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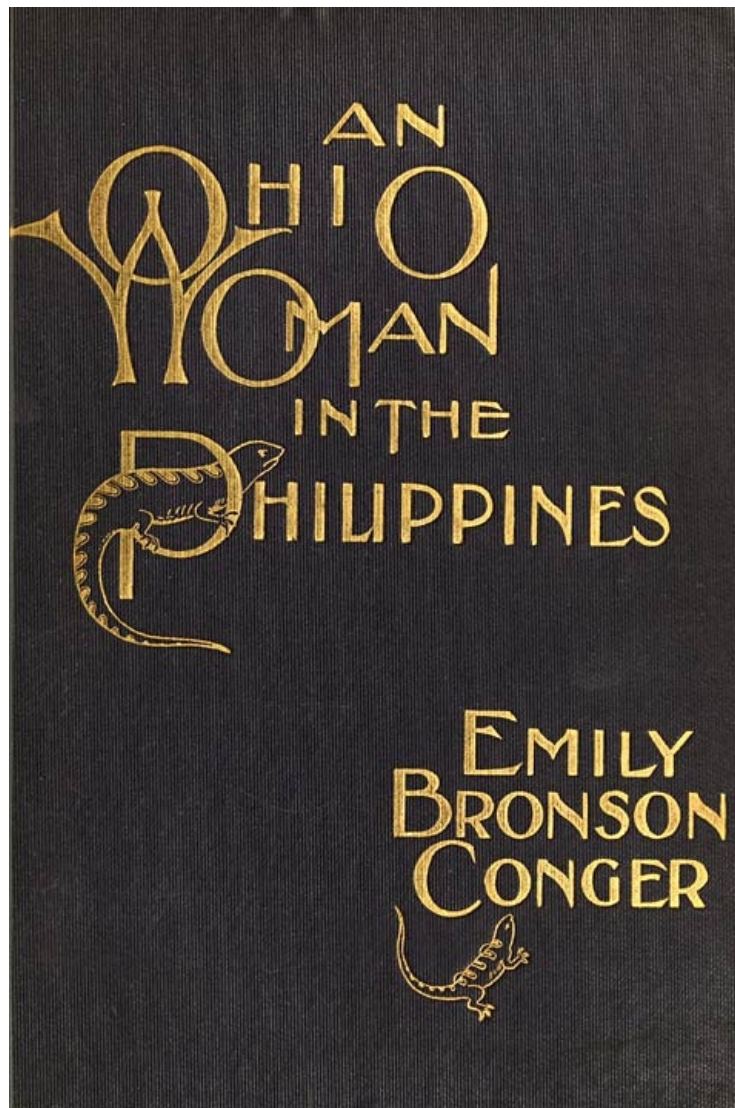
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\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK AN OHIO WOMAN IN THE PHILIPPINES \*\*\*

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Scout.

## **An Ohio Woman in the Philippines**

**Giving Personal Experiences and  
Descriptions Including Incidents of  
Honolulu, Ports in Japan and China**



**Mrs. Emily Bronson Conger**

Published with illustrations



1904  
Press of Richard H. Leighton  
Akron, Ohio

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## To His Dear Memory.

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*To my beloved husband,*  
*ARTHUR LATHAM CONGER,*  
*whose love was—Is my sweetest incentive;*  
*whose approval was—Is my richest reward.*  
*Mizpah,*  
*EMILY BRONSON CONGER.*

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## Out of the Golden Gate.

### Chapter One.



ith the words ringing out over the clear waters of San Francisco Bay as the Steamer Morgan City pulled from the dock, “Now, mother, do be sure and take the very next boat and come to me,” I waved a yes as best I could, and, turning to my friends, said: “I am going to the Philippines; but do not, I beg of you, come to the dock to see me off.”

I did not then realize what it meant to start alone. I vowed to stay in my cabin during the entire trip, but, as we steamed out of the Golden Gate, there was an invitation to come forth, a prophesy of good, a promise to return, in the glory of the last rays of the setting sun as they traced upon the portals, “We shall be back in the morning.” And so I set out with something of cheer and hope, in spite of all the remonstrances, all the woeful prognostications of friends.

If I could not find something useful to do for my boy and for other boys, I could accept the appointment of nurse from the Secretary of War, General Russell A. Alger. But, if it proved practicable, I preferred to be under no obligations to render service, for my health was poor, my strength uncertain.

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The sail from San Francisco to Honolulu was almost without incident; few of the two thousand souls on board were ill at all. They divided up into various cliques and parties, such as are usually made up on ocean voyages. When we arrived at Honolulu, I did not expect to land, but I was fortunate in having friends of my son’s, Hon. J. Mott Smith, Secretary of State, and family meet me, and was taken to his more than delightful home and very generously, royally entertained.

My impressions were, as we entered the bay, that the entire population of

Honolulu was in the water. There seemed to be hundreds of little brown bodies afloat just like ducks.

The passengers threw small coins into the bay, and those aquatic, human bodies would gather them before they could reach the bottom.

The city seemed like one vast tropical garden, with its waving palms, gorgeous foliage and flowers, gaily colored birds and spicy odors, but mingled with the floral fragrance were other odors that betokened a foreign population.

It was my first experience in seeing all sorts and conditions of people mingling together—Chinese, Japanese, Hawaiians, English, Germans and Americans. Then the manner of dress seemed so strange, especially for the women; they wore a garment they call halicoes like the Mother Hubbard that we so much deride.

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We visited the palace of the late Queen, Liliuokalani (le-le-uo-ka-lá-ne), now turned into a government building; saw the old throne room and the various articles that added to the pomp and vanity of her reign. I heard only favorable comments on her career. All seemed to think that she had been a wise and considerate ruler.

I noticed many churches of various denominations, but was particularly interested in my own, the Protestant Episcopal. The Rt. Rev. H. C. Potter, Bishop of New York, and his secretary, Rev. Percy S. Grant, were passengers on board our ship, the Gaelic. The special purpose of the Bishop's visit to Honolulu was to effect the transfer of the Episcopal churches of the Sandwich Islands to the jurisdiction of our House of Bishops. He expressed himself as delighted with his cordial reception and with the ready, Christian-like manner with which the Supervision yielded. The success of his delicate mission was due, on Bishop Potter's side, to the wise and fraternal presentation of his cause and to his charming wit and courtesy.

It was still early morning when my friends with a pair of fine horses drove from the shore level by winding roads up through the foot hills, ever up and up above the luxuriant groves of banana and cocoanut, the view widening, and the masses of rich foliage growing denser below or broadening into the wide sugar plantations that surrounded palatial homes. We returned for luncheon and I noted that not one house had a chimney, that every house was protected with mosquito netting; porches, doors, windows, beds, all carefully veiled.

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After dinner we again set forth with a pair of fresh horses and drove for miles along the coast, visiting some of the beautiful places that we had already seen from the heights. The beauty of gardens, vines, flowers, grasses, hills, shores, ocean was bewildering. In the city itself are a thousand objects of interest, of which not the least is the market.

I had never seen tropical fish before, and was somewhat surprised by the curious shapes and varied colors of the hundreds and thousands of fish exposed for sale. I do not think there was a single color scheme that was not carried out in that harvest of the sea. Fruits and flowers were there, too, in heaps and masses at prices absurdly low. With the chatter of the natives and the shrill cry of the fishermen as they came in with their heavily laden boats, the scene was one never to be forgotten.

The natives have a time honored custom of crowning their friends at leave-taking with "Lais" (lays). These garlands are made by threading flowers on a string about a yard and a half long, usually each string is of one kind of flower, and, as they throw these "Lais" over the head of the friend about to leave, they say or sing, "Al-o-ah-o, until we meet again."

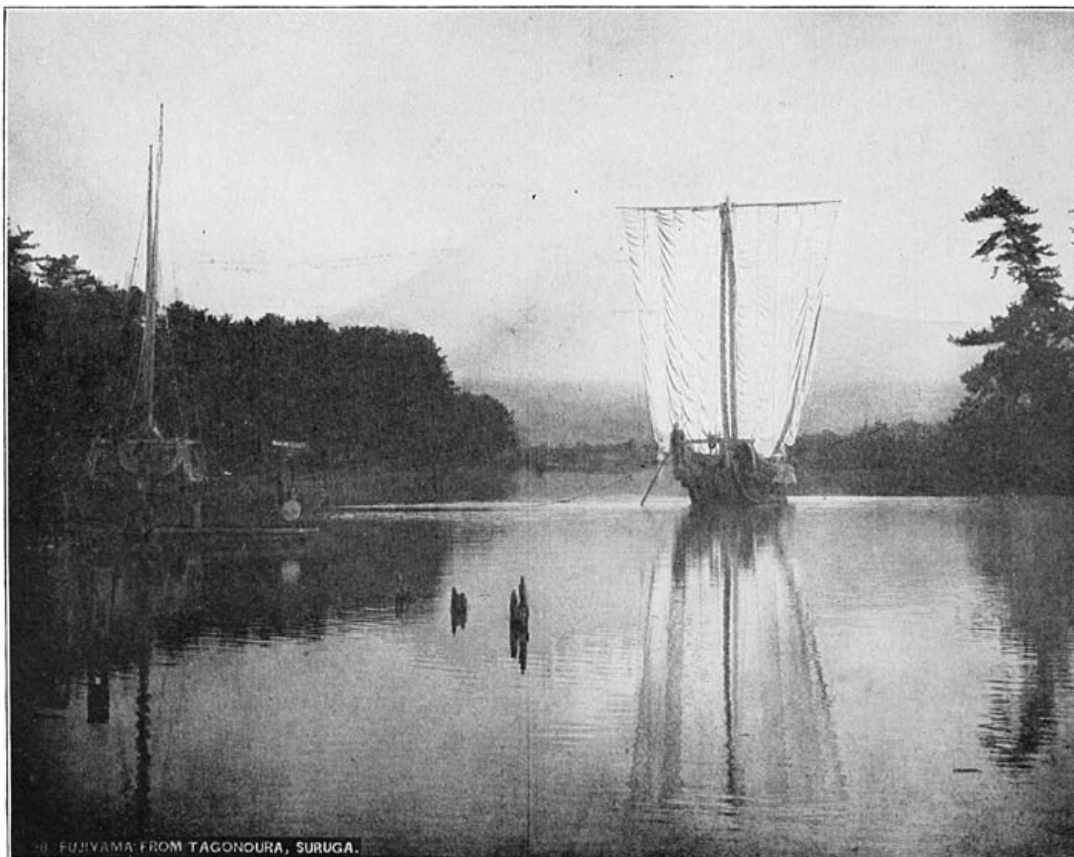


AL O AH O. AL O. AH O UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN AL O. AH O. AL O. AH O. UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN.

This musical score is the greeting of good-day, good-morning, or good-bye; always the greeting of friends. They chose for me strings of purple and gold flowers. The golden ones were a sort of wax begonia and the purple were almost like a petunia.

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Fujiyama from Tagonoura, Suruga.

Instead of sitting on the deck of the steamer by myself, as I had purposed, I had one of the most delightful days I have ever spent in my life. It was with deep regret, when the boat pulled from the wharf, that I answered with the newly acquired song, "Al-o-ah-o," the kindly voices wafted from the shore. We had taken on board many new passengers, and were now very closely packed in, so much so, that to our great disgust one family, a Chinaman, his wife, children and servants, fourteen in number, occupied one small stateroom. It is easy to believe that that room was full and overflowing into the narrow hallways. Though he had eight or nine children and one or two wives, he said he was going to China to get himself one more wife, because the one that he had with him did bite the children so much and so badly.

I had never before seen so many various kinds of Chinese people, and it was a curious study each day to watch them at their various duties in caring for one another and preparing their food. Strange concoctions were some of those meals. They all ate with chop-sticks, and I never did find out how they carried to the mouth the amount of food consumed each day. One day we heard a great commotion down in their quarters, and, of course, all rushed to see what was the matter. We were passing the spot where, years before, a ship had sunk with a great number of Chinese on board. Our Chinese were sending off fire crackers and burning thousands and thousands of small papers of various colors and shapes, with six to ten holes in each paper. Some were burning incense and praying before their Joss. The interpreter told us that every time a steamer passes they go through these rites to keep the Devils away from the souls of the shipwrecked Chinese. Before any Evil Spirit can reach a soul it must go through each one of the holes in the burnt papers that were cast overboard.

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Bishop Potter asked us one day if we thought those Chinese people were our brethren. I am sure it took some Christian charity to decide that they were. One of these "brethren" was a Salvation Army man, who was married to an American woman. They were living in heathen quarters between decks and each day labored to teach the way of salvation. Many of these poor people died during the passage; the bodies were placed in boxes to be carried to their native land. A large per cent. of the whole number seemed to be going home to die, so emaciated and feeble were they.

There was fitted up in one of the bunks in the hold of the vessel a Joss house. I did not dare to see it, but I learned that there was the usual pyramid of shelves containing amongst them the gods of War and Peace. Before each god is a small vessel of sand to hold the Joss sticks, a perfumed taper to be burned in honor of the favorite deity, and there is often added a cup of tea and a portion of rice. There are no priests or preachers, but some man buys the privilege of running the Joss house, and charges each worshipper a small fee. The devotee falls on his knees,

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lays his forehead to the floor, and invokes the god of his choice. Soothsayers are always in attendance, and for a small sum one may know his future.

As between Chinese and Japanese, for fidelity, honesty, veracity and uprightness, my impression is largely in favor of the Chinese as a race. Captain Finch told me that on this ship, the Gælic, over which he had had charge for the past fifteen years, he had had, as head waiter, the same Chinaman that he started out with, and in all this period of service he never had occasion to question the integrity of this most faithful servant, who in the entire time had not been absent from the ship more than three days in all. On these rare occasions, this capable man had left for his substitute such minute instructions on bits of rice paper, placed where needed, that the work was carried on smoothly without need of supervision or other direction. The same holds true of Chinese servants on our Pacific coast. I was much pleased with the attention they gave each and every one of us during the entire trip; it was better service than any that I have ever seen on Atlantic ships. In the whole month's trip, I never heard one word of complaint.

Being a good sailor, I can hardly judge as to the "Peacefulness of the Pacific." Many were quite ill when to me there was only a gentle roll of the steamer, soothing to the nerves, and the splash of the waves only lulled me to sleep.

By day there were many entertainments, such as races, walking matches, quoits, and like games. Commander J. V. Bleecker, en route to take charge of the Mercedes reclaimed in Manila Bay, was a masterly artist in sleight-of-hand performances, and contributed much to the fun. [14]

Often the evenings were enlivened with concerts and readings. Col. J. H. Bird, of New York, gave memorized passages from Shakespeare—scenes, acts, and even entire plays in perfect voice and character. We thought we were most fortunate in the opportunity to enjoy his clever rendition of several comedies.

But to one passenger, at least, the best and sweetest ministrations of all were the religious services. Bishop Potter took part in all wholesome amusements. He was often the director; he was the delightful chairman at all our musical and literary sessions; but it was in sacred service that his noble spiritual powers found expression. One calm, radiant Sunday morning he spoke with noblest eloquence on these words of the one hundred thirty-ninth psalm:—

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee  
from thy presence?  
If I ascend up into heaven thou art there; if I make my bed  
in hell, behold thou art there!  
If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the  
uttermost part of the sea;  
Even there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall  
hold me.

Fifteen months later, when wrecked on the coast of Panay, his clear voice again sounded in my soul with the assurance, "Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." [15]

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## First Glimpses of Japan.

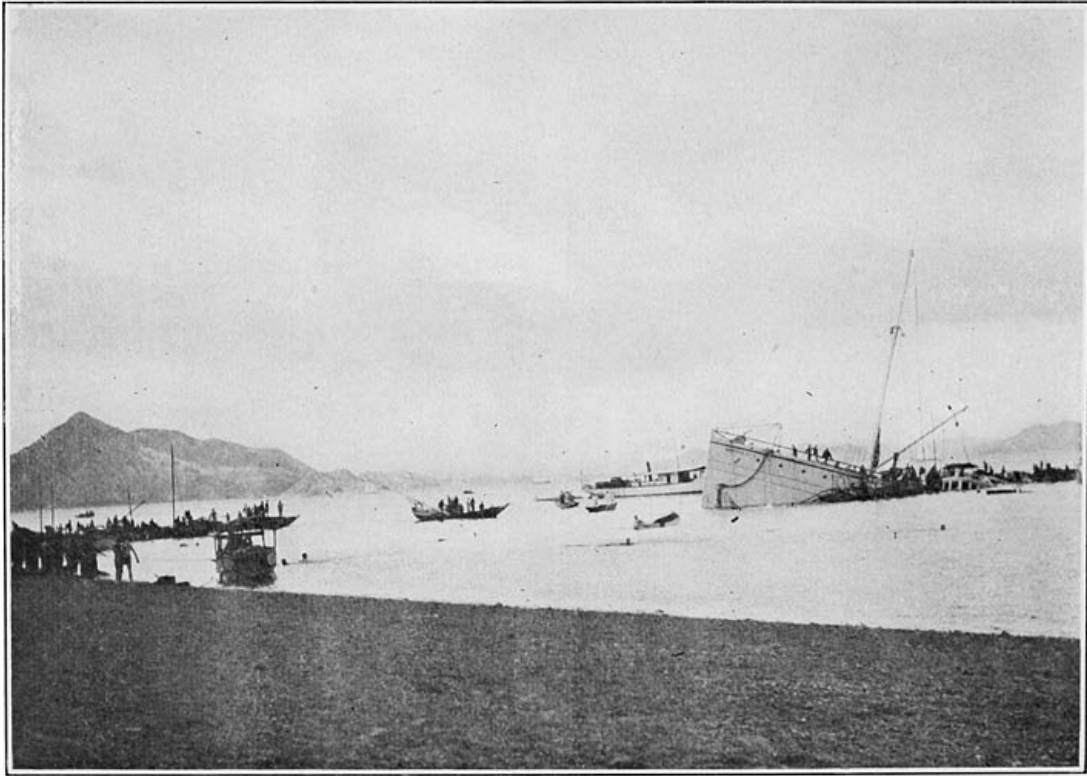
### Chapter Two.



But for all our devices to while away the time, the thirty-two days of ship life was to all of us the longest month of our lives. The Pacific, as Mr. Peggotty says, is "a mort of water," a vast, desolate waste of waters from Honolulu to our first landing place, Yokohama. We had a wonderful glimpse of the sacred mountain, Fujiyama. The snow-capped peak stood transfigured as it caught full the rays of the descending sun. Cone-shaped, triangular, perhaps; what was it like, this gleaming silhouette against the deep blue sky? Was it a mighty altar, symbol of earth's need of sacrifice, or emblem of the unity of the ever present triune God? 'Tis little wonder that it is, to the people over whom it stands guard, an object of reverence, of worship; that pilgrimages are made to its sacred heights; that yearly many lives are sacrificed in the toilsome ascent on bare feet, on bare knees.

As we went through Japan's inland sea, one of the most beautiful bodies of water

on the globe, it seemed, at times, as if we might reach out and shake hands with the natives in their curious houses, we passed so near to them—the odd little houses, unlike any we had ever seen; while about us was every known kind of Japanese craft with curious sails of every conceivable kind and shape. On the overloaded boats the curious little Japanese sailors, oddly dressed in thick padded coverings and bowl caps on their heads, with nothing on limbs and feet save small straw sandals, strapped to the feet between great and second toes, looked top-heavy.



“Morgan City” as She was Sinking.

While I watched all these new things, I was eagerly on the lookout for the wreck of the Morgan City, on which my son had sailed. Nothing was visible of the ill-fated ship but a single spar, one long finger of warning held aloft. As we passed on, watching the busy boats plying from shore to shore, the Chinese on the boat chattered and jabbered faster with each other than before; we fancied they were making fun of their little Japanese brethren. We arrived at Yokohama about 9 P. M., and were immediately placed in quarantine. The next morning a dozen Japanese quarantine officers appeared, covered all over with straps and bands of gold lace. They looked so insignificant and put on such an air of austere authority that one did not know whether to laugh or cry at their pomposity. They checked us off by squads and dozens, and by 12 o'clock we were ready to land. It was our first touch of Japanese soil, and we were about to take our first ride in a Jinricksha. It was very beautiful to hear as a greeting, “Ohio.” As I had been told by a Japanese student, whom I met in Cambridge, Mass., that this is the national greeting, I was not unprepared as was a fellow passenger, who said, “Oh, he must know where you came from.” My height and my white hair seemed to make me an object of interest. It was such a novel thing to be hauled around in those two-wheeled carts, one man pulling at the thills and another pushing at the rear. It is a fine experience, and one which we all enjoyed. The whole outfit is hired by the day for about a dollar, the price depending upon the amount of Pigeon English the leader can speak. The first thing they say to you is, “Me can speak English.” We found the hotel admirably kept.

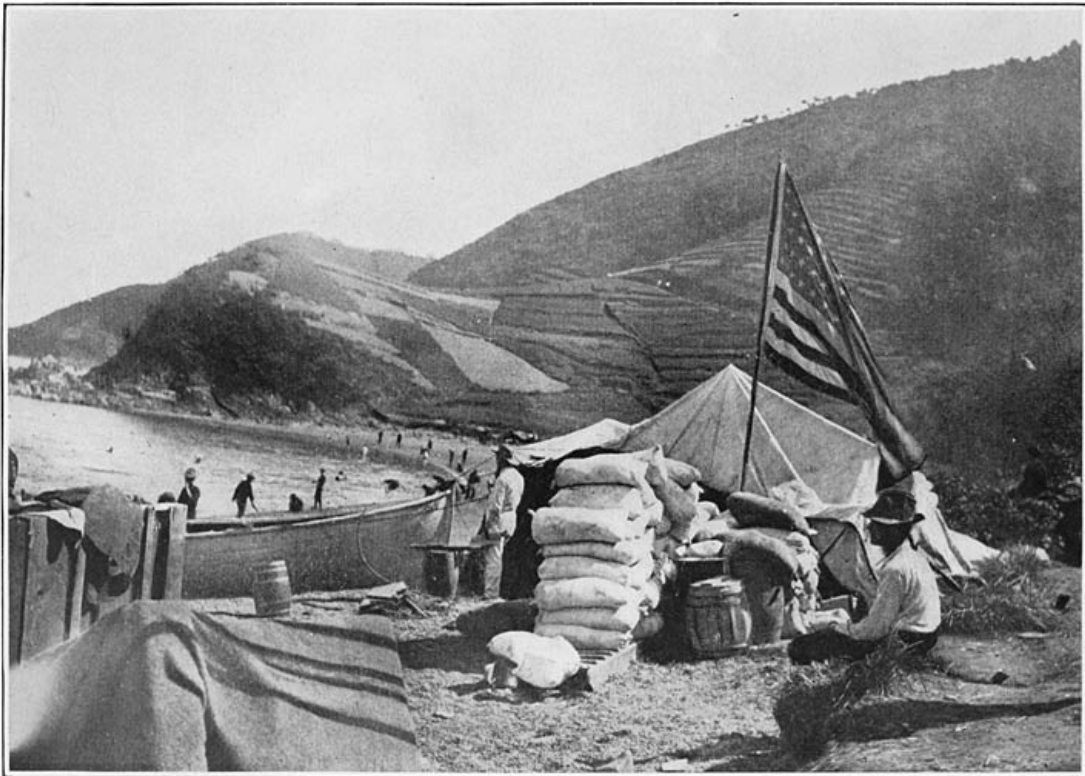
The blind Japanese are an interesting class. They are trained at government cost to give massage treatment, and no others are allowed to practice. These blind nurses, male and female, go about the streets in care of an attendant, playing a plaintive tune on a little reed whistle in offer of their services. The treatment is delightful, the sensation is wholly new, and is most restful and invigorating after a long voyage.

No wonder that so many of the Japs are weak-eyed or totally blind. The children are exposed to the intense rays of the sun, as, suspended on their mothers' backs, they dangle in their straps with their little heads wabbling helplessly. From friends who have kept house many years, I learned that the service rendered by the Japanese is, as a whole, unsatisfactory. Their cooking is entirely different from ours, and they do not willingly adapt themselves to our mode of living.



It is not my purpose to tell much about Japan and China; they were only stages on the way to the Philippines; and yet they were a preparation for the new, strange life there. But such is the charm of Japan that one's memories cling to its holiday scenes and life.

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U. S. Troops from Wreck of "Morgan City."

The Japanese are really wise in beginning their New Year in spring. The first of April, cherry blossom day, is made the great day of all the year. There are millions of cherry blossoms on trees larger than many of our largest apple trees—wonderful double-flowering, beautiful trees, just one mass of pink blossoms as far as the eye can reach. They do so reverence these blossoms that they rarely pluck them, but carry about bunches made of paper or silk tissue that rival the natural ones in perfection. No person is so poor that he cannot, on this great festal day, have his house, shop, place of amusement or, at least, umbrella bedecked with these delicate blossoms. It is almost beyond belief the extent to which they carry this festal day, given up entirely to greetings and parades.

Then the wonderful wisteria! In its blossoming time the flower clusters hang from long sprays like rich fringe. From the hill-tops the view down on the tiny cottages, wreathed with the luxuriant vines, is most beautiful. A single cluster is often three feet long. They make cups, bowls and plates from the trunk of the vine.

There are marsh fields of the white lotus. The ridges of the heavily thatched roofs are set with iris plants and their many hued blossoms make a garden in the air.

One should visit Japan from April to November. In the cultivation of the chrysanthemum they lay more stress on the small varieties than we do; they prefer number to size. The autumn foliage is beautiful beyond belief,—vision alone can do it justice. The hillsides, the mountain slopes are thickly set with the miniature maples and evergreens; the clear, brilliant hues of the one, heightened by contrast with the dark green of the other, are strikingly vivid.

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On Left of Picture is Seen a Tree with its Extended Limb.

The trees and shrubs are surely more gnarled and knotted than they are in Christian countries. They are trained in curious fashion. One limb of a tree is coaxed and stretched to see how far it can be extended from the body of the tree. At first I could not believe that these limbs belonged to a stump so far away. The Japanese pride themselves on their shrubs and flowers. Nothing gave me more pleasure than seeing all this cultivation of the gardens, no matter how small, around each home. I did not see a single bit of wood in Japan like anything that we have. The veining, color, texture and adaptiveness to polish suggest marble of every variety.

At Yokohama I engaged a guide, Takenouchi. I found him to be a faithful attendant; his devotion and energy in satisfying my various requests was unwearied; I shall ever feel grateful to him. He would make me understand by little nods, winks, and sly pushes that I was not to purchase, and he would afterwards say: "I will go back and get the articles for you for just one-half the price the shop-keeper told you." They hope to sell to Americans for a better price than they ever get from each other. We went to every kind of shop; they are amusingly different from ours. Few things are displayed in the windows or on the shelves, but they are done up in fine parcels and tucked away out of sight. It is the rule to take two or three days to sit at various counters before you attempt to purchase. The seller would much rather keep his best things; he tries in every way to induce you to take the cheaper ones, or ones of inferior quality. My guide was in every way capable and efficient in the selection of fine embroideries, porcelain, bronzes, and pictures.

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**From Yokohama to Tokio.**



## Chapter Three.



From Yokohama to Tokio, a two hours' ride on the steam cars, one is constantly gazing at the wonderful country and its perfect cultivation. There are no vast prairies of wheat or corn, but the land is divided into little patches, and each patch is so lovingly tended that it looks not like a farm but like a garden; while each garden is laid out with as much care as if it were some part of Central Park, thick with little lakes, artistic bridges and little waterfalls with little mills, all too diminutive, seemingly, to be of any use, and yet all occupied and all busy turning out their various wares.

I understand they even hoe the drilled-in wheat. The rice, the staple of the country, is so cared for and tended that it sells for much more than other rice. Imported rice is the common food.

As our guide said, we must go to the "Proud of Japan," Nikko, to see the most wonderful temples of their kind in all the world. We took the cars at Yokohama for Nikko. It was an all day trip with five changes of cars, but every step of the way was through one vast curious workshop of both divine and human hands. The railway fare is only two cents a mile, first class, and half that, second class; we left the choice to our guide. A good guide is almost indispensable. Our faithful Takenouchi was proficient in everything; he was valet, courier, guide, instructor, purchasing agent, and maid. I never knew a person so efficient in every way; he could be attentively absent; he never intruded himself upon us in any way. It is impossible to describe the wonderful temples! They must be seen to be appreciated and, even then, one must needs have a microscope, so minute are the carvings in ivory, bronze, and porcelain, inlaid and wrought with gold and silver; many of them, ancient though they are, are still marvels of delicate lines of the patient labor of the past centuries. One of the gods, which was in a darkened temple, had a hundred heads, and the only way one could see it was by a little lantern hung on the end of a string and pulled up slowly. But even in that dim light we stood awestruck before that miracle wrought in stone. No one is allowed to walk near this god with shoes upon his feet. Unbelievers though we were, we were awed by the colossal grandeur of this great idol. The God of Wind, the God of War, the God of Peace, "the hundred Gods" all in line, were, when counted one way, one hundred, but in the reverse order only ninety-nine. To pray to the One Hundred, it is necessary only to buy a few characters of Japanese writings and paste them upon any one of the gods, trusting your cause to him and the Nikko.

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Yōmeimon Great Gate, Nikkō.

The bells, the first tones of which came down through that magnificent forest of huge trees and echoing from the rocks of that wonderful ravine, will ever sound in my ears as an instant call to a reverential mood. The solemn music was unlike any

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tone I had ever heard before; now it seemed the peal of the trumpet of the Last Day, now a call to some festival of angels and arch-angels. As the first thrills of emotion passed, it seemed a benediction of peace and rest; the evening's Gloria to the day's Jubilate, for it was the sunset hour.

The next morning we took our guide and three natives to each foreigner to assist in getting us up the Nikko mountain. It took from 7 o'clock in the morning until 2 in the afternoon to reach the summit. Every mountain peak was covered with red, white, and pink azaleas. Our pathway was over a carpet of the petals of these exquisite blooms. We used every glowing adjective that we could command at every turn of these delightful hills, and at last joined in hymns of praise. Each alluring summit, as soon as reached, dwindled to a speck in comparison with the grandeur that was still further awaiting us. We stopped often to let the men rest, who had to work so hard pulling our little carts up these steep ascents.

There is a great waterfall in the hills, some two hundred fifty feet high, but none of us dared to make the point that gives an entire view of it. All we could see added proof of our paucity of words to express our surprise that the reputed great wonders of this "Proud" were really true. On returning we were often obliged to alight and walk over fallen boulders, this being the first trip after the extreme winter snows. At one place, being "overtopped" by the weight of my clothes and the cramped position that I had been in, I lost my balance and fell down, it seemed to me to be about a mile and a half. In a moment there were at least fifty pairs of hands to assist me up the mountain side. A dislocated wrist, a battered nose, and a blackened eye was the inventory of damages. Such a chattering as those natives did set up, while I, with a bit of medical skill, which I am modestly proud of, attended to my needs. The day had been so full of delights that I did not mind being battered and bruised, nor did I lose appetite for the very fine dinner we had at the Nikko Hotel, so daintily served in the most attractive fashion by the little Japanese maidens in their dainty costumes. In the evening the hotel became a lively bazaar. All sorts of wares were spread out before us—minute bridges modeled after the famous Emperor's Bridge at this place. No person is allowed to walk upon it but His Majesty. The story goes that General Grant was invited to cross over upon it, but declined with thanks. In returning we drove through that most wonderful grove of huge trees, the Cryptomaria, a kind of cedar, which rise to a height of one hundred fifty or two hundred feet. I may not have the number of feet exactly, but they are so tremendous that one wonders if they can really be living Cryptomaria. Indeed, much of all Japan seems artificial. Every tiny little house has its own little garden, perhaps but two feet square, yet artistically laid out with bridges, temples, miniature trees two or three inches high, flowers in pots, walks, and little cascades, all too toy-like and tiny for any but children. Nearly all of the houses have their little temples, and the children have their special gods; little boys have their gods of learning and their gods of war. The prayer to the god of learning is about like this: "Oh, Mr. God of Learning, won't you please help me to learn my lessons, won't you please help me to pass my examinations, and Oh, Mr. God of learning, if you will only help me pass my examination and to study my lessons and get them well, when I get through I will bring you a dish of pickles." This prayer was given me by a Japanese student who studied in our country.

We found that nearly every banking house and hotel had for their expert accountants and rapid calculators, Chinamen. I finally asked one of the proprietors how it happened and he said it was because they could trust the Chinese to be more faithful and accurate. On the other hand, when we got to Hong Kong we found that the policemen were of India, because the Chinese could not be trusted to do justice to their fellow men. There was such a difference between the service of the coolie Jinricksha men in Hong Kong and in Japan. They did not seem so weak or travel-weary, and yet they had often to take people on much harder journeys.

## Tokio.

### Chapter Four.



okio, the capital, with a population almost equal to New York, looks like a caricature, a miniature cast such as one sees of the Holy Land. The earliest mention of the use of checks in Europe is in the latter part of the seventeenth century. The Japanese had already been using them for forty years; they had also introduced the strengthening features of

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requiring them to be certified.

Visiting the Rice Exchange in Tokio during a year of famine, when subject to wide and sudden fluctuations, it was easy to imagine one's self in the New York Stock Exchange, on the occasion of a flurry in Wall Street. There was the same seeming madness intensified by the guttural sounds of the language, and the brokers were not a whit more intelligible than a like mob in any other city. I said to the interpreter: "You Japanese have succeeded in copying every feature of the New York Stock Exchange." "New York!" he exclaimed, "why, this very thing has been going on here in Japan these two hundred years!"

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The palace is a long, low building, unattractive in itself, but its gardens with every beautiful device of native art, fountains, bridges, shrines, fantastically trimmed trees, flowers, winding ways, are amazingly artistic.

The Lord High Chamberlain has ordered every civil officer to appear at court ceremonies in European dress. It seems such a pity, for they are not of the style or carriage to adopt court costumes. One government official wanted to be so very correct that he wore his dress suit to business. So anxious are they to be thought civilized. There is nothing that hurts a gentleman's feelings in Japan more than to hear one say, "They have such a beautiful country and when they are converted from heathenism it will be ideal." There is a strong Episcopal church and college in the capital.

I am not at all prepared to judge the Japanese creeds or modes of worship. But one may infer something of what people are taught, from their character and conduct. The children honor their parents; the women seem obedient to their husbands and masters; and the men are imbued with the love of country.

The prevailing religion of Japan is Shintoism, and through the kindness of Rev. B. T. Sakai, I will give a bit of his experience. He wished to acquire a better knowledge of English and found that Trinity College in Tokio could give him the best instruction. He went to this institution, pledged that he would not, on any account, become a Christian, and assisted in the persecution of his fellow students, who were becoming convinced of the truth of Christianity. During the extreme cold weather, the institution was badly in need of warmer rooms. Several of the students met and decided to make an appeal to the Bishop. They went to him, three Japanese boys who were converted and two who were not, and told him in very plain language that they would not endure the cold in their rooms any longer. The Bishop listened attentively and finally said, "Well, young men, you are perfectly right, and I have a very good solution of the difficulty. I am an old man and cannot live many years, so I will give you my warm room and I will take the cold one." He told me that was something new to him, that a person of his years and standing should be willing to make so great a sacrifice. He said that he could not keep the tears from running down his cheeks, and on no account would any of these boys accept the Bishop's proposal; he gave them a new idea of Christian charity.

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## **KOBE AND NAGASAKI.**

From Nikko we returned to Yokohama and thence by steamer to Kobe. The U. S. Consul, General M. Lyon, and his wife met me. They gave me the first particulars of the wreck of the Morgan City. Nothing could exceed their kindness during the two days of my stay there. Their familiarity with the language, the people, and the shops was a great help to me. And when we returned home, I found the little son of my hosts the most interesting object of all. Born in Kobe, cared for by a native nurse, an ama, as they are called, he spoke no English, only Japanese. He was a beautiful child, fair, golden haired, blue eyed, and sweet of temper.

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The garden of the U.S. Consul at Kobe was a marvel of beauty. There was a rumor that the United States government might purchase it. I hope so, because it is in a part of the city which has a commanding view of the bay, and it is such a joy to see our beautiful flag floating from the staff in front of the consulate. No one appreciates the meaning of "Our Flag" until one sees it in foreign countries.

I visited the famous Buddhist Temple of Kobe; it was placed in a garden and there were hundreds of poor, sore eyed, sickly, dirty Japanese people around, and it gave one the impression that this temple might have been used for other purposes than worship. In all the temples that I visited, I never saw, except in one, anything that approached worship, and that was in the Sacred Temple of the White Horse, Nagasaki, and an American who had lived there for eight years said that I must be mistaken for she had never heard of any such doings as I saw. There seemed to be

about a dozen priests who were carrying hot water which they dipped out of a boiling caldron and were sprinkling it about in the temple with curious intonations and chantings. They ran back and forth, swishing the water about in a very promiscuous manner. I stood at a respectful distance fearing to get some of the hot fluid on myself. Meanwhile the White Horse stood in the yard well groomed and cared for, little knowing what they were doing in his honor. I could not hear of a single place where their poor or sick and afflicted were cared for. They may have asylums and hospitals, but I never heard of any.

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Nagasaki is beautiful for situation. A river-like inlet, reminding one of the Hudson river, leads into the broad lake-like harbor. Eight or ten of our transports lay at anchor and still there was abundant room for the liners and for the little craft plying between this and the small ports.



Oura at Nagasaki.

The dock is famous; all our ships in the east put in here for repairs if possible.

The high hills circle about the town and bay; they are highly cultivated and dotted with the peculiar Japanese house. The native house of but one story, is not more than twelve or fourteen feet square, and is divided into rooms only by paper screens that may be removed at will. The people live out of doors as much as possible, or in their arbors. In cold weather a charcoal brazier is set in the center of the house. At night each Jap rolls himself in a thickly padded mat and lies on the floor with his feet to this "stove."

A party was made up to visit the Concert Hall of the celebrated Geisha girls. General and Mrs. Greenleaf and many officers and their wives from the transports were of the number. They kindly invited me to join them. A sum total of about fifteen dollars is charged for the entertainment; each one bears his share of the cost. It was a rainy evening, rickshaws were in order. About thirty drew up before the Nagasaki Hotel. It was a sight! the funny little carriages, man before to pull, man behind to push, gaily colored lantern fore and aft and amused Americans in the middle, laughing, singing, and enjoying the fun, a strange contrast to the stolid native.

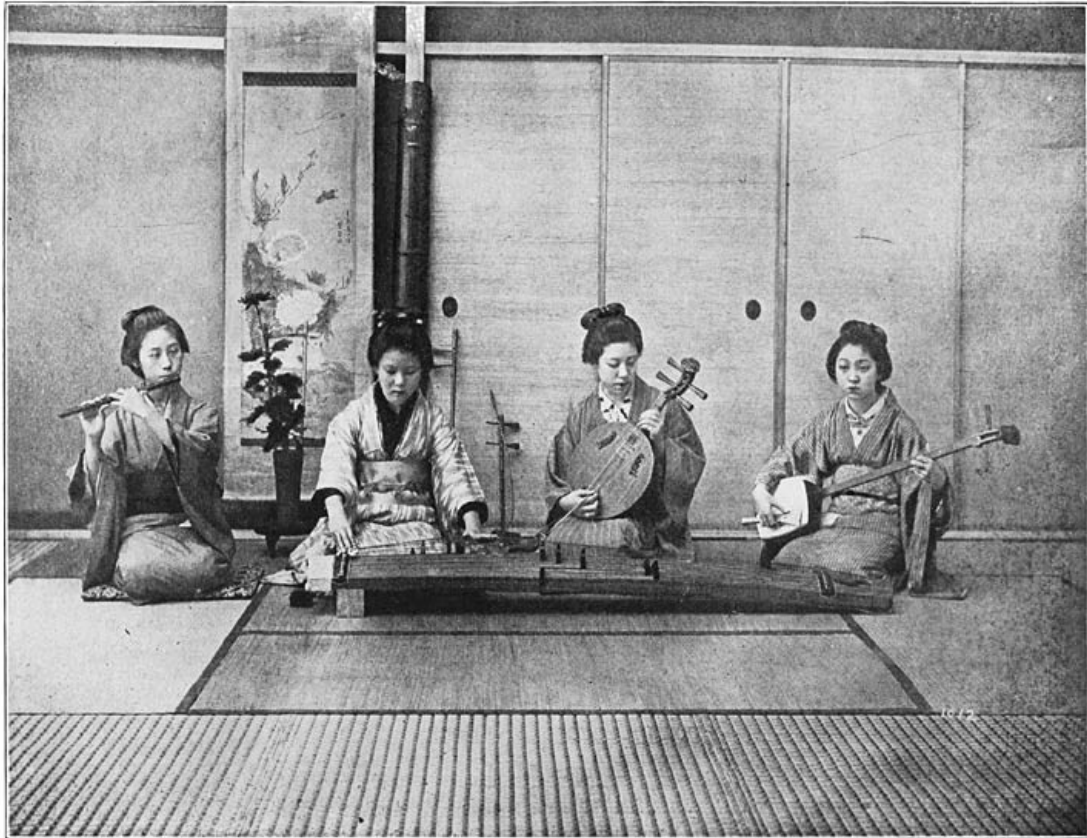
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The long line of carriages wound in and out like a snake with shining scales. The night was so dark that little was to be seen except the firefly lights and the bare tawny legs of the rickshaw men.

It has been said that the Japanese are the soul of music. I am sure that no ears are cultivated to endure it. As we entered the rooms we were obliged to remove our shoes and put on sandals. Instead of sitting down on chairs we took any position we could on the floor mats that were placed at our disposal. At the first sound from the throat of a famous singer in a staccato "E-E-E-E," we all sprang to our feet thinking she was possibly going into some sort of a fit. With a twang on the strings

of the flattened out little instrument, we subsided, concluding that the concert had begun. Then when the others joined in, the mingled sounds were not unlike the wail of cats on the back fence. The girls themselves looked pretty, in kneeling posture, lips painted bright red, hair prettily braided and adorned with artificial flowers or bits of jewelry. If they had been quiet they would have looked like beautiful Japanese dolls seated on the floor. After several "catterwaulings" by the choir, came the dances. It was all a series of physical culture movements; the music was rendered in most perfect rhythm by two of the girls, it was the poetry of motion. They would take pieces of silk and make little bouquets, whirlwinds, and divers things; the most beautiful of all was a cascade of water. It was hard for us to believe it was not actually a waterfall. It was made of unfolding yards of white silk of the most sheer and gauzy kind. From a thin package six inches square, there shimmered out a thousand yards—a veritable cascade of gleaming water. We were treated to refreshments, impossible cakes and tea. We were thankful that we sat near an open window that we might throw the cake over our shoulder, trusting some forlorn little Japanese who liked it might get it.

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Japanese Musicians.

The tea is finely powdered dust; the tea maker is supposed to measure exactly the capacity of the drinker and to take enough of this finely powdered tea to make three and one-half mouthfuls exactly. They do it by taking a rare bit of porcelain and holding it in their hands, turn it about and talk learnedly of the various, wonderful arts of pottery and how many years they have had this certain piece of fine porcelain, turning it about in the meantime in their hands as they comment on its beauties and qualities, and then take three large swallows of the tea and one small sip and then go on talking about the wonders of the cup. These cups are anything but what we should call tea cups. They are really large bowls, sometimes with a cover but more often without. But it is refreshing to drink their tea even if one cannot do it à la Jap. Everywhere in Japan you are asked to take a cup of tea, in the steam cars, in the shops and by the wayside. A Japanese told me that he could tell whether a person was educated or not by the manner in which he drank tea. They take lessons in tea drinking as we do in any accomplishment we wish to acquire. One friend could not resist buying tea pots and pretty cups; she had a grand collection after one day of sight-seeing.

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Their potteries are not like ours, huge factories, but household things. Here and there in a family is an artist who can make a bit of porcelain, a few cups, plates, or saucers stamped with his own individual mark. The quality varies, of course, with the skill of the maker, but the poorest work is beautiful; and one develops an insatiate greed to possess this and this and just one more.





Torii.

The ancient Imari, Satsuma, and the old bits of pottery that have been kept in the older families for centuries are, to my mind, the most wonderful works of art of the kind in the world; they look with pride on the articles of vertu as almost sacred.



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## Japan in General.

### Chapter Five.



One of the many objects to attract the eyes of one traveling in Japan is the "Torii" or sacred gateway. It is said that once a bird from Heaven flew down and alighted upon the earth. Here the first gate was erected, the gate of heaven. Its construction, whether it be of wood, stone or metal, is ever the same, two columns slightly inclined toward each other, supporting a horizontal cross-beam with widely projecting ends, and beneath this another beam with its ends fitted into the columns; the whole forming a singularly graceful construction, illustrating how the Japanese produce the best effects with the simplest means. This sacred entrance arches the path wherever any Japanese foot approaches hallowed ground. It is, however, over all consecrated portals and lands, and does not necessarily indicate the nearness of a temple. You find it everywhere in your wanderings, over hill and dale, at the entrance to mountain paths, or deep in the recesses of the woods, sometimes it is on the edge of an oasis of shrubbery, or in the very heart of the rice fields, sometimes in front of cliff or cavern. Pass under its arch and follow the path it indicates and you will reach—it may be by a few steps, it may be by a long walk or climb—a temple sometimes, but more often a simple shrine; and if in this shrine you find nothing; close by you will see some reason for its being there. There will be a twisted pine or grove of stately trees, to consecrate the place and perpetuate some memory. Perhaps the way leads to the view of some magnificent panorama of land or sea spread out before the gazer who, with adoring heart, worships the beauty or the grandeur of his country. Wherever there is a Torii, there is a shrine of his religion; and wherever there is an outlook over the land of

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his birth, there is a temple of his faith.

As we left Nagasaki for Shanghai, I noticed on this occasion, as on four later visits, the great activity of this port as a coaling station. It has an immense trade. Men, women, and children form in line from the junk which is drawn alongside of our huge ships, and then pass baskets of coal from one to the other. Many of the women and girls have babies strapped on their backs, and there they stand in line for hours passing these baskets back and forth. As I was watching them one day, for I saw them loading many times, for some reason not apparent, they all pounced upon one small man, and, as I thought, kicked him to pieces with their heavy wooden shoes and strong feet. After five minutes of such pummeling, as I was looking for a few shreds of a flattened out Japanese, he arose, shook himself, got in line, and passed baskets as before.

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One day from my comfortable bamboo chair I watched some coolies getting some immense timbers out of the bay near where I sat. It did not seem possible that these small men could manage those huge timbers, which were so slippery from lying in the water that they would often have to allow them to slip back, even after they had got them nearly on land. I expected every moment to see those poor creatures either plunge into the water themselves or be crushed by the weight of the heavy timbers; and while I watched for about two hours they must have taken out about twenty or thirty logs, twenty or twenty-five feet long and two feet through. I often watched the coolies unloading ships. Two of them would take six or eight trunks, bind them together, run a heavy bamboo pole through the knotted ends and away they would go. I never saw a single person carding what we, in America, pride ourselves so much on, "a full dinner pail." They did not even seem to have the pail.

There are horses in Japan and they are poor specimens compared with the fine animals that we know. They are chiefly pack-horses, used in climbing over the mountains, consequently they go with their noses almost on the ground. Instead of iron shoes they have huge ones made of plaited straw. They are literally skin and bones, these poor beasts of burden.

Horses may be judged, in part, by the mouth; but the Japs may be wholly judged by the leg. It did distress me to ride after a pair of legs whose calves were abnormally large, whose varicose veins were swollen almost to bursting. As a rule, the men trot along with very little effort and, seemingly, have a very good time. They cheerfully play the part of both horseman and horse, of conductor, motineer and power.

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I never could get used to the number of Jinrickshas drawn up in front of the railroad station, and as it is the only way to get about the country, I accepted it with as good a grace as I could. At a large station there may be hundreds of rickshaws and double hundreds of drivers, all clamoring as wildly as our most aggressive cabmen. They wave their hands frantically, crying, "Me speak English! Me speak English! Me speak English!"

They knew originally, or have learned of foreigners, how to cheat in Japan as elsewhere. One often needs to ask, "Is this real tortoise shell?" The answer, even if imitation, is "Now, this is good; this is without flaw." I found it of great advantage, as far as possible, to keep the same men, and they became interested, not only in taking me to better places, but in assisting me in procuring articles, not only of the best value, but at Japanese prices. It is never best to purchase the first time you see anything, even if you want it very badly. I secured one Satsuma cup that has a thousand faces on it. It is very old, very wonderfully exact, and a work of very great art. It took me several days to purchase it, as the man was very loath to part with it, and at the end I got it for very much less than I was willing to give the first day.



Maikonohama, Banshu.

They do not seem to have any day of rest—all shops are open seven days of the week. All work goes on in the same unbroken round. Indeed, from the time I left San Francisco until my return, it was hard for me to “keep track” of Sunday, even with the almanac I carried; and when I did chase it down, I involuntarily exclaimed, “But today is Saturday at home; the Saturday crowds will parade the streets this evening; the churches will not be open until tomorrow morning.”

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I learned here that the average wages of a laboring man, working from dawn to dark, is about seven cents a day of our money. The men do much of the menial service, much of the delicate work, too. The finest embroidery, with most intricate patterns and delicate tracings in white and colors, is done by men. Two will work at the frame, one putting the needle through on his side, and the other thrusting it back. In that way the embroideries are alike on both sides, except the work which is to be framed. They are so very industrious that they very rarely look up when anyone is examining their work.

As I was watching some glass blowers, the little son of one raised his eyes from the various intricate bulbs that he was handing to his father and gave him the wrong color. Without a word of warning the father gave him a severe stroke with the hot tube across the forehead, which left a welt the size of my finger. Without one cry of pain he immediately handed his father the correct tube and went on with his work as if nothing had happened. I had intended to buy that very article, but it would have meant to me the suffering it cost the child, and I would not have taken it if it had been given me.

Sanitary conditions, as far as I could judge, were bad. The houses, in the first place, are very small. I understand they are made small on account of earthquakes. It is said that the whole of Japan is in one quake all the time. They have shocks daily, hence, the houses are only one story high.

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I attended an auction of one of the finest collections of works of art that had ever been placed before the public. The only way we could tell that many of these works were especially choice was by the number of elegantly dressed Japanese who were bending before them in admiration. One could see that, as a whole, it was a collection of rare things. The books and pictures were the most interesting. One picture, “White Chickens,” on white parchment was very artistic. It did not seem possible that these white feathered fowls could so nearly resemble the live birds in their various attitudes and sizes, for there were about twelve from the smallest chick to the largest crowing chanticleer of the barn yard. Another picture was of fish, which was so exact that one could almost vow that they were alive and ready to be caught. Indeed, one of the fish was on the end of the line with the hook in his mouth, and his resistance was seen from the captive head to the end of the little forked tail. They excel in birds, butterflies and flowers; and one knows the full meaning of the “Flowery Kingdom” of both China and Japan as one travels about.

One sees in the public parks notices posted, "Strangers do not molest or capture the butterflies." For nowhere, except in this Oriental country, are the butterflies so gorgeously magnificent.

Japan is truly a land of umbrellas and parasols. With frames made of the light, delicate bamboo, strands woven closely and then either covered with fine rice paper or silk, they are ready for rain or sunshine. They all carry them. The markets are the most attractive that one could imagine, but after hearing of the means used to enrich the soil, it is impossible to enjoy any fruit or vegetable. In all the towns are the native and the European quarters. In the latter one can have thoroughly good accommodations; the service and attendance are excellent.

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At one place on the coast of Japan there is cormorant fishing. Men go in small boats with flaring torches, hundreds of them. The birds with their long bills reach down into the water and pick up a huge fish, then the master immediately takes it out of the bill, before it can be swallowed, and places it in his boat for market. These birds in a single evening get thousands of fish. I suppose they are rewarded at the end of their service by being allowed to fish for themselves.

Kite flying is a favorite pastime; the size, shape, and curious decorations are astonishing. They have fights with their kites up in the air, and there is just as much excitement over these kite games as we ever have over foot-ball. They go into paroxysms of joy when the favorite wins. There are singing kites and signal kites and a hundred other kinds.

I saw no children indulging in any games on the streets. As soon as they are able to carry or do anything at all they seem to be employed. I could not but think that most of the Japanese children are unhealthy. Every one of them had sore eyes. Small of stature, the children seemed too small to walk, and yet those that looked only seven or eight years old would, invariably, have each a baby strapped on his back, and the poor little creatures would go running about with the small human burdens dangling as they could.

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There is one delightful thing about the people, as a whole, their attentive, courteous manners; their solicitude to assist you in whatever they can. They are a domestic and thrifty little race, the men doing by far the larger part of the work. The enormous burdens that these little mites of humanity can pick up and carry are an increasing wonder.

In visiting Japan, it is convenient to make Yokohama one's headquarters for the northern part of the kingdom, Nagasaki for the southern part, and Kobe for the central part; and from these centers to take excursions to the various points of interest.

My first visit was brief, for I still clung to the Gælic, moving when she moved, and stopping at her ports according to her schedule. But I returned and made a stay of many months, exploring at leisure the more important or attractive places. I have gathered together in this rambling account the various observations and impressions of these various visits, and have tried to unite them into one story.



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## In Shanghai.

### Chapter Six.



ut it is time to bid Japan good-bye and sail for China. It is a three days' voyage from Nagasaki to Shanghai. We left the ship at the broad mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang and in a small river boat went up a tributary to Shanghai, a distance of twelve miles.

I was met at the dock by our Consul General, John Goodnow, and his wife, with their elegantly liveried coachman, and was taken to the consulate, and, after a fine tiffin (lunch), we started for the walled city. A shrinking horror seized me as if I were at the threshold of the infernal regions as we crossed the draw bridge over the moat and entered the narrow gate of the vast city of more than a million souls. Immediately we were greeted by the "wailers" and lepers,—this was my first sight of the loathsome leprosy. Our guide had supplied

himself with a quantity of small change. Twenty-five cents of our money made about a quart of their small change. A moment later we met the funeral cortege of a rich merchant. First came wailers and then men beating on drums; then sons of the deceased dressed in white (white is their emblem of mourning); then the servants carrying the body on their shoulders. More wailers followed, then came the wives. It made a strange impression.

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The streets are so very narrow that we had to press our bodies close against the wall to keep from being crushed as the procession passed us. We heard the tooting of a horn. Our guide said, "Here comes the Mandarin." We began to press ourselves into a niche in the wall to watch him pass. First came the buglers, then the soldiers and last the gayly-bedecked Mandarin carried in a sedan chair on the shoulders of six coolies. He looked the very picture of the severe authority that he is invested with. They say that he has witnessed in one day the execution of five hundred criminals. He was obliged to put a mark on each one's head with his own fingers, and, after the head was severed from the body, to remark it in proof of the exactness of his work. I was glad when I had seen the last of him, though it is only to go from bad to worse.

In the opium dens, hundreds of people, of both sexes, of various ages, kinds and colors, were reclining in most horrible attitudes. One glimpse was enough for me.

From this place we entered the temple. One of our guides said he was obliged to buy joss-sticks and kneel before the gods or it would make us trouble, because they are watchful of what foreigners do. They consider us white devils. We saw a war god nine feet high mounted on a war steed one foot high, a child's woolly toy. There were placed before the gods about six or eight cups of tea and hundreds of fragrant burning tapers.

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At one point our hearts failed us. We came to a dark bridge; it looked so forbidding with its various windings, so frail in structure, so thronged, that we were timid about stepping upon it. Being assured that it was safe we ventured across. While it shook under our weight, we did not fall into the filthy frog-pond beneath.

When we reached the center, there were a number of sleight-of-hand performers who were doing all sorts of curious things; bringing out of the stone pavement living animals, bottles of wine, bits of porcelain, and cakes, too filthy looking even to touch.

There were for sale numbers of beautiful birds in cages and wonderful bits of art of most intricate patterns and exquisite fineness. We saw beautiful pieces of brocaded silk and satin on little hand-looms, made by these patient, ever working people, who only have one week in the year for rest. There does not seem to be any provision made for night or rest, and each Chinaman looks forward to this one holiday week in which he does no work whatever, and in which he must have all the money ready to pay every debt he owes or be punished.

I did not learn how much the average Chinaman gets for a day's wages, but I know that one of my friends sent a dozen linen dresses to be laundried, and that the charge was thirty-six cents. To be sure a satin dress that she sent to be cleaned was put in the tub with the rest. In the markets were impossible looking sausages, dried ducks, and curious frogs. In China, as in Japan, each individual has his own little table about two feet long, fourteen inches wide and six or eight inches high,—not unlike a tray.

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Their religion is centuries old, but if cleanliness be next to godliness, they are still centuries away from Christian virtues. The vast city crowded from portal to portal is one seething mass of living beings pushing, hustling, and silent. With the exception of a soothsayer, I did not see in an entire day two people talking together, so intent were they on their various duties.

It was a joy to get out of the native into the European parts of Shanghai and feel safe; and yet there was not a single thing, upon thinking it over, that one could say was alarming, not a disrespectful look from any one. I said upon reaching the outer gate, "Thank God, we are out of there alive and safe." It was the first experience only to be renewed with like scenes and impressions at Canton, with the same thankfulness of heart, too, for escape.

Our guide told us that he would be in no way responsible for anything that might happen in traveling about Canton. The land and its people are a marvel and a mystery; the great wonder is how all this vast multitude can be reached and helped.

The rivers teem with all sorts of junks filled with all sorts of wares going to market, and it was upon the quays that we found for sale the finest carved things, the richest embroideries, the most delicately wrought wares. The monkey seems to



be a favorite subject with the artist. Look at these exquisite bits of carved ivory. This one is the god monkey who sees no evil, his hands cover his eyes; this one is the god monkey who hears no evil, his hands cover his ears; and this one is the god monkey who speaks no evil, his hands cover his mouth. Half ashamed of our own dullness an old lesson came back with new significance,—be blind, deaf, and dumb towards evil.

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One curiously wrought specimen of art was an inkwell encircled by nine monkeys. In the center, on the lid, was the finest monkey of all; the diversity of bodily attitudes, the variety of facial expressions, and the perfection of all was wonderful. Temple cloths, with pictures of various gods embroidered in fine threads of gold, were marvels of patient labor.

We once entertained at our home in Akron a converted Chinaman who had come to Gambier, Ohio, to study for the ministry. After the lapse of many years his son came to Ohio to be educated. It was interesting to hear him tell of the ways and customs of his native land. I asked him about servants being so very cheap, and he informed me that good servants might not be considered so cheap. The best families, according to the value they place upon the friendship of their friends, pay for every present received a certain per cent. of its value to their servants; and at every birthday of any member of the family, every wedding, every birth and death, there are hundreds of presents exchanged. I saw many servants in the large cities carrying these various gifts, and some of the servants were dressed very well, having, on the garments they wore, the coat-of-arms or rank of their master. On a little table or tray was placed the richly embroidered family napkin with the gift neatly wrapped therein, and on both sides were placed lighted tapers or artificial flowers.

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As with Shanghai so with all the coast towns of China, there is the old walled city swarming with millions of natives, and the new or European city as modern as New York. My two days' stay seemed like two weeks, so full was it of strange sights.

On returning to the Gælic, I was pleased to find that two Americans had been added to our passenger list. Indeed, it was the last of the many kindly offices of Mr. Goodnow to introduce me to Rev. and Mrs. C. Goodrich. These new friends were delightful traveling companions. For a longer stay at Hong Kong and a much better boat to Manila, I was indebted to their thoughtfulness for me.

We were told that we must all get in position to watch the entrance at Hong Kong. Captain Finch said that for fifteen years he always went down from the bridge as soon as he could to see the wonderful display of curious junks and craft of every conceivable kind that swarmed about the boat, some advertising their wares, some booming hotels, some fortune-telling in hieroglyphics which only the Chinese can interpret.

Before our boat dropped anchor there were hundreds of Celestials climbing up the sides of the ship with all kinds of articles for sale. There were sleight-of-hand performers, there were tumblers of red looking stuff to drink; there were trained mice and rats. We had a man on shipboard who was very clever with these sleight-of-hand tricks, but he said he could not see where they got a single one of the reptiles and articles that they would take out of the ladies' hands, their bonnets, and his own feet, which were bare.

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The city of Hong Kong is built upon a rock whose sides are almost vertical. The city park is considered one of the finest in the world. It has been said that every known tree and shrub is grown there; and when one considers that every foot of its soil has been carried to its place, the wonder is how it has all been done. The blossoms seem to say, "The whole world is here and in bloom." The banyan tree grows here luxuriantly and is a great curiosity. The main trunk of the tree grows to the height of about thirty or forty feet. The first branches, and indeed many of the upper branches, strike down into the ground. These give the trees the appearance of being supported on huge sticks. As to the bamboo, it is the principal tree of which they build their houses, and make many articles for export in the shape of woven chairs, tables, and baskets of most intricate and beautiful designs, most reasonable in price. The first shoots in spring are used as food and make a delicious dish. It is prepared like cauliflower. Our much despised "pussley" proves to be a veritable blessing here; it makes a nice green or salad.

China seemed like one vast graveyard, full of huge mounds from three to five feet high, without special marking. Each family knows where its own ancestors are buried. One of the reasons why they oppose the building of railroads through their country is their reverence for these burial piles.

One of the very best missionary establishments that I know anything about is the hospital in Shanghai. The institution is full to overflowing and the amount of good

that the nurses do there is beyond human measure. I heard pathetic stories almost beyond belief; I hope that the grand workers in that field are supplied with all they need in the way of money.

Servants seldom remain at night in the house of their employers or partake of the food that is prepared for the household. The rich enjoy pleasure trips on the house-boats; they take their servants, horses, and carriages with them, and leaving the river at pleasure they journey up through the country to the inland towns. One cannot understand how the poor exist as they do on their house-boats. Of course, those hired by the Americans and English are well appointed, but a large proportion of the inhabitants are born, live, and die on these junks which do not seem large enough to hold even two people and yet multitudes live on them in squalor and misery. I have a great respect for the determination of Chinese children to get an education. It is truly wonderful that with more than fifty thousand characters to learn, they ever acquire any knowledge. Some of the scholars study diligently all their lives, trying to the last to win prizes.

## Hong Kong to Manila.

### Chapter Seven.



From Hong Kong to Manila we were fortunate in being upon an Australian steamer which was very comfortable, indeed, with Japanese for sailors and attendants. At last I was in the tropics and felt for the first time what tropical heat can be; the sun poured down floods of intolerable heat. The first feeling is that one can not endure it; one gasps like a fish out of water and vows with laboring breath, "I'll take the next steamer home, oh, home!" It took four days to reach Manila.

The bay is a broad expanse of water, a sea in itself. The city is a magnificent sight, its white houses with Spanish tiled roofs, its waving palms, its gentle slopes rising gradually to the mountains in the back ground.



Native Lady.

The waters swarmed with craft of every fashion and every country. How beautiful they looked, our own great warships and transports! No large ship can draw nearer to shore than two or three miles. All our army supplies must be transferred by the native boats to the quartermaster's department, there to be sorted for distribution to the islands where the troops are stationed. This necessitates the reloading of stores on the boats, to be transferred again to medium sized vessels to complete their journey. A volunteer quartermaster told me, that, on an average,

every seventh box was wholly empty and the contents of the other six were rarely intact. The lost goods sometimes reappeared on native heads or backs. Coal oil was in demand, and disappeared with amazing celerity; it is far better for lights than cocoanut oil.

Custom house inspection being quickly over, we landed. The beauty of the distant view was instantly dispelled; one glance and there was a wild desire to take those dirty, almost nude creatures in hand and, holding them at arm's length, dip them into some cleansing caldron. The sanitary efforts of our army are effecting changes beyond praise both in the people and their surroundings.

A little two wheeled quielas (ké-las) drawn by a very diminutive horse took me to the Hotel Oriente, since turned into a government office. I noticed that the floors were washed in kerosene to check the vermin that else would carry everything off bodily. The hotel was so crowded that I was obliged to occupy a room with a friend, which was no hardship as I had already had several shocks from new experiences. We had no sooner sat down to talk matters over than I started up nervously at queer squeaks. My friend remarked, "Never mind, you will soon get used to them, they are only lizards most harmless, and most necessary in this country." The beds in our room were four high posters with a cane seat for the mattress, a small bamboo mat, one sheet, and one pillow stuffed with raw cotton and very hard. As we were tucked in our little narrow beds mosquito netting was carefully drawn about us. "Neatly laid out," said one. "All ready for the morgue," responded the other.

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The next morning we watched with interest the carabao as they were taken from the muddy pools in which they had found shelter for the night. The natives begin work at dawn and rest two or three hours in the middle of the day. It seemed to me too hot for any man or beast to stir.

When a large drove of carabao are massed together it seems inevitable that they shall injure each other with their great horns, six or eight feet long but fortunately they are curved back. Strange, too, I thought it, that these large animals should be driven by small children—my small children were really sixteen to twenty years old.

We ventured forth upon this first morning and found a large cathedral close by. It was all we could do to push our way through the throng of half-naked creatures that were squatting in front of the church to sell flowers, fruits, cakes, beads, and other small wares.

We pressed on through crooked streets out toward the principal shopping district, but soon found it impossible to go even that short distance without a carriage, the heat was so overpowering. We turned to the old city, Manila proper, passed over the drawbridge, and under the arch of its inclosing wall, centuries old.

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We went to the quartermaster's department to get transportation to Iloilo. It gave a delightful feeling of protection to see our soldiers in and about everywhere. At this time Judge William H. Taft had not been made governor; the city was still under military rule, and there were constant outbreaks, little insurrections at many points, especially in the suburbs. We were surprised to find the city so large and so densely populated.

It is useless to deny that we were in constant fear even when there were soldiers by. The unsettled conditions gave us a creepy feeling that expressed itself in the anxious faces and broken words of our American women. One would say, "Oh I feel just like a fool, I am so scared." Another would say, "Dear me, don't I wish I were at home,"—another, "I just wish I could get under some bed and hide." But for all their fears they stayed, yielding only so far as to take a short vacation in Japan. There is not much in the way of sight seeing in Manila beyond the enormous cathedrals many of which were closed. About five o'clock in the afternoon everybody goes to the luneta to take a drive on the beach, hear the bands play, and watch the crowds. It is a smooth beach for about two miles. Here are the elite of Manila. The friars and priests saunter along, some in long white many-overlapping capes, and some in gowns. Rich and poor, clean and filthy, gay and wretched, gather here and stay until about half-past six, when it is dark. The rich Filipinos dine at eight.

The social life in Manila, as one might suppose, was somewhat restricted for Americans. The weather is so enervating that it is impossible to get up very much enthusiasm over entertainments. During my stay in Manila, in all, perhaps two months, there was little in the way of social festivity except an occasional ball in the halls of the Hotel Oriente, nor did the officers who had families there have accommodations for much beyond an occasional exchange of dinners and lunches.

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The Americans, as a rule, did not take kindly to either entertaining or being

entertained by natives, and besides they could not endure the heavy, late dinners and banquets.

At one grand Filipino ball (bailie) an eight or ten course dinner was served about midnight. The men and women did not sit down together at this banquet, the older men ate at the first table, then the older women, then the young men, lastly the young women. After the feast there were two or three slow waltzes carried on in most solemn manner, and then came the huge task of waking up the cocheroes (drivers) to go home. While everything was done in a quick way according to a Filipino's ideas, it took an hour or two to get ready. The only thing that does make a lot of noise and confusion is the quarreling of Filipino horses that are tethered near each other. I thought American horses could fight and kick, but these little animals stand on their hind legs and fight and strike with their fore feet in a way that is alarming and amusing. They are beset day and night with plagues of insects. No wonder they are restless.

The Bilibid Prison in Manila is the largest in the Philippines, and contains the most prisoners. The time to see the convicts and men is at night when they are on dress parade. Of the several hundred that I saw, I do not think that anyone of them is in there for other than just cause. They are made to work and some of them are very artistic and do most beautiful carvings on wood, bamboo and leather. It is very hard now to get any order filled, so great a demand has been created for their handi-work. I could not but notice the manner of the on-lookers as they came each day to see those poor wretches. They seemed to have no pity; and then, there were very few women who were prisoners. I do not remember seeing more than three or four in each of the five prisons that I visited. Orders were taken for the fancy articles made in these prisons. One warden said he had orders for several months' work ahead.

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## Iloilo and Jaro.

### Chapter Eight.



We went from Manila to Iloilo on a Spanish steamer. I gave one look at the stateroom that was assigned to me and decided to sleep on deck in my steamer chair. I had been told that I positively could not eat the food which the ship would prepare, so I took a goodly supply with me.

The captain was so gracious that I could not let him know my plans, so I pleaded illness but he ordered some things brought to me. There was a well prepared chicken with plenty of rice but made so hot with pepper that I threw it into the sea; next, some sort of salad floating in oil and smelling of garlic, it went overboard. Eggs cooked in oil followed the salad; last the "dulce," a composition of rice and custard perfumed with anise seed oil, made the menu of the fishes complete. I now gladly opened my box of crackers and cheese, oranges, figs and dates.

As the sun declined, I sat watching the islands. We were passing by what is known as the inner course. They lay fair and fragrant as so many Edens afloat upon a body of water as beautiful as any that mortal eyes have ever seen. Huge palms rose high in air, their long feathery leaves swaying softly in the golden light. Darkness fell like a curtain; but the waters now gleamed like nether heavens with their own stars of phosphorescent light.

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On the voyage to Japan, a fellow passenger asked if I were sure that Iloilo was my destination in the Philippines and, being assured that it was, informed me that there was no such place on the ship's maps, which were considered very accurate. The Island of Panay was there, but no town of Iloilo.

Iloilo (é-lo-é-lo) is the second city in size of the Philippines. It stands on a peninsula and has a good harbor if it were not for the shifting sands that make it rather difficult for the large steamers to come to the wharf and the tide running very high at times makes it harder still. There is a long wharf bordered with huge warehouses full of exports and imports. Vast quantities of sugar, hemp and



tobacco are gathered here for shipment. It is a center of exchange, a place of large business, especially active during the first years of our occupation.

Immense caravan trains go out from here to the various army posts to carry food and other supplies, while ships, like farm yards adrift, ply on the same errand between port and port. Cebu and Negros are the largest receiving stations.

In the center of the town is the plaza or park. Here, after getting things in order, a pole was set, and the stars and stripes unfurled to the breeze. The quarters of our soldiers were near the park and so our boys had a pleasant place to lounge when off duty in the early morning or evening. When our troops first landed here in 1898 there was quite a battle, but I am not able to give its details. The results are obvious enough. The native army set fire to the city before fleeing across the river to the town of Jaro (Hár-ro). The frame work of the upper part of the buildings was burned but the walls or lower part remains.

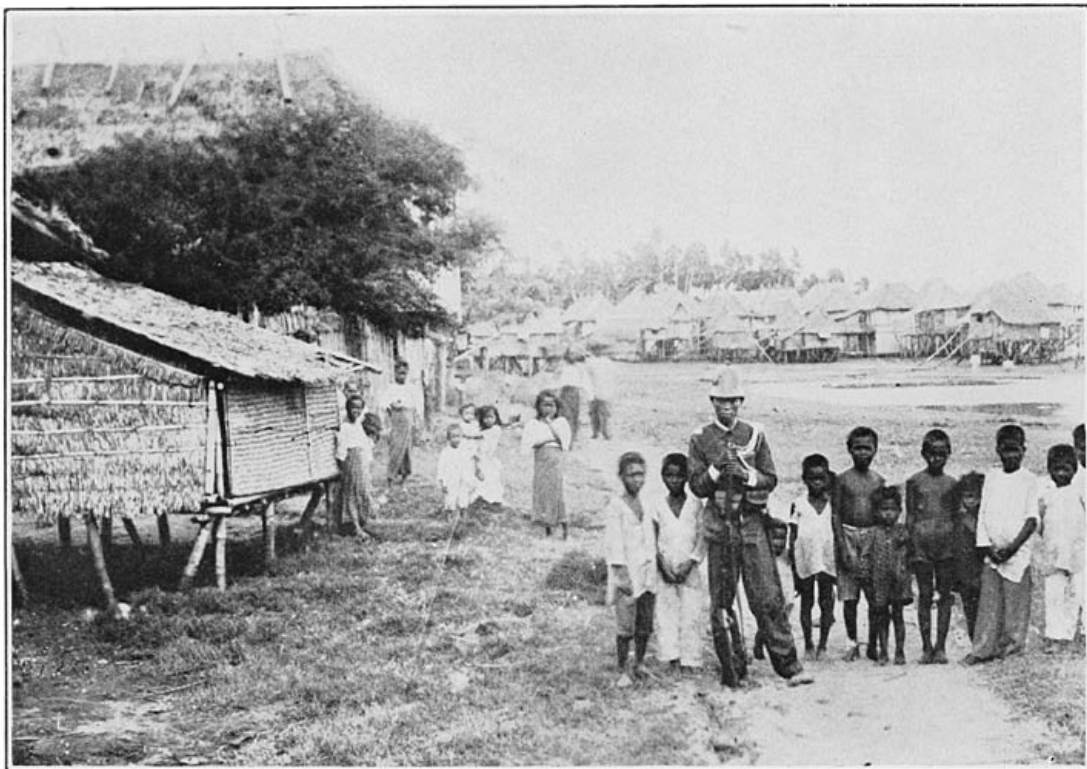
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After the battle at Jaro, I went out to live for awhile in the quarters of Captain Walter H. Gordon, Lieutenant J. Barnes, and Lieutenant A. L. Conger, 18th U. S. A. I soon realized that the war was still on, for every day and night, the rattle of musketry told that somewhere there was trouble.

One day I went out to see the fortifications deserted by the Filipinos. They were curious indeed; built as an officer suggested, to be run away from, not to be defended. One fortification was ingeniously made of sacks of sugar. Everywhere was devastation and waste and burned buildings. The natives had fled to distant towns or mountains.

All this sounds bad and looked worse, and yet it takes but a little while to restore all. The houses are quickly rebuilt; a bamboo roof is made, it is lifted to the desired height on poles set in or upon the ground. The walls are weavings of bamboo or are plaited nepa. The nepa is a variety of bamboo grown near shallow sea water. When one of these rude dwellings is completed, it is ready for an ordinary family. They do not use a single article that we consider essential to housekeeping. Some of the better class have a kind of stove; its top is covered with a layer of sand or small pebbles, four or five inches thick; on this stand bricks or small tripods to hold the little pots used in cooking. Under each pot is a tiny fire. The skillful cook plays upon his several fires as a musician upon his keys, adding a morsel of fuel to one, drawing a coal from another; stirring all the concoctions with the same spoon. The baking differs only in there being an upper story of coals on the lid.

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Town of Molo, Island of Panay.

It has been said that fools rush in where angels fear to tread. Two or three of us American women, eager to learn all we could, because we were daily told that the war was over and we should soon be going home, were rashly venturesome. But we soon found that it was unsafe to go about Molo or Iloilo even with a guide, and so we had to content ourselves with looking at the quantities of beautiful things brought to our door. We were tempted daily to buy the lovely fabrics woven by the native women. Every incoming ship is beset by a swarm of small traders who find

their best customers amongst American women. Officers and men, too, are generous buyers for friends at home. The native weaves of every quality and color are surprisingly beautiful.

Jusa (hoó-sa) cloth is made from jusi fibre; piña (peen-yah) from pineapple fibre; cinemi is a mixture of the two; abaka (a-ba-ka) from hemp fibre; algodon from the native cotton; sada is silk; sabana is a mixture of cotton and hemp.

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We visited many of the places where the most extensive weaving is done, and there we saw the most wretched-looking, old women handling the hair-like threads. Each one had by her side some emblem of the Roman Church as she sat at her daily task. These poor, dirty, misshapen creatures, weaving from daylight to dark, earn about fifty cents a month. So many of the women are deformed and unclean, both the makers and the sellers, that it seemed utterly incongruous that they should handle the most delicate materials. In all my observations, I saw but one nice, clean woman of the lower classes. In our happy country we do not think of seeing a whole class of people diseased or maimed. In the Philippines one seldom sees a well formed person; or if the form is good, the face is disfigured by small-pox.

I was surprised, at first, on looking out after breakfast, to find at my door every morning from two to a dozen women and boys in sitting posture, almost nude, only a thin waist on the body, and a piece of cotton drawn tightly round the legs. Many would be solemnly and industriously chewing the betel nut, which colors lips and saliva a vivid red.

It would not only be impertinent on my part to relate particulars of our army, but I should undoubtedly do as Mrs. Partington did—"open my patrician mouth and put my plebeian foot in it." The first thing I did on arriving at Iloilo was to call mess "board" and go to bed instead of "turning in."

In time of special danger, the various commanders were very kind in providing guards—mostly, however, to protect Government property. I felt no great uneasiness about personal safety, though I always "slept with one eye open." We were so frequently threatened that we stood ready every moment to move on. Shots during the night are not, as a rule, conducive to sleep, and I did not like the sound of the balls as they struck the house. I had my plans laid to get behind the stone wall at the rear of the passage and lie on the floor. It was necessary to keep a close watch on the servants who were "muchee hard luc" (very much afraid) at the slightest change in the movements of either army, home or foreign.

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Their system of wireless telegraphy was most efficient, so much so that one day at 2 P. M. I was told by a native of an engagement that had taken place at 10 A. M. in a distant part of the island, remote from the telegraph stations. I wondered how he could have known, and later learned of their systems of signaling by kites. For night messages the kites are illuminated. They are expert, not only in flying, but in making them.

Their schools are like pandemonium let loose; all the pupils studying aloud together, making a deafening, rasping noise. Sessions from 7 to 10 A. M., 3 to 6 P. M.

The large Mexican dollars are too cumbersome to carry in any ordinary purse. If one wishes to draw even a moderate sum, it is necessary to take a cart or carriage. A good sized garden shovel on one side and a big canvas bag on the other expedites bank transactions in the islands.

At the time of the evacuation of Jaro by the insurrectos, our officers chose their quarters from the houses the natives had fled from. The house which we occupied had formerly been used as the Portuguese Consulate. Like all the better houses the lower part was built of stone, and the upper part of boards. There was very little need of heavy boards or timbers except to hold the sliding windows. I should think the whole house was about eighty feet square with rear porch that was used for a summer garden. The pillars of this porch were things of real beauty. They were covered with orchids that in the hottest weather were all dried up and quite unsightly, but when the rainy season began they were very beautiful in their luxuriance of growth and bloom. The front door was in three parts; the great double doors which opened outward to admit carriages and a small door in one of the larger doors. There was a huge knocker, the upper part was a woman's head. To open the large doors it was necessary to pull the latch by a cord that came up through the floor to one of the inner rooms. I used to occupy this room at night and it was my office and my pleasure to pull the bobbin and let the latch fly up when the scouting troop would come in late at night. Captain Gordon said that he never found me napping, that I was always ready to greet them as soon as their horses turned the corner two squares away. The entrance door admitted to a great hall with a stone floor, ending in apartments for the horses. On the right of the hall

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were rooms for domestic purposes, such as for the family looms, four or five of them, and for stores of food and goods. On the left there were four steps up and then a platform, then three steps down into a room about twenty feet square. There were two windows in this room with heavy gratings. We used it as a store room for the medical supplies. Returning to the platform, there were two heavy doors that swung in, we kept them bolted with heavy wooden bolts; there were no locks on any doors. At the foot of the steps was a long narrow room with one small window; it was directly over the part where the animals were. The hall was lighted with quite a handsome Venetian glass chandelier in which we used candles. From this room we entered the large main room of the house; the ceiling and side wall was covered with leather or oil cloth held in place with large tacks; there were sliding windows on two sides of the room which, when shoved back, opened the room so completely as to give the effect of being out of doors; the front windows looked out on the street, the side windows on the garden, on many trees, cocoanut, chico, bamboo, and palm. There was a large summer house in the center of the garden and the paths which led up to it were bordered with empty beer bottles. The garden was enclosed by a plastered wall about eight feet high, into the top of which were inserted broken bottles and sharp irons to keep out intruders. The house was covered with a sheet iron roof. The few dishes that we found upon our occupation were of excellent china but the three or four sideboards were quite inferior. The whole house was wired for bells. This is true of many of the houses, indeed they are all fashioned on one model, and all plain in finish, extra carving or fine wood-work would only make more work for the busy little ants. Even when furniture looked whole, we often found ourselves landed on the floor; it was no uncommon thing for a chair to give way; it had been honeycombed and was held together by the varnish alone.

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My first evening in Jaro was one of great fear. We were told by a priest that we were to be attacked and burned out. While sitting at dinner I heard just behind me a fearful noise that sounded like "Gluck-co-gluck-co." An American officer told me it was an alarm clock, but as a matter of fact it was an immense lizard, an animal for which I soon lost all antipathy, because of its appetite for the numerous bugs that infest the islands. Unfortunately they have no taste for the roaches, the finger-long roaches that crawl all over the floor. Neither were they of assistance in exterminating the huge rats and mice, nor the ants. The ants! It is impossible to describe how these miserable pests overran everything; they were on the beds, they were on the tables. Our table legs were set in cups of coal oil and our floors were washed with coal oil at least once every week. This disagreeable condition of things will not be wondered at, when I say that the horses, cattle, and carabao are kept in the lower part of the house, and the pigs, cats, and dogs allowed up stairs with the family. The servants are required to stay below with the cattle.

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The animals are all diseased, especially the horses. Our men were careful that their horses were kept far from the native beasts. The cats are utterly inferior. The mongoose, a little animal between a ferret and a rat, is very useful; no well-kept house is without one. Rats swarm in such vast hordes that the mongoose is absolutely necessary to keep them down. Still more necessary is the house snake. These reptiles are brought to market on a bamboo pole and usually sell for about one dollar apiece. Mine used to make great havoc among the rats up in the attic. Never before had I known what rats were. Every night, notwithstanding the mongoose, the house snake, and the traps, I used to lay in a supply of bricks, anything to throw at them when they would congregate in my room and have a pitched battle. They seemed to stand in awe of United States officers. A soldier said one night, glancing about, "Why, I thought the rats moved out all of your furniture." They would often carry things up to the zinc roof of our quarters, drop them, and then take after with rush and clatter, the snake in full chase. Mice abound, and lizards are everywhere, of every shape, every size, and every color.

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I spent a large part of my time leaning out of my window; there was so much to see. The expulsion of the insurrectos had just been effected, and very few of the natives remained, but as soon as they were thoroughly convinced that our troops had actually taken the town, they flocked in by the hundreds, the men nearly naked, always barefoot, the women in their characteristic bright red skirts.

The entire time spent there was full of surprises, the customs, dress, food, and religious ceremonies continually furnishing matter of intense and varied interest. I noticed, especially, how little the men and women went about together, riding or walking, or to church. Neither do they sit together, or rather should say "squat," for, even in the fine churches, the women squatted in the center aisles, while the men were ranged in side aisles. There are few pews, and these few, rarely occupied, were straight and uncomfortable. No effort was ever made to make them comfortable, not to mention ornamental.

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## The Natives.

### Chapter Nine.



he natives are, as a rule, small, with a yellowish brown skin; noses not large, lips not thick, but teeth very poor. Many of them have cleft palate or harelip, straight hair very black, and heads rather flattened on top. I examined many skulls and found the occiput and first cervical ankylosed. It occurred to me it might be on account of the burdens they carry upon their heads in order to leave their arms free to carry a child on the hips, to tuck in a skirt, or care for the cigars.

The Filipino skirt is a wonder. It is made by sewing together the ends of a straight piece of cloth about three yards long. To hold it in place on the body, a plait is laid in the top edge at the right, and a tuck at the left, and there it stays—till it loosens. One often sees them stop to give the right or left a twist. The fullness in the front is absolutely essential for them to squat as they are so accustomed to do while performing all sorts of work, such as washing, ironing, or, in the market place, selling all conceivable kinds of wares. The waist for the rich and poor alike is of one pattern, the only variation being in the quality. It has a plain piece loose at the waist line for the body, a round hole for the rather low neck, the sleeves straight and extending to the wrist, about three-fourths of a yard wide. These sleeves are gathered on the shoulder to fit the individual. A square handkerchief folded three times in the center is placed round the neck and completes the costume. As fast as riches are amassed, trains are assumed. All clothing is starched with rice and stands out rigidly.

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The materials are largely woven by the people themselves, and the finer fabrics are beautiful in texture and fineness, some of the strands being so fine that several are used to make one thread. By weaving one whole day from dawn to dark, only a quarter of a yard of material is produced. The looms, the cost of which is about fifty cents, are all made by hand from bamboo; the reels and bobbins, which complete the outfit, raise the value of the whole to about a dollar. There is rarely a house that does not keep from one to a dozen looms. The jusi, made from the jusi that comes in the thread from China, is colored to suit the fancy of the individual, but is not extensively used by the natives, who usually prefer the abuka, piña, or sinamay, which are products of the abuka tree, or pineapple fibre. The quality of these depends on the fineness of the threads. It is very delicate, yet durable, and—what is most essential—can be washed.

The common natives seem to have no fixed hours for their meals, nor do they have any idea of gathering around the family board. After they began to use knives and forks one woman said she would rather not use her knife, it cut her mouth so. Even the best of them prefer to squat on the floor, make a little round ball of half cooked rice with the tips of their fingers and throw it into the mouth.

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My next door neighbor was considered one of the better class of citizens, and through my window I could not help, in the two years of my stay, seeing much of the working part of her household. There were pigs, chickens, ducks, and turkeys, either running freely about the kitchen or tied by the leg to the kitchen stove. The floors of these kitchens are never tight; they allow the greater part of the accumulated filth of all these animals to sift through to the ground below. There were about fifteen in the family; this meant fifteen or twenty servants, but as there are few so poor in the islands as to be unable to command a poorer still, these chief servants had a crowd of underlings responsible to themselves alone. The head cook had a wife, two children and two servants that got into their quarters by crawling up an old ladder. I climbed up one day to see how much space they had. I put my head in at the the opening that served them for door and window, but could not get my shoulders in. The whole garret was about eight feet long and six feet wide. One end of it was partitioned off for their fighting cocks.

All the time I was there this family of the cook occupied that loft, and the two youngest ones squalled night and day, one or other, or both of them. There was



not a single thing in that miserable hole for those naked children to lie on or to sit on. The screams or the wails of the wretched babies, the fighting of the rats under foot, the thud of the bullets at one's head, the constant fear of being burned out,— these things are not conducive to peaceful slumbers, but to frightful dreams, to nightmare, to hasty awakenings from uneasy sleep.

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As soon as there is the slightest streak of dawn, the natives begin to work and clatter and chatter. No time is lost bathing or dressing. They wear to bed, or rather to floor or mat, the little that they have worn through the day, and rise and go to work next day without change of clothing. It never occurs to them to wash their hands except when they go to the well, once a day perhaps. While at the well they will pour water from a cocconut shell held above the head and let it run down over the body, never using soap or towels. They rub their bodies sometimes with a stone. It does not matter which way you turn you see hundreds of natives at their toilet. One does not mind them more than the carabao in some muddy pond, and one is just about as cleanly as the other. They make little noise going to and fro, all being barefoot; but it was not long until I learned to know whether there were three, fifty, or one hundred passing by the swish of their bare feet.

The fathers seem to lavish more affection on the children than the mothers, and no wonder. Even President Roosevelt would be satisfied with the size of families that vary from fifteen to thirty. They do not seem to make any great ado if one or more die. Such little bits of humanity, such wasted corpses; it hardly seems that the shrunken form could ever have breathed, it looks so little and pinched and starved. There was a pair of twins, a boy and a girl, which were said to be twenty-five years old, that were the most hideous looking things I ever saw. They were two feet high, with huge heads out of all proportion to their bodies. They used to go about the streets begging and giving concerts to get money. I understand that they are now somewhere in America.

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I became very much interested in a man with only one leg. I wanted to get him a wooden mate for it, but he said he didn't want it; that he could get around faster with one leg, and he certainly could take longer leaps than any two legged creature. Even when talking he never sat down. He had admirable control of his muscles. A little above the average height, his one leggedness made him seem over six feet.

It was out of the question to take the census of any town or province, because of the shifting population. It is nothing for a family to move many times in the course of the year; they can make thirty or forty miles a day. They have absolutely nothing to move unless it might be the family cooking "sow-sow" pot, which is hung over the shoulder on a string, or carried on top of the head. I used often to see a family straggling along with anywhere from ten to twenty children, seemingly all of a size, going to locate at some other place. One family came to Jaro the night before market day. They had about six dozen of eggs. I said I would buy all of them; the woman cried and said she was sorry, as she would have nothing to sell in the market place the next day. At night the whole family cuddled down in a corner of the stable and slept.

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The native cook we employed proved to be a good one, and was willing to learn American ways of cooking. We did not know he had a family. One morning while attending to my duties there appeared a woman about five feet tall, with one shoulder about four inches higher than the other, one hip dislocated, one eye crossed, a harelip, which made the teeth part in the middle, mouth and lips stained blood red with betel juice, clothes—a rag or two. I screamed at her to run away, which she did instantly. I supposed she was some tramp who wanted to get a look at a white woman. She proved to be the wife of our cook, and after I had become accustomed to her dreadful looks, she became invaluable to me. Hardly anyone would have recognized her the day that she accompanied me to the dock. The little money that she had earned she had immediately put into an embroidered waist and long black satin train; and as I bade her good-bye she left an impression quite different from the first, and I am sure that the tears she shed were not of the crocodile kind.

The first native, Anastasio Alingas, whom we employed proved to be the very worst we could have found. He not only stole from us right before my eyes, but right before the eyes of our large household. He took the captain's pistol, holster, and ammunition. We could not have been more than five or ten feet from him at the time, for it was the rule then to have our fire-arms handy.

With an air of innocence, child-like and bland, he diverted suspicion to our laundry man and allowed him to be taken to prison. It was only after being arrested himself that he confessed and restored the revolver. He was allowed to go on the promise that he would never come any nearer than twenty miles to Jaro. He had been systematically lying and stealing. He used to come with tears streaming down his face and say that some man had stolen market money intrusted to him.

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He plundered the store-room, though it was hard to tell which stole the most, he or the wild monkeys that were about the house. He had pretended to be eager to learn, and had been so tractable that we were greatly disappointed to have him turn out such a bad boy. We found this true of every man that we tried, and most strongly true of the ones who pretended to be the best.

All the servants, all the natives, prized highly our tin cans from the commissary, as we emptied them. They used to come miles for them. Coconut shells and hollow bamboo stalks are the common vessels. A few old cans furnished a valuable ten cent store. The variety of uses to which these cans were turned was remarkable.

None of the so-called better class work at anything. They all carry huge bundles of keys at their side, and in most stentorian voice call out many times during the day "machacha" to a servant, who is to perform some very small service which her mistress could easily have done herself without any effort, and these lazy machachas saunter about in the most deliberate manner and do whatever they are asked to do in the most ungracious way. These so-called ladies beat their servants. I often interfered by pounding with a stick on the side of my window to attract their attention; that was all that was necessary. They were ashamed to have me see them. One time in particular, a woman took a big paddle, such as they use for pounding their clothes, and hit a small, sick looking creature again and again on the bare shoulders. What the offense was I do not know, but certainly the beating was such as I have never seen administered to anything.

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Presidente of Arevalo, Island Panay, Trotting Bull and Quielas.

The servants always walk about three feet behind the mistresses and carry their parcels, but they seldom walk, however, for they ride even when the distance is short. The grand dames affect a great deal of modesty and delicacy of feeling. On a certain occasion they sent word to the commanding general that it would be a serious shock to their feelings to have the execution of a criminal take place in the center of the town. The gallows were erected in the suburbs. Immediately all the natives were set to work to make hiding places where these sensitive ladies, unseen, could witness the execution. From early dawn until 9 A. M. carriages were carrying these delicate creatures to their secret stations. Not one of them in the whole village of Jaro but was on the watch. They supposed, of course, that I would be so interested that I would take a prominent part; that executions were common festivals in the United States.

The criminal himself had no idea that his sentence would be enforced, even up to the last moment he took it as a huge joke, and when he was taken to the general said he would like to be excused, and offered to implicate others who were more guilty than himself.

Many questions were asked me concerning our methods of execution, and great was the surprise when I confessed that I had never seen one myself, nor did I ever expect to see one; that my countrywomen would be horrified to witness such a sight; and that on the present occasion I had gone to the adjoining town six miles away to escape it all. I was shown several pictures of the victim taken by a Chinese

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artist.

A man buys at a booth one penny's worth of what is known as "sow-sow" for himself and family. I have often looked into the sow-sow pots, but was never able to make out what was contained therein. The children buy little rice cakes, thin, hard, and indigestible as bits of slate. The children's stomachs are abnormally large; due, perhaps, to the half-cooked rice and other poorly prepared food. When it comes to the choice of caring for the child or the fighting cock, the cock has the preference. The bird is carried as fondly and as carefully as if it were a superior creature. It was strange to see how they would carry these birds on their palms; nor did they attempt to fly away, but would sit there and crow contentedly.

We had at one time five or six carpenters to do some bamboo work. They brought their fighting cocks along with them for amusement when they were not at work, which was every moment our backs were turned. They are so used to being driven that it never occurs to them to go on with their work unless someone is overseeing them. They began by putting the bamboo at the top of the room and working down, braiding, plaiting and splitting, putting in a bit here and there in a very deft way without a nail. They did all the cutting sitting down on the floor and holding the smooth bamboo pieces with their feet, while they sawed the various lengths with a bolo.

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When they had completed the partition, I said to the foreman, "How much for the day's work for all." The head man very politely informed me that he did not propose to pay these other men anything; if I wanted to pay them all right, but he would not. The defrauded ones got down on their knees to beg for their pay. I called in a priest who could talk some English, and explained the situation to him. He told me frankly that I would have to pay these other men just the same, notwithstanding that I had paid the foreman the full amount. He said I had better do it, because if I did not the men would bring vengeance upon me. They have no idea of justice or honor. What is true of business is true of every act of theirs, as far as I know.

An American woman told me that her husband could not attend to his military duties because he had to watch the nine natives who came to his house to do work. He had to keep account of their irregular comings and goings, to examine each one that he did not steal, to investigate his work that it was not half done. Men and women are alike—they must be watched every moment, because they have been so long watched and driven. If women who are hired and paid by the month break or destroy the least thing, its value is taken out of their wages and they are beaten. It was very astonishing to me to see, notwithstanding this serfdom, that they remain submissive to the same masters and mistresses.

A man was condemned to die by one of the secret societies. His most faithful servant, a member of the order, was chosen to execute the sentence. He calmly met his master at the door, made a thrust at him and wounded him slightly, struck again, and again; the third blow was fatal. The servant was never punished for the crime. It happened just a few doors from where I was living. There was a large funeral procession and a huge black cross was placed at the door, and that ended the matter, so far as I know. They place little value upon life; they seem to think death is but the gate to great happiness, no matter what its manner may be. I used to see many persons, men and women, with crosses on their throats and bodies. I asked ever so many what it meant, but was never able to find out. It was never seen upon the so-called better class. Much that I learned of the various tribes and various castes was told me by a converted Filipino, Rev. Manakin. He expected any time to be placed under the ban of the secret societies and killed.

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## Woings and Weddings.

### Chapter Ten.



he manner of wooing is rather peculiar. The man who wishes to pay his addresses to a woman gets the consent of her father and mother. He is received by the entire family when he calls, but is never allowed,



in any way, to show her any special favor or attention; he must devote himself to the entire family. If he wishes to take her to a theatre, or concert, or dance, he must take the entire family. For about a week before the marriage the bride elect is carried about in a sort of wicker bamboo hammock borne on the shoulders of two young men and she goes about paying visits to her intimate friends; she is not allowed to put foot to the ground or do any sort of menial labor.

Mothers brought their young daughters to me daily to importune me to choose a sweetheart for my son or for any other officer who happened to be at our headquarters. I know that one young officer was offered \$100,000 to marry the daughter of one of the richest men in the town of Molo, and it was a great wonder to the father that the young man could refuse so brilliant a match socially, to say nothing of it financially. There happened to be a young Englishman in the regular service whose time expired while he was at Jaro. He had been cook and valet for an officer's mess and was really a very fine fellow. He was immediately chosen by a wealthy Filipino to marry his daughter. The young man not only got a wife but a very handsome plantation of sugar and rice; perhaps not the only foreign husband secured by a good dowry.

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The trousseau of a rich Filipino girl consists of dozens and dozens of rich dresses; no other article is of interest. They do not need the lingerie. Among the common people it is simply an arrangement between the mother and the groom or it can all be arranged with the priest. I have seen as many as fifteen young girls sitting in the market place while their mothers told of their various good qualities. Marriage is not a question of affection, seemingly. The only thing necessary is money enough to pay the priest. Very often all rites are set aside; the man chooses his companion, the two live together and probably rear a large family.

I was told that there are two sets of commandments in use—one for the rich, the other for the poor.

I was glad to accept the kind invitation of a rich and influential family to their daughter's wedding. At the proper hour, I presented myself at the church door and was politely escorted to a seat. There was music. The natives came dressed in their best, and squatted upon the floor of the cathedral. After a long time the bride elect sauntered in with three or four of her attendants not especially attired, nor did they march in to music but visited along the way as they came straggling in. Soon the groom shuffled in, I say shuffled because they have so recently begun to wear shoes. The bridal group gathered before the altar and listened to the ritual. Finally the groom took the bride's hand for one brief moment. A few more words by the priest and the ceremony was ended. To my surprise the bride came up and greeted me. I did not understand what I was expected to do but I shook hands and said I hoped she would be very happy. The groom now came up and bowing low presented his "felicitations." I returned the bow but could not muster a word. The women straggled out on one side of the cathedral and the men on the other. This was considered a first class "matrimony." There was a very large reception at the house with a grand ball in the evening; indeed, there were two or three days of festivities.

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In contrast to this was the wholesale matrimonial bureau which was conducted every Saturday morning. I have seen as many as ten couples married all at once. I never knew which man was married to which woman, as the men stood grouped on one side of the priest and the women on the other. I asked one groom, "Which is your wife?" He scanned the crowd of brides a moment then said comfortably, "Oh, she is around somewhere."

I used to go to the cathedral on Saturdays to see the various ceremonies. The most interesting of all the cheap baptisms at which all the little babies born during the week were baptized for ten cents. These pitiable little creatures, deformed and shrunken, were too weak to wail, or, perhaps they were too stupified with narcotics. A large candle was put into each little bird-claw, the nurse or mother holding it in place above the passive body covered only with a scrap of gauze but decked out with paper flowers, huge pieces of jewelry, odd trinkets, anything they had—all dirty, mother, child, ornaments; the onlookers still more dirty. The priest whom I knew very well, since he lived just across the way, told me that few of these cheap babies live long. I am sure they could not; not one of them would weigh five pounds. They were all emaciated; death would be a mercy. There was a little fellow next door to whom I was very much attached. The dear little naked child would stay with me by the day if I would have him; he was four years old but no larger than an American baby of four months. I used to long for a rocking chair that I might sing him to sleep but he had no idea of sleeping when he was with me. His great brown eyes would look into my face with an intensity of love; he would gaze at me till I feared that he was something uncanny. If I gave him a lump of sugar, he would hold it reverently a long time before he would presume to eat it. Every day he and other little devoted natives would bring me bouquets of flowers,

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stuck on the spikes of a palm or on tooth picks. No well regulated house but has bundles of tooth picks arranged in fancy shapes such as fans and flowers. All their sideboards and tables have huge bouquets of these wonderfully wrought and gayly ornamental tooth picks.

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They carve with skill; out of a bit of wood or bamboo they will whittle a book, so pretty as to be worth four or five dollars.

One day I made a woman understand by signs that I should like to weave; she nodded approval and in a little while a loom was brought to the house; we went over to the market, purchased our fiber and began. I found it a difficult task, as I had to sit in a cramped position; and the slippery treadles of round bamboo polished by use were hard to manage. I did better without shoes. The weaving was a diversion; it occupied my time when the soldiers were out of the quarters. I will not deny that yards of the fabric were watered with my tears. There was dangerous and exhausting work for our troops; and there were bad reports that many were mutilated and killed.



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## My First Fourth in the Philippines.

### Chapter Eleven.



can not tell what joy it was to me to see my son and the members of the troop come riding into town alive and well after a hard campaign. They looked as if they had seen service, and what huge appetites they brought with them. On the third of July, 1900, I heard that the boys were coming back on the Fourth. Learning that there was nothing for their next day's rations I decided to prepare a good old-fashioned dinner myself. All night long I baked and boiled and prepared that meal; eighty-three pumpkin pies, fifty-two chickens, three hams, forty cakes, ginger-bread, 'lasses candy, pickles, cheese, coffee, and cigars. Having purchased from a Chinese some fire crackers—as soon as there was a streak of dawn—I went to my window and lighted those crackers. It was such a surprise to the entire town; they came to see what could be the matter, as no firing was permitted in the city. We began our first Fourth in true American style, as the "Old Glory" was being raised we sang "Star Spangled Banner." Many joined in the chorus and in the Hip! Hip! Hurrah! I keep in a small frame the grateful acknowledgment of the entire Company that was given to me from the Gordon Scouts:

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JARO, PANAY, P. I., July 4th, 1900.  
To MRS. A. L. CONGER:

We, the undersigned, members of Gordon's Detachment, of Mounted Eighteenth Infantry Scouts, desire, in behalf of the entire troop, to express our thanks for and appreciation of the excellent dinner prepared and furnished us by Mrs. A. L. Conger, July 4th, 1900. It was especially acceptable coming as it did immediately after return from arduous field service against Filipino insurrectos and, being prepared and tendered us by one of our own brave and kind American women, it was doubly so.

It is the earnest wish of the detachment that Mrs. Conger may never know less pleasure than was afforded us by such a noble example of patriotic American womanhood.

Respectfully,

1<sup>st</sup> Sgt. ~~Al~~ ~~Al~~  
Sgt William J. Ayers  
Sgt George Martin  
Corps John T. Hollisen  
Fred W. Bender

<sup>Elliott M. Norton</sup>  
Wm D. O'Connell  
Evan J. Roselle  
James R. Huston  
Andrew E. Hainsins,  
Colonel A. Schwarz  
Clayton C. Dwyer  
William W. Werner.  
William C. Goute

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I prepared other dinners at various times, but this first spread was to them and to myself a very great pleasure.

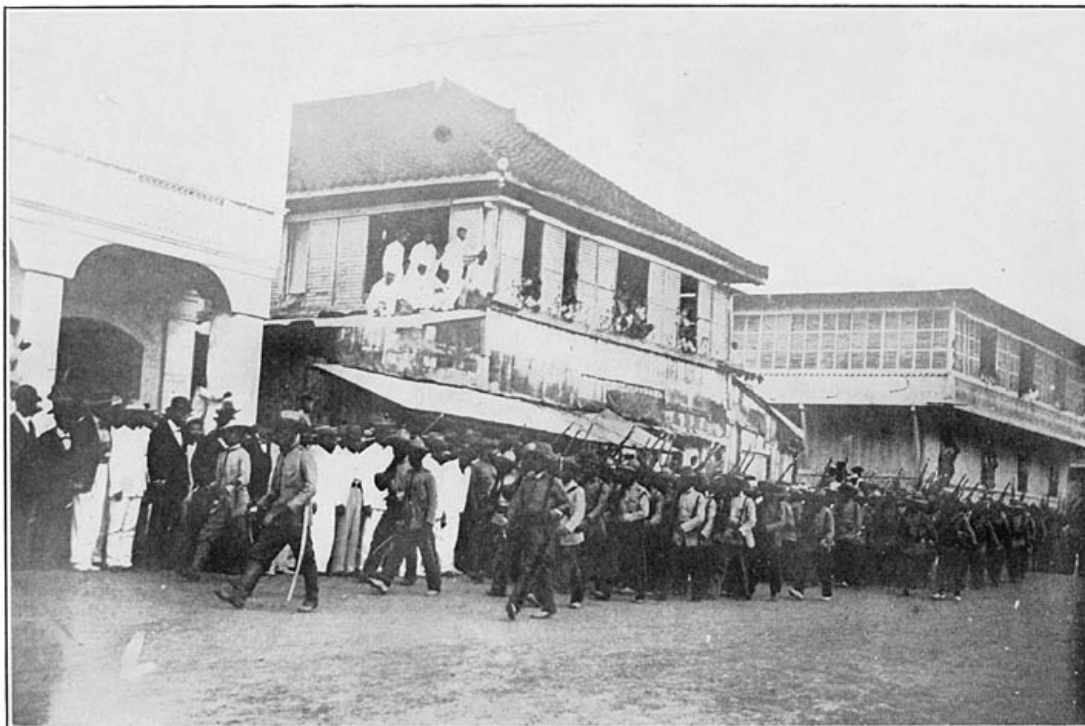
Letters from home were full of surprise that we still stayed though the war was over—the newspapers said it was. For us the anxiety and struggle still went on. To be sure there were no pitched battles but the skirmishing was constant; new outbreaks of violence and cruelty were daily occurring, entailing upon our men harassing watch and chase. The insurrectos were butchers to their own people. Captain N. told me that he hired seven native men to do some work around the barracks up in the country and paid them in American money, good generous wages. They carried the money to their leader who was so indignant that they had worked for the Americans that he ordered them to dig their graves and, with his own hands, cut, mutilated, and killed six of them. The seventh survived. Bleeding and almost lifeless, he crawled back to the American quarters and told his story. The captain took a guide and a detail, found the place described, exhumed the bodies and verified every detail of the inhuman deed.

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They committed many bloody deeds, then swiftly drew back to the swamps and thickets impenetrable to our men. The very day, the hour, that the Peace Commissioner, Governor Taft, Judge Wright and others to the number of thirty were enjoying an elegantly prepared repast at Jaro there was, within six miles, a spirited conflict going on, our boys trying to capture the most blood-thirsty villains of the islands. This gang had hitherto escaped by keeping near the shore and the impenetrable swamps of the manglares. No foot but a Filipino's can tread these jungles. When driven into the very closest quarters, they take to their boats, and slip away to some nearby island.

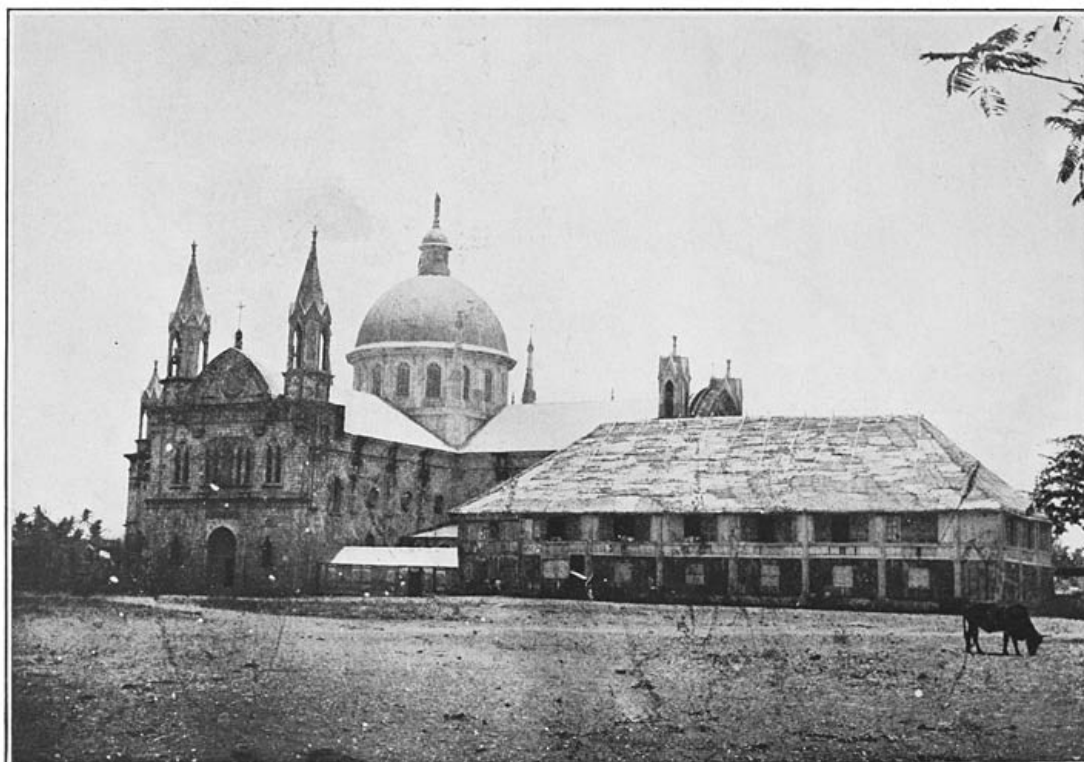
I hope that my son and his men will pardon me for telling that they rushed into some fortifications that they saw on one of their perilous marches and with a sudden fusillade captured the stronghold. The Filipinos had a company of cavalry, one of infantry, one of bolo men, and reserves. The insurrecto captain told me

himself that he never was so surprised, mortified, and grieved that such a thing could have been done. They thought there was a large army back of this handful of men, eleven in all. General R. P. Hughes sent the following telegram to my son, and his brave scouts: "To Lieutenant Conger, June 14, 1900, Iloilo. I congratulate you and your scouts on your great success. No action of equal dash and gallantry has come under my notice in the Philippines." (Signed) R. P. Hughes.



Surrender of General Delgado and Army. February 2, 1901.

All this time there were negotiations going on to secure surrender and the oath of allegiance. Those who vowed submission did not consider it at all binding.



Cathedral at Oton.

General Del Gardo surrendered with protestations of loyalty and has honored his word ever since; he is now Governor of the Island of Panay (pan-i). He is very gentlemanly in appearance and bearing and has assumed the duties of his new office with much dignity. Just recently I learn, to my surprise, that he does not recognize the authority of the "Presidente" of the town of Oton, who was appointed before the surrender of General Del Gardo, and that therefore the very fine flag raising we had on the Fourth of July, 1900, is not considered legal. We had a famous day of it at the time. All the soldiers who could be spared marched to Oton. There was a company of artillery, some cavalry, and the scouts. From other

islands, Americans and our sick soldiers were brought by steamer as near as possible and then landed in small boats. We were somewhat delayed in arriving but were greeted in a most friendly manner by the whole town. We were escorted up to the house of the Presidente and were immediately served with refreshments that were most lavish in quantity, color, shape and kind; too numerous in variety to taste, and too impossible of taste to partake. After the parade, came the running up of the flag, made by the women of the town. The shouting and the cheering vied with the band playing "America," "Hail Columbia," and the "Star Spangled Banner." It was indeed an American day celebrated in loyal fashion—certainly by the Americans. It was the very first flag raising in the Islands by the Filipinos themselves. It is with regret that I hear that General Del Gardo has refused officially to recognize this historic occasion. After these ceremonies we had the banquet. I do not recall any dish that was at all like our food except small quail, the size of our robins. Where and how they captured all the birds that were served to that immense crowd and how they ever prepared the innumerable kinds of refreshments no one will ever know but themselves. We were all objects of curiosity. The natives for miles around flocked in to gaze upon the Americans. At this place there is one of the finest cathedrals on the Island of Panay, large enough for a whole regiment of soldiers to quarter in, as once happened during a very severe storm. The reredos was especially fine. It was in the center of the cathedral and was almost wholly constructed of hammered silver of very intricate pattern and design. Nave, choir, and transepts were ornamented with exquisite carving in stone and wood.

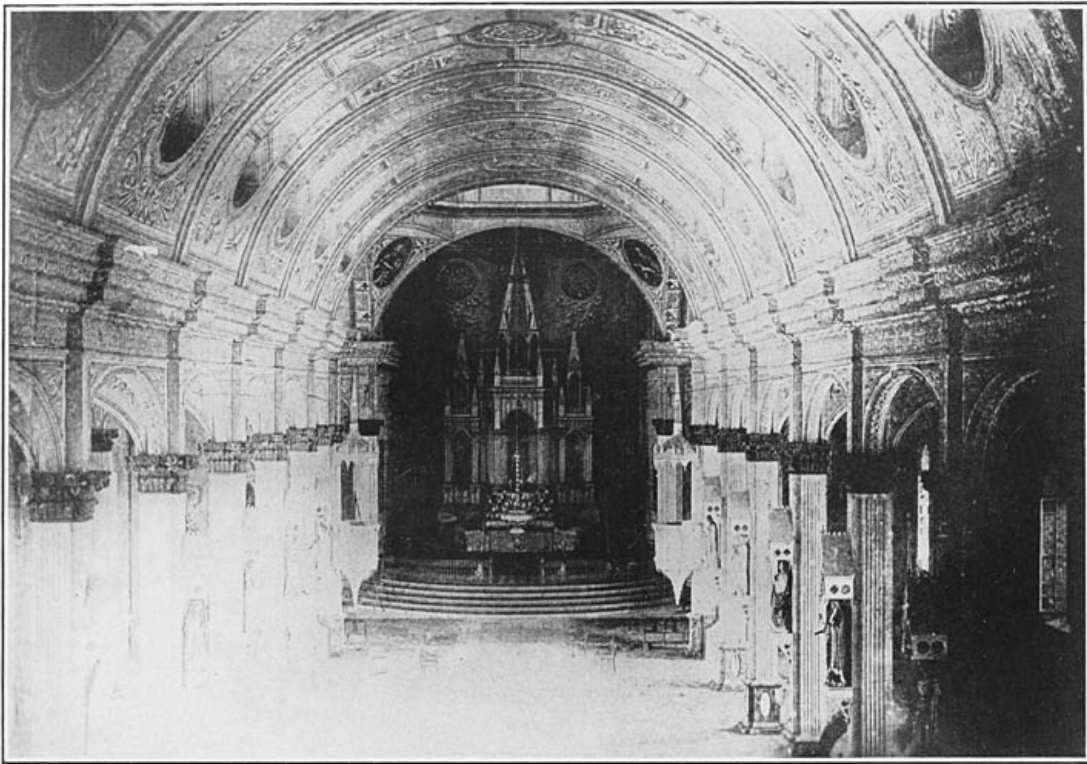
## Flowers, Fruits and Berries.

### Chapter Twelve.



Fruits are of many varieties; the most luscious are the mangoes. There is only one crop a year; the season lasts from April to July. It is a long, kidney-shaped fruit. It seems to me most delicious, but some do not like it at all. The flavor has the richness and sweetness of every fruit that one can think of. They disagree with some persons and give rise to a heat rash. For their sweet sake, I took chances and ended by making a business of eating and taking the consequences. The mango tree has fine green satin leaves; the fruit is not allowed to ripen on the tree. The natives pick mangoes as we pick choice pears and let them ripen before eating. They handle them just as carefully, and place them in baskets that hold just one layer. The best mangoes are sometimes fifty cents a piece. The fruit that stands next in favor is the chico. It looks not unlike a russet apple on the outside, but the inside has, when ripe, a brown meat and four or five black seeds quite like watermelon seeds. It is rich and can be eaten with impunity.





Interior of Cathedral at Oton.

The banana grows everywhere, and its varieties are as numerous as those of our apple; its colors, its sizes, manifold. Some about the size of one's finger are deliciously sweet and juicy. They grow seemingly without any cultivation whatever, by the road as freely as in the gardens. Guavas are plentiful, oranges abundant but poor in quality. The pomelo is like our "grape fruit," but larger, less bitter and less juicy. Cut into squares or sections and served with a sauce of white of egg and sugar beaten together it is a delicious dish.

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There are no strawberries or raspberries, but many kinds of small fruits, none of which I considered at all palatable, although some of them looked delicious hanging upon the trees or bushes. There is a small green kind of cherry full of tiny seeds that the natives prize and enjoy. The fruits of one island are common to all.

The flora of the country was not seen at its best; many of the natives told me. Trees, shrubs, gardens and plantations had been trampled by both armies and left to perish. Our government took up the work of restoration as soon as possible. The few roses that I saw were not of a particularly good quality, nor did they have any fragrance. No one can ever know what joy thrilled me when one day I found some old fashioned four o'clocks growing in the church yard. The natives do not care to use the natural flowers in the graceful sprays or luxuriant clusters in which they grow. They usually stick them on the sharp spikes of some small palm or wind them on a little stick to make a cone or set the spikelets side by side in a flat block. They much prefer artificial stiffness to natural grace. In the hundreds of funeral ceremonies that I saw I never noticed the use of a single natural blossom. The flowers were all artificial, of silk, paper, or tissue. One reason, perhaps, of this choice is that all vegetation is infested with ants; they can scarcely be seen, but, oh, they can be felt! The first time I was out driving I begged the guard to gather me huge bunches of most exquisite blooms but I was soon eager to throw them all out; the ants swarmed upon me and drove me nearly frantic. I learned to shun my own garden paths and to content myself with looking out of the window on the plants below. There are many birds but no songsters.

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The betel nut is about the size of a walnut. The kernel is white like the cocoanut. They wrap a bit of this kernel with a pinch of air-slacked lime in a pepper leaf, then chew, chew, all day, and in intervals of chewing they spray the vividly colored saliva on door-step, pavement and church floor.

I often watched the natives climb the tall cocoanut trees, about eighty feet high, with only the fine fern-like leaves at the extreme top. These trees yield twenty to fifty cocoanuts per month and live to a great age. No one can have any idea of the delicious milk until he has drunk it fresh from the recently gathered nuts. A young native will climb as nimbly and as swiftly as a monkey, and will be as unfettered by dress as his Darwinian brother. The fruit is severed from the tree by the useful bolo.

The flowers in the parks when I saw them had all been trampled into the mud by the soldiers of both armies, but I was told that they had been very beautiful. There

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were also large trees, bearing huge clusters of blooms; one bunch had seventy-five blossoms, each as large as a fair sized nasturtium. These are called Fire or Fever Trees, since they have the appearance of being on fire and bloom in the hot season when fever is most prevalent. Other trees whose name I do not recall bear equally large clusters of purple flowers. The palms are large and grow in great luxuriance, and the double hibiscus look like large pinks.



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## The Markets.

### Chapter Thirteen.



The market day is the great day of every town. A certain part of every village is prepared with booths and stalls to display wares of endless variety. We all looked forward to market day. There were mats of various sizes,—mats are used for everything. There are some so skillfully woven that they are handsome ornaments, worth as much as a good rug. There were hats woven out of the most delicately shredded fibers, the best costing from twelve to twenty dollars in gold, very durable and very beautiful. The best ones can be woven only in a damp place, as the fiber must be kept moist while being handled. There were fish nets of abaka differing in mesh to suit the various kinds of fish. The cloths were hung on lines to show their texture. We had to pick our way amongst the stalls and through or over the natives seated on the ground. I have seen a space of two acres covered with hundreds of natives, carabao, trotting bulls, chickens, turkeys, ducks, fine goods, vegetables, and fruits all in one mass; and I had to keep a good lookout where I stepped and what I ran into. It was not necessary to go often for they were more than willing to bring all their wares to the house if they had any prospects of a sale. I have had as many as thirty natives troop into the house at one time. They finally became so obnoxious that I forbade them coming at all.

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The silence of these crowds was noticeable. They were keenly alive to business and did not laugh and joke or even talk in reasonable measure. As a race they are solemn even in their looks, and no wonder, such is their degradation, misery, and despair. They have so little sympathy and care for each other, so little comfort, and so neglected and hopeless, so sunken beneath the so-called better class that when a little mission gospel was started one could hardly refrain from tears to see the joy that they had in accepting the free gospel. It was no trouble for them to walk thirty or forty miles to get what they called cheap religion. They were outcasts from society and too poor to pay the tithes that were imposed upon them by the priests in their various parishes, for no matter how small a village was there was the very elegant cathedral in the center of the town which only the rich and those who were able to pay were entitled to enter.

The poor blind people wandered from village to village in groups of two to twenty. Quite a number of the moderately insane would go about begging, too, but the worst were chained to trees or put in stocks and their food thrown at them. Even the dumb brutes were not so poorly cared for.

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The houses of the rich, while not cleanly and not well furnished, always have one large room in which stands a ring of chairs with a rug in the center of the floor and a cuspidor by each seat. You are ushered in and seated in one of these low square chairs, usually cane seated. After the courtesies of the day and the hostess's comments on the fineness of your clothing, refreshments are brought in,—cigars, cigarettes, wine, cake, and preserved cocoanut. Sometimes American beer is added as possibly more acceptable than the wine.

The citizens of Jaro seemed to be friendly, they often invited me to their festivities; committees would wait upon me, presenting me sometimes invitations engraved upon silver with every appearance of cordiality in expression and manner. They could not understand why I would not accept; I would explain, that first, I had no desire; second, I thought it poor policy to do so when our soldiers were obliged to fight their soldiers, and they were furnishing the money to carry on the warfare;

then too, most of their balls were given on Sunday night. True, a Filipino Sunday never seemed Sunday to me. I could only say, foolishly enough, "But it is not Sunday at home." I could not attend their parties and I had little heart to dance. I had only to go to the window to see their various functions; it could hardly be called merry as they went at it in such a listless, lazy way, with apparently little enjoyment, the air that they carry into all their pleasures.

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## Philippine Agriculture.

### Chapter Fourteen.



It has been said that the prosperity of any nation depends largely upon its agriculture. The soil in the Philippines is very rich. The chief product, which the natives spend the most time upon, is rice; and even that is grown, one almost might say, without any care, especially after seeing the way the Japanese till their rice. They sow the rice broadcast in little square places of about half an acre which is partly filled with water. When this has grown eight or ten inches high they transplant it into other patches which have been previously scratched over with a rude one-handed plow that often has for a point only a piece of an old tin can or a straggly root, and into this prepared bit of land they open the dyke and let in the water; that is all that is necessary until the harvesting. They have a great pest, the langousta or grasshopper, and they are obliged, when these insects fly over a section of the country, to scare them away by any means in their power, which is usually by running about through the rice fields waving a red rag.

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As I have said before they gather these pests and eat them. I have seen bushels of fried langousta for sale in the markets. When they gather the rice harvest, it is carried to some nearby store room, usually in the lower part of the house in which they live. Then comes the threshing, which is done with old-fashioned mills, by pounding with a wooden mallet, or by rubbing between two large pieces of wood. Then they winnow it, holding it up by the peck or half bushel to let the wind blow the hulls off, and dry it by placing it on mats of woven bamboo. I saw tons of rice prepared in this way by the side of the road near where I lived. This being their staple, the food for man and beast, one can form some idea of the vast quantities that are needed. There was a famine while I was there and the U. S. government was obliged to supply the natives with rice for seed and food.

There is no grass grown except a sort of swamp grass. The rice cut when it is green is used in the place of grass. It is never dried, as it grows the year round. One can look out any day and see rows of small bundles of this rice paddy laid by the road side for sale or carried by the natives on bamboo poles, a bundle before and one behind to balance. It was astonishing to see these small men and boys struggling under the weight of their "loads of hay." None of the American horses cared for it; their hay and grain had to be stacked up along the wharf and guarded. It would be of little use, however, to the natives as they know nothing about the use of our products.

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If there was any wheat grown in the islands, we never heard of it, and judging from the way in which flour was sold in their markets at ten cents for a small cornucopia that would hold about a gill, it was probably brought from either Australia or America.

They have a camote, something like a sweet potato. Although it is watery and stringy it does very well and is called a good vegetable. They raise inferior tomatoes and very inferior garlic. It was a matter of great curiosity to the natives to see an American plow that was placed on exhibition at the British store. I am sure when they can take some of our good agricultural implements and turn the rich soil over and work it, even in a poor way, the results will be beyond anything we could produce here in the United States.

Their cane sugar is of fine quality, almost equal to our maple sugar. They plant the seed in a careless way and tend it in the most slovenly manner imaginable, and yet, they get immense crops. One man, who put in a crop near where some soldiers were encamped in order to have their protection, told us that he sold the product from this small stretch of ground of not more than five or six acres for ten thousand dollars.

The natives so disliked to work that nearly every one who employed men kept for them a gaming table and the inevitable fighting cocks; as long as they can earn a

little money to gamble that is all they care for; houses, lands, and families are not considered. Nearly all the sugar mills had been burned in our neighborhood, but I know from the way they do everything else that they must have used the very crudest kind of boiling apparatus. The sugar seemed reasonably clean to look at, but when boiled the sediment was anything but clean. With our evaporating machines and with care to get the most out of the crop, the profit will be enormous. Often we would buy the cane in the markets, peel off the outside and chew the pith to get the sweet juice.

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They raise vast quantities of cocoa, as indifferently cared for as everything else, also a small flat bean, but it has a bitter taste.

The largest crop of all is the hemp crop which grows, seemingly, without any cultivation. This hemp when growing looks something like the banana tree. They cut it down and divide it into lengths as long as possible and then prepare the wood or fiber by shaving it on iron teeth.

They are expert in this industry, in making it fine and in tying it, often times, in lengths of not more than two or three inches. They give a very dextrous turn of the hand and the finest of these threads are used in some of the fabrics which they weave. I often wondered how they could prepare these delicate, strong, linen-like threads that are as fine as gossamer.

A man who had cotton mills in Massachusetts visited places where the hemp is prepared and the looms where it is woven. He said he had never known anything so wonderful as the deft manner in which these people worked out the little skeins from an intricate mass of tangled webs.

One of the curiosities of the world's fair at St. Louis will be this tying and weaving of hemp. Then a still greater curiosity will be the making of pine-apple fiber. This manufacture has been sadly neglected and crippled by the war and its devastations. They have learned to mix in other fibers because of the scarcity of the pine-apple. I did not see this prepared at all; only secured with difficulty some of the good cloth. It is considered by the natives their very best and finest fabric. They spend much time on its embroidery and their exquisite work astonishes the finest lace makers.

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The field corn which I saw was of such an inferior grade that it never occurred to me to try it; indeed, they do not bring it to market until it is out of the milk.

On my return home I planted a few kernels as an experiment. There never was a more insignificant looking stalk of corn in our garden. With misgivings we made trial of the scrubby looking ears. To our surprise it was the best we ever had on our table. It seemed too good to be true. I gave several messes to my friends and this year am hoping to give pleasure to many others. I denied myself the delicious product that many might have seed for this spring.



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## Minerals.

### Chapter Fifteen.



Gold is found in every stream of the islands. In small bottles I saw many little nuggets which the natives had picked up. Whether it would pay to use good machinery to extract the gold I cannot tell; but certain it is that they use a great deal of gold in the curiously wrought articles of jewelry of which they are all passionately fond.

A man who was greatly interested in the mines of Klondike said that there were better chances of getting gold in the Philippines and that he had given up all his northern claims and was now using his energies to secure leases in the new territory. Other minerals, too, he said, are abundant and valuable.

I had a small brass dagger which I used to carry for defense and, upon showing it to some of my friends, since my return, I was asked if I saw this dagger made, because if I knew the secret of its annealing it would be worth a fortune to me.

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I had missed a golden chance for I had often visited a rude foundry where they



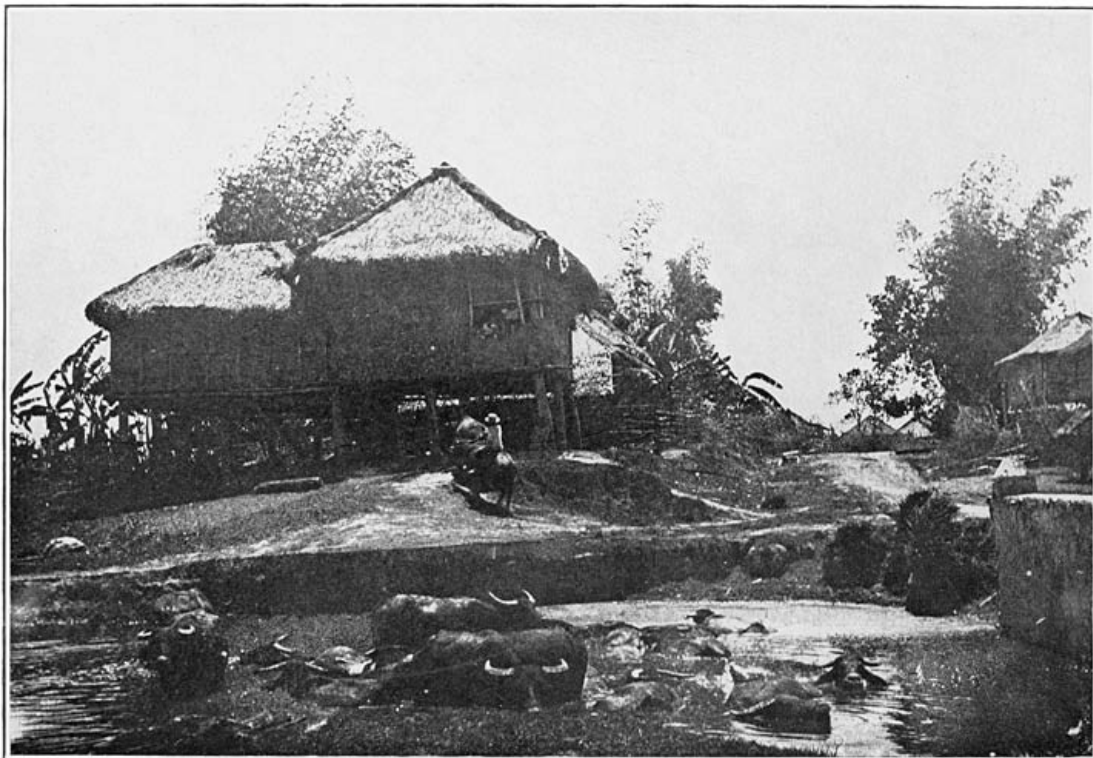
made bolos and other articles, but it did not occur to me that there could be anything of value to expert workmen at home in these crude hand processes.

The soldiers that accompanied me, as well as I myself, went into convulsions of laughter over the shape of their bellows and the working of their forge. Everything they do seemed to us to be done in the most awkward manner; it is done backward if possible. The first time I saw a carriage hitched before the animal I wondered how they could ever manage it.

Bolos are of all sizes and shapes and are made of steel or iron to suit the fancy of the person. Some are of the size and pattern of an old-fashioned corn cutter, handles of carved wood or carabao horn; sometimes made with a fork-like tip and waved with saw teeth edge. It is an indispensable tool in war and peace. There were none so poor as not to have a bolo. They made cannon, too, and guns patterned after our American ones. And sometimes cannon were made out of bamboo, bound around with bands of iron. These were formidable and could shoot with as much noise as a brass one, if not with as much accuracy.

They must get a great deal of silver, as they have so many silver articles; they insert bits of silver in the handles of bolos. These bolos are used for everything. One day I found that the little tin oven which I brought from home was all worn out on the inside. I was in despair for there was no way of getting it repaired, My native cook watched me as I looked at it sorrowfully. Without saying a word he went to work and with only a bolo took my old tin coal oil can and constructed a lining with the metal cleats to hold the shelves up. The only thing he had in the way of a tool to work with was his bolo, about two feet long. When I hired him I noticed that he had great long finger nails; I told him that he would have to cut them off. He said, "Why I don't too. I wouldn't have anything to scratch myself with." But, upon my insisting, he took his huge bolo, placed his fingers on a block of wood, and severed his useful finger nails. They use these bolos for cutting grass, cutting meat,—they use them for haggling our soldiers, as we learned to our grief and wrath.

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Carabao Pond.

There are vast quantities of coal, but the mines so far have been but little developed. The coal is so full of sulphur that its quality is spoiled. There are possibilities of finding it in good paying quantities on several of the islands. It makes a quick blaze and soon burns out. The natives sell it in tiny chunks, by the handful, or in little woven baskets that hold just about a quart.



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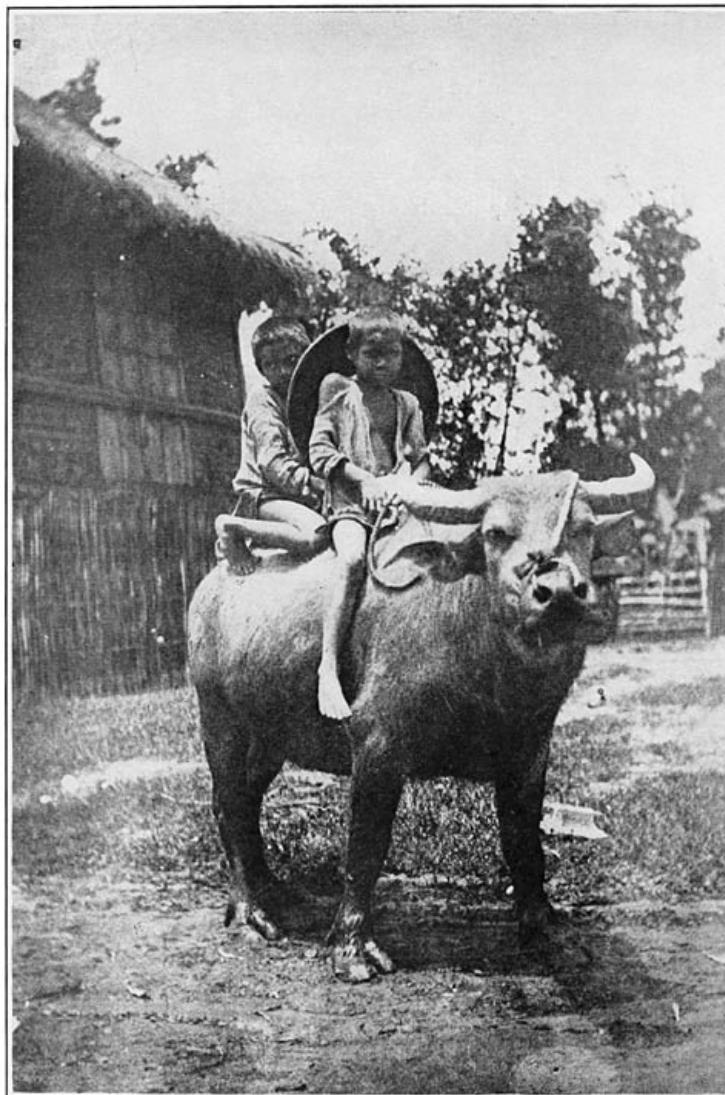
## Chapter Sixteen.



he animal that is most essential in every way is the carabao or water buffalo. They are expensive, a good one costing two or three hundred dollars. Their number has been very much diminished by the rinderpest. The precious carabao is carefully guarded; at night it is kept in the lower part of the house or in a little pond close by.

The picture shown opposite is a good representation of the better class of fairly well-to-do Filipino people; they are rich if they can afford as many carabao as stand here. The second picture shows the way they are driven. Their skins are used for everything that good strong leather can be used for. Their meat is good for food; but heaven help anybody who is obliged to eat it, and when it is prepared, as it often is, by drying the steaks in the sun, then the toughness exceeds that of the tanned hide. A sausage mill could not chew dried carabao. The milk is watery and poor, but the natives like it very much. The horns are used for handles for bolos, the hoofs for glue, and the bones are turned into carved articles of many kinds. The little calves that go wandering about by the sides of their mothers are so curious and so top heavy, and yet they are strong even when small. Carabao sometimes go crazy, and when they do, they tread down everything in their way. Notwithstanding their ungainly bulk they can run as well as a good horse, and can endure long journeys quite as well. They are urged to greater speed by the driver taking the tail and giving it a twist or kicking them in the flank.

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Carabao and Riders.

I used to spend most of my time threatening my driver that he would have to go to a calaboose if he did not stop abusing the animal. The horses are only caricatures. They are so small, so poorly kept, and so badly driven that one burns with indignation at the sight of them. There is no bit and the bridle is always bad. The nose piece is fitted tight and has on the under side a bit of horny fish skin, its spikes turned towards the flesh. These are jerked into the flesh of the poor horse until, in its frenzy, it dashes madly from one side of the road to the other.

Cows are of little use. They look fair but they give little milk. Goats are next in importance, and are delightful to watch. The kids, in pairs and triplets, are such pretty little creatures, so perfectly formed, that I could scarcely resist the desire to bring a few home.

The dogs are the worst looking creatures imaginable. They are so maimed that they are pests rather than pets; but there are thousands of them. There was one exception, a dog that was brought to me one day from a burning house, the like of which I had never seen before. It was called an Andalusian poodle. It proved to be not only the handsomest but the best little dog I ever had. Being a lover of dogs, I regretted very much to give him up upon my return.

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## Amusements and Street Parades.

### Chapter Seventeen.



As a drowning man catches at a straw, so was I eager for anything that would give even slight relief from consuming anxieties and pressing hardships. The natives responded quickly to the slightest encouragement; small change drew groups of two to fifty to give me "special performances." There were blind fiddlers who would play snatches of operas picked up "by ear" on the rudest kind of a fiddle made out of hollow bamboo with only one string; it was astonishing how much music they could draw from the rude instrument. The bow was a piece of bent bamboo with shredded abaka for the bow-strings. Flutes were made of bamboo stalks; drums out of carabao hide stretched over a cylindrical piece of bamboo. Some of these strolling bands came many miles to my door, and while none of them ever produced correct music, still they were a great diversion.

There were strolling players, too. The first performance was the most interesting that I have ever seen. The players arranged themselves within a square roughly drawn in the middle of the road; then to the strains of a bamboo fiddle, bamboo flute, bamboo drum, the melodrama was begun. The hero pranced into the open square to the tune of a minor dirge, not knowing a single sentence of his part; the prompter, kneeling down before a flaring candle, told him what to say; he repeated in parrot-like fashion, and then pranced off the square to slow dirge-like music. Now the heroine minced in from the opposite corner to slow music with her satin train sweeping in the dust; though carefully raised when she crossed the sacred precincts of the square, and in a sauntering way, with one arm akimbo and the other holding the fan up in the air, she took the opposite corner and the prompter told her what to say. In the meantime the candle blew out; it was relighted; the prompter found his place and signaled to the hero to come on. From the opposite side again, with a bow and hand on heart, the lover repeated after the prompter his addresses to the waiting maiden. She pretended to be surprised and shocked at his addresses, fainted away and was carried off the stage by two women attendants; the lover with folded arms looked calmly at the sad havoc he had wrought. Now a rival suitor sprang into the ring and with a huge bolo attacked number one and killed him. The heroine was now able to return. She did not fall into the arms of number two. She only listened placidly to the demand of how much she would pay to secure so splendid a man as the one that could bolo his rival. The parents finally entered and settled the difficulty. The play closed with the prospect of a happy union. The company dispersed, the women and girls walking on one side of the road with the torches in their hands, and the men on the other, in two solemn files. There was no chattering or laughing; yet they all felt that they had had a most delightful performance.

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Two or three concerts given at a neighboring town were very creditable, but only the better class attended; nine-tenths of the people resort to these crude, wayside performances. They look on with seeming indifference; there is never a sign of approval, much less an outburst of applause. They seem to have no place in their souls for the ludicrous, the comic, or the joyous. They were shocked by my smiles and peals of laughter. They have a strange preference for the minor key in music, for the dirge. No wonder when our bands would play lively music that they were



quite ready to take up the catchy airs, but they would add a mournful cadence to the most stirring of our American airs. After awhile I found that the music oftenest rendered by the cathedral organ was the Aguinaldo March. I took the liberty to inform the commanding officer and that tune was stopped. After the surrender, to my great surprise and joy, the same organ rolled out "America"; it did thrill me, even if it was played on a Filipino instrument and by a Filipino.

Little boys often came with tiny birds which they had trained to do little tricks. One had snakes which he would twist around his bare body. And never was there a day without a cock fight. Sometimes the birds were held in check by strings attached to them, but it was a common occurrence to see groups of natives watching their birds fight to the finish at any time of day, Sundays not excepted. And they will all bet on the issue if it takes the last cent they have. They do not seem to enjoy it in a hilarious manner at all. It is serious business, without comment or jovial look or act. No one is so busy that he can not stop for a cock fight.

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There are many kinds of monkeys on the islands. It is common to domesticate them, to train them to do their master's bidding; they become a part of the family, half plaything, half servant. Parrots, too, are adopted into the household and learn to speak its dialect; they are almost uncanny in their chatter and they, too, do all kinds of tricks at the bidding.

I was daily importuned to buy monkeys, parrots, cocks, or song birds. I took a tiny bird that was never known to so much as chirp, but he grew fond of me, would perch upon my shoulder or would turn his little head right or left as if to ask if I were pleased with his silent attentions. The last morning of my stay in Jaro I went to the window and set him free but he immediately came back and clung to my hand. I took him to Iloilo and left him with the nurses; he lived only a day.



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## Festivals of the Church.

### Chapter Eighteen.



According to the Spanish calendar in my possession, there is a festival for every day in the year. There are services every morning at seven, every evening at five; often there are special grand festivals. The Jaro church has a wax figure of the Savior and this figure is dressed for various festivals in various ways; sometimes in evening dress, with white shirt, diamond stud, rings on the fingers, patent leather shoes, and a derby hat. This figure was placed on a large platform and either carried on the shoulders of men or put on a wagon and drawn by men. Once I saw the cart pushed along by a bull at the rear. This procession would form at the Cathedral door, march around the square and then usually go three or four blocks down toward the house where the priest lived, and by that time it would be very nearly dark and they would light their candles and return and go about the square again before going into the Cathedral.

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Sometimes the figure was dressed in royal robes with long purple mantle and gilded crown upon the head; on Good Friday it lay in a white shroud as if in death; on Easter day it was arrayed in flowing white robes and was brought from the cemetery into town and borne at the head of a great parade. Those who could afford to do so would set up a special shrine in front of their homes, adorned with flowers and household images. The priest would, as a special favor, have special services before these shrines, and the more money spent on these shrines and the more paid to the priest the more distinguished the citizen. For days before the natives were busy making long candles out of carabao tallow. Some of these candles, huge and crude, would weigh four or five pounds. None of the so-called common people or the poor class would take part in any of these wonderful parades unless they were able to wear good clothes and have long trains to their dresses. I never saw any one in these processions who was at all poor; the poor simply stand by the roadside and look on. I asked my Filipino woman why she did not join; she said she would just as soon as she could get a dress with a train. It was not many weeks before she was in the procession, having earned the train by laundry work for the officers and soldiers. For the men, it was their joy to be able to purchase a derby hat. I never knew there could be so many kinds of derbies as I



saw on the heads of these natives. It was said that a ship-load of them was brought over once, and they so charmed the male population that from that time on they all aspired to own a derby, no matter how ancient its appearance or of what color it might be. And no matter if they did not have a shirt to their back, if they had on a good stiff derby hat, they were dressed for any occasion and to appear before anybody.

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The priests wear, first, a long, plain white robe, over this a black cassock, then a white cotta; and the more richly it is embroidered the better they like it. There was with this white cotta a white petticoat plain at the top and ruffled at the bottom. I did not know the names of the outer vestments but they were all embroidered. I offered to buy one of the heavily embroidered vestments from a priest but he refused, saying that it was very hard to get that kind of cloth embroidered so beautifully. He gave me one of the Filipino skirts; it was badly worn, but I kept it as a curiosity. Not knowing very much about the Roman church, there were a great many things done every day that I could not understand; for instance, when a priest went out in a closed carriage attended by two or three boys he would come from the church door with one of the boys in front of him ringing a bell vigorously. He would ring this bell just as hard as he could until the priest would get inside with his attendants and then they would drive away. When they returned they would go through this same performance of ringing this bell until they got inside of the church. I saw this many times and once asked a Roman Catholic soldier what it meant; he said he did not know.

It may be that these people need to be terrorized by the priests; certain it is that, when a priest walks through the village or when any of the people see him, they kneel and kiss his hand, if he is so gracious as to honor them with the privilege. The people bow down before him and reverence him though he may at any moment lift his cane and give them a good whack over the head or shoulders. I never saw this done, but several of our men told me they had seen it; and one captain told me that he saw the priest take a huge bamboo pole and knock a man down because he failed to get into the procession in double-quick time. They do literally rule these people with the rod.

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## Osteopathy.

### Chapter Nineteen.



In 1895, for the benefit of one dearer to me than life, I went to Kirksville, Mo., and from Dr. A. T. Still learned something of the principles and practice of his great art. The subject grew in interest; I became a regular student of the American School of Osteopathy, and, in time, completed the course and took the decree. In the islands it was a great pleasure to me to help our sick soldiers; scores of them, with touching gratitude, have blessed the use that I made of my hands upon them. Officers and men came daily for treatment. Soon the Filipinos came, too. Women walked many miles carrying their sick children; the blind and lame besought me to lay my hands upon them. It was noised about that I had divine power. My door was beset. I gladly gave relief where I could, but for the most of them help was one hundred years too late.

I recall with special pleasure one successful case. A woman came to me who said she had walked forty miles to bring her sick child; for compensation she offered a pigeon and three eggs. I could not look out of my window without seeing some poor sick native squatted on the ground waiting to see if I could do anything for her sick child or herself. The natives when burning up with fever think they dare not wash their bodies; they will lie hopeless and passive on the ground or on a small bamboo mat. It is pitiable to see them so utterly destitute; not one single thing that would go to make up a bed or pillow, nor do they seem to have any mode of taking care of their sick at all.

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Our army hospitals were very well kept, indeed, but it was a great struggle to get help enough and to get the things needed for hundreds of sick soldiers. There were many large buildings, but as soon as the government attempted to purchase

them, the Filipinos asked exorbitant prices. And then the sanitary conditions are such that it is hard to establish hospitals anywhere. I read with great pleasure that the capitol of Luzon will be on a plateau in the mountains where the temperature will be lower, the air better, and the water purer.

I am sure that Americans can live in the Philippines; I know that the resources of the islands are vast, especially in agricultural and mineral products; that we have, indeed, acquired in our new possessions immeasurable riches.

As soon as any Filipino wishes to become a friend and to impress you that he is rich and has vast possessions, the entire family, father, mother, and children, will call and bring quantities of fruits, fine clothes, carved shells, and native pearls with curiously wrought gold settings, and present them with great earnestness of manner and many words of praise. They tell you what great value they place upon your friendship, and that of all the people in all the world you are the one person that they do most ardently believe in, and finally that they consider you the greatest acquisition to their islands. [117]

A Filipino general and his wife came again and again to see me; they brought a magnificent sunburst of diamonds which they urged me to accept with their greatest love and affection. I declined positively and absolutely. They seemed very much downcast that I would not accept this little token of their deep affection. They went home, but in about two hours came back, brought the diamonds, and again urged and urged so strongly that I finally consented to let the wife pin the elegant brooch on my dress; perhaps I should find out the hidden meaning of this excessive devotion. As soon as the officer in command returned, I told him of the gift, of my refusal, and of their return. A written note was hastily sent to the general that he must come and remove the brooch at once. Fearing the wrath of the officer, he came immediately and I returned the diamonds. Even after this the family renewed their efforts. I found out afterwards that the general had violated his oath of allegiance; his bribe was to buy my influence with the commanding officer.

It was evident that many of the better class of natives, in spite of oath and fair face, were directing and maintaining the murderous bands of banditti. Often letters were found that the Filipino generals had written to their women friends in Jaro, Iloilo and Molo, to sell their jewels, to sell all they could, to buy guns, ammunition, and food, and later other letters were captured full of the thanks of the Filipino army for these gifts. While the good Filipinos were taking the oath of allegiance with the uplifted right hand, the left was much busier sending supplies to the insurrectos. [118]

The hypocrisy of the upper classes was matched by their cruelty. A native of prominence was gracious enough upon one occasion to direct a party of officers on their way. He was attended by his servant who walked or ran the entire distance carrying a heavy load suspended partly from his shoulders, and partly by a strap about the forehead.

The servant failed to start with the party, but in a short time he caught up by running swiftly. The master calmly got off his horse, motioned to the servant to drop his load, and proceeded to beat the man unmercifully with a cane made out of fish tail, a sword-like, cruel, barbed affair, about four feet long. The poor servant never uttered a cry. As soon as possible the officers interfered and stopped the torture. So bloody and faint was the poor victim that they gave him a horse to ride. The master was angry, declared he would not have his authority questioned and left the party.

A ball was given in the town of Jaro by the officers who were there and in the town of Iloilo. Army, navy, ladies, and nurses from the hospital were invited. It was considered quite an unusual thing to do at this time, as the Filipino soldiers were near at hand day and night, approaching and firing upon the town. One of the Filipino women said, "I do not see how the American officers dare congregate at so dangerous a time." The men decorated the huge ball room with magnificent palms and ferns which they had gathered and put up many flags. The regimental band was stationed on the porch at the rear of the building. It was, altogether, a very fine gathering, and all went merry "as the marriage bell." [119]

There was a German on the dance programme that was to end in a mock capture. Not thinking that it might occasion alarm, at a certain point, some of the soldiers were instructed to fire off some cannon crackers; in addition the soldiers thought it would be just as well to fire off a few pistols. The surprise was very great. The colonel of a volunteer regiment nearby heard the commotion and gave orders for the company to turn out and find out where this fusillade was occurring, not supposing that it could be in private quarters. The Presidente of the town was greatly alarmed, as he was expecting any moment to be captured for serving under the U. S. government as head man of a town. The firing created a great

commotion, people ran hither and thither to find out where the battle was going on; the musicians, who did not understand about the firing, were frightened, too; there was a call to arms and great commotion. But soon explanations came, and immediately it was on with the dance. It was a huge joke, and when the sentry told that a colonel and his wife were the most frightened of all, barricading their doors and having extra guards placed around, the merriment knew no bounds.

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It was seldom that the officers had any of these receptions or balls, but when they did everybody felt they must attend, and those taking part in the dance enjoyed themselves very much. Sometimes the officers would charter a small steamer and go to one of the nearby islands, but it was rarely they could do so, because of the skulking natives and their manner of signaling where these parties landed, making it unsafe for any but large companies to attend these excursions.

It was often the duty of our officers and men to stop the cruelties they saw practiced upon dumb brutes. I have in mind the way pigs were brought to market, their forefeet across a bamboo pole and their heads bound so that they could not squeal, and in this uncomfortable way they were carried many miles. Of the many stories that were told of the cruelties our soldiers perpetrated upon the helpless Filipinos, I do not believe one word; indeed, our men were constantly assisting the natives in every way possible.

On the 4th of July, 1900, our officers decided to tender a reception to the Filipino families whose hospitalities they had enjoyed. They issued invitations and decorated their quarters in fine shape with flags, bunting, palms, and pictures. It was quite the talk of the town. The beauty and chivalry of the island were there. For refreshments they served commissary supplies with ice cream and cake. The guests thought it a very poor banquet for such pretentious people as the officers were. The Filipinos always have a ten or twelve course meal at twelve o'clock at their dances, especially when they have festivals or wedding banquets. There were many of these given. I could often watch the throng from my window; they went at this particular kind of hilarity in the same listless, slow, silent manner in which they did everything. The popular dance is the "Rigadon." There is a great deal of swinging of couples and going forward and back. None of the common people seem to indulge in any form of a dance, so far as I could learn.

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We invited upon several occasions some Filipino men and women to dine with us, and it was interesting to hear their remarks about various dishes we had prepared for them. They would ask questions concerning the preparations. Mince pies, which we made of canned meat and canned apples, were a source of great wonder; they would ask where they could get the fruit for that kind of a pudding. I know that they made wry faces at some dishes, and I know that we did ourselves, for some of them were beyond comparison; no chef in all the world could produce a good thing out of such materials.

The May festival was given by the children, chiefly by the little girls of the cathedral congregation. The leader was a woman of fine character and standing. She worked hard every day with these little tots to train them to do their parts well, which consisted of marching into the cathedral by twos', arranging themselves into a circle about the Virgin Mother and throwing flowers and bouquets, singing and speaking. The ludicrous part of it all was that these little things were supposed to be dressed like American children. The models had been taken from some old magazine,—huge sleeves, small waists, skirt to the knees, and pantlets to the top of shoes. The shoes were painfully tight and the little feet, unaccustomed to being held in such close quarters, limped and hobbled piteously. The festival was carried on every day for weeks. Bushels of flowers were thrown at the figure of the Blessed Virgin.

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Some of the festivals in the larger cathedrals in Manila were gorgeous indeed. There were floats on which were carried the different patron saints, all gorgeously arrayed in the most magnificent costumes. Evidently the churches were never meant for the common or poor people, so few of them were ever seen within their walls; but without were vast crowds of beggars, of the blind, the deformed, the diseased; victims of smallpox and of leprosy in every stage of suffering. It is said that the first thing ordered by Bishop Brent, who took charge of the Protestant Episcopal church in the Philippines, was soap.



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## The McKinley Campaign.

### Chapter Twenty.



he excitement on the islands ran quite high during the McKinley-Bryan campaign. The natives conceived that if Bryan were elected they could, in some way, they could not explain how, not only be very greatly benefited personally, but the U. S. troops would be withdrawn; they would then be rid not only of the Spaniards but of the Americans, and could then have a ruler of their own choosing. I knew that there were small papers or bulletins published to intensify these sentiments.

Popular favor was all for Bryan and not one person for McKinley, while on the other hand I do not think there was a single soldier who was not a McKinley man. The feeling ran high, and, while our papers gave us every assurance that the Republican party would be victorious, we were very anxious for the news. On the night of the 6th of November we had the glorious report. It did not take long for the shouts to go up from every American soldier. About eleven o'clock P. M. all the American officers and men formed in procession with the band at the head; they came around to the house where I was staying and called out, "Come, Mrs. Conger, you must join in this jubilee." I did not need a second invitation. Snatching my little American flag that I take wherever I go, I formed in line with the boys. We marched around and around the park, cheering, singing patriotic songs, and hurrahing for McKinley. In front of one of the houses where I knew they were the most bitter toward the Americans, we cheered lustily. I had been there only a few days before to purchase a Jusi dress for Mrs. McKinley. I said that I would like one of their very best weaves, as it would go to the White House to Mrs. McKinley. With a great deal of scorn in her voice and manner she declared she would not make it. We continued on our march through and around the town until after one o'clock, when I returned to my room. I was about to retire when a detachment from the Scouts came and said, "Oh, Mrs. Conger, we want you to come over to the park, we are going to have a big bonfire." So I went over and we had another jollification, hurrahing, singing, shouting for McKinley, until we made ourselves hoarse. We burned up all the old debris that we could gather and plenty of bamboo, which makes a cracking noise, quite like a roll of musketry. From every window and crevice in every house about that park native heads were gazing at us, and never one cheer came from a single throat, but we gave them to understand in no uncertain terms where we stood. I suppose they thought it was only one more unheard of thing for a woman to do, to be out marching and singing, and I am sure they thought "Señora Blanco," the name I was called by the people all over the Island of Panay, had gone mad; and I was certainly doing unheard of things, for, as I said before, it is not considered at all proper for a woman to be walking or riding with a man. And to think that a woman of my years, and the only American woman in that part of the country, would, at such an hour, be marching with those hundreds of boys in the dead of night was wholly beyond their comprehension, and they had no words adequate to express their disgust at my outburst of enthusiasm and patriotism.

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## Governor Taft at Jaro.

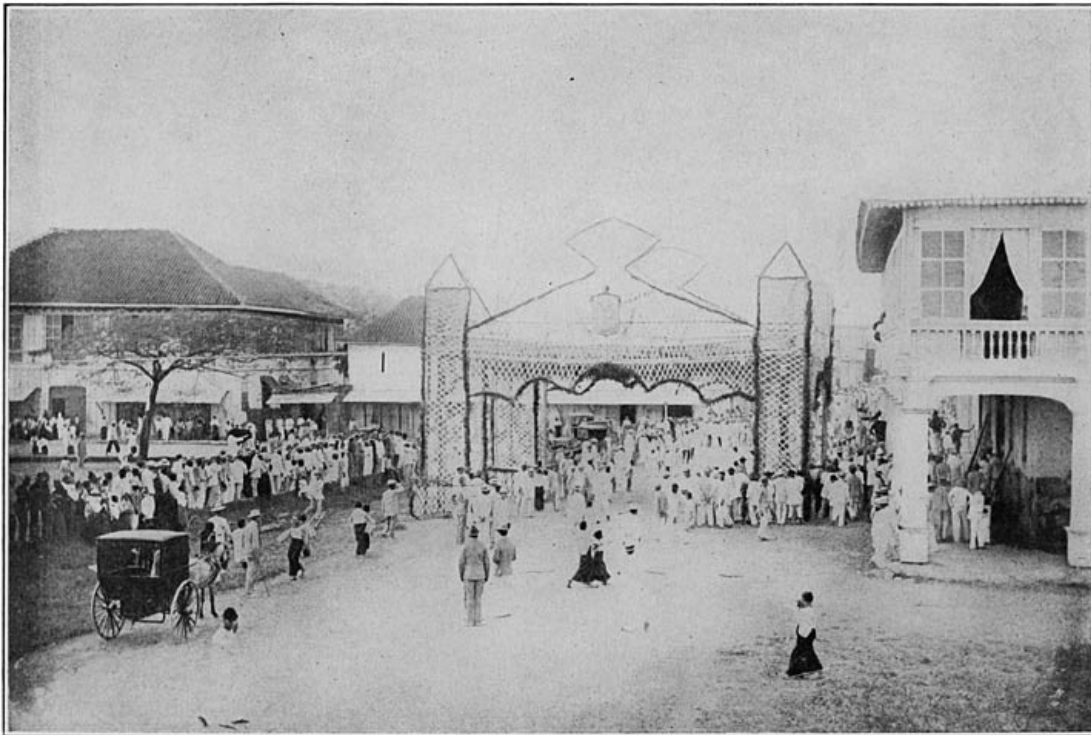
### Chapter Twenty-One.



hen Governor Taft and other members of the peace commission were expected at Iloilo and Jaro, there were great preparations for several weeks before hand. The guests came to Jaro for a morning reception at the home of one of the wealthy citizens. The house had been beautifully decorated and the refreshments were served in the large



room at the left of the hall; the buffet luncheon consisted of every kind of cake and sweetmeats, champagne, wine, and beer. The Filipino guests were in the large front room, seated in rows, six or eight rows, perhaps twenty in a row, with their backs to each other or facing each other.



Jaro at Time of Reception to Governor W. H. Taft and Party.

I was the only American woman there until Mrs. Taft and other ladies with the peace commission arrived. Not wishing to sit solemnly in line gazing at these newly acquired sisters of mine, I ventured some remarks in Spanish about the weather and the coming guests. There was little response. My curiosity getting the better of me, I made bold to examine the gowns of these women for I had seldom seen before such handsome material, rich brocaded satins, cloth of gold wrought with seed pearls and jewels; huge strings of pearls on the neck, diamond and pearl rings on the fingers and very handsome ornaments in the hair; every head bore a huge pompadour and every face was heavily powdered; the perfume was stifling even with every window stretched to the fullest extent. Each woman carried a handsome fan and each was attended by at least one servant. After waiting in this rigid company manner about an hour and a half, the distinguished guests arrived. We were then entertained by some of the local artists and celebrities. There was vocal and instrumental music; a fine grand piano, very good violins, and the concert was by far the best music I had heard in the islands.

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At 1:30 we were all carried over in carriages to the house of the Presidente and thirty-five of us sat down to a very sumptuous banquet of about eighteen courses. The menu of soup, fish, game, birds, salads, was very quickly served, a waiter for each guest. The table was furnished with much silver and cut glass, and at each plate was a bouquet holder with napkin ring attached; there were after-dinner speeches by Governor Taft, Judge Wright, and others; then we were ushered into the large drawing-room where coffee and cigars were served. The room had been especially prepared by the labor of many days spent on tacking flags on the ceiling and side walls, making a very beautiful effect. There were huge bunches of artificial flowers. For the entertainment at this house, all the Filipino bands from the surrounding towns were massed together. Governor Taft complimented his hosts upon their very delightful "entretener," and said he had seen nothing to compare with it for elegance and enthusiastic welcome since he had been on the islands. At every corner of the plaza there were erected handsome bamboo arches and booths, and every strip of bunting and every flag that could be got out were waving in Jaro on this great day of inauguration of the Civil Commission on the Island of Panay. To me it seemed anything but a peaceful time as the scouts were then out after a very desperate band of insurrectos, but I have never seen anywhere more beautiful ornamentation or more lavish display of wealth, and yet there was lacking in it all the genuine ring of cordiality and enthusiasm. In Iloilo there were many receptions and various kinds of entertainments given. Governor Taft invited leading citizens out to the ship where he returned the compliment with refreshments, good cheer, and a salute.

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In writing of my life in the islands, I must mention incidents of serious nature and yet of common happening. Almost daily would come an instant call for troops to mount and ride post haste by night or day after some of these worse than lawless

bands of Filipinos. One evening while we were at dinner we had as our guest a Lieutenant of one of the volunteer regiments. He had been ill and had spent the time of his convalescence in acquiring some of the manifold Filipino dialects, about sixty in all, it is said. He was detailed by the commanding officer to visit some of the inland villages and inspect the schools and inquire generally after the condition of the people. He told us that evening that he intended to make quite an extensive tour around the island of Panay in the interest of the schools. "You are going to take a strong guard, of course?" we asked. "Anyone going on such a peaceful mission as mine would not need even an orderly, but I will take an orderly to assist in carrying the books and pamphlets." The very next evening while we were at dinner, word was brought that this splendid young man had been killed not three miles from where we were sitting. In a few minutes men mounted and were off to the scene of the murder. In a nearby hut the young officer lay dead. He, who had so trustingly confided in these "peaceful people," had fallen the victim of his noble impulses. Every article of any value had been taken from his body except a little watch that he carried in a small leather case on his wrist; he had bought it that very day to send to his wife. No trace of the "insurrectos," the murderers, was ever found. A native woman said the officer was riding peacefully along with his orderly at his side when suddenly they were stopped by a volley of balls. The Lieutenant turned, as did also the orderly; their horses took fright, one rider was thrown, probably already dead, the other escaped. The funeral rites of our noble soldier were conducted with military honors; the body was sent home to his bereaved wife and family.

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One day a missionary was on his way from town to town; he had, unfortunately, an orderly with him. He was stopped and asked his business; he replied that he was a missionary. "Why carry a gun?" was the scornful retort. He was stripped of everything of value but was allowed to return. The soldier did not fare so well; he was killed before the rescuing party could reach him. A detachment was sent out one day to procure some young beef for sale in a nearby village. They were received with open arms by the Presidente of the village and the Padre and were most sumptuously entertained. It was kindly explained that they had no young cattle for sale but that about a mile further on there were some very fine young calves that could be had at five dollars in gold.

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Not thinking of any treachery, the soldiers mounted and rode about a mile beyond the village into a ravine which, according to the instructions, led to the cattle-field beyond. While crossing the stream in the bottom of the ravine, the men were startled by the whiz of bullets and, glancing up, found the steep banks lined with insurrectos who had opened fire without a moment's warning. Our men entrapped, surrounded, were ordered to surrender. For answer they put spurs to their horses and started back under a heavy fire. Unfortunately two of the fine horses were shot; their riders were obliged to run afoot the rest of the way up the bank and were picked up by their comrades. One of the men shouted, "Sergeant, don't you hear they are calling for us to surrender? Say are you going to?" With an oath, "No, not by a d---d sight. Run and fight." Which they did and actually got away from hundreds of natives and arrived in Jaro breathless and weary, the horses covered with foam. Not a man had been killed or wounded. Two horses were killed outright, but none were maimed. Soon the troop was in the saddle and out after those treacherous miscreants. Many natives were arrested and brought to town and then it was found that this loyal (?) Presidente, whom the commanding general had had the utmost confidence in was at the head of a number of Filipino companies which scoured the country to capture small parties of our soldiers. As the investigations were pressed it came out that the bodies of their victims had been torn to pieces and buried in quicklime that there might be no traces left of their treachery. It was several weeks before the full facts were obtained and before the mutilated remains of our soldiers were found and brought back and buried.

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The volunteer regiments suffered most from these brutal cowards, directed and urged on by the "very best men" in civil and "sacred" office. These are facts from the lips of U. S. officers, men who do not lie. Very often the troops were called out to capture these bloody bands, but it was hard to locate them or bring them to a stand. The natives knew so many circuitous ways of running to cover and they had so many friends to aid them that it was almost impossible to follow them. Whenever they were captured they were so surprised, so humiliated, so innocent, meek and subdued, that it would never occur to an honest man that they could know how to handle a bolo or a gun. But experience taught that the most guileless in looks were the worst desperadoes of all. My first sight of a squad of these captives is a thing not to be forgotten. They were a scrubby lot of hardly human things, stunted, gnarled pigmies, with no hats or shoes, and scarcely a rag of clothing. Their cruel knives, the deadly bolos, were the only things they could be stripped of. I looked down upon them from my window in astonishment. "It is not possible," I exclaimed, "that these miserable creatures are samples of what is called the Filipino army." "Yes," an officer replied, "these are the fellows that

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never fight; that only stab in the back and mutilate the dying and dead." My eyes turned to the guard, our own soldiers, fine, manly fellows, who fairly represented the personnel of our own splendid army. It made me indignant that one of them should suffer at the hands of such vermin or rather at the hands of the religious manipulators who stood in safety behind their ignorant degraded slaves.



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## Shipwreck.

### Chapter Twenty-Two.



he climate seemed beyond physical endurance, although the thermometer ranged no higher than from ninety to one hundred ten, but the heat was continuous night and day; exhaustion without relief. The only time that one could get a breath was about five o'clock in the morning; in the middle of the day the sun's rays are white-hot needles,—this is the only way that I can express it; and even if one carries an umbrella, the heat pierces directly through. From the first of November to the middle of December, there is usually about six or seven hours a day of comparative comfort; but the season is too short to brace the enervated body. One day the thermometer fell to seventy-eight; we Americans shivered and craved a fire, so much did we feel the change of temperature.

I finally learned from the natives that it is not best after bathing, to rub the body with a towel; and indeed, following them more closely, that it is wise to feed with cocoanut oil the famished pores of the skin which has been weakened by excessive exudation. The rainy season begins in April, usually, and gives some relief from the excessive heat; and such rains, never in my life had I known before what it was to have rain come down by the barrelful! The two-story house in which we were quartered was quite solidly built, and the boards of the second story were overlapped to keep out the rain; and yet, I have often had to get up on the bed or table while the water poured in at innumerable unsuspected cracks and swept the floor like a torrent. It was hard to tell which frightened one the most, the terrible rain-storms or the awful earthquakes. In the house there was a magnificent glass chandelier. The first time we had a severe earthquake that chandelier swayed back and forth in such a wild way that it seemed as if it must fall and crush every prism, tiny light, and bell. I felt sure whenever a quake began that I should not live through it. The flying fragments across the room, the creaking hard-wood doors, the nauseating feeling that everything under foot was falling away,—it was a frightful experience then, it is a sickening memory now. One never gets used to these shocks no matter how many occur; the more, the worse. They are more frequent in the night than in the day. It was not quite so bad if the wild start from uneasy slumber was followed by a cheery voice calling, "Hello there, are you alive, has anything hurt you, has anything struck?" Even the rats are terrified, and the natives, almost to a soul, leave their houses, congregate in the middle of the street, and begin to pray. Sometimes a fierce wind from the north brings sad havoc to the hastily built bamboo houses; a whole street of these slightly constructed dwellings is toppled over or lies aslant, or is swept away. At first we used to smile at the storm signal displayed at Iloilo. If the sky was clear and still, we would start out confidently on some trip, to the next town perhaps; before we had gone more than a half mile we would be drenched through and through and no cloud, not even as big as a man's hand was to be seen; at other times dense clouds, the blackest clouds, would shut down close upon us,—such are the strange variations. No sort of sailing craft ever leaves the port when the signals are up for one of these hurricane storms; if caught out in them they put instantly into the nearest port. Shipwrecks are frequent, partly on account of these sudden storms, but chiefly on account of the shifting sands of the course.

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From Manila to Iloilo on a boat that had been purchased for the use of the government, I was, on one occasion, the only passenger on board. The captain had

never been over this course before, but he was confident of getting through with the help of a Spanish chart. About two o'clock in the morning I sprang to my feet alarmed by the harsh grinding of the boat's keel, the scurrying of many feet, the shouting of quick orders. The shock of the boat blew out all lamps; in the darkness I opened the door of my cabin and ran to find the captain, guided by his voice. I learned that we were aground. I asked him if I could help. "Yes, if you can carry messages to the engineer and translate them into Spanish." I ran to and fro, stumbling up or down, forgetting every time I passed that a certain part of the ship had a raised ledge. The effort was to prop the boat with spars that it might not tip as it crunched and settled down upon the coral reefs. We could hardly wait until daylight to measure the predicament. When the light grew clear so that I saw the illuminated waters, there was a scene of new and wonderful beauty,—a garden of the sea, a coral grove. Far as the eye could reach there was every conceivable color, shape, and kind of coral,—pink, green, yellow, and white. It all looked so safe and soft, as if one might crush it in the hands; and yet these huge cakes of coral were like adamant, except the delicate fern-like spikes that were so viciously piercing the bottom of our boat. I saw all kinds of sea shells, the lovely nautilus spreading its sails on the surface, and the huge devil-fish sprawling at the bottom of the shallow pools, with its many tentacles thrown out on every side.

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With innumerable ants, swarms of mosquitoes, lizards everywhere, rats by the million, mice, myriads of langoustas or grass-hoppers, long cockroaches, squeaking bugs, monkeys that stole everything they could lay their hands on, the fear of the deadly bolo, the dread each night of waking up amid flame and smoke, earthquakes, tornadoes, dreadful thunders and lightnings, torrents of water, life sometimes seemed hard; each new day was but a repetition of yesterday, and I used constantly to rely upon the assured promises—Psalms XCI:

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

"I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress: my God: in him will I trust.

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"Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

"He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust; his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

"Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

"A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

"Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

"Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation;

"There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

"For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

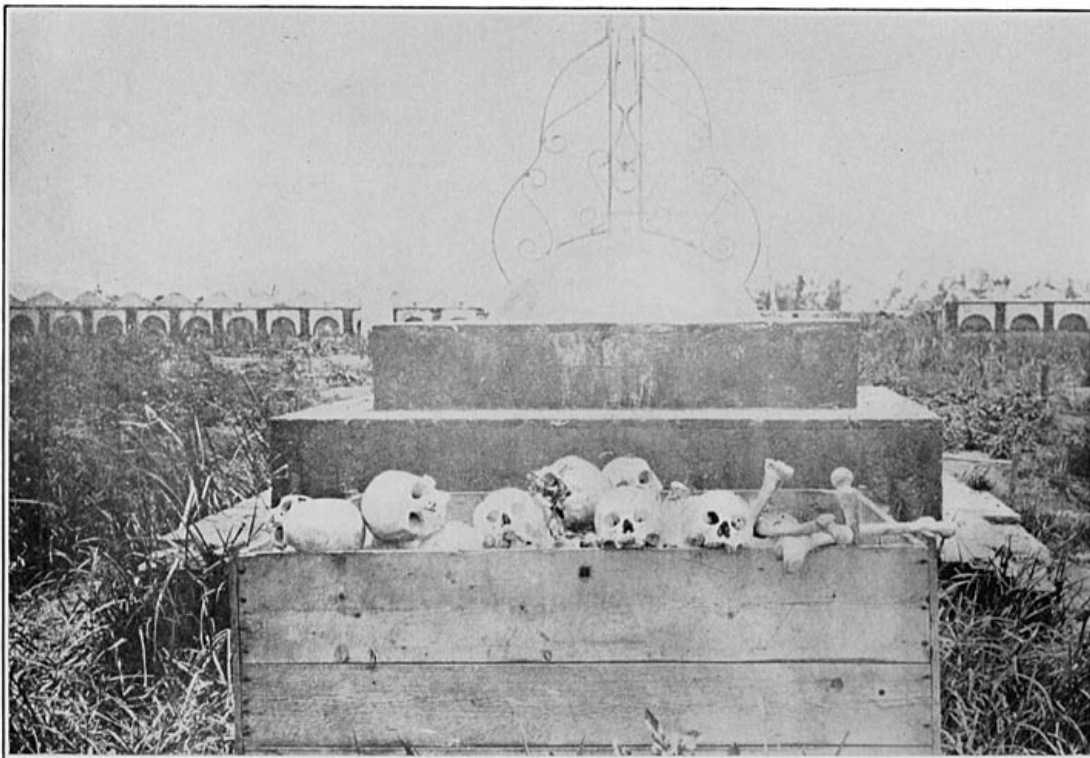
"They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

"Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

"Because he hath set his love upon thee, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

"He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.





Cemetery Crypts for Those Who Can Buy or Rent.

“With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.”

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Looking down from my window every day into the faces of six or more dead bodies that were brought to the cathedral, I knew that “The pestilence was walking in the darkness.”



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## Filipino Domestic Life.

### Chapter Twenty-Three.



he houses are made of bamboo; some of them are pretty, quite artistic; the plain ones cost about seventy-five cents each; no furniture of any kind is needed. The native food is rice, or, as it is called in the vernacular, “Sow-sow.” It is cooked in an earthen pot set upon stones with a few lighted twigs thrust under it for fire. When it is eaten with nature’s forks—the fingers—with a relish of raw fish, it is the chief article of diet.

House-cleaning is one thing that I never saw in practice or evidence. I took a supply of lye with me and it was a huge joke to see the natives use it in cleaning the floors.

The windows are made of oyster shells which are thin and flat; these cut in three-inch squares make a window peculiarly adapted to withstand the heavy storms and earthquakes; it transmits a pleasant opalescent light.

Coffee is raised, but not widely used by the natives; they prefer chocolate.

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After many unsuccessful attempts, I gave up trying to have my dishes washed in my way; I soon discovered that the servants used the tea towels on their bodies. This convinced me, and I let them wash mine as they did their own, by pouring water on each dish separately, rinsing and setting to dry on the porch in the sun, the only place where the vermin would not crawl over them.

The irons used for pressing clothes are like a smooth, round-bottomed skillet, the

inside is filled with lighted sticks and embers. The operator, who sits on the floor, passes this smoking mass over the thing to be pressed. The article, when finished, looks as if it had been sat upon.

One Palm Sunday I visited five different churches in all of which were palms in profusion, woven into almost innumerable forms; fishes, birds in and out of cages, trees, fruits, flowers, crosses, crowns, sceptres, mitres, and saints' emblems. The cathedral at Arevalo looked like a huge garden, but, in one second after it had been discovered that a white woman and an American officer were present, the entire congregation, rising, turned to look at us; it seemed as if a whirlwind were sweeping the palms, so nervous were the hands that held them.

After the service, the crowd came out and vanished immediately, fear of an attack having overcome their curiosity.

Nearly all the little children are naked. One day I saw a little fellow about three years old who was suffering severely with the smallpox. He was smoking a huge cigar of the kind the natives make by rolling the natural tobacco leaf and tying it with a bit of bamboo fibre. He did look ridiculous. A native teacher told me that they all begin to smoke when about two years old; poor, little, stunted, starved things, fed on half cooked rice and raw fish.

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Drunkenness is comparatively rare among the natives; the intoxicating beverage is the "Tuba," which is made about as follows: The flowers of the cocoanut are cut while still in bud and the sap, or "Beno," caught in a tube of bamboo; the liquor is gathered daily as we gather maple sap and fermented by the addition of a piece of wood, which also imparts a slight color. The product of this fermentation is an insidious stimulant. I never tasted it, but one poor soldier told me his sad experience and that sufficed. After a particularly hard march, his company came to a halt in a village; he asked for water, but could get only this innocent looking "Beno;" he took one tiny glass; it tasted like cologne water; his thirst not being quenched, he took a second and a third glass, after which he proceeded to make a howling mob of himself. This, since it happened in the face of the enemy, with momentary expectation of attack, was a serious offence enough, but coupled with the fact that he was "on guard" at the time, entailed punishments, the rigor of which, can be guessed only by those familiar with army discipline.

Once a party of officers and men were going from one island to another, carrying money and food for the soldiers. It was found, after starting, that they were not so heavily guarded as they should be, in view of the fact that they would be exposed to attack when in the narrow channels between the islands. At one point where they were hemmed in, not only by the islands, but by a number of sailing crafts, the Captain, a Filipino, very seriously asked the Paymaster if he had plenty of fire arms; his reply was, "Oh, muchee fusile," meaning, "Oh, very much fire arms." To add to the horror of the situation they were becalmed. The Captain became very much alarmed and the soldiers more so. Strange to relate, there came a gale of wind that not only blew them out into a wider channel beyond the reach of their insurrecto friends, but put them well on their way. This was told me as being almost like a miracle. No one can ever realize until they have been caught in one of these terrific gales what their severity is. I remember one blast that tore my hair down and swept away every article of loose clothing, also some things that I had just purchased; I never saw them again. It would not occur to the natives to return anything that they found, even if they knew that they never could use it; they all professed friendship to my face, and were constantly begging for any little article that I might have, but they never returned anything they saw me drop or that had been blown away.

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We had, at one time, a peace society formed, there was an attendance of all the women of Jaro, some from Iloilo, and the President was chosen from Molo. I took pleasure in joining this society for the maintenance of peace and fraternal feeling with the Filipinos.

One day I thought it my duty to call upon the President of the new peace commission. She lived in the town of Molo. I invited a native woman to accompany me, and secured a guard of soldiers and an interpreter. Such a commotion as the visit created. The interpreter explained that I had called to pay my respects, as I was the only American woman who had joined the peace society. The President was pale with fright at my coming, though I had with me a woman whom she knew very well. After she had recovered from the shock, we had a very agreeable time. She called in some of her family; one daughter played well on the piano, a large grand, and another played upon the violin. In the meantime refreshments were served in lavish profusion. They offered me very handsome cloths and embroideries, which I declined with thanks. It is a common custom to make presents.

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I had agreed with this Filipino friend to exchange views on points of etiquette and

social manners. She told me that I had committed quite a breach of propriety in allowing the interpreter, who was a soldier, to ride on the front seat of the carriage; that it would become known everywhere that she and I actually had a man ride with us. It is not customary for even husbands and wives to drive together. My criticism was, "We do not like the manner of your ladies expectorating. In America we consider it a very filthy and offensive habit." She was quite surprised that we were so very particular and asked me if we chewed the spittle.

A large cathedral was situated just across the street, a circumstance that enabled me to witness many ceremonies of the Roman church, of whose existence I had no previous knowledge; daily services were held, and all the Saints' days were observed. On festivals of especial importance there were very gorgeous processions. The principal features were the bands of music, the choir, acolytes, priests, and rich people,—the poor have no place—all arrayed in purple and fine linen; gold, silver, pearls, and rare jewels sparkled in the sun by day, or, at night, in the light of the candles and torches carried by thousands of men, women and children.

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It was a trying experience to be awakened from sound sleep by the firing of guns. It was necessary to be always armed and ready to receive the "peaceful people." (We read daily in the American papers that all danger was over.)

A characteristic feature of each town is a plaza at its center, and here the people have shrines or places of worship at the corners, the wealthier people, only, having them in their homes.

Smallpox is a disease of such common occurrence that the natives have no dread of it; the mortality from this one cause alone is appalling. This brings to mind the funeral ceremony, which, since the natives are all Catholics, is always performed by the padre or priest.

In red, pink, or otherwise gayly decorated coffin, the corpse, which is often exposed to view and sometimes covered with cheap paper flowers, bits of lace and jewelry, is taken to the church, where there are already as many as five or six bodies at a time awaiting the arrival of the priest to say prayers and sprinkle holy water upon them. If the family of the deceased is too poor to buy or rent a coffin, the body is wrapped in a coarse mat, slung on a pole, and carried to the outer door of the church, to have a little water sprinkled thereon or service said over it. If the families are unable to rent a spot of earth in the cemetery, their dead are dumped into a pile and left to decay and bleach upon the surface. In contrast with this brutal neglect of the poor, is the lavish expenditure of the rich. The daughter of one of the wealthy residents having died, the body was placed in a casket elaborately trimmed with blue satin, the catafalque also was covered with blue satin and trimmed with ruffles of satin and lace. In the funeral procession, the coffin was carried on the shoulders of several young men, while at the sides walked young ladies, each dressed in a blue satin gown with a long train and white veil, and each lavishly decorated with precious jewels. They held long, blue satin ribbons fastened to the casket. At the door of the church the casket was taken in charge by three priests, attended by thirty or forty choir boys, acolytes, and others, and placed upon a black pedestal about thirty feet high and completely surrounded by hundreds of candles, many of which were held in gilded figures of cherubim; the whole was surmounted by a flambeau made by immersing cotton in alcohol. The general effect was of a huge burning pile. Incense was burned every where in and about the edifice, which was elaborately decorated with satin festoons, palms, artificial flowers, emblems wrought in beads, all in profusion and arranged with native taste. All this, with the intonation of the priests, the chanting of the choir, and the blaring of three bands, made a weird and impressive scene never to be forgotten. After the ceremony, which lasted about an hour, the body was taken to the cemetery, and, as it was by this time quite dark, each person in the procession carried a torch or candle. I noticed quite a number of Chinese among the following, evidently friends, and these were arrayed in as gorgeous apparel as the natives. The remains having been disposed of, there was a grand reception given in the evening in honor of the deceased.

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It is customary to have a dance every Sunday evening, and each woman has a chair in which she sits while not dancing. The priests not only attend, but participate most heartily.

I was told that among the papers captured in Manila was a document which proved to be the last bull issued by the Pope to the King of Spain (1895 or 96). This was an agreement between the Pope and the King, whereby the former conveys to the latter the right to authorize the sale of indulgences. The King, in turn, sold this right to the padres and friars in the islands. Absolution from a lie cost the sinner six pesos, or three dollars in gold; other sins in proportion to their enormity and the financial ability of the offender. The annual income of the King of

Spain from this system has been estimated at the modest figure of ten millions.

The discovery of this and other documents is due to a party of interpreters who became greatly fascinated by the unearthing process. In the same church in which these were found, the men investigated the gambling tables and found them controlled and manipulated from the room below by means of traps, tubes, and other appliances. An interesting fact in this connection is that one of the interpreters was himself a Romanist, and loath to believe his eyes, but the evidence was convincing, and he was forced to admit it. Gambling is a national custom, deeply rooted.

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I shall never forget the joy I experienced when we got two milch cows. What visions of milk, cream, and butter,—fresh butter, not canned; then, too, to see the natives milk was truly a diversion; they went at it from the wrong side, stood at as great a distance as the length of arms permitted, and in a few seconds were through, having obtained for their trouble about a pint of milk—an excellent milkman's fluid—a blue and chalky mixture.

One day I heard what seemed to be a cry of distress, half human in entreaty, and I rushed to see what could be the matter. There, on its back, was a goat being milked; there were four boys, each holding a leg, while the fifth one milked upward into a cocoanut shell. It was a ludicrous sight.

One of their dainties is cooked grasshoppers, which are sold by the bushel in the markets. I cannot recommend this dish, for I never was able to summon sufficient courage to test it, but I should think it would be as delectable as the myriad little dried fish which are eaten with garlic as a garnish and flavor.

The poor little horses are half starved and otherwise maltreated by the natives, who haven't the least idea of how to manage them. They beat them to make them go, then pull up sharply on the reins which whirls them round and round or plunges them right and left, often into the ditches beside the road. It was no uncommon sight to see officers or men getting out of their quielas to push and pull to get the animal started, only to have the driver whip and jerk as before.

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Some of the natives bought the American horses and it was painful to see them try to make our noble steeds submit to methods a la Filipino.

Beggars by the thousand were everywhere, blind, lame, and deformed; homeless, they wandered from town to town to beg, especially on market days. One blind woman, who lived on the road from Iloilo to Jaro, had collected seventy-five "mex," only to have it stolen by her sister. Complaint was made to the military commander, but it was found that the money had been spent and that there was no redress to be had. She must continue to beg while her sister lived hard by in the new "shack" which she had built with the stolen "denaro" (money).

About three miles from Jaro was quite a leper colony, shunned, of course, by the natives. During confession, the lepers kneeled several rods away from the priests. I saw one poor woman whose feet were entirely gone lashed to a board so she could drag herself along by the aid of her hands, which had not yet begun to decay.

There were no visible means of caring for the sick and afflicted; the insane were kept in stocks or chained to trees, and the U. S. hospitals were so overtaxed by the demands made upon them by our own soldiers that little space or attention could be spared to the natives. Charity begins at home.

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God bless the dear women who nursed our sick soldiers; it was my pleasure to know quite intimately several of these girls who have made many a poor boy more comfortable. I am proud, too, of our U. S. Army; of course not all of the men were of the Sunday School order, but under such great discomforts, in such deadly perils, and among such treacherous people, nothing more can be expected of mortal men than they rendered. Many poor boys trusted these natives to their sorrow. They accepted hospitality and their death was planned right before their eyes, they, of course, not understanding the language sufficiently to comprehend what was intended. They paid the penalty of their trust with their lives.

On Decoration Day we were able to make beautiful wreaths and crosses. Our soldiers marched to the cemeteries and placed the flowers on the graves of the brave boys who had given their lives in defence of the flag. I had the pleasure of representing the mothers, whose spiritual presence was, I felt sure, with those far-away loved ones. An officer has written me that Memorial Day was again observed this year, and I am sure it was done fittingly.

A Protestant mission was established at Jaro, in a bamboo chapel, pure bamboo throughout, roof, walls, windows, seats, floor. The seats, however, were seldom



used, for the natives prefer to squat on the floor. The congregation consisted of men, women, and children, many of whom came on foot from a distance of twenty or more miles, the older people scantily clad, and the children entirely naked; a more attentive audience would be hard to find, as all were eager to get the "cheap religion." None of the inhabitants of Jaro attend, as yet; they fear to do so, since they are under the strict surveillance of the padre, and are in the shadow of the seminary for priests, the educational center of the island of Panay.

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The Protestant minister is a graduate of this institution and is subject to all imaginable abuses and insults. Under his teachings, a great many have been baptized, who seemed devoutly in earnest; it is inspiring to hear them sing with great zeal the familiar hymns, "Rock of Ages," "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," etc. One incident will suffice to illustrate the intense and determined opposition to Protestantism. One of the native teachers was warned not to return to his home, but, in defiance of all threats, he did so, and was murdered before the eyes of his family. I shall expect to hear that many other missionaries have been disposed of in a similar manner, after the withdrawal of the American troops.

Many ask my opinion as to the value of these possessions; to me they seem rich beyond all estimate. A friend whom I met there, a man who has seen practically the whole world, said that, for climate and possibilities, he knew of no country to compare with the Philippines.

The young generation is greedy for knowledge and anxious to progress, though the older people do not take kindly to innovations, but cling to their old superstitions and cruelties. God grant the better day may come soon.

There was quite an ambition among the natives to be musical; they picked up quickly, "by ear," some of the catchy things our band played. When I heard them playing "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," on their way to the cemetery, I could not restrain my laughter, and if the deceased were of the order of Katapunan the prophecy was fulfilled. Officers informed me that this society was probably the worst one ever organized, more deadly than anarchists ever were. It was originated by the Masons, but the priests acquired control of it and made it a menace to law and order. I should not have escaped with my life had it not been for one of the best friends I have ever known, a "mestizo," part Spanish and part Filipino. She undoubtedly saved my life by declaring that before anything was done to me she and her husband must be sacrificed. "Greater love hath no man than this." They were influential people throughout the islands, and nothing occurred.

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## Islands Cebu and Romblom.

### Chapter Twenty-Four.



The various islands seemed to have their own peculiarities. Cebu is famous for vast quantities of Manila hemp; also for shell spoons; these are beautiful, of various sizes, and colors, according to the shell they are cut from. They are especially appropriate in serving fish. The abaka-cloth of this island is the finest made, and its pearl fisheries are valuable. In 1901 a lively insurrection was going on in Cebu. The banks of the bay were lined with refugees who had come from the inland to be protected from their enemies. There were hundreds of them, but not a single cooking utensil amongst them. Some would go up to the market place and buy a penny's worth of rice skillfully put up in a woven piece of bamboo. And lucky for them if they had the penny. The rest spent their time fishing.



Facade of Church, Santa Niña at Cebu, P. I.

The cathedral of Cebu, built of stone, is especially fine. It has for its Patron Saint, a babe, Santa Niña. The story is that at one time there were a great many babies stricken with a malady; the parents vowed if the Holy Mother would spare their children they would build this cathedral.

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One of the largest prisons is at Cebu. We were shown many of the dungeons; there were then confined within those walls many very bad Insurrectos.

As we were eager to visit one of the large estates, we were given a heavy guard and went inland about two miles from the port; it was certainly a fine plantation, much better kept than any I had ever seen before. We were apparently cordially received, and were assured if we would only stay we could partake of some of the family pig, that was even then wandering around in the best room in the house.

The floor of the large reception room was polished as perfectly as a piano top; its boards were at least eighteen inches wide and sixteen to twenty feet long. I asked several persons the name of this beautiful place, but could not find out. On the sideboard were quantities of fine china and silver that had been received only a few days before from Spain, there was a large grand piano, and there were eight or ten chairs in the center of the room forming a hollow square. Here we were seated and were offered refreshments of wine, cigars and "dulce." While this place seemed isolated it was not more than ten minutes before we had a gathering of several hundred natives, indeed our visit was shortened by the fear that we might be outnumbered and captured, and so we hastened back to quarters.

While all the islands are tropical in appearance, Cebu is pre-eminently luxuriant. We were sorry not to stay longer and learn more of its people and its industries.

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Romblon is considered by many the most picturesque of the islands. The entrance is certainly beautiful; small ships can come up to the dock. The town itself is on the banks of a wonderful stream of water that has been brought down from the hills above. There is a finely constructed aqueduct that must have cost the Spaniards a great deal of money, even with cheap labor. It is certainly a very delightfully situated little town. This place is famous for its mats; they are woven of every conceivable color and texture, and are of all sizes, from those for a child's bed to those for the side of a house. The edges of some mats are woven to look like lace, and some like embroidery. They range in price from fifty cents to fifty dollars. Every one who visits Romblon is sure to bring away a mat.

On every island much corn is raised, perhaps for export; certainly the staple is rice. Quite a number of young men who were officers in our volunteer regiments, have located on the island of Guimeras, and I have no doubt that, with their New England thrift, they will be able to secure magnificent crops. The soil is amazingly rich; under skilled care it will produce a hundred fold. Many of the islands are so near to one another that it is an easy matter to pass from island to island.

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## Literature.

### Chapter Twenty-Five.



In no house of any town, on any island, nor in the very best houses of the so-called very best families, did I ever see any books, newspapers, magazines, periodicals of any kind whatever. One woman triumphantly took out of a box a book, nicely folded up in wax paper, a history of the United States, printed in 1840. In a lower room of a large house, once a convent, but now occupied by two or three priests, there were perhaps four or five hundred books written in Spanish and Latin on church matters. One reason for the dearth of books is the difficulty of protecting them from the ravages of the ants. We found to our horror that our books were devoured by them. And then the times were troublous and things were out of joint. In the large seminary at Molo, where hundreds of girls are taught every year, I did not see a single book of any kind or any printed matter, except a few pamphlets concerning the Roman church. The girls work on embroideries, and surely for fineness they surpass all others. They do the most cobweb-like drawn work, and on this are wrought roses, lilies, and butterflies with outspread wings that look as if they had just lighted down to sip the nectar from the blossoms; these very fine embroideries are done on the piña cloth. It is no wonder that the people would get even the advertisements on our canned goods and ask any American whom they met what the letters were and what the words meant. Our empty cans with tomato, pear, peach labels were to them precious things. Wherever our soldiers were, the adults and the children crowded around them and impromptu classes were formed to spell out all the American words they could find; even the newspaper wrappers and the letter envelopes, that were thrown away, were carefully picked up so as to glean the meaning of these "Americano" words. There was near our quarters a very large building that was used for the education of boys; one can form some idea of the size of this building when two or three regiments were encamped there with all their equipments.

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Typical Native House. Costs About One Dollar.

There may have been books here, once, but nothing was left when our troops occupied it except a few pictures on the walls, a few tables and desks, a few chairs and sleeping mats.



There was a little story in connection with the bell tower on one side of the plaza in Jaro; this tower was about eighty feet high, had a roof and niches for seven or eight good sounding bells. From the top of this tower one could see many miles in every direction; when the Philippine army fled from the town they immediately thought our soldiers might ascend the tower and watch their course, so they burned the staircases. Alas for the little children who had taken refuge in the tower! As the flames swept up the stairways, they fled before them; two of them actually clung to the clapper of one great bell, and there they hung until its frame was burned away and the poor little things fell with the falling bell. Their remains were found later by our soldiers, the small hands still faithful to their hold. The bells were in time replaced and doubtless still chime out the hours of the day. It is the duty of one man to attend to the bells; the greater the festival day the oftener and longer they ring. When they rang a special peal for some special service, I tried to attend. One day there was an unusual amount of commotion and clanging, so I determined to go over to the service. Hundreds of natives had gathered together. To my surprise, six natives came in bearing on their shoulders a bamboo pole; from this pole a hammock was suspended, in which some one was reclining; but over the entire person, hammock, and pole, was thrown a thick bamboo net, entirely concealing all within; it was taken up to the chancel and whoever was in that hammock was given the sacrament. He was, no doubt, some eminent civilian or officer, for the vast congregation rose to their feet when the procession came in and when it passed out. I asked two or three of the Filipino women, whom I knew well, who it was, but they professed not to know. They always treated me with respect when I attended any of their services and placed a chair for me. I noticed how few carried books to church. I do not believe I ever saw a dozen books in the hands of worshipers in any of the cathedrals, and I visited a great many, five on Palm Sunday, 1900. I know from the children themselves, and from their teachers, that there are complaints about the size of the books and about the number which they have to get their lessons from in the new schools.

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There are three American newspapers in Manila, and one American library. The grand success of the library more than repays all the cost and trouble of establishing it. One must experience it to know the joy of getting letters, magazines, papers, and books that come once or twice a month, only. It really seemed when the precious mail bags were opened that their treasures were too sacred to be even handled. We were so hungry and thirsty for news from home, for reading matter in this bookless country, where even a primer would have been a prize.

I alternated between passive submission to island laziness, shiftlessness, slovenliness, dirt, and active assertion of Ohio vim. Sick of vermin and slime, I would take pail, scrubbing brush and lye, and fall to; sick of it all, I would get a Summit county breakfast, old fashioned pan cakes for old times' sake; sick of the native laundry who cleansed nothing, I would give an Akron rub myself to my own clothes and have something fit to wear. These attacks of energy depended somewhat on the temperature, somewhat on exhausted patience, somewhat on homesickness, but most on dread of revolt and attack; or of sickening news—not of battle, but of assassination and mutilation. Whether I worked or rested, I was careful to sit or stand close to a wall—to guard against a stab in the back. I smile now, not gaily, at the picture of myself over a washtub, a small dagger in my belt, a revolver on a stool within easy reach of my steady, right hand, rubbing briskly while the tears of homesickness rolled down in uncontrollable floods, but singing, nevertheless, with might and main:—

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“Am I a soldier of the Cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name?”

“Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?”

Singing as triumphantly as possible to the last verse and word of that ringing hymn. My door and windows were set thick with wondering faces and staring eyes, a Señora washing. These Americans were past understanding! And that revolver—they shivered as they looked at it, and not one doubted that it would be vigorously used if needed. And I looked at them, saying to myself, as I often did, “You poor miserable creatures, utterly neglected, utterly ignorant and degraded.”

No wonder that the diseased, the deformed, the blind, the one-toed, the twelve-toed, and monstrous parts and organs are the rule rather than the exception.



These things are true of nine-tenths of this people.

THE ADVERTISER.

ILOILO 25th. NOVEMBER 1899.

EXTRA.

Reuter's Telegrams.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

LONDON 25th. Novr.—The British losses at Belmont are stated at 48 killed, 146 wounded, and 21 missing. The losses include four Officers killed and 21 wounded and are chiefly Guardsmen.

50 Boers were taken prisoner, including the German commandant and six Field Cornets.

The British Infantry are said to have behaved splendidly and were admirably supported by the Artillery and the Naval Brigade, carrying three Ridges successively. The Victory is a most complete one. It is stated that the enemy fought with the greatest courage and skill.

This Extra was Issued Daily—Eighty-four Mexican Dollars per Year.

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## The Gordon Scouts.

### Chapter Twenty-Six.



The Gordon Scouts were a detachment made up of volunteers from the Eighteenth U. S. Infantry. They were under direct command of Captain W. A. Gordon and Lieutenant A. L. Conger. The captain lost health and was sent home; thus the troop was, for about a year, under the command of Lieutenant Conger. It would not be proper for me to tell of the wonderful expeditions and the heroic deeds of the Gordon Scouts. No one was more generous in praise of them than General Del Gardo, now governor of the Island of Panay. He told me often of his great esteem for my son and of the generous way in which he treated his prisoners and captives. Surely men were never kinder to a woman than these scouts were to me; they most affectionately called me Mother Conger and treated me always with the greatest respect and kindness. I hope some day the history of this brave band of men will be written, with its more than romantic campaigns and wonderful exploits, marches, dangers, and miraculous escapes. Few men were wounded or disabled, notwithstanding all the tedious marches in most impenetrable swamps and mountains, with no guide but the stars by night and the sun by day, and no maps or trusted men to guide them. I recall the bravery of one man who was shot through the abdomen, and when they stopped to carry him away he said, "Leave me here; I cannot live, and you may all be captured or killed." They tenderly placed him in a blanket, carried him to a place of safety, and, when he died, they brought him back to Jaro and buried him with military honors. He was the only man killed in all the months of their arduous tasks.

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Collier. Craig.

If I have any courage I owe it to my grandmother. I will perhaps be pardoned if I say that all my girlhood life was spent with my Grandmother Bronson, a very small woman, weighing less than ninety pounds, small featured, always quaintly dressed in the old-fashioned Levantine silk with two breadths only in the skirt, a crossed silk handkerchief with a small white one folded neatly across her breast, a black silk apron, dainty cap made of sheer linen lawn with full ruffles. She it was who entered into all my child life and who used to tell me of her early pioneer days, and of her wonderful experiences with the Indians. In the War of 1812, fearing for his little family, my grandfather started her back to Connecticut on horse back with her four little children, the youngest, my father, only six months old. The two older children walked part of the way; whoever rode had to carry the baby and the next smallest child rode on a pillion that was tied to the saddle. In this way she accomplished the long journey from Cleveland, Ohio, to Connecticut. When she used to tell me of the wonderful things that happened on this tedious journey, that took weeks and weeks to accomplish, I used to wonder if I should ever take so long a trip. I take pleasure in presenting the dearly loved grandmother of eighty-one and the little girl of ten.

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While my dear little grandmother dreaded the Indians, I did the treacherous Filipinos; while she dreaded the wolves, bears and wild beasts, I did the stab of the ever ready bolo and stealthy natives, and the prospect of fire; she endured the pangs of hunger, so did I; and I now feel that I am worthy to be her descendant and to sit by her side.



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## **Trials of Getting Home.**

### **Chapter Twenty-Seven.**



he first stages of my return home were from Iloilo to Manila, and thence to Nagasaki, the chief port of Japan. Upon leaving Iloilo for Manila, my son accompanied me as far as Manila; he heard



incidentally that he was to be made a staff officer; as I procured quick transportation as far as Nagasaki, I told him to return to his duties and I would get along some way. Upon reaching Nagasaki, the difficulties began. I went immediately to the various offices of steamship lines and found there was no passage of any grade to be had. Many were fleeing from the various ports to get away from the plague and all steamers were crowded because of the reduced rates to the Pan-American Fair. Thinking I might have a better chance from Yokohama, I took passage up there on the North German Lloyd line. I had a splendid state-room, fine service, the best of everything. I told the purser I should like to engage that same state-room back to Liverpool; he replied he could not take me, that I would not live to get there. I assured him that I was a good sailor, that I was very much emaciated with my long stay in the Philippines, that I would soon recover with his good food and the sea air; but he refused to take me. When I reached Yokohama, I immediately began to see if I could not secure sailing from there; day after day went by, it was the old story, everything taken. When the Gaelic was returning I told the captain that I would be willing to take even third cabin at first class rates, but even thus there were no accommodations. Within an hour of the ship's sailing, word was brought to me that two women had given up their cabin and that I might have it; it was two miles out to the ship, with no sampan—small boat—of any kind to get my baggage out, so I tearfully saw this ship sail away. I then decided to return to Nagasaki to try again from that port. The voyage back was by the Empress line of steamers flying between Vancouver and Yokohama. Upon reaching Nagasaki again I appealed to the quarter-master to secure transportation; he said I could not get anything at all. Officers whom I had met in the Philippines proposed to take me and my baggage on board without the necessary red tape, in fact to make me a stow-away, but I refused. I cabled my son in New York to see if I could get a favorable order from Washington. I cabled Governor Taft, but he was powerless in the great pressure of our returning troops. In the meantime, I was daily growing weaker from the excitement and worry of being unable to do anything at all. The housekeeper of the very well-kept Nagasaki hotel was especially kind. She gave me very good attention and even the Chinese boy who took care of my room and brought my meals realized the desperate condition I was in. One day, with the deepest kind of solicitude on his otherwise stolid but child-like and bland face, he said:—

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Emily Bronson. Mary Hickox Bronson.

"Mrs., you no got husband?"

"No."

"You no got all same boys."

"Yes, I have three nice boys."

"Why no then you three boys not come and help poor sick mother go home to die?"

Captain John E. Weber, of the Thirty-Eighth Volunteers returning home on transport Logan, insisted upon my taking his state room. The quarter-master, who had refused me so many times before, thought that he could not allow it, anything so out of the "general routine of business;" but Captain Weber said, "On no account will I leave you here, after all your faithful service in the Philippines to myself, other officers, and hundreds of boys." I had one of the best state rooms on the upper deck and received the most kindly attentions from many on board; the quarter-master had been a personal friend of my husband in other and happier days. On the homeward way, the ship took what is known as the northern course; she made no stop between Nagasaki and San Francisco. We went far enough north to see the coast of Alaska. We saw many whales and experienced much cold weather. In my low state of vitality I suffered from the cold, but not from sea sickness. I did not miss a single meal en route during the twenty-four sailing days of the ship. They were days of great pleasure. We had social games and singing, and religious services on Sunday. There were a great many sick soldiers in the ship's hospital; three dying during the voyage. On reaching San Francisco the ship was placed in quarantine the usual number of days, but there was no added delay as there were on board no cases of infectious disease. Mrs. General Funston was one of the passengers and was greeted most cordially by the friends and neighbors of this, her native state. Upon my declaring to the custom house officers that I had been two years in the Philippines and had nothing for sale they immediately passed my baggage without any trouble. My son in New York, to whom I had cabled from Nagasaki, had never received my message, so there was no one to meet me, but I was so thankful to be in dear, blessed America that it was joy enough. No, not enough until I reached my own beloved home. Had it been possible I would have kissed every blade of grass on its grounds, and every leaf on its trees.

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I am not ashamed to say that July 10th, the day of my home coming, I knelt down and kissed with unspeakable gratitude and love its dear earth and once more thanked God that His hand had led me—led me home.

"ADIOUS."



Adious.

## Colophon

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Obvious spelling mistakes in the text have been corrected. This includes the curious use of the word *caribou* for *carabao* throughout the text.

## Revision History

2009-04-19 Started.

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## Corrections

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