interpreter's house to walk back to the ship's boat, we were lighted by a misty moon which gave the effect of twilight, and in our half lethargic state could hardly be sure that what we had seen that evening was not, after all, a dream or a strange hypnotic memory—the dancing Maharajah, the Pandita performing the marriage ceremony, the terrible sword-dance, and the little snake-charmer fascinating her own plump hands! Was it possible such things had occurred in the twentieth century and on American soil?

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## Chapter X

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### Tampakan and the Home Stretch

Our last day in Bongao the Governor secured a little pearling launch, the *Hilda*, and took several of the *Burnside* people on a jaunt to the island of Siminor, as it is written on the map, or Siminol, as it is called by the natives. Siminol is about ten miles south of Bongao, and our destination was the town of Tampakan. It was a misty, moisty afternoon, with a sharp salt smell to the air, and through the haze distant mountains loomed spectre-like, or else melted into blue clouds on the horizon.

After a two hours' run, during which the *Hilda* wheezed and puffed like a fat old woman in a tight frock, we reached Tampakan, and anchored as near the shore as was practicable, blowing our whistle to attract the attention of the villagers. In a few moments several *praus* and *bancas* were poled out to the ship by a motley array of half-clad Moros, big, brown, lithe fellows, each with a turban or fez topping off his black hair, and all armed with a goodly array of sharp knives. Over the side of the launch they swarmed, talking excitedly with our interpreter, the chief *vigilante* of Bongao, and reminding one strongly of their piratical forebears. Many of these very men had been pirates in Spanish days, and not one of them but was a descendant of some marauder of the high seas.

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The three hundred yards that we had to be poled to shore from the *Hilda* was through water not more than three feet deep, and over a bed of pink and white coral, which could be plainly seen through the crystal clearness. At low tide one can walk out over this submarine beach, but the Moros say that the rocks, seaweed, and coral lose much of their beauty when not seen through a lens of water. At the time of our visit it was such high tide that even with the native *praus* and the little rowboat from the launch, we were unable to make a good landing, so the men jumped ashore in imminent danger of a wetting, while we women were carried, one by one, through the surf.

A villainous looking gentleman, whose costume consisted of skin-tight Moro trousers and an American bath towel, was introduced by our host as the head man of the town, and he shook hands all around, quite solemnly and conscientiously, as if it had been a religious rite imported to Tawi Tawi by these strange white people.

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Meanwhile the entire male population of the place gathered about us, and we found them in very truth a murderous looking lot, armed to the teeth with *barongs* and *kris*es and *campilans*, while none of us had any visible means of self-protection. There were a few pocket revolvers, however, hidden under the officers' blouses, and well hidden, the Governor having warned us to take no arms of any description to Tampakan, for while money would have been no temptation to these people, they would not have hesitated long to kill one for a Krag rifle or a Colt revolver.

After the head man had religiously shaken every newcomer's hand, our officers began bargaining with him and with his people for their knives, and the crowd of men around us grew every moment greater, with not a woman in sight. There were men in complete Moro costume, handsome and picturesque; others ruining their appearance by the addition of a hideous balbriggan undershirt, sandwiched between tight trousers with innumerable buttons and a brilliantly coloured turban; while still others, in little else than a fez and breech-clout, seemed not a whit abashed. The children were either quite naked, or wrapped in *sarongs*, faded by the sun and weather to a dull harmony of their once too brilliant reds and greens.

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Finally on the outskirts of the crowd I caught a glimpse of three Moro women, and forced my way to them, shaking hands and smiling as affably as possible. They shook hands in return, rather awkwardly, but answered smile with smile, talking excitedly in their native tongue, and seeming surprised that I could speak only a word or two of Malay, without doubt a more agreeable language than that harsh and unintelligible one in which the white officers were bargaining for *barongs* and *kris*es.

Over the stone fortification a short distance away I had a glimpse of tree tops and the steep, slanting roofs of nipa houses, while at the gate stood still another group of women, most of them dressed from the waist to the knees only. Motioning my three friends to follow, I approached these women, whereupon they took fright and hid behind the nearest house. That is, all but one old crone, too feeble to run, who tremblingly awaited her fate until, reassured by the manner of those I had talked to outside the wall, she lifted up her voice in voluble Malay, evidently telling the others that the strange creature neither bit nor scratched, whereat they all came back, first slowly by ones and twos, and then more rapidly, until they stood around me in a ring at least twenty deep.

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As women have a language of their own the world over, we understood each other quickly; and how friendly they were, and how delighted with my clothes and all the little accessories, the hat, the veil, the belt, the collar. Next they were amazed at my teeth, and pointed to their own blackened ones, and then to mine, pushing forward little girls under ten to show that only children should have white teeth, while I, despite my extreme age, still sported such evidences of youth. Was it possible I considered myself a child? Or was I younger than I looked? Next my skin was marvelled at, and they took my hands in theirs and shouted with good-natured laughter at the difference in colour between us, for despite two and a half years of tropic tan, my skin, compared with theirs, was very light.

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Before I realized what they were doing, they had unbuttoned the cuff of my shirt-waist and pushed the sleeve a little way up my arm, evidently anxious to see if I were white all over, while at the same moment a small girl of twelve, married or of marriageable age, as one could tell from her stained teeth, knelt down on the ground at my feet and was apparently examining my shoes.

Suddenly she gave a startled cry, and before I could prevent her, lifted my skirt and petticoat to the ankle, revealing a small expanse of black lisle thread stocking. For a moment there was an intense silence, followed by a low murmur of astonishment, which soon grew into a veritable roar of displeasure, and the women no longer beamed approvingly, but gathered together on one side, regarding me with great disfavour.

I was dumfounded at this sudden change of manner, and could not account for it in any way, until I saw some of the blackest among them pointing to their own bare legs with apparent pride, and then turning scornfully and motioning in my direction. Did they object to my wearing stockings? Or was it possible they had mistaken the stockings for skin?

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Acting on this very improbable suggestion, I demonstrated that the black outside covering could easily be peeled off, whereupon there was great amazement, and once again the women crowded around in deifying adulation. They had thought their American idol had worse than clay feet, that the feet were black, blacker even than their own dusky skins, and their relief was obvious at finding the dark flesh but a close fitting covering.

So it was I was again restored to favour, and the women with swift, shy gestures fingered my dress and hat, my army belt, and the red silk handkerchief at the throat of my sailor collar, saying, "Mariloa, mariloa" over and over, which in their tongue means "pretty" or "good," depending on how it is used.

They laughed at my shoes, spreading out their flexible toes that I might see how much more comfortable feet were unshod, and then pointed to their hands, indicating that it were quite as sensible to wear shoes there as on the feet, which made me sorry some of us had not worn gloves. Also I was much amused to notice that after biting even so lightly of the fruit of knowledge, most of the women about

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me had drawn up the folds of the *sarongs*, tied so artlessly around their waists, and fastened them securely under the armpits, so that they were clothed quite decorously from shoulder to knee.

There was one beautiful little girl among the many plain ones in Tampakan. She could not have been over ten years old, and her heavy eyebrows were shaved into a narrow black line above magnificent eyes, shaded by phenomenally long lashes. Her features were regular and finely cut, her mouth being particularly pretty, and when she smiled, which was seldom, her red lips disclosed even little teeth, glistening and white. Her very hair, fringed heavily above her brow, was soft and fine and hung almost to her knees in a dusky, rippling cloud, while both tiny ears were pierced, the left one boasting an ivory stick about the size and shape of a cigarette, and the other a roll of red rags, which barbaric custom served only to enhance her wildwood tropic beauty.

The child's *ena*, or mother, was evidently very proud of her daughter, and through the interpreter, told me that within a year the little maid was to marry a datto in a neighbouring town. A very great honour, to be sure, and then her pretty, gleaming teeth will be blackened and filed into an arch, her eyebrows shaved off completely, and at twenty-five the little beauty will doubtless have been transformed into a wrinkled, loathsome old hag, and perhaps a grandmother to boot!

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At the windows of a house under which we stood, women, who for some reason did not mingle with the others of the village, peered down at us curiously, some holding up their *sarongs* to cover all but the eyes, and some frankly interested, with uncovered faces; while still other creatures, of nightmare ugliness, their skins plastered with a white flour paste, their eyebrows shaved, and their teeth newly blackened and filed into shape, incurred the displeasure of their respective lords and masters by appearing at the window even for a few moments at a time, it not being Moro etiquette that these recent brides of the neighbourhood should be seen until a later period.

About this time Half-a-Woman and her mother appeared on the scene, the American child, with her golden hair and white skin, enthusing the Moro women to the utmost, while the tall slenderness of the mother excited their voluble admiration. But neither mother nor daughter appreciated natives, except as accessories to the landscape, so they delayed not on the order of their going, and audibly marvelled that I could be interested in such filthy wretches, insinuating that a carbolic bath would be necessary on our return to the ship. But the Moro women, unconscious of any criticism as to their personal neatness, smiled at the *Americanas* delightedly, telling me through the interpreter that it would take two or three Moro women to make one as tall as the quartermaster's wife, who looked very young indeed to have attained so great a height!

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When the officers had completed their purchases, they started through the village on a tour of inspection, and at their approach my women friends beat a hasty retreat, scattering in every direction like so many quail; but as we proceeded along the one street of the town, accompanied by a veritable army of native boys and men, I saw at the windows of different houses many familiar faces, all grinning cheerfully in response to my nods of recognition.

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The houses of Tampakan are built on one side of this broad street, and are small nipa shacks on stilts, with steps of bamboo logs, and steep thatched roofs, while back of this first row of houses stands another row, and back of that still another. At the far end of the street two or three houses are built at right angles to the rest, and it was here that beautifully woven *petates*, or sleeping mats, were offered for sale, some of them white with appliques of red and blue cloth in curious designs, and others of split bamboo, the patterns being woven in with different colours.

These mats were most reasonable in price, none of them costing over a dollar and a half, and some very pretty ones were valued at only fifty cents apiece, but for sanitary reasons we were obliged to forswear them, unique as they were, for they had all been in use, and we had seen more than one leper among the villagers, and numerous evidences in scars and sores of loathsome skin diseases.

Embroidered turbans, *jabuls*, and *sarongs* were also offered for sale, as were chow-covers and tall pointed hats, while one man with great pride produced for our inspection a pressed glass sugar bowl, that variety which one does not have to examine or tap with the finger to prove counterfeit. It was pressed glass with no intention to deceive, the kind one runs across in the dining-room of country hotels, or at cheap department stores. That it was appraised highly in Siminol, however, was beyond question, and on every side swarthy faces watched eagerly to see what impression it would make upon us, though the owner himself assumed a nonchalant air, as became the possessor of so rare an article of vertu. It had evidently been in Siminol a long time, and was possibly stolen from a trading-post on some piratical expedition, or looted from a Spanish planter's home during a

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raid on a coast town, or more prosaically acquired in exchange for curios. However that may be, it was considered a rare bit of bric-a-brac in Siminol, and the possessor was counted a most fortunate man among his fellows.

There were many beautiful *barongs* bought that day, the natives willingly exchanging them for money, which the Governor of Bongao declared was a unique way to disarm an enemy. American gold was especially appreciated, and the natives passed a piece around from hand to hand with an absolutely childish delight in its yellow beauty. [246]

One of my purchases I paid for with a new five dollar gold piece, and before turning the money over to the Moro, held it for a moment pendent from my ear to suggest an earring, pointing at the same time to one of his wives, who was standing in the doorway of their house. The man was delighted with the suggestion, as were numerous other Moros who had seen the pantomime, and the woman in question clapped her hands and laughed aloud. I have often wondered whether or not she received that earring, and if it became a universal custom in Tampakan to wear money thus.

One of the officers, while drawing out some change from his pocket to pay for a very handsome and expensive *barong*, came across a gold-plated spread eagle, such as officers wear on their shoulder-straps. It was worth perhaps twenty-five or fifty cents, but it glittered alluringly in the sunlight, and one of the Moros, with whom he had been bargaining, made a dive for the bit of metal, calling on his companions to look at it. After a swift examination the owner of the *barong*, to the officer's intense surprise, offered him the knife in exchange for the worthless bauble. Noting the American's hesitation, and misinterpreting it, the Moro added an embroidered turban to the knife, and waited in breathless expectation for his answer. [247]

The officer still hesitated what to do, and then, through the interpreter, explained that the eagle was of no monetary value, and that he could not accept so expensive a knife or such a handsome turban in exchange for it. The Moro seemed astonished, but appreciated the reason, and had his first lesson in the apothegmatic saying that all is not gold which glitters. Later the eagle was given to the Bongao *vigilante*, who pinned it to the front of his fez, for was he not a protector of the peace under the great American government?

To one side of Tampakan stood a plot of ground used as a cemetery. This we saw from a distance only, the newly made graves presenting quite a gala appearance, decorated as they always are with bright coloured umbrellas, these being usually of yellow. When a Moro is buried his grave is protected from the sun and rain, and must be watched continually night and day for a period of three months, doubtless to keep the corpse from being defiled by man or beast. [248]

At about six o'clock we left Tampakan, being followed to the boats by the entire male population of the town, even to toddling, naked boy babies, while the women hung out of their windows in imminent danger of a fall and shouted strange things at us in their own tongue, which the Bongao *vigilante* interpreted as "Good-bye, nice people, come again."

It was almost dark when we reached the *Hilda*, and she immediately put off for the ship, though seeming literally to creep along, her engine wheezing even more painfully than earlier in the afternoon. At that rate we should certainly be late for dinner, and all were hungry from the trip across.

But a more serious contingency awaited us, for within a half-hour after starting, the native fireman came up on deck, his face blanched with fear, to say the boiler would not work, and that unless we could anchor at once we should be swept out to sea on the strong current. Soundings were immediately taken, and the water found very deep, so, dragging our anchor, and with our last remaining bit of steam, we reached a place shallow enough for anchorage. It was literally the last gasp of the engine that put us in safety, for a moment more and we should have been adrift on the trackless sea. [249]

Of course the next thing to be done was to send up distress rockets, with which we had fortunately provided ourselves, that the *Burnside*, whose lights we could faintly see far, far over on the horizon, might know of our predicament; but as it was not yet dark enough for her to distinguish our signal against the sunset sky, we decided to save our ammunition until there was no danger of its not being seen from the ship, there being but three rockets aboard the *Hilda*.

Those few minutes of waiting seemed preternaturally long, and when the first rocket was finally sent up, everyone watched, with almost feverish impatience, for the *Burnside's* return signal. One minute passed in breathless silence; another minute, during which we shivered slightly with cold and excitement; ten seconds

more, and a sudden flash in the direction of the ship, which we took to be a search-light answer to our rocket of distress, was greeted with a simultaneous yell of delight. But our joy was dampened suddenly by some one suggesting that the search-light might have been merely a coincidence as to time, and that the ship was in reality using it, as often happened, for other purposes. Then, too, as this same Jeremiah pointed out, a distress rocket would always be answered by a rocket, or at least by a Coston signal.

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There was a general lowering of personal temperature at this, and a few moments later, with even less confidence than we had sent up the first rocket, a second one was launched. But this proved a failure, and went down instead of up, covering the water with a shower of golden sparks, which hissed and sputtered angrily on the green waves that were rocking the little *Hilda* back and forth as if she had been a cockle-shell. Of course there was no answer to this signal, for the ship could not have seen it at her great distance.

In the meantime the tide was going out so rapidly that we soon found ourselves in only two fathoms of water, the *Hilda* drawing one and a half fathoms, while every few minutes the bottom of the launch ground ominously on the rocks below. The pilot of the little craft was stretched out on the covered hatchway, frightfully seasick from the churning motion of the boat, when the native engineer, ghastly with terror, reported to the Governor what we had for some time suspected, namely, that we were anchored on a coral reef. To stay there much longer was out of the question, but as the boiler would not work, the only other alternative was to let the boat drift out to sea on the tide.

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While we were all ostentatiously cool, I think there was not one among us but mentally computed just how long it would take for a hole to be knocked in the bottom of the boat, leaving us at the mercy of those cruel, green waves that licked at the *Hilda's* sides with foaming tongues, eager for their prey. Our Jeremiah added to the general cheerfulness by advancing an enlivening theory to the effect that the Siminol Moros would undoubtedly surround us ere long, attracted by our futile signals to the ship, and brought up pleasant visions of swarthy pirates, under the leadership of our interpreter, making us walk the plank, or fighting against us to the death on a deck slippery with our own blood.

Only one more rocket left! How carefully it was hoisted to the top of the awning, and how circumspect was the man who applied a lighted cigarette to the fuse, while the rest of us breathlessly awaited the result. What if it, too, should prove a failure? The very thought was terrifying. But there went the rocket—up, up, up,—a steadily mounting streak of red, which seemed to touch the dark dome of the heavens before breaking into a shower of golden sparks. Eagerly we watched the ship for some answering sign. The seconds seemed like hours, the minutes like days. But at last, way over in the distance, a rocket from the *Burnside* split the darkness, and we looked at one another silently, too deeply moved for cheers, knowing it was only a question then of a race between our ship's launch and the hungry, hurrying tide.

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After a bit we laughed and joked a great deal to make the moments pass more quickly, while our host told good yarns and recited some of Eugene Field's inimitable verse in an inimitable way, to a running accompaniment of the waves dashing against the side of the launch and her occasional bumping on the rocks below. So long as most of us live I fancy that "Casey's Table d'Hôte" will be associated in our minds with that night on the coral reef.

At last in the distance we saw the red, white, and blue Coston signal of the *Burnside's* launch, its skipper doubtless asking us for a guiding light, our lantern on the masthead not being visible over a mile. For a moment we were at a loss what to do, our last rocket having been used to signal to the ship, but some one took a newspaper which had been wrapped around a package, divided it in two, soaking one half of it in machinery oil from the engine-room. This greasy paper was then put on the end of a fishing-spear, and, when lighted, it made a glorious blaze, which was immediately answered by a second signal from the ship's launch, which changed its course, making for us more directly. A little later, in answer to another signal, we lighted the paper remaining, and in reply to still another, some waste soaked in oil did duty as a light. By this time the launch was near enough for us to distinguish its whistle, to which of course we could not reply, having no steam. Meanwhile the tide was very low. "Nine feet," announced some one, sounding, and the coral grated harshly under our keel. A moment more and the launch might be too late.

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But just then came another flash out of the gloom, so near that we were startled, a shrill whistle, and the rescuing party was at hand. Very hurriedly the passengers were transferred to the *Burnside, Jr.*, and the *Hilda* was towed to a safe anchorage, where she was left for the night.

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The ride back to the ship was a long one, and we struck a tide-rip half-way there, which drenched us all to the skin and tossed the staunch little craft back and forth, as if she had been a chip on the water. But at eleven o'clock we climbed aboard the *Burnside*, after having given the Powers-that-Be and our many friends a fright which made them threaten us with the brig if it ever happened again.

Fortunately for us, our first rocket had been seen from the ship, else the launch might have been too late to rescue us, and what we had taken for a gleam from the search-light was in fact a Coston signal, our distance from the *Burnside* not enabling us to distinguish its red and blue lights, the white alone carrying that far.

A good dinner, finished long after midnight, so rested us that, being young and foolish, we went ashore with our host of the afternoon, merely for a farewell glimpse of Bongao, retiring at ever so little o'clock in the morning, and not very long before the engines began to puff and pant, preparatory to our trip northward.

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Then followed a month of cable repairing, which took us again to Zamboanga, Iligan, and Cagayan. A little stretch was also laid connecting Oslob, Cebu, with the Dumaguete land line, and later a cable laid nearly two years before on the southeast coast of Luzon was thoroughly overhauled and put into shape. This cable connected Pasacao and Guinayangan, or Pass-a-cow and Grin-again-then, as we always dubbed the towns.

It was on our way to Pasacao from Iligan that we had our last glimpse of old Mount Malindang, or, as the sailors called it, Mount Never Pass, because it was so seldom off our horizon. All day the sea had been oily smooth, and fish jumped out of the water continually, the sea-gulls swooping down upon them and carrying them off in their talons. The sailors had been holy-stoning the decks and painting every bit of available woodwork white, preparatory to our entrance into Manila Bay, and the cable machinery for the nonce was still, the native employees lounging about the lower decks, playing monte or strumming their guitars in idle joy.

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At sunset we all went aft to see Malindang for the last time. To the southeast it stood stolidly against the flushed sky, a white cloud about it, reminding one of some old Indian chief wrapped in his blanket, passively watching the departure of the pale-faces who had invaded his mighty solitude. To the north were Negros, Cebu, and Siquijor; to the south Mindanao; and even far-distant Camaguin to the east, with a faint wisp of smoke from its volcano. Then night came upon us suddenly and blotted out Mount Never Pass—perhaps forever.

After our experiences in the far south, we found Oslob, Pasacao, and Guinayangan strangely uninteresting, although at the beginning of our cable trip I have no doubt we should have enjoyed them hugely. There were the same curious natives who dogged our every footstep; the same nipa shacks surrounded by palms and bamboos in the same dazzling sunshine, of which no words or symbols or formulas could give one an idea. There were the inevitable churches with decorations of faded artificial flowers and much tarnished tinsel, the same wooden images with large eyes and simpering little mouths, the same glaring chromos of the Virgin and her angels.

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In Oslob the church was further decorated by brown velvet portières being painted at each side of the long windows, an obvious advantage in the event of house-cleaning, while the wooden pillars were also stained to resemble marble. At the time of our visit women knelt on the bare floor at their prayers, all wearing stiffly starched white linen veils, which did not entirely conceal their fleshly interest in ourselves, the while they told their rosaries with busy fingers.

Guinayangan had a wooden belfry to one side of its church, the bells therein being made of metal arms captured from the Moros many years before. We also noticed, on entering the church, a palanquin shaped affair at one side of the door. This, we were told, was used by the priest in processions, when altar boys dressed in scarlet and white robes carry him thus enthroned, two other boys walking ahead of the procession and two behind, all bearing candles in candelabra taller than themselves, and all dressed in scarlet and white like the bearers of the palanquin. It was used as well for a confessional, and to carry the priest to and from visits of extreme unction.

[258]

Guinayangan also boasts a shipyard, which is nothing more than a rough shed, the implements being most primitive in construction. Without even ways, not to mention the absence of means, it is said that large sailing ships are made there, two of them being in the harbour at the time of our visit.

For several days we hovered in the vicinity of Guinayangan and Pasacao, cutting and splicing, splicing and cutting, while we idle ones of the quarter-deck unanimously decided that this lower corner of Luzon Island comprised the prettiest landscapes we had seen on the trip, consisting for the main part of

wonderful mountains covered with a luxurious tropical growth of trees and shrubbery, these perpendicular forests springing out of the water with scarcely any intervention of beach between their green sides and the sparkling sea beneath them.

In places the mountains were bare of trees, suggesting forest fires in the past, but in the distant past, as the patches of ground were covered with grass, the exact tender shade in which the young Spring clothes herself at home. In many of these rifts between the trees nipa houses were tucked away, adding to the charm of the landscape, and the multifarious shades of green to be found on these hillsides were further diversified by shrub-like trees with a faint red tinge like furze, and by still others with a silvery sheen to their leaves.

[259]

It was while paying this long-laid line into the tanks, when looking for faults, that wonderful sea growths were brought up on the cable, especially in comparatively shallow water, revealing varieties of submarine life undreamed of in our philosophy. There was white coral, and coral in shades of pink, and red, and violet; there were sea-cucumbers and jellyfish; shrimp of tiny proportions and scarlet in colouring; barnacles of every description; curious shells of fairy-like proportions; seaweeds and grasses and moss of exquisite delicacy, making the cable look in places as if it were a rope of tiny many coloured blossoms. The small girl of the *Burnside* was enchanted with the pretty playthings sent her by the mermaids, and gathered the gaily tinted wonders into a box for safe-keeping, but before the passing of another day they had lost their beauty, and, moreover, smelled up to very heaven, and had to be thrown overboard.

[260]

But at last the Signal Corps completed its work on the Pasacao-Guinayangan cable, the final splice was made, and the bight dropped overboard, whereupon we were off for Manila, stopping *en route* at Pasacao to ascertain if all were well with the line. This was on Good Friday, and the officers who went ashore said that natives, dressed to represent the Twelve Apostles, roamed the streets and at given intervals flagellated one poor chap who had been elected to represent Judas for the time being. The native padre assisted in the semi-religious function, and all seemed more interested in it as a diversion than impressed by its devotional significance.

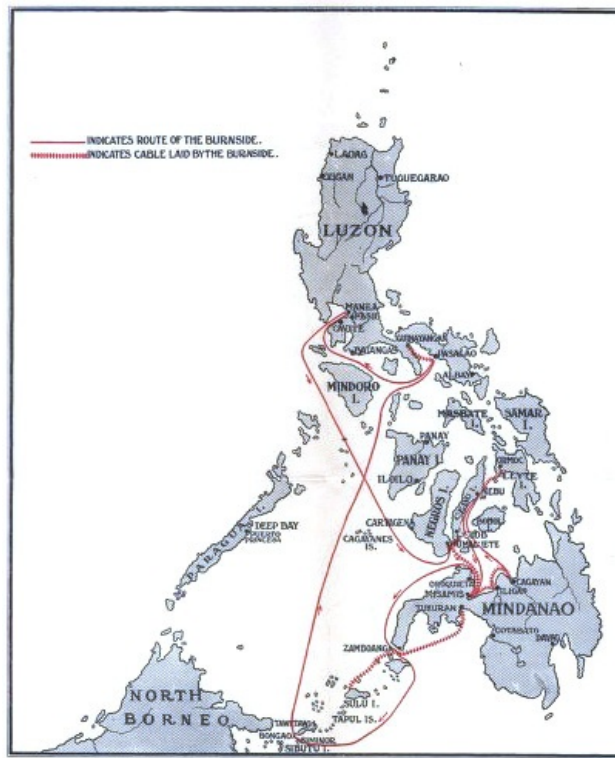
The rest of the day we sailed over absolutely peaceful water, with scarcely a ripple on its crystal surface, swinging in and out of the myriad wooded islands, peninsulas, and capes that make the southern part of Luzon so ragged and uneven on the map, and thence into the China Sea, where we floated, sky above and sky below, for hours, anchoring off Manila on the following forenoon, just in time to spend Easter Sunday, April 7th, at the capital.

[261]

And so ended our cable trip and those pleasant days in the far South Seas. The huge tanks on the forward deck of the *Burnside* yawned hungrily for the five hundred knots of cable now lying in those distant waters, linking together the strange lands we had seen *en route*, and as we stood for the last time looking down into those empty tanks, tar-stained and reeking with moisture, I was strongly reminded of Mr. Kipling's "Song of the Cable:"

"The wrecks dissolve above us; their dust drops down from afar— Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where blind white sea-snakes are. There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the deserts of the deep, On the great, gray, level plains of ooze, where the shell-burred cables creep. Here in the womb of the world—here on the tie-ribs of earth— Words, and the words of men, flicker and flutter and beat."

THE END.



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