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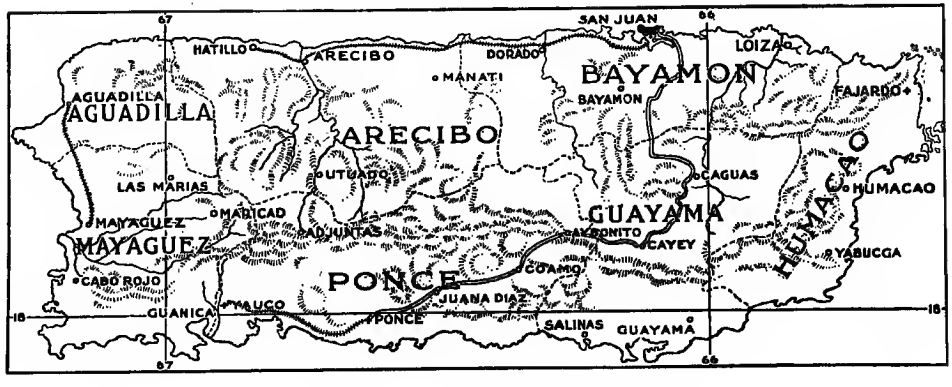
CONTENTS.

IN PORTO RICO.



PORTO RICO: RAILROADS AND MILITARY ROAD.

American Possession.

The first acquaintance that Porto Rico made with the authority of the United States was in May, 1898, when the American fleet sailed along the shores of the island in a vain attempt to meet the Spanish squadron under Admiral Cervera. At that time our navy threw a few shells into the grand old Castle Morro at the entrance of San Juan harbor, like callers leaving cards as an indication of a future visit.

In July, after the destruction of the Spanish fleet and the surrender of Santiago in Cuba, a portion of the American army under General Miles invaded Porto Rico at Ponce, without any serious resistance. The Spanish forces on the island were so small that they were able to offer opposition only in skirmishes to the advance of the Americans through the country.

A fortnight after the capture of Ponce,

the President's proclamation of peace put an end to hostilities, and the American army quietly took control of affairs pending the final treaty with Spain.

There had been for years a strong feeling in the United States that the people of Porto Rico, like the Cubans, wished to be free from Spanish rule. This opinion was strengthened by the cordial welcome given to the invading Americans. The Stars and Stripes were raised on many private houses as well as public buildings, and the holders of civic office gracefully yielded to military rule.

GENERAL MILES.

Possibly the beauty of Porto Rico, the productive plantations and peaceful population, and also a desire to get some little return for the cost of the war may have influenced our government to ask for

possession of the island. The prevailing belief that Spain would agree to this was confirmed by the Treaty of Paris.

The United States took formal and complete possession of Porto Rico on October 18, 1898, when the American flag was raised over the palace of the governor-general and other public buildings at San Juan. The ceremony was witnessed by throngs of people, among whom were many of the late officials of the island government, the evacuation commissioners and American military and naval officers.

The event was a noteworthy one in many respects. The acquisition did not have the distinction of being the first our government made by conquest. California was acquired in the same way fifty years ago, but Porto Rico is both the smallest in area of all additions to our national territory, and the largest in the number of people whose allegiance has been transferred from another country to our own.

The change was made without the consent of the Porto Ricans, but there is reason to believe it was not against their

GOVERNMENT BUILDING, SAN JUAN.

wish. Neither is there any ground for fear that the acquisition of the island will ever lead to foreign complications. The island

lies so near the American continent as to be almost a part of it; and no nation has objected to its annexation to the United States.

Nevertheless, the annexation raised for solution a new and very important question, How is this new territory to be governed? The authority given our government is absolute. "The Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States."

That is the clause of the Constitution under which all our territorial governments are organized. The system used for Oklahoma or any other may be adopted, even to the total denial of self-government, as in the District of Columbia.

It must not be supposed, however, that the government of eight hundred thousand people, including nearly half a million of mixed Spanish and Indian blood, and three

hundred thousand negroes, hardly one of whom can speak the English language, could be accomplished without political complications and civil disturbances.

Perplexity will probably follow perplexity. Only wise, patient, far-seeing statesmanship will bring this new element of our national life into harmonious relations with our system of government.

THE WATER-FRONT, PONCE.

There is no fixed principle of international law which regulates the relations of the inhabitants of conquered territory to the conquering nation.

As in the case of most other consequences of war, there is a tendency toward greater leniency than was formerly shown. In ruder times, people who lived in conquered territory were given no choice. They became, in spite of themselves, fully

subject to the conquering nation, and were usually treated with great severity.

Nowadays their status is usually determined in the treaty of peace, although much still depends upon the temper of the conquering nation toward that which is defeated. We have a precedent of our own in this matter in the treaty regulating the relations of the people living in the territory which we acquired from Mexico.

After the Mexican War we allowed them to remain where they were, with their property undisturbed and fully protected by our laws, and to continue Mexican citizens. Their position in that case was the same as that of any other aliens. But if within a year they did not declare their purpose to remain Mexicans, it was assumed that they intended to become Americans.

In the case of Hawaii, this question does not arise, for Hawaii is not ours by conquest, but by the joint action of the two

governments. In the case of Porto Rico, it is probable that the precedent of our arrangement with Mexico will be followed. Such of the Porto Ricans as prefer to remain subjects of Spain are permitted to do so.

They will not have to sell their property or leave the island, and their rights are protected just as if they were subjects of England or France; but if their definite choice has not been made within a certain time, it will be assumed that they mean to transfer their allegiance.

It is gratifying to be assured that the great mass of Porto Ricans have already expressed a desire to be American citizens.

UNITED STATES VESSELS OFF PORTO RICO.

Past and Present.

When the flag was raised over San Juan, it overshadowed one house that, if insensate things could ever awaken to feel emotion, would surely have groaned and crumbled. That was the White House that Juan Ponce de Leon built and lived in nearly four centuries ago; but the White House survived the American flag, although all that is left of the old conqueror himself is a handful of dust in a leaden casket that rests in the Dominican Church of San Juan.

Columbus discovered Porto Rico on his second voyage, in 1493. At that time it may have been the religious metropolis of the Antilles. The wonderful Latimer collection in the Smithsonian Institution seems to show that the other islanders regularly resorted to it. It would appear, too, that the natives, like the Aztecs of

Mexico, had a civilization of their own. They numbered perhaps six hundred thousand.

Ponce de Leon came over in 1508, and promptly began their extermination. He and his followers took everything the

WHITE HOUSE OF PONCE DE LEON.

people had, and successive Spanish rulers followed his example. They were disturbed in 1595 by the attack of an English fleet under Sir Francis Drake.

The Spanish colonies were then far richer in treasure than in our own times. Immense booty was looked for by the English,

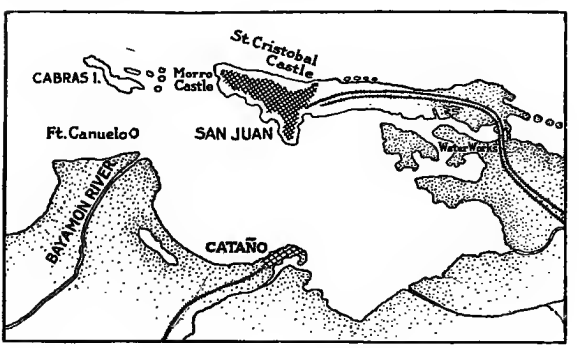
who had received information that a great galleon or treasure-ship, laden with gold and silver, had taken refuge in the harbor of San Juan.

Desirous of capturing so rich a prize, the English admiral anchored off the entrance to the port, with the design of carrying the place by a boat attack the next day.

The rocky headland at the entrance of the harbor was then, as now, crowned by the Morro Castle, which opened fire on the English ships with disastrous effect. One shot entered a port of the flag-ship, and penetrating Drake's cabin, knocked the stool on which he was sitting from under him, and killed two officers who were sitting at the table by his side.

On this occasion, at least, the Spaniards proved themselves by no means deficient in marksmanship; and in the boat attack on the following day they gave an equally good account of themselves. The English assault, although made with the

characteristic courage and persistence of Anglo-Saxons, was checked and proved ineffective. The treasure which had been conveyed to the Morro was so sturdily



SAN JUAN HARBOR.

defended that after three days Drake's fleet withdrew, unsuccessful.

But although the Spanish have held undisputed possession for three hundred years, about the only noteworthy thing they did for the island was to lay out the fine military road that runs diagonally across it, from Ponce to San Juan. Fortunately they could not deprive it of the natural

resources that make it the most beautiful, the most healthful and the most productive island of the Antilles.

Somebody has aptly said that Porto Rico is the only island in the world that is shaped like a brick. It is thirty-five miles wide, ninety-five miles long, and has an area of about thirty-seven hundred square miles, making it five-sevenths as large as the State of Connecticut.

Of its eight hundred thousand inhabitants, three hundred thousand are of African descent, whose ancestors mostly came from Jamaica. There are about two hundred and twenty inhabitants to the square mile, so that the island appears to be the most densely populated rural community in America. When the Spaniards first took possession, it may have been as thickly settled as it is now.

Along the island, from east to west, runs a mountain range averaging eighteen hundred feet in height. Between the

hills lie some of the richest lands on the globe, capable of producing astonishing crops four times a year. The country is well watered, yet there are no fever-breeding swamps and marshes as in Cuba. Nature has been so generous to the land that, even in the cities, people have lived unharmed in the midst of filth that anywhere else would insure pestilence.

Every reader has heard of two of these cities, San Juan, the capital, and Ponce, near which the army of occupation landed. San Juan, on the north coast, built on a long, narrow island from which a bridge runs to the mainland, is a walled city, with the portcullis, moat, gates and battlements of the fortified towns of old. Thirty thousand persons live there.

Although the port of San Juan is not an easy place to enter during a stiff "norther," yet the city is said to have the best harbor in the West Indies. Ponce city and district, on the south coast, with forty thousand

inhabitants, claims a still more desirable distinction, that of being the healthiest place in the island.

Mayaguez, facing the Mona Passage, which separates Porto Rico from Santo Domingo, has a population of nearly twenty thousand; and Aguadilla, Arecibo and Fajardo have each five thousand or more inhabitants.

CALLE DE CANDELABRIA, MAYAGUEZ.

San Juan and Arecibo, fifty miles apart, are connected by rail, and in the whole island there are, completed or building, about three hundred miles of railroad and five hundred miles of telegraph. Street railways of a primitive type are found in several places. The largest three cities have the beginnings of telephone systems, and San Juan is lighted by electricity;

but the whole island is practically virgin soil for the American promoter.

Porto Rico has no barns, we are told by an American visitor, and the vision of a barnless region, so far as sentiment is concerned, is not welcome. How much the children of that island have lost! No haymow sports; no hidings in fragrant recesses; no leaps into friendly depths of the harvest of the meadows; no rainy-day delights, shared with swallows darting in and out; no memories of such hours to give their pleasant sadness to later years!

American children will regard their contemporaries in Porto Rico as fair subjects for sympathy. A typical barn, duly stored with hay, with children to illustrate its capacity for giving space and suggestion for fun, would be an importation which boys and girls of the island would appreciate, especially in the rainy season.

Life in Porto Rico.

When the American fleet of transports steamed into Guanica Bay, Porto Rico, on July 25, 1898, I think the thing that most impressed us all was the wondrous beauty of the island we had come to conquer.

Close to the shore before us lay a quaint little huddle of white-walled, red-roofed houses, still and deserted in the morning sunshine; while but a little farther inland, to the north, east and west, rose terrace after terrace of verdure-clad hills, stretching away in darkening emerald to meet the wide blue sky at the notched horizon.

During the months that followed we became accustomed to the picturesque appearance of the towns along our line of march, or in which we were quartered, but the hills and valleys, decked eternally in living green, never lost their power of enchantment to the northern men.

For a considerable period after my arrival in Porto Rico I was kept sufficiently busy attending to my army duties, but after hostilities had ceased, and the people had settled back into the even tenor of more peaceful days, I found much to interest me in a close observation of their most prominent characteristics.

A MILITARY PRISON.

The inhabitants of this island number nearly a million, and of these about two-thirds are white. The remainder are every conceivable shade of brown, yellow and black. Those of the people who boast a pure Spanish descent are not in large proportion, and form a separate class of extremely aristocratic tendencies. They are well educated, chivalrous and proud; distinguished for a love

of good music, happy domestic relationships, bountiful hospitality, and devotion to the mother country.

Like all other dwellers in the warmer latitudes, the Porto Ricans are bitterly opposed to any work that is not absolutely necessary, and in a corresponding degree are constantly in pursuit of pleasure.

Yet, either because they are easily entertained, or because of their chronic lack of energy, the popular amusements are exceedingly few and rather monotonous in essentials.

No town is so poor that it does not support a band of musicians, and concerts are given twice a week in every principal plaza throughout the island. Everybody goes to these concerts, rich and poor alike, to promenade back and forth for two joyous hours, clad in their best.

In the houses one will always find a guitar, and, as a rule, the natives are sweet singers. The standard of their music is

surprisingly high, and their undoubted passion for it is a hopeful sign.

Sunday is kept wholly as a gay holiday. The churches are well filled at the earlier services, but in the afternoon every one is off to see a cocking-main, or a bull-fight, or perhaps to hold a merry picnic in some favorite grove of palms.

When night has fallen, there are countless formal receptions, dinners and balls; these last are very exclusive and never public. The theatres likewise thrive best on Sunday, but the drama in Porto Rico is in a condition that needs decided improvement.

A PLAZA.

The only bull-fight which I personally witnessed took place in a natural amphitheatre of great scenic beauty, near the romantic town of Aguadilla. The arena was defined by stone walls about five feet

in height, and the adjacent hillsides were utilized in seating the thousand spectators. There were but few women present, and these were of the lowest class.

When the bull was led forth, he proved to be a very sorry-looking animal, and disdainfully refused to be worried into anything resembling irritation, although prodded with lances and peppered with darts for almost an hour. At last, in response to repeated calls from the onlookers, the band played a heraldic flourish and the matador strode majestically into the arena. At sight of this gentleman and his glittering sword, the bull uttered what sounded like a groan of disgust and lay down in despair.

Apparently nothing could induce him to get up again, and so, finally, the master of ceremonies announced that the slaughter would be postponed, as the intended victim was too inconsiderate for proper sport. The gazing crowd seemed to take this

ending in good part, and slowly dispersed, chatting and laughing in excellent humor.

From a business point of view, Porto Rico presents a puzzling aspect. The island is wonderfully fertile in some respects, yielding coffee, sugar, tobacco, vanilla, cacao and fruits in vast abundance; but wheat seems to have a very serious time of it in growing, so that flour has to be imported at a discouraging expense. No one has yet succeeded in raising nutritious hay or other fodder fit for cattle; with the result that cream is an unknown luxury, milk is thin and blue, and butter comes only in cans from over the sea.

TRANSPORTATION IN THE INTERIOR.

All the more important local products find a ready sale, when once they have reached the market; but transportation,

especially in the interior, is uncertain and slow, while labor, although amazingly cheap, is unstable, refractory and for the most part dishonest.

Each of the large cities maintains a gorgeously uniformed fire department, but the apparatus in actual use is of the most feeble and antiquated description. One night in Mayaguez, toward the end of November, I was awakened by the ringing of bells and yelling of people in the street.

Suspecting a fire, I hurriedly dressed myself and went out-of-doors, when I saw at a glance that a large building near the water-front was a mass of flames. Upon reaching the scene of conflagration, I found the hand-engines in full operation, under the excited manipulation of twoscore gold-laced firemen, while an immense concourse of townspeople stood near by, their eyes sparkling with enjoyment.

As the burning structure stubbornly disregarded the tiny streams of water thrown

upon it, the efforts of the firemen grew less and less active, until at last they ceased altogether. Then, probably to recompense the assembled taxpayers for their broken rest, the fire-brigade fell into line and went through a lively and well-executed series of calisthenics, after which they marched to their quarters, headed by the local band, and loudly cheered from every side.

CAPTIVATING.

The young girl of the upper classes, with her flashing eyes and flower-decked hair, is a captivating creature. Although her conversation is seldom brilliant, she can portray whole paragraphs of meaning in a single movement of her dainty fan.

She is graceful, tender and merry, and

nearly always becomes a devoted wife before she is twenty. Her brother is usually good-looking, neatly dressed, indolent and haughty, with a great fondness for fencing, ice-cream and horses, and a knightly regard for all womenfolk.

The costume of both sexes is but little different from the dress worn in summer in the United States, with the exception that the women seldom wear any head-covering, even in the cooler part of the year. Among the poorer people, especially the blacks, one finds, of course, a noticeable simplicity of attire, the fat little children tumbling about in the dust wholly unclad until they are about ten years old, while their fathers and mothers are each content with but two garments, generally of white cotton.

While in Mayaguez, it was my good fortune to be quartered for several weeks in the clean and comfortable Hotel Paris. Among my fellow-boarders were several

Spanish gentlemen, some of them being officers on parole, and the rest clerks or merchants.

Although they knew that I could converse with them in Spanish, as I was at that time an interpreter at brigade headquarters, these men insisted upon speaking nothing but English to me as we sat in the broad veranda after supper; and this in spite of the fact that they were entirely ignorant of the meaning, even in translation, of the phrases they uttered.

For instance, little Señor Ocasio would say, with a portentous frown, "My boy, you are a lobster," and gravely await my reply; or fat Señor Correa would sputter, "I deedn't do a ting to 'im my coal black lady get out of here hot stuff!" and beam upon me for approval.

I could hardly refrain from emphatic disapproval. It made no difference that I explained, again and again, the lack of sense in these remarks; they had heard

the *Americanos* say the words, and the words were English; therefore if they remembered the words correctly, they were learning to speak the language.

Perhaps the worst offender of all was a certain Estevan Castro, who knew but one phrase in our tongue and always greeted me with it, no matter where we might meet, often to my extreme embarrassment. "Holá, señor!" he would shout. "You are one great big liar!" Many times did I remonstrate with him and point out his unintentional insult; he was grieved and penitent and offered me ten thousand pardons, only to repeat his performance at the next opportunity.

GATEWAY, SAN JUAN.

The greater part of my stay in Porto Rico was during the rainy season, and at

first I expected to see nothing better for weather than a constant downpour; but I was pleasantly surprised. Sometimes, it is true, rain would fall in torrents for two or three days in succession, perhaps accompanied by blinding flashes of lightning and deafening thunder.

Usually we were let off with a single daily shower of not more than an hour's duration. I have since been told, however, that if I had been stationed on the northern coast instead of the western, I should have learned in good earnest why the summer season is called rainy.

Yellow fever, despite a general belief to the contrary, is by no means a common disease in this island. Indeed, some localities, like Mayaguez and Aguadilla, have not known a solitary case of the dreaded plague for many years. The chief exception to this happy immunity is the capital, San Juan.

Among the insects of the island a

literally prominent place is taken by the cockroaches, for the entire island swarms with them. They grow to an almost incredible size, and crawl about your room and over your person, without regard for nerves or shudders.

As an offset to this pest, however, it may be said that there are practically no snakes, centipedes or tarantulas in any part of Porto Rico, which is more than one would ordinarily expect in a tropical country, and the cockroaches do not bite.

Whatever its faults may be, Porto Rico is a garden-spot that sends one away bearing a cluster of fragrant memories. The perfect sky, the fresh greenness of the landscape, the long, narrow streets, the huge yellow churches, the fountains, flowers and murmuring guitars—somehow these things fasten themselves about one's heart-strings and refuse to be forgotten.

KARL STEPHEN HERRMANN.

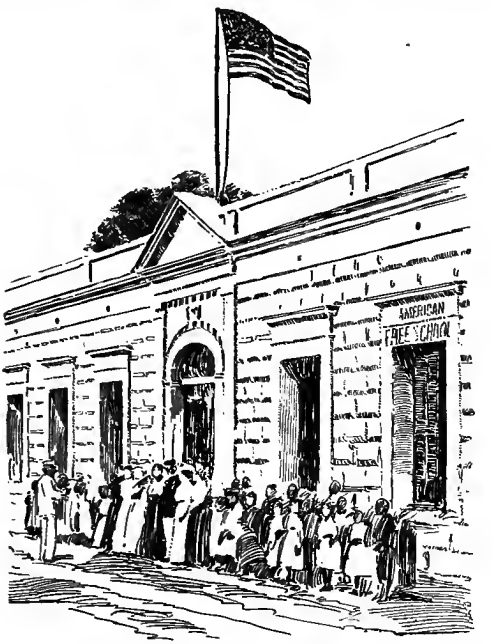
Progress.

With a sword in one hand and the healing arts of civilization in the other, the United States moved upon the islands of the sea. The American Tract Society has more than four hundred publications in the Spanish language, and is trying to put two of them, a primer and a New Testament, into the hands of every Porto Rican family.

The progress of Porto Rico in American ideas is encouraging. The inhabitants seem to welcome and appreciate all measures designed to further their social and civic well-being. It is almost pathetically suggestive that a people so long under the domination of Spanish law, in whose methods of jurisprudence habeas corpus had no place, and of whose gracious meaning they were ignorant, should request its application throughout the island.

Much to their rejoicing, the system of

direct taxation is abolished. Under Spanish rule, its workings were bitterly oppressive, and the visit of the tax-collector



FIRST AMERICAN SCHOOL IN PORTO RICO.

was the prelude of cruelty and despoilment. Beginning with July 1, 1899, free public schools on the American plan were

established in Porto Rico. The system was devised by Gen. John B. Eaton, superintendent of schools, to give instruction to all persons between the ages of six and eighteen for nine months in each year, and to support the school by public taxation.

General Eaton adopted a happy plan for a kind of educational exchange. Vessels on government business ply back and forth between Porto Rico and the United States during the summer. Free transportation was offered to public school teachers in Porto Rico who desired to come to the United States in order to learn the English language, and to become acquainted with American customs and institutions. This also gave an opportunity for Americans to form classes for the study of Spanish.

In the autumn of 1899, for the first time in her annals, Porto Rico enjoyed the excitement of a municipal election, and experienced the unwonted legal procedure of a trial by jury. Eleven natives, with one

Yankee to act as foreman, composed the jury, and the result of their deliberations is said to have been eminently satisfactory to every one except the culprit.

The election, although promising as a first attempt, was marked by innocent but somewhat embarrassing innovations. The supervisors became hungry at noontime, and adjourned for dinner, taking the ballot-boxes with them. This rendered the appointing of another election necessary to forestall possible complaints of illegality. These and other encouraging facts show that American ideas and methods are making headway in Porto Rico.

A great step was taken toward the union of Porto Ricans and Americans in heart and intellect when postage between them was reduced to the domestic rates of the United States. American publications began at once to flow into Porto Rico, and correspondence multiplied.

Another important element of union is

the gradual substitution of United States money for Spanish silver.

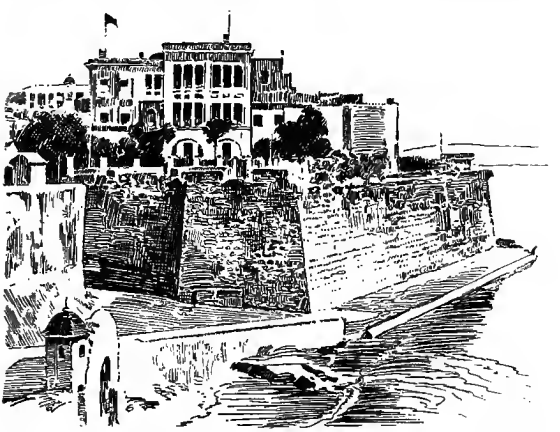
Porto Rico is the first of the new possessions of the United States to receive a definite civil government. The act of Congress went into effect on May 1, 1900.

The form of government resembles that of territories of the United States, but differs from it in important particulars. The governor and an executive council are appointed by the President; a legislative assembly is partly elected by the people. The island will be represented at Washington by a resident commissioner.

The law contains a suggestion of a future enlargement of these privileges through the agency of a special commission which is to compile and revise the laws of the island, and report within one year such legislation as may be necessary to make a simple, harmonious and economical government.

The chief interest in Congress did not

centre in the provisions for civil government, but in the tariff features of the act. It was argued that the island belongs to the United States, but is not a part of it;



THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, SAN JUAN.

that Congress is therefore free to provide such a system as it pleases, and that a tariff is necessary to provide for the expenses of the Porto Rican government.

The act imposes upon Porto Rican imports from the United States, and upon United States imports from Porto Rico,

fifteen one-hundredths of the duties imposed on similar goods under the Dingley law, which would be, on the average, about seven per cent. of their value. But more than half of what Porto Rico imports, including flour, pork, agricultural implements and other things most needed, is in the free list.

All the duties collected on Porto Rican trade, whether in the United States or in the island, are to go to the island treasury. Moreover, the tariff is to last but two years at the longest, and may be terminated sooner, if the Porto Rican legislative assembly so votes.

The first Governor of Porto Rico, under the new law establishing a civil government in the island, is Charles H. Allen, of Massachusetts, who held for two years the office of assistant secretary of the navy.

The reception of Governor Allen by the people of Porto Rico was encouraging in the extreme. Inauguration day was a

public holiday, and the streets of San Juan were thronged with enthusiastic citizens decorated with miniature American flags.

Private houses as well as public buildings were profusely adorned with the Red, White and Blue, and everybody seemed desirous to contribute to the success of the new government.

GOVERNOR ALLEN.

Governor Allen in his inaugural address impressed his hearers with confidence in his purpose to secure the best welfare of the island. He won their hearts by saying, "I am now a citizen of Porto Rico." He spoke most eloquently of their grand opportunities, and predicted a future when every resident would be proud to declare, "I am a citizen of the United States."

At these words those of his hearers who understood English burst into a storm of applause, and when the words were

repeated in Spanish the cheers were redoubled. That this popular enthusiasm was not merely superficial is evident by the graceful and dignified address of welcome to the new Governor by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Porto Rico.

With true statesmen guiding public affairs, with loyal citizens throughout the island, and universal education in the rapidly increasing public schools, Porto Rico may confidently expect a new epoch of self-development along the highest lines of industry and character.

A Fourth of July.

The American newspaper at San Juan, the *News*, had announced that the capital of the island would celebrate the Fourth of July, and do it on no small scale. This led us to wonder if we could not organize a celebration at Fajardo.

At San Juan there are many Americans, and therefore it would be easy to organize a celebration. At Fajardo, which is a comparatively small place at the eastern end of the island, we had less than a dozen Americans, all told. If we were to celebrate, it was plain that we must interest the Porto Ricans.

One of them, a prominent citizen and the former American consul, had been educated in the United States. He responded with enthusiasm when the subject was broached to him, and through him the whole population soon took it up.

We felt that we had to begin with the small boy. We had misgivings, for the Porto Rican small boy is very tame, so tame, indeed, that we doubted if he could raise an old-fashioned Fourth of July yell. But soon our doubts were entirely dispelled.

On the evening of the third the word was passed around that one of the *Americanos* had firecrackers to sell, and before long he had sold his entire stock. The small boy, and the large one, too, became very much in evidence, and proved that he could make a noise as well as his brother in the States.

The Fourth, according to the program, was to open with a salute of cannon-crackers at four o'clock, after which the band was to parade the town, playing American airs. However, the saluting committee overslept, and the band paraded first. This awoke the saluters, and they promptly attended to their part of the duty,

somewhat to the confusion of the musicians, who faithfully performed their part.

Next came the singing of extemporaneous poems by their authors, with guitar accompaniment. All the Porto Ricans are

THE PARADE.

poets, and all the participants in this part of the program, which was a great success, belonged to the laboring class. Their theme in every case was the Fourth of July and the event it commemorated.

One of the poems, taken down during its recitation may be translated: "Monroe said, 'America for the Americans;' and

this is to-day affirmed by a Porto Rican. We are all brothers, let us live prudently, and, united with growing faith under the federal union, let us learn to respect Independent America!"

Some of these efforts called out prolonged applause, which was heartily repeated at each award of the prizes for these compositions. The first prize was one peso (dollar) and a flag, the second, half a peso and a flag, and the third a flag. The prize-winners, on the spur of the moment, favored the audience with addresses appropriate to the occasion and devoted to the flag.

At one o'clock the Declaration of Independence was read in Spanish, and some short addresses followed. Then the crowd adjourned to the Plaza to see the races and contests, which were as follows: A sack race, a three-legged race, an obstacle race, in which the contestants had to crawl through two barrels, a mango race

(mangoes in place of potatoes), and ordinary running races; greased pig catching, greased pole climbing, and a contest in snipping with scissors for the girls.

After dark came the fireworks. They were not remarkable for quantity, but were good in quality. They were followed by a play at the theatre presented by native talent. Finally the festivities wound up with a ball, or rather with several balls, the largest of which was given at the house of the American family. The young people literally crowded the house.

We regarded our celebration as a brilliant success, especially in view of its experimental character and the limited means at our command. The first Fourth of July in Porto Rico will bear a shining mark in the annals of the island.

JENNIE D. HILL.

Two Boys in Morro Castle.

It was a great and glorious day for Mark and Chester Gray when their mother received word that they were all to join Major Gray in San Juan, where, after the evacuation of the Spanish troops, he had been stationed in command of Morro Castle, the grand old fortress which guards the harbor entrance.

Mark was fourteen and Chester twelve, and they possessed all the enthusiasm of their years for military matters, although they really knew very little about them, as they had spent most of their lives in New York, while their father had been stationed in the far West and Southwest.

They had been living on the promise that some day they should visit him and see all they wanted of Indians and cowboys, but the blowing up of the *Maine*

upset their family plans, as it did the plans of a great many other people.

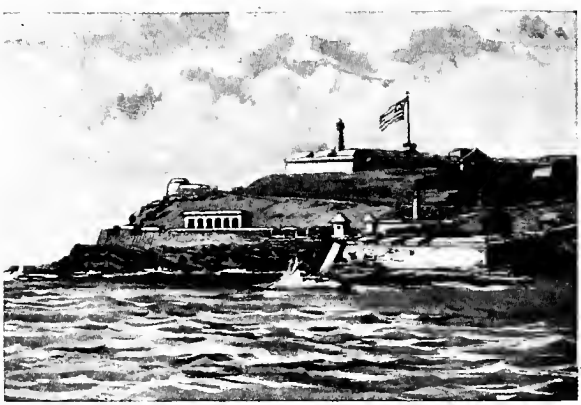
The boys will never forget the weeks of suspense that followed. But the war was over, the major had escaped its dangers, and the boys, with their mother, were to join him where they would meet with adventures far more fascinating than cowboys and Indians.

One of the first things the boys did at San Juan was to gain their father's permission to explore the old castle. Then, under the guidance of an artilleryman, they examined every part of the old fortress known to the Americans.

They saw the Spanish gun which had been dismounted by a shot from the *Harvard* and another which had killed two men on the *New York;* the watch-tower through which a shell had passed, killing the Spanish sentry inside, and the great scar in the wall behind, where it had burst. They climbed up into the lighthouse which

the American government had built after the old one had been destroyed in the bombardment.

They followed their guide into the men's quarters: cool, cavelike rooms in the walls,



MORRO FROM HARBOR ENTRANCE.

looking out over the rocks and breakers far down below. They went down a flight of broad, low stone steps into the great courtyard which now served as the kitchen, fitted with the best of modern cooking-stoves set in convenient archways, with a dozen soldier-cooks at work.

As they mounted the steps again, they met a little white dog trotting leisurely down; a very white dog indeed, with a pointed black nose, who stopped and cocked an inquiring ear at them.

"Hullo, Spigotty!" said the soldier. "I haven't seen you for a week."

"What a name!" said Mark, as the little dog jumped up against the soldier's legs, with much wagging of a curly tail. "What do you call him that for?"

"Because he's a Spigotty pup," replied the soldier, logically. "You see," he went on in an explanatory vein, "we fellows call everything down here 'Spigotty,' and we found this little chap in the fort when we came. We tried a lot of American dog names on him, and all the Spanish ones we knew, but he wouldn't answer to any of them, so we just concluded to call him what he was.

"The Spaniards left here in a hurry," continued the artilleryman, "and I guess

they forgot to take him along, but they must have thought a lot of him. When we tried to teach him tricks, we found that he could drill as well as we could, with a stick, and there isn't a sentry he doesn't visit every night."

Spigotty, having duly sniffed at the newcomers' golf stockings, and having been patted and tumbled over on his back, concluded to approve of the situation, and followed them as they continued their explorations. Both boys were true lovers of dogs, and the halo of mystery surrounding this little furry waif added strongly to his attractions. They determined to cultivate him.

At last the soldier led them into a dark, grim-looking passageway, in which he could just stand upright, and which led up and down, right and left, till the boys were thoroughly bewildered. He finally brought them out most unexpectedly in front of their own quarters, with Spigotty, who had

scurried ahead, waiting to receive them. The soldier laughed at their surprise as they stood blinking in the glaring sunlight.

"There are lots of those old secret passages in the fort," he said. "There's said to be one leading all the way to San Cristobal fortress at the other end of the town, but the Spaniards covered up the entrance when they left, and nobody has been able to find it."

And then his heels came together with a thump and his hand went up to his helmet, as Major Gray appeared and summoned the boys to luncheon. They waited long enough to thank their good-natured guide and to try to induce Spigotty to go with them, but he brusquely started off in a direction of his own.

"Dinner's getting ready in the men's kitchen, you see," explained the soldier, still stiff-backed and at attention in the light of the major's receding figure, "and he knows the time of day as well as we do."

The chief result of this initiatory trip was a fixed determination on the part of both boys to find the secret passage to San Cristobal. Having come to an understanding with their father as to where they

SAN CRISTOBAL.

could and couldn't go, and what they couldn't do, they began a systematic exploration.

They continued it day after day, discovering over and over again several queer passages, which always brought them out at a different part of the Morro from where

they thought they were. But the rumored passage leading to San Cristobal they still had failed to find. Their father was not surprised at this, for he scarcely believed that such a passage existed.

But the boys, scorning all discouragement, persisted in the search, usually accompanied by Spigotty, who had always looked wise and said nothing, even when at last they did make a discovery, or thought they did.

On this occasion they had brought their bicycle lamps for the first time, and in one of the old passages they found a spot where it branched to the right. The branching had been concealed by a big heap of earth, bricks and general rubbish piled up as high as the roof. On previous occasions the boys had passed this rubbish heap without investigation, but now they proceeded to dig into it, to the detriment of clean hands and white duck suits.

Spigotty, probably supposing that his

friends were seeking rats, assisted them ferociously, burrowing at the foot of the heap with such vigor that the whole mass soon came down like an avalanche, burying the boys to their knees and Spigotty entirely. They pulled him out by his hind legs and left him to shake himself, while they inspected what the rubbish heap had hidden.

"It's a wooden door," said Chester.

"And very rotten," said Mark. "Let's smash it."

So they pulled and tore at the decayed boards until the ancient, rust-eaten hinges gave way all at once, and two boys and a big door fell in a heap, while a small dog fled as if for his life.

The boys picked themselves up and saw an archway, about eight feet high and wide enough for two men to walk in abreast. It opened a passage whose floor and walls were composed of the most primitive rough bricks, so far as they could

see, which wasn't very far, even with the bicycle lamps. From the dense blackness beyond vision came flowing chilly air which encompassed them in an invisible and discouraging cloud.

The boys stared at the archway and at each other. Finally Mark spoke up resolutely. "You wait here a second. I'll go in and see what it's like." Holding his lamp up, he stepped gingerly within the archway.

But Chester would not wait. He was promptly followed by Spigotty, who now squirmed between the boys' legs, and trotted confidently forward into the darkness. The boys proceeded cautiously, using the lamps to inspect the floor before them. Soon they came to a downward flight of steps, broad and shallow, and greatly worn.

As the boys were descending very carefully, Spigotty came up out of the darkness below as if to see why they didn't

hurry, for he immediately turned about and vanished again.

At the foot of the steps the passage curved to the left and then led them to another door, a massive one covered with strange, rusty bolts and bands of iron curiously wrought. It was slightly ajar, and in the opening lay an old-fashioned mortar-shell.

Mark poked his lantern around the edge of the door and peered in.

"It seems to be a big room," he said, "and I can hear Spigotty sniffing round. I guess it's all right; let's go in."

He stepped over the shell and squeezed himself through the opening. In a moment he called, "It's nothing but a room! Come ahead in!" Chester, edging himself in, stepped upon the shell, which must have been very lightly balanced, for his weight suddenly set it rolling, and off he slid into the room. The uneven floor, sunken a little in the middle, was of broad

tiles cracked and broken, over which the shell rolled to the centre, with hollow, reverberating bumps.

As the boys watched it with some alarm, a most unexpected thing happened. With a quick creaking of rusty hinges and a final grinding, noisy click of locks, the massive door closed. Evidently the bombshell was all that held it open. Now the great old steel springs, aided perhaps by the draft that freshly traversed the long-closed passage, had pushed the door shut.

Neither of the boys could see how pale the other was as, without a word, they put the lamps on the floor and pushed at the door with all their boyish strength. It seemed as immovable as the very walls of the fort, and soldier's sons though they were, the boys were thoroughly frightened. Well they might be! They were prisoners in one of the deepest dungeons of a mediæval fortress, built with the ingenious secrecy of the great days of Spain.

"What shall we do?" asked Chester.

"I don't know," answered Mark. Then remembering the duties of an elder brother, he braced up. "Oh, we are all right, Chester. We'll get out some time, for they'll find the door that we pulled down, and the guard knows that we haven't left the fort." But he knew that the broken-down door was in one of the least frequented parts of the Morro.

"Let's look round," he added. "Where's Spigotty?"

They whistled and called, but no Spigotty responded. The only sound they could hear was the pounding of the surf and the rushing of receding waves.

"He was here when the door shut," said Chester. "I saw him getting out of the way of that cannon-ball. If he can get out of here, perhaps we can."

Searching for an outlet, they found they were in a long room with a high, arched roof. A row of plain wooden benches,

each about two feet wide, stood on stout legs at right angles to the wall, with roughly rounded blocks of wood nailed at the ends. At the foot of each bench, fastened to a strong ring bolted to the stone floor, lay a rusty chain with another ring at the loose end.

"It's a dungeon where they used to put prisoners," said Mark, "and those benches are beds. Ugh! what an awful place to sleep in!"

"We're lucky to have these benches if we've got to sleep here," replied Chester. "But where is Spigotty?"

"Why, there's a window!" exclaimed Mark, who had begun again to search the room.

What he had discovered was a square opening in the wall, about two feet wide, with strong, upright iron bars some six inches apart. Outside of this was fastened a plate of iron, bolted to the wall and held several inches away from the window,

so that it would admit air to the prisoners and at the same time give them no glimpse of the outside world.

As the boys were examining this contrivance, they were startled by a sudden scratching and scrabbling sound outside,

MORRO, FROM THE CITY.

and who should appear but Spigotty! He easily squeezed between the bars and jumped into the room, apparently thoroughly at home.

"Well, I declare!" cried Mark. Then he gave a jump of joy. "Here, I know what! Got a pencil?"

"Yes!" Chester was excitedly fishing in his pockets.

"Let's have it! You hold on to Spigotty! Now what can we write on?"

Dinner was on the table in the major's quarters, and they were just beginning to wonder where the boys were, when a tall sergeant loomed up in the doorway, holding Spigotty in his arms.

"Well, sergeant, what is it?" demanded the astonished major.

"He came popping into the kitchen, sir, from out of a hole in the wall," the sergeant saluted with one hand and held the wriggling Spigotty with the other, "and he had this hitched to his collar."

He handed the major a cuff torn from a boy's shirt and scribbled all over in pencil. The major put on his glasses to read the strange-looking hieroglyphics, and then jumped up.

"Call the blacksmith and half a dozen men, sergeant," he ordered, "with lanterns and tools! And don't let that dog

get away from you!" Then, with a few reassuring words to his wife, he hurried after the sergeant.

Mark had described on his cuff their location as well as he could, but the first passage was in a very old, deserted part of the fort, and it was not until Spigotty scrambled out of the sergeant's arms and went trotting in that the major felt sure it was the right one. The dog led them over the heap of earth and the broken door, and down the steps to the great iron-bound door.

A shout from the major brought from inside a faint but hilarious reply of "That you, papa? We're all right!"

But it was long before the two powerful soldier-blacksmiths could break through the mighty prison door, for only one could work at a time in the narrow passage.

The major went back to report to Mrs. Gray, and returned in time to assist in hauling the boys, in a state of grime beyond

description, through a great hole in the mass of twisted iron and splintered wood.

"The second candle has just gone out, papa," burst out Chester, blinking in the glare of the lanterns, "and we were saving the grease to eat!"

"Well, there's something better than candle-grease in the dining-room," said the major, quietly. "Come up and get a bath and some dinner, and we'll discuss this performance of yours afterward."

"Dinner!" exclaimed Mark, as they walked through the passages, followed by the perspiring, grinning soldiers and the highly self-conscious Spigotty. "Gracious, we thought it was breakfast-time!"

And after all they had not found the passage to Fort San Cristobal, which remains undiscovered.

Some time after their adventure the boys were told by a Porto Rican, who had been employed in the Morro during the Spanish times, and who had heard of Spigotty's

wonderful rescuing performances, that the dog had been the special pet of a Spanish soldier who was always getting into trouble. When he was confined in that dungeon, he had trained his faithful little friend to carry messages in and out of the window unknown to the officers.

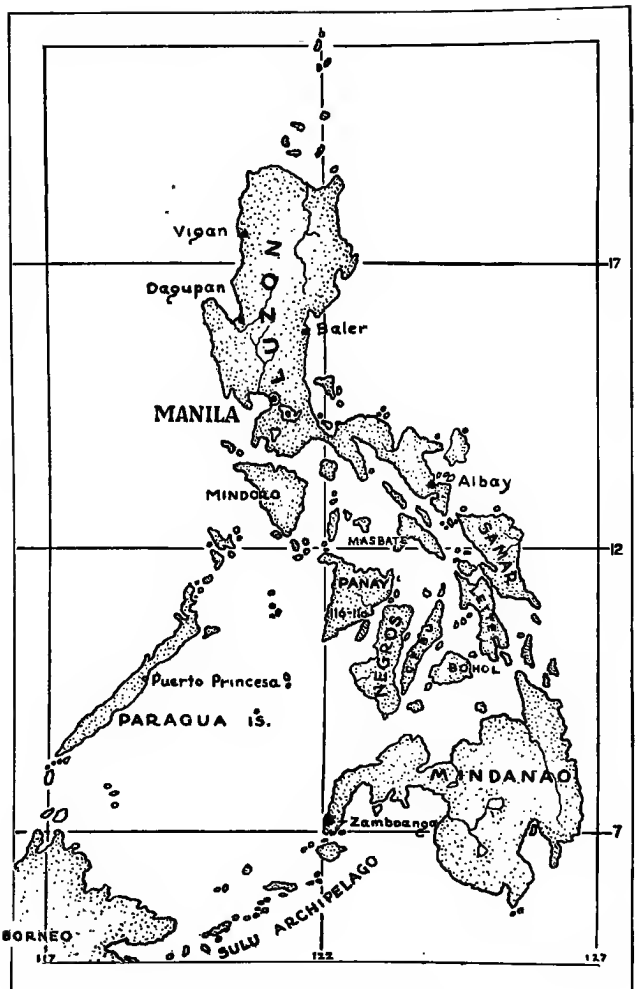
"He always brought these messages to the cook," added their informer, "who was this bad man's dear friend, and the cook would send him back with lettuce and garlic for the prisoner to eat with his bread, but nobody knew how he found his way."

"And do you suppose he would have brought food to Americans?" asked Chester, anxiously.

"Surely, indeed," replied the dark-skinned native. "For he, like all good Porto Ricans, is now a true American, my little general!"

CHARLES B. HOWARD.

IN THE PHILIPPINES.



THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Battle of Manila Bay.

Our navy opened the war with Spain by winning a brilliant victory. By the custom of nations, armed vessels of countries at war are not allowed to remain for an indefinite time in a friendly port, but they may of course invade a harbor of the enemy if they are able to overcome its defences of mines, forts and war-ships.

Acting on this principle of courtesy to a friendly nation and a desire to strike a blow at the enemy, Commodore Dewey sailed with his squadron from Hongkong on April 27, 1898. Three days later, under cover of the night, he steamed boldly into Manila Bay, disregarding the mines and torpedoes guarding the entrance, and at daybreak on Sunday, the first of May, attacked the Spanish ships, which had taken refuge under the guns of the forts at Cavite, the naval station of Manila.

He was obliged to expose his unarmored vessels to the combined fire of the Spanish forts and fleet, but after two sharp engagements the two largest Spanish cruisers were burned, the smaller vessels were sunk or disabled, and Cavite surrendered, thus leaving Manila and all the Philippines practically in the power of the Americans.

COMMODORE DEWEY.

The world joined his own countrymen in paying tribute to Commodore Dewey's heroism. It was not that the Spanish fleet was formidable, for our own ships were in all respects superior; but every one admires the cool courage that led the commander of our forces to brave hidden dangers in entering the harbor of Manila, and getting to a point where he could attack the enemy; and the tactical skill with which he manœuvred so as to demolish the Spanish fleet without

serious injury to one of his own vessels. Commodore Dewey's discretion and endurance, his wise silence and keen watchfulness, were tested in the long weeks of holding Cavite and blockading Manila till General Merritt arrived with supplies and a military force able to cope with all the difficulties that might arise at the surrender of Manila.

While Commodore Dewey was receiving so much popular praise throughout the United States, the President, in recognition of his ability and his opportune deeds, promoted him to the rank of Admiral, the highest grade of honor in the American navy.

The Fall of Manila.

On August 7, 1898, a note was sent to the governor-general, signed by Admiral Dewey and myself, stating that the city might be bombarded at any time after forty-eight hours, or sooner if the firing on our trenches by the Spanish troops was continued. This note was effective, for not a shot was fired on either side from this time until the final assault was made.

All the troops were in readiness early on the morning of the 13th. At nine o'clock the fleet left its anchorage off Cavite and steamed slowly toward Manila, taking up a position opposite the magazine fort. The *Zafiro*, with myself and staff on board, moved up with the fleet as far as Greene's camp, about a mile from the city walls, and steamed as near shore as her draft would allow her to go.

The foreign war-ships which had been

anchored off the walled city steamed out of the line of fire, and at 9.40 the *Olympia* sent two challenge shots from her eight-inch guns in the direction of the Malate fort, quickly followed by a six-inch shell from the *Petrel*. One of these shells touched the water, rose, and exploded at the base of the fort.

GENERAL MERRITT.

There was no reply from the enemy's guns. The white flag, which we half expected would be run up, did not appear. Not the slightest notice was taken of us; we had invited them either to fight or surrender. Apparently they were going to do neither. After a brief pause the flag-ship, with the *Raleigh* and the *Petrel*, opened a hot and effective fire against the sea flank of the Spanish intrenchments and the magazine fort.

When it was believed that Greene's

brigade could advance, the fleet was signalled from the shore to cease firing. The battalion on the beach advanced with a rush, under cover of a steady fire from the other column, waded the creek in front of the fort, swarmed into the enclosure, which was found deserted, and raised the American flag. The second and third battalions, which had advanced between the Calle Real and the beach, passed over the deserted trenches, and joined the first battalion beyond on the Calle Real. The First California also came up, and the movement into Malate was begun.

The march of the Colorado and California troops through Malate was checked by a heavy fire from a second line of defence along the road from Malate to Singalon.

This opposition was subdued after a short engagement. The advance then continued toward Manila, the California regiment and the regulars moving along the Calle Real, with the Colorado troops

on their right flank and the Nebraska men to their left on the beach.

The brigade proceeded in this formation through Malate and Ermita in the face of a straggling fire from the direction of Paco, reaching the Luneta just south of the walled city about one o'clock. A white flag was flying at the southwest corner of the city wall, and the brigade commander was informed that negotiations for surrender were in progress.

GENERAL GREENE.

At the Paco road Greene's troops were met by a body of nearly one thousand Spaniards, who surrendered and were ordered inside the city. This force had probably been driven in by the insurgents from Santa Ana, through Paco, and it was doubtless the same detachment which had harried our troops from the Singalon woods

in their march through Malate. A large number of insurgents had penetrated to the walls of the city, expecting to be allowed to enter and raise their flag, and quite a show of force was necessary in order to hold them in check. Although our troops had ceased firing as soon as the white flag was observed, the Filipinos continued to use their arms against the Spaniards who lined the walls of the town, and the latter in returning their fire killed one man and wounded two others in the California regiment.

GENERAL MACARTHUR.

Meantime General MacArthur's troops on the right, advancing along the Paco road, had done some sharp fighting.

Leaving a battalion of infantry to intercept any possible advance of the insurgents, the brigade moved forward

along the Pasay road without opposition, to a point just south of Singalon, where a scattering fire from the enemy was encountered. The intensity of this fire increased as the forward movement was pressed, and developed into strong opposition at a blockhouse in the village mentioned, which was occupied by a strong detachment of infantry.

Here the American skirmishers, volunteers from the Astor Battery and the Thirteenth Minnesota Regiment, were obliged to retire after they had pushed forward to within eighty yards of the blockhouse.

A rough work was hastily improvised, and held with great gallantry by a firing-line of about fifteen men until the main body of the troops came up. The Americans took refuge behind the village church, stone walls, and anything else which offered shelter, and poured a steady fire into the blockhouse. The resistance was obstinate,

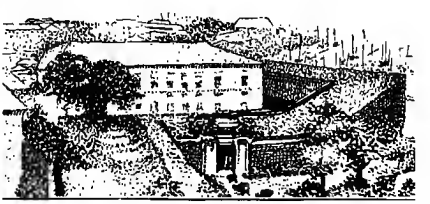
but finally succumbed to the fire of the Americans, and the advance was resumed toward Malate. The engagement lasted for an hour and a half, and was probably the most hotly contested action of the day; but it was the last stand of the enemy, and MacArthur's troops marched through the Paco district, and entered the city without further opposition.

After the surrender, the station occupied by the first brigade covered the Ermita and Malate districts to the south of the walled city, and extended around it as far north as the Pasig River. The second brigade occupied the section north of the Pasig River, which is the principal business portion of the city. This distribution of the American troops outside the city walls was necessary for the protection of lives and property against the insurgents.

Most of the Spanish residents of the suburbs had taken refuge within the walled city, leaving their houses vacant, and some

of them were looted, in spite of the vigilance of the Americans.

During the operations on shore, the *Zafiro* had remained on a line with the fleet, and between it and the shore.



CITY WALL BY THE PASIG.

Owing to the distance and to the heavy growth of bamboo along the water's edge, beyond which most of the fighting took place, we were unable to observe the progress of the attack.

When Greene's men left their trenches, the column which advanced by the beach could be plainly seen. Watching from the bridge of the *Zafiro*, we saw the long brown line move along between the jungle and the surf. When it reached the creek it sank out of sight for a moment, as the men swam and floundered through; but we could see it as it emerged on the

other side, went up the incline to the fort, and disappeared within the enclosure.

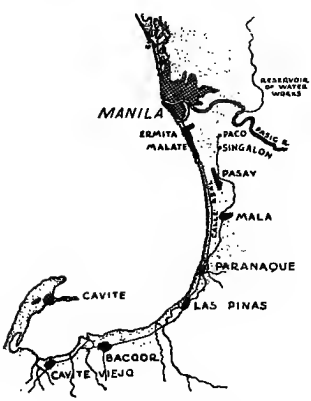
Presently the red and yellow flag came fluttering down to make way for the Stars and Stripes, which was quickly floating in its place. Then we heard the cheering, faintly at first, then louder as it was caught up by every soldier within sight of the flag.

The first intimation we had of the surrender was the appearance of a small launch heading for the flag-ship, flying a flag of truce at the bow and the colors of Belgium at the stern. She had on board Monsieur Andre, the Belgian consul, who bore a message from the captain-general, stating that he was ready to receive representatives of the army and the navy to arrange for turning over the city.

The consul tendered the services of his launch, and Lieutenant-Colonel Whittier, of my staff, and Lieutenant Brumby, Admiral Dewey's flag lieutenant, returned

with him to the city. Shortly afterward a white flag went up on the city walls.

When the two officers came back, the international signal, "The enemy has surrendered," was hoisted at the masthead of the *Olympia*, and I was then conveyed ashore with my personal staff. We entered the city by way of the Pasig River, which was so filled with sunken hulks as to render the ingress very tortuous and difficult. Our little party marched quietly through the streets to the cathedral, where the terms of surrender which had been agreed upon by our representatives were presented to us for approval, Monsieur Andre acting as interpreter. We then proceeded to the city palace of the governor-general, where temporary head-



CAVITE AND MANILA.

quarters were established. None of our troops had as yet entered the walled city.

The Second Oregon Regiment was on its way from Cavite by sea to act as a provost guard, and the troops of MacArthur and Greene were stationed throughout the city beyond the walls. The Spanish forces, however, were swarming in from the trenches, and the street in front of the palace was soon literally covered with great heaps of Mauser and Remington rifles and many pieces of artillery.

The small park across the street was transformed into a corral for the horses. In no instance was there the slightest disorder among the Spaniards. As each regiment marched into the city it came to a halt in front of the palace, where the arms were deposited and the men paroled. They found quarters in the various churches, and were allowed the freedom of the city inside the walls.

The courtesy of the officers and the

civility of the men were pleasantly noticeable whenever they came in contact with the Americans. They seemed glad that the affair was over, and the following day business was in a great measure resumed throughout the city.

The city, however, was practically starved out. Not even a loaf of bread was for sale, and the few stores whose stock had not been entirely depleted were closed through fear that the insurgents might force an entrance to the city. That night we suffered from the effects of our own work in keeping supplies out of the town.

As a rule, the enlisted men fared better than the officers, for they were provided with rations. A party of officers, including a brigadier-general, dined at the Hotel Oriental, their bill of fare consisting of weak pea soup and sardines; and there were few, if any, who fared more sumptuously. This state of affairs continued for

several days, until the transports with their supplies could be brought over from Cavite and the stores moved up from camp.

Shortly before six o'clock, after the arrival of the Oregon regiment, the Spanish colors were hauled down and the American flag was hoisted on the walls and saluted by the guns from the fleet, while the regimental band played the "Star-Spangled Banner," the troops shouting themselves hoarse.

The insurgent forces were gathered outside the American lines, endeavoring to gain admission to the town; but strong guards were posted, and General Aguinaldo was given to understand that none of his men would be allowed to enter with arms.

Prior to the surrender the relations between the Americans and insurgents had apparently been friendly as against the Spaniards; but afterward the Americans and Spaniards fraternized against the

Filipinos, who were greatly disgruntled at the treatment they had received. They had expected that the city would be turned over to them, and that they would be permitted to loot and burn and kill with a free hand. The Spaniards showed considerable fear that a general massacre would be attempted by the insurgents, and they openly expressed a desire to unite with the Americans against them.

FOR PEACE.

Aguinaldo refused to allow us to use the water-works, which were in his possession, and at one time it looked as if they would have to be taken by force. After repeated promises and much parleying, the insurgents yielded to a show of force and the water was allowed to flow into the city, but for over a week we were obliged to depend entirely upon the rains for water.

Steps were at once taken to inaugurate

a government of military occupancy. The necessary officers were appointed, and a proclamation was issued to the people of the Philippines, setting forth the intention of the United States government to protect them. Three days after the surrender a cablegram was received, announcing that the peace protocol had been signed, and that the President had issued a proclamation directing a cessation of hostilities.

We pay the Manila veterans the highest possible tribute of appreciation when we measure the glory of their victory by the extent of their accomplishment and their discretion and valor, their courage and magnanimity.

MAJ.-GEN. WESLEY MERRITT.

ACROSS THE PASIG.

Life in Manila.

The three white men with whom I lived, when a few years ago I was in the employ of an American firm in Manila, shared with me a large house, standing in the midst of a most luxuriant garden, about two miles up the right bank of the River Pasig, a river which winds down from the Enchanted Lake back among the hills, passes between old and new Manila, and loses itself in broad Manila Bay.

The ground floor of our house served as a carriage-room and quarters for some of the servants. Its upper floor was divided into sleeping-rooms and a wide sitting-room.

The structure was built with various provisions against earthquakes; for example, several huge posts, like the masts of a ship, ran from the roof down into the ground, as supports; the walls were

covered with painted canvas, instead of plaster, and the panes of the windows were of oyster-shell, instead of glass. These windows were framed in overlapping panels, which could be pushed back into the wall, thus turning the room into a sort of veranda. When the windows were closed in the daytime, the light coming through them was very agreeable.

Our retinue consisted of about sixteen native servants, including house-boys, coachmen, grooms, gardeners and general hangers-on. This sounds extravagant, but each man received only eight Mexican dollars a month, out of which he clothed and fed himself, and his family, if he had one.

After we left for our offices in the morning, the boys had nothing to do until we returned, except to dust the rooms and keep the floors polished. Their hardest duty was to provide the house with water, which was brought every morning in a

hogshead fastened to a handcart, from the public fountain nearly a mile away.

It had to be carried laboriously up-stairs in buckets, and emptied into an enormous porcelain tank, shaped like half an egg-shell, which stood in a back room and contained the household's daily supply for washing, cooking and drinking; that used as drinking water was carefully boiled and filtered.

THE ESCOLTA.

When I first went to Manila I had no idea how precious water was, and on the morning after my arrival I rose quite early, eager for a bath. Now the usual way of taking a bath in a Manila house is to dip the water from the tank with a big cocoanut-shell, and pour it over one's body; but nobody had told me that, and being delighted with the appearance of the

great tank filled with clear, sparkling water, I soused into it, and was having a splendid time, when one of the servants, named Felipe, hearing suspicious noises, came to investigate.

At the sight of me he threw up his hands in horror and dismay, and chattered at me in Spanish, of which I did not then understand a word. Finding his protests of no avail, he rushed away after an interpreter, and soon returned with one of my messmates, who was very sleepy and much bewildered, as Felipe's disjointed exclamations had made him fear that something dreadful had happened.

He gasped when he saw me, and then explained the situation. "However," he said, philosophically, "now that you are in, you may as well stay there. You won't get another bath like that while you are here." And I didn't.

As for Felipe and the other boys, who had to trudge after more water that

August morning, I am not sure that they ever forgave me.

The coachmen and grooms kept their wives and families in the stable, where they slept comfortably among the horses. They cooked their meals over little bonfires in the stable yard, while their fat brown babies tumbled and rolled all over the place, forever getting in somebody's way and being stepped upon.

Our household included also three or four Chinese chow dogs, with thick orange-colored fur and coal-black tongues; and Pedro, the house-snake, a small python, which travelled about inside the canvas walls and kept us free from rats and mice. Pedro never came out, and we were not disturbed at all by his nearness.

We slept on strips of matting, spread over cane-seated couches, the legs of which rested in bowls of water to prevent visits from centipedes, tarantulas, white ants and other tropical gentry, that cannot be

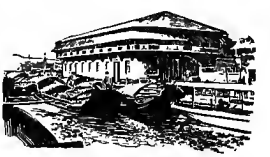
kept out of the houses. Wash-stands, side-boards and refrigerators are protected in the same way. The big white ant and little red ant seem particularly fond of tooth-powder, and not a vestige would be left in the morning if a wash-stand rested directly upon the floor.

Tiny little green and yellow lizards used to dart about among the books on the table, after the lamps were lighted, devouring the insects which swarmed around the lights. Occasionally one of these lizards would drop from the ceiling, alighting with a loud smack.

Our amusements were few and far between. The burning heat from sunrise to sunset prevented any form of outdoor recreation except driving, and on Sundays and holidays we found little to do except to lie around in Japanese wrappers, and read or watch the natives at their games.

One game that the children played was much like prisoner's base. Another

consisted in keeping a big hollow ball, made of bamboo strips, in the air, by kicking it around a ring of barefooted players, who stood several yards apart. The player who missed it was evidently out, and the last one in was the winner. They would play this game in the glaring sunlight by the hour, some of them with remarkable skill.



A STOREHOUSE.

Sometimes, late in the afternoon, I took a short ride on my pony, either back among the hills lying inland, or among the scattered native villages surrounding the town. On other days we drove across the river to the Luneta or grand promenade, to hear the band from the Spanish garrison and to watch the people slowly strolling up and down the broad path.

Sometimes I would cross the drawbridge over the moat that surrounds the walls of old Manila, and wander among the queer,

old-fashioned cannon which surmounted the moss-grown fortifications. There I would dream of the days when they defied the Chinese and Malay pirates, and little thought that they would one day be dismantled by Dewey's terrible shells.

On such occasions I was always followed at a little distance by a soldier or two, ready to pounce upon me if I attempted to take a photograph or even to make a sketch. From this point I could see the white walls of Cavite, with its arsenal and navy-yard, glistening eight miles away along the shore.

Directly across the river from the old city stood the modern business quarter, with its great hemp-presses and its hundreds of Chinese coolies trotting up and down, laden with bales of hemp and bags of raw sugar, ready to be sent out to the ships of all nations, lying at anchor a mile from shore.

Through centuries of intercourse with

the Malay and Chinese races, the natives of Manila have lost all trace of their original characteristics, if indeed they are in any degree kin to the bands of Negritos, who still exist in the mountains and forests of northern Luzon. These are little black men who are supposed to be aborigines of the island.

The Manila natives of to-day are stalwart, muscular fellows, of a dark chocolate color, with straight, scrubby hair and well-shaped features. Their eyebrows have a curious tendency to meet over the nose, which gives many of them a sinister cast of countenance.

The dress of the men in and around the towns consists of a white bosom shirt, sometimes lavishly embroidered, worn with the skirts flapping outside a pair of white linen trousers. Heelless slippers are their usual foot-gear. If a hat is worn, it is commonly some white man's discarded derby.

They are an easy-going, indolent race, useful as clerks and servants, but having a strong dislike to manual labor. This fact accounts in part for the enormous number of Chinese in Manila, who are willing to perform every kind of work at the lowest wages.

A LUZON GIRL.

The dress of the women is more elaborate. It consists of a brilliantly colored skirt reaching to the ground, and varying in texture according to the means of the wearer; a short, black overskirt caught up at one side; a white waist with sleeves extending to the elbow; and sometimes an embroidered mantilla, folded cornerwise, with the ends crossed on the breast. The whole effect of this costume is agreeable and becoming.

The Filipino lives in a hut built entirely of bamboo, framework, floor and all,

which stands about two feet from the ground on stout bamboo posts or legs, by way of protection from floods and earthquakes. This hut is thatched all over with the long, dried nipa leaves, whence the name of nipa huts. They bear an uncanny resemblance to huge, brown bugs, and are so inflammable that the local insurance companies will not insure a house if there is a nipa hut within forty yards of it.

A NIPA HUT.

With a hut, a mango-tree and a fighting-cock, the unambitious Filipino is perfectly satisfied with life. If he owns a pig and a few hens he is considered prosperous. If his possessions include a rice-field, and a water-buffalo to wallow through it once or

twice a year attached to a crooked stick by way of a plow, he is a power in the community.

Often several families will own a rice-field and a buffalo between them, as was the case with certain neighbors of mine, whose buffalo, when off duty at night, often used to make a mud-hole for himself directly across the entrance to my driveway, get into it, bury himself, all but his head, and trip up my pony when I drove out in the morning. This always brought me profuse apologies from the neighbors, emphasized with gifts of fruit and eggs.

PLOWING A RICE-FIELD.

The Filipinos are a very cleanly race, forever washing themselves, and the women especially take great pride in their hair, which is often allowed to hang loose in a great black wavy mass, sometimes

reaching to their heels. When done up, it is combed straight back from the forehead into a big knot at the back of the neck, and surmounted by a huge comb of horn, or tortoise-shell, or silver. I do not remember having seen any native, of either sex, with the least sign of baldness, and gray heads are very rare.

We have not obtained a perfect paradise in taking Manila; but there can be little doubt that a period of businesslike American administration would vastly improve the conditions of life there.

CHARLES B. HOWARD.

A RIVER BRANCH IN MANILA.

Progress in the Philippines.

There never was a Philippine nation—only a collection of many tribes, speaking different languages, and having little in common except that they all belong to the Malayan race. It is the Tagalogs, inhabiting portions of the island of Luzon, who assumed the name Filipinos and resisted the United States; the other civilized Filipinos remained neutral, except where coerced by the Tagalogs.

There are Filipinos in the north of Luzon who are old enemies of the Tagalogs, and some of them asked for arms that they might fight Aguinaldo.

In the summer of 1899, the brother of the Filipino President Lacson, of the Island of Negros, went to Hongkong to buy steamers to develop trade, and he was reported as saying that the proposal of the American commissioners concerning their

government was perfectly satisfactory, and that "Negros is as loyal as New York."

The commissioners were five Americans of undoubted intelligence and integrity, appointed by the President of the United States to make a most thorough and impartial investigation of affairs in the Philippines, and to recommend a form of government for the islands. They reported to the President November 2, 1899.

The commission found as a matter of fact that no assurance was ever given by any one in position of authority that the United States would give the Filipinos independence. This fact is fully substantiated in a memorandum from Admiral Dewey which he gave the commissioners.

The report declared that the first armed collision between the American and the Filipino armies was brought on by deliberate and often repeated attempts to pass the American lines, and that Aguinaldo wanted to attack the American troops

when they landed at Paranaque in the summer of 1898, but was deterred by the lack of arms.

War could not have been avoided by the United States, and there was never a time

CITY GATE FROM THE BAY.

when the American forces could have been withdrawn either with honor to ourselves or with safety to the inhabitants. The duty of the United States, in the opinion of the commission, was first to suppress the insurrection, and then to maintain American sovereignty over the island.

We were assured from direct statements made by conservative Filipinos that the insurgents represented but a fraction of their people; that it was a duty to the world that we retain the islands; that the people were not capable of self-government, but by training and education may be made capable.

The commission recommended a territorial form of government, similar to that framed by Thomas Jefferson for the territorial organization of Louisiana. The scheme provided for the appointment of a governor and other high officials by the President, but allowed the natives to elect at least one branch of the legislature, and to carry on the town and county councils with the aid of a small number of American commissioners.

The first self-government in the Philippines was inaugurated at Bacolo, in the island of Negros, November 6, 1899, amid general rejoicing of the natives. The

elections had been held October 2d, and about five thousand votes were cast. Suffrage was restricted by a property qualification and the ability to read and write. The system of government was devised by General Otis and the Philippine Commission. The officers inaugurated exercise local authority under the sovereignty of the United States.

The natives of Negros asked first to be allowed to establish their own government. Permission was granted, and a battalion of American troops was also placed at their service as a protection against the warlike mountain tribes of the interior. The experiment, however, was not a success.

The natives soon asked for a second battalion and then for a third. In a short time they began to accuse their own officials of dishonesty, and to complain of other abuses. Finally they requested the Americans to assume control. The commission prepared a plan for a simpler form

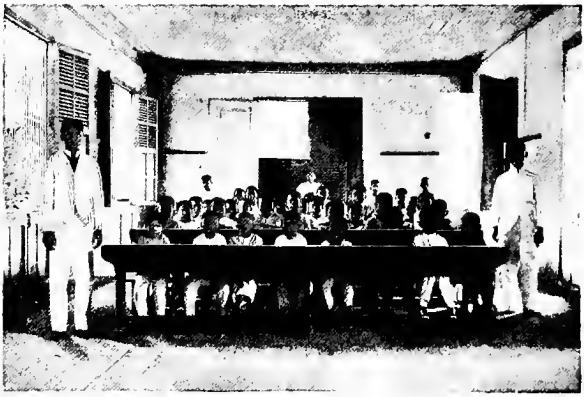
of government, providing for native officers but an American head, and this was successfully established.

In several towns on the island of Luzon, on the other hand, the experiment of municipal government was tried by the natives with gratifying results. But the natives visited in succession the commissioner, the military representative and their own priest, asking for whom they were expected to vote. The idea that they were to select their own candidates and vote according to their own preferences was beyond their comprehension.

Early in 1899 courts were re-established in the Philippines, framed on the Spanish system and using the Spanish language, but subject to the authority of the United States. The chief justice and most of his associates are prominent Filipino lawyers. Among them are Aguinaldo's chief adviser in the early stages of the insurgent movement, a member of Aguinaldo's first

cabinet, and the leader of the insurgent movement at Iloilo.

As soon as law prevailed, that characteristic American institution, the public school, was set up in Manila. On the



BY COURTESY OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

A SCHOOL IN MANILA.

Fourth of July in that city "America" was sung by Filipino, Spanish and Chinese school children. American songs are very attractive to these music-loving people.

The popularity of English among the pupils of the different schools is increasing,

and it is with difficulty that the pupils can be made to study Spanish. The school children, talking with each other, say that now the Philippines are a part of the United States the language should be English, and everybody should learn to read and write it as soon as possible.

The pupils of the public schools are the most loyal adherents of the Americans. The "Salute to the Flag," originated by *The Youth's Companion* some years ago, is already a feature of the exercises in the Manila schools, as in the United States. Thus the children have gained an insight into American ideas, and have interested their parents in what they are learning.

On Washington's Birthday, 1900, the thirty-six schoolhouses of Manila received each a gift of an American flag from the Lafayette Post, G. A. R., of New York City.

The schoolhouses were crowded with natives, including teachers, pupils, parents and friends, and many Americans came

also because of their interest in seeing "Old Glory" rise and fall for the first time on the Philippine breezes, over American public schools.

In many schools, as the flag rose, the children, rising to salute it, would break forth in excellent singing in English of the "Star-Spangled Banner" or "America." Many English recitations were well rendered at these exercises so fittingly prefaced by the raising of the flag.

But the most interesting feature of the day was that the natives, mestizos and Spaniards, joined heartily in the ceremonies, and seemed as pleased to see this emblem of American protection raised on high as did the Americans themselves.

The second distinct government to give allegiance to the United States was that of the Sulu Archipelago, in the extreme southwestern part of the Philippines. The sultan and his principal chiefs, called Dattos, cordially welcomed the American

officers, and signed acceptance to all their slight changes in government under the Stars and Stripes.

Mindanao, the second largest island of the Philippines, and Paragua, the third in size, very soon after Sulu came willingly

RAILROAD STATION, MANILA.

under the authority of the United States. The formal interview with the Sultan of Mindanao was very interesting. He visited the American gunboat in his state barge of fifty rowers, with his own flag and gay streamers flying. He acceded to all the terms proposed by the Americans, and

was generous in return. He asked for a United States flag to replace his own on his barge. It was gladly given to him, and his return to land under the Stars and Stripes, followed by his two hundred retainers, formed a picturesque pageant.

Before the end of the year 1899 organized opposition to American rule in Luzon was broken up, and its leader became a fugitive; local civil governments, with courts and schools, were established in large towns; peaceful allegiance was received of by far the larger part of all the other islands of the Philippines.

By the month of April, 1900, the process of pacification had so far advanced, and so many ports had been opened to trade, that a second Philippine Commission proceeded to establish civil government in all the islands upon the lines laid down by the former commission.

At the Pumping-Station.

The city of Manila is supplied with fairly good water from the little river Mariquina, which has its sources in the mountains. The water has to be pumped by steam-power into a reservoir, from which it flows into the city conduit and pipes. The pumping-station is six miles due east from Manila, across the flat, wet rice-fields, among the first low hills.

The station, which is a substantial structure, contains two large steam-boilers and powerful cylinder pumps, which force the water through large mains into the reservoir. Near the pumping-station stand stone barracks, in which were quartered a company of soldiers, to guard the plant.

So great an improvement in the public health followed the introduction of Mariquina water that all the old wells and cisterns were given up and fell into disuse,

and the city came to depend wholly on the pumps and reservoir.

Such was the condition of affairs when the Spanish surrendered Manila and the Americans took possession. But when Aguinaldo raised the standard of independence, the pumping-station was within the Filipino lines and the water-supply completely at their mercy.

But although the Filipino chief could have greatly embarrassed the American forces in the city by cutting off the water-supply, he refrained from doing so, probably on account of the distress which would be caused to the thousands of his fellow-countrymen who reside there.

A most painful state of uncertainty prevailed, however; and when the collision with the insurgents took place, General Otis at once made the water-works the objective point of an attack. It was hoped that by a rapid advance the insurgents might be dislodged and driven away from

the pumps before they had time to destroy them.

The movement was executed with such celerity and vim that after the first onset, when for a few minutes there was sharp fighting, the natives broke from cover and fled whenever the charging hurrah of our men arose. The hill near the pumping-station was carried at five in the afternoon. Less than five hundred yards away, in the valley near the river, stood the power-house with its high chimney.

The pumps had been working when the forward movement began, but now as our men mounted the hill, they saw that no smoke or steam was rising, and that the place looked deserted. Not only the Filipino riflemen but the firemen had run away. Both barracks and power-house looked as solitary as a ruin.

I was one of the first to enter the place. Dusk was falling. The station was silent as a tomb. Shovels, poker-bars and fire-

rakes lay scattered about the concrete floor, just as the firemen had thrown them down. But the pumps were the first objects of our attention: At first glance, nothing seemed to be wrong.

Smithson of our company was sounding the big steam-pipes. "All right here!" he sang out.

"They haven't blown up anything!" Private Wilson exclaimed, opening the furnace doors.

Lieutenant Green had struck a match and was peering behind the pump cylinders. "Humph! Here's a bad break!" he muttered. "Cylinder head gone!"

"This one's off, too!" cried Corporal Haines, who had been to the other pump. "Both of them!"

"Both these are gone," observed Lieutenant Green; and about that time some one else discovered that the "rockers" were also missing.

"Well, well, they did the worst they

could in the time they had!" Sergeant Whitmarsh exclaimed.

"That's so," said Smithson. "If they couldn't do the pumping themselves, they were determined nobody else should."

"Probably lugged the cylinder heads off with them," said Smithson.

"Don't you think it!" exclaimed the sergeant. "Too heavy. They've thrown them into the river, or into some well."

"If we cannot find them, there will be no more pumping here very soon," observed the lieutenant. "I don't believe those cylinder heads and rockers can be reproduced in Manila," and he went off to report the condition of things to Colonel Stotsenburg.

Pickets were thrown out and we camped there at the pumping-station and barracks that night.

The next morning, instead of advancing across the river, Major Grove set the whole force searching for the missing pump

gear. Squads of men waded up and down the river, and even dived at the deep holes. Every mud-hole was probed; the bottom of every well within half a mile was investigated. Squads also went hither and thither, with eyes on the ground, to see if any holes had been dug.

At about nine o'clock six army engineers arrived from Manila, and made a technical report of the damage to the plant; they also took exact measurements of the cylinders, rods, bolts, and so forth, with a view to having new heads cast, if possible, at the foundry and arsenal at Cavite. Whether this could be done there, was a matter of some doubt; and it seemed certain, at best, that the city must go thirsty for a time.

Such was the state of affairs when Guy Hays came to the pump-house and began to look around. After examining the engines and cylinders, he strolled into the coal-shed which opens out of the boiler-room. Several others were about the place

at the time. In one corner of the coal-shed there was a heap of six or seven tons of coal, and in the middle of the shed another heap of about the same size. The floor of the shed was of hard earth.

"You won't find those heads there, Guy," Smithson said to him, jocosely.

Hays ran his eye around, first over the coal in the corner, and then over the heap in the centre. Something in this seemed to attract his attention. He stepped forward and looked at it more attentively.

"Well, I don't know," he replied, carelessly. "Got a shovel handy?"

There were a number of coal-shovels standing just inside the boiler-room door. Whitmarsh handed one to Hays, who scraped away the coal for two or three feet back from the edge of the heap, then stuck the shovel down into the ground there.

"Something seems to have been buried here, boys," he said. "Fetch a cleaning-bar and punch down here with it."

Smithson brought one, and Hays thrust it down into the soft spot. They prodded

"LOOKED LIKE A NEWLY FILLED GRAVE."

there for some moments. At a depth of two feet or more in the soft place, the point of the bar struck something hard.

Smithson now ran to fetch another shovel. He and Hays cleared away the coal and exposed what looked like a newly filled grave, about six feet long by three or four wide.

"Maybe it's a Filipino," the sergeant remarked.

"He was a hard boy, then," said Hays. "What I hit with the bar was like iron."

They rapidly threw out the dirt with shovels, and Hays soon struck something that grated like iron, and when the earth was scraped off, seemed to be white. Whitmarsh then thrust down a bar at one side and pried up a large circular disk. It was one of the missing cylinder heads!

As many as thirty of the men had now come around, and when Hays threw the head out on the floor, such a cheer rose as soon brought every man from the barracks and drew in the search-parties.

The lost heads were all down there in the hole, and the rockers had been laid

beside them. Nothing was injured or broken, and the Filipino pumpmen had coated everything neatly with white lead before burying it, so that the steel would not rust while lying in the earth.

"It looks as if the rascals thought that they should come back and want to use the pumps," Major Grove remarked, as Hays laid the four white heads in a row on the floor. The bolts were in the heads, and the nuts and washers had been screwed back on the ends of the bolts.

Some of the Nebraska men, who had been wading in the river, exploring wells and searching the whole country roundabout, felt not a little chagrin that the missing parts had been found so near at hand.

It seems that the native pumpmen had not time to look very long for a hiding-place after the alarm of our attack reached them. They hid the parts in the first place that suggested itself, so near the

pumps that we had not thought of looking there.

Hays afterward told us that what drew his attention particularly to that heap of coal was a little lump of fresh-looking earth no larger than a hen's egg which lay between two lumps of coal.

A signal message was at once sent after the engineers, and during the afternoon three of them returned to the station. By six that evening the plant was working again.

GEORGE HOWE.

THE PUMPING-STATION.

My First Night in Manila.

The house in which I first went to live in Manila was a typical Spanish structure, built around an open courtyard, with strong walls and grated windows. The roof over the wider front portion of it was of corrugated iron, as is common here on account of earthquakes. Having the whole house to choose from I selected two rooms on the second floor, fronting the street.

The first night after taking possession I spent down at Cavite with some friends; but my servant remained and availed himself of my absence to smuggle into the yard two tough-looking game-cocks of his own; for all these natives have a passion for cock-fighting.

The old house had also still other denizens which I did not learn about till the first night that I actually passed there. Any one living in Manila, even a newcomer

of a few weeks' experience in a dwelling-house there, would have understood matters better than I did.

Something about the queer, musty old place gave me a singular sensation of lonesomeness for awhile. Then I heard Florencio, my servant, coming up the stairs from the yard. He brought in drinking-water, opened my bed, and laid a pair of slippers beside it. As yet he and I had much difficulty in understanding each other. He spoke Tagalog and a little Spanish; I still less Spanish and no Tagalog. I thought he appeared uneasy, and scarcely wondered at it, as the house was so silent and deserted. I asked him if he were afraid.

"Ah, nao, señor," he replied, with a doubtful look around, but added something about *picaros*, and then explained, in many long sentences, none of which I more than half comprehended, that native black burglars often crept in, naked, having their

bodies smeared with fat so that they could not be seized or held.

I had a Krag-Jorgensen carbine; but Florencio brought in two old rusted lances which he had found below, such as had sometimes been used by Spanish cavalry. With an odd smile, he stood up one of these doughty weapons beside my bed, intimating that he should keep the other in the back room which he occupied on the first floor. I laughed at him; yet in the disturbed condition of the city at that time precautions were not entirely out of place.

After he had said *buenas noches*, and I had listened to his shuffling feet descending the stairs, I read for a while, and then went to bed. The night was not uncomfortably hot. I blew out the feeble lamp and fell asleep at once.

A scraping sound soon waked me; a rat was dragging one of my shoes across the tiled floor. When I struck a match, the big gray fellow dropped the shoe and

scurried into a corner, where I could see his small eyes reflecting the light.

I put my shoes and socks on my bed, and again fell asleep; but not for long. Frightful squealings broke out. A battalion of charging Filipinos could hardly have made a sharper uproar, and it was overhead! "Something larger than rats this time," I thought, starting up, and once more lighted my lamp.

The ceilings of these old Spanish houses usually show the beams and boards. A heavy object was rolling and tumbling in the loft above the ceiling of my room, and I could hear an occasional clang against the iron roof above it. Then a strange, grating, sliding noise succeeded, followed immediately by another frightful outburst of screams; then bump-thump-plump all over the loft!

Considerably excited, I jumped up, and seizing the old lance, struck and prodded the ceiling-boards vigorously. These

TUMBLING ABOUT THE ROOM.

proved not to be nailed or fastened in any way; they turned over easily. Dirt, dust and a shower of rubbish fell. But my demonstration had the effect of quieting the noise for the time being.

From the sounds I was sure that a man or some large animal, as well as rats, must be in the loft. Mounting a chair, with the lance in one hand, I held up the lamp. As I raised the light there was a sudden commotion above, a clatter of the over-turned boards, and there slid down, not a yard from my face, fully a fathom's length of the ugliest scaly serpent that I ever set my eyes on!

I yelled outright, purely from terror, and jumped down from the chair. The monster appeared to be coming down tail first. The lamp chimney fell to the floor and broke, by no means improving the feeble light. The snake was still sliding down. Apparently there were yards of it behind!

Its tail now nearly touched the floor.

Putting down the flaring lamp, I snatched my carbine and literally blew a hole through the reptile's body. It fell, bleeding and thrashing, on the tiles.

But the noise in the loft had increased. Glancing up, I saw the tail of another python whipping down as he ran over the beams. A second shot sent it executing even wilder gyrations.

At length, catching sight of its body gliding across one of the wide cracks I had made by overturning the boards, I fired and brought it down through the hole.

Both snakes, the smaller of which was not less than nine feet long, were now tumbling about the room, and to escape them I leaped upon the bed, for my feet were bare.

At that moment there came a hasty knocking at the door, with Florencio crying in alarmed accents, "*Señor! Señor! Que hay?*" (What is it?)

He had naturally concluded that a battle

with robbers was raging. It is good evidence of his fidelity that he had seized his lance and come to my assistance.

With an eye to the writhing serpents, I got down, threw the door open, and jumped hastily back on the bed. Florencio, weapon in hand, peered in. He was ashen with terror. But as his eyes took in the situation, the dying serpents and the damaged ceiling, his face regained its wonted expression. Nay, he even smiled!

Then, marking my excitement, he began a reassuring discourse, of which I understood scarcely a word. Quite fearlessly, as it seemed to me, he seized the snakes by the tail, and hauling them out on the gallery, threw them down into the yard. Then he began to tidy up the room, all the while repeating something about *culebras de casa* (house snakes), and that *el señor* (the gentleman) *no conoce* (did not know).

It was not until the next day that I came fairly to understand that I had foolishly

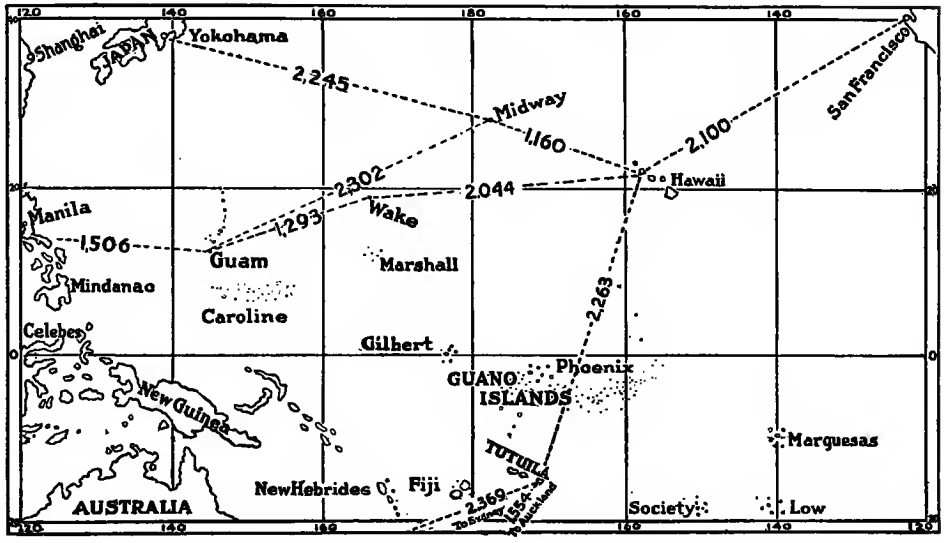
killed two harmless boas which had filled the necessary office of rat-catchers in the old house for years, and whose place would have to be filled by others of their species if we expected to live there.

I then learned that most old houses at Manila have their house serpents, which live in the lofts and attics above the ceilings, rarely or never giving the people any trouble. These snakes, in fact, are sold by native pedlers on the street.

Not many days later, snake pedlers, acting from some hint of Florencio's probably, came to the house door, each bearing a bamboo pole over his shoulder, with a boa coiled around it. The reptiles were tied by the neck to the poles, to prevent them from escaping. It cost me two dollars to make good the slaughter which my inexperience had occasioned.

C. A. Stephens.

MID-OCEAN AMERICA.



MID-OCEAN AMERICA.

Hawaii and its Accession.

A hundred years ago the Hawaiian Islands were densely populated by different tribes of savages, who often made war upon each other.

Then the chief of a strong tribe on the island of Hawaii, after a long series of conquests, united the whole group under one government and proclaimed himself king.

This first king was Kamehameha the Great, who is honored by a statue in front of the government building at Honolulu.

In his reign Christian missionaries began their labors among the Hawaiians, and under the rule of his successors, schools and churches were established throughout all the islands.

American and European trade developed, and civilization progressed so rapidly that when a republic was proclaimed in 1893, Hawaii, although so small, was

recognized as one of the independent nations of the world.

The area of the whole eight islands is but little larger than the State of Connecticut, and the population is a little over one hundred thousand, of which one-fifth is in the city of Honolulu.

STATUE OF KAMEHAMEHA.

The harbor of Honolulu is one of the prettiest in the world. It is not large, but it is safe in any weather, and its location at the cross-roads of the Pacific makes it very valuable to commerce.

Honolulu grew very rapidly under the administration of King Kalakaua, who

encouraged modern improvements. The business portion is built of stone and brick, and has every appearance of a progressive American city.

The dwelling-houses are built of wood, and are surrounded by extensive gardens

COTTAGE HIDDEN IN FOLIAGE.

of tropical trees and flowers. Even the poor people live in little wooden cottages almost hidden in profuse foliage. The native grass hut still serves a good purpose throughout all the islands, but it is rapidly

disappearing before the march of modern improvements, which are utilizing the riches of soil and climate.

The largest sugar plantations in the world are located in our new territory. The most modern methods of railway,

NATIVE GRASS HUT.

steam and electricity are used. Artesian wells supply any possible lack of rain, and everything known to science is employed to secure profitable results every year.

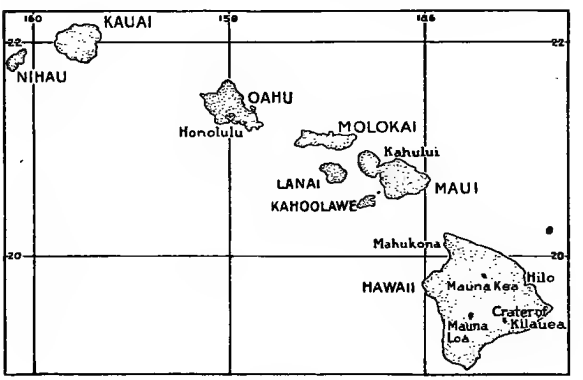
Coffee plantations are increasing every year, and Hawaiian coffee is becoming known as equal to any in the world. With

the advent of Chinese laborers, extensive swamps have been turned into profitable rice-fields. On the hillsides, where tillage would be inconvenient, immense herds of cattle and swine may feed. Nearly all the large enterprises are American.

The native Kanaka and some foreigners get a marvellously easy living out of small patches of ground where they raise taro, bananas, cocoanuts, and whatever of every kind of vegetable they wish. Home is a paradise to the native, who revels in the ever abundance of flowers.

Wise American statesmen carefully observed the increasing products of the Hawaiian group, and the corresponding increase of trade with the United States; the little kingdom had granted us the only American coaling station between San Francisco and Yokohama; so when the change of government came, no prudent statesman could endure the thought of European supremacy over those islands.

In the closing days of President Harrison's administration, a treaty was submitted to the Senate, providing for the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, which had just



MAP OF HAWAII.

become a republic. The treaty did not reach a vote in the Senate, and was withdrawn by President Cleveland soon after he came into office. A new treaty, closely resembling the earlier one, was negotiated, and submitted to the Senate by President McKinley.

Under the treaty, the government of the

Hawaiian Islands offered to the United States all rights of sovereignty over the islands if the United States would assume the public debt of Hawaii, to an amount not to exceed four million dollars.

The Senate of Hawaii promptly ratified the treaty providing for the annexation of the islands to the United States. The action was taken at a special session by a unanimous vote. The Senate of the United States did not vote upon this treaty, but took another form of legislation.

The President, July 7, 1898, signed resolutions providing for the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, which had previously passed both Houses of Congress. The President was given power to provide for the government of the islands until Congress should enact laws for that purpose. He appointed five commissioners, including President Dole and a judge of the Hawaiian Supreme Court, to recommend to Congress suitable legislation for the island.

President Sanford B. Dole was at the head of the provisional government which succeeded the deposed Queen Liliuokalani, in January, 1893, and was President of the Hawaiian Republic from the time it was proclaimed, July 4, 1894, till Hawaii became a territory of the United States.

GOVERNOR DOLE.

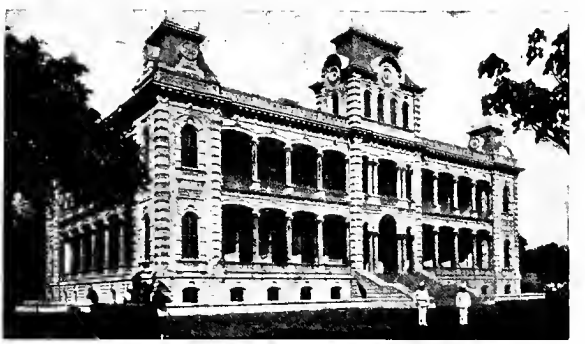
It was a new thing which this commission had to do. We had never before had to frame a government for territory two thousand miles away. But the Constitution gives Congress full power, and some of the principles hitherto applied in the government of territories are adapted to Hawaii.

A bill establishing a territorial government in Hawaii became a law by the signature of the President, April 30, 1900.

The form of government closely resembles that of existing territories, including a governor and other executive officers, a legislature of two branches, and a

judiciary consisting of a supreme court, circuit court and inferior courts.

It provides that Hawaii shall be represented in Congress by a delegate who shall have a seat in the House of Representatives,



EXECUTIVE MANSION, HONOLULU.

with a right to debate, but not a vote. The delegate to Congress will be chosen at an election of the people.

The tariff laws of the United States are extended over the islands, so they have the same free trade with the states that all other states and territories of the Union enjoy, and the same revenues on imports

from foreign countries. The Territory of Hawaii is specifically made a customs district of the United States, with ports of entry at Honolulu, Hilo, Mahukona and Kahului.

The bill establishes an educational qualification for the suffrage, and gives the appointment of the supreme and circuit courts to the President. For the first governor of the Territory of Hawaii, the President appointed Mr. Dole, who had already proved his ability and devotion to Hawaiian welfare.

The new government will probably have to struggle for years with the adjustment of the United States laws concerning Asiatic laborers. While unlimited immigration would threaten the civilization of the islands, it is true that Asiatic labor will continue an important factor in the products of the great sugar, rice and coffee plantations of the Hawaiian Territory.

The Hawaiian Volcanoes.

With the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, we brought under our dominion the two most wonderful volcanoes in the world, Mauna Loa and Kilauea. These two volcanoes lie near together on Hawaii, the largest island of the group.

Mauna Loa is nearly fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. A great group of craters opens on the very summit, and in their centre lies the vast primitive crater, two thousand yards wide and one thousand feet deep.

The great lava streams are very seldom discharged from the very rim of Mauna Loa, but the molten lava mostly escapes from fissures made far below, on the side of the mountain. Advices from Honolulu told that in the late great eruption the city, although two hundred miles distant, was enveloped in smoke from the volcano.

The town of Hilo, on the coast east of Mauna Loa, has been several times menaced by streams of lava from the volcano. What one of these streams is like is thus told by a writer at Honolulu:

LAVA FLOW.

"I spent a night at the end of a glossy black river of humpy rock, over half a mile wide, sluggishly eating its way through a dense and lofty forest. Out of its irregular, billowy front line of black tongues of rock among the trees, fresh red tongues of molten rock were here and there pushing

forward, wrapping in flame the lofty trees and broad ferns.

"One broad tongue slowly crept down a brook channel, licking up the water pools with loud explosions. In half an hour we could step across the congealed lava, although it bent like ice under the weight. We boiled our coffee on the hot, rounded ends of a tongue, as on a stove. When our breakfast was finished, the rock opened and emitted a fresh stream.

"It ran sluggishly like pitch. It was forty miles from its source, whence it had come through a few covered tunnels, where it ran swiftly, near the end ramifying into a multitude of streamlets. The general rate of advance averaged perhaps one hundred feet a day. Much of the lava was expended in piling up behind to an average depth of ten feet or more.

"The whole formed a cruel monster, slowly creeping toward its prey, the beautiful town on the bay. It was a long agony

for the people, as month after month the terrible fire drew nearer, until, after thirteen months of fears and prayers, it suddenly ceased only six miles away. Again in 1881 the terror was repeated with a swifter stream and longer flow, which almost grazed the town."

In 1868 a fiery stream forced its way to the surface through the side of Kilauea, and after flowing sixty miles to the south-west, poured in a flaming cataract over the cliffs into the sea, where it formed a great pyramid of lava. It was estimated that fifteen billions of cubic feet were discharged by the volcano on that occasion.

In 1881 the amount of lava flowing was so great that it continued in motion for nine months before it had cooled enough to stop the onward march of death.

Kilauea rises but four thousand feet above the sea, but its crater is a great circular chasm nine miles around, and its centre is a fearful mass of boiling, steaming

lava. This is the crater, and the only one, that is so often visited by tourists and scientific men, for it is not only the most noteworthy volcano in the world, but may be examined with great convenience.

TROPICAL REGION NEAR HILO.

Stages run by an easy road about thirty miles from Hilo. For the greater part of the distance the journey is through the most beautiful tropical regions, abounding in luxuriant vegetation growing on the decomposed lava of past ages. The road

ends on the barren lava in the most desolate and dreary region imaginable.

At a safe and convenient distance from the crater a hotel is located, where visitors may rest and examine the crater at leisure. In ordinary times this large crater contains

LIFELESS LAVA.

a sea of molten lava, boiling red and almost white-hot in the interior, and rolling toward the edge or bank. As the lava moves toward the shore it cools, darkens and stiffens. Other masses boil over it, break and bury it to melt and boil up again.

All around the crater are masses of black lifeless lava, with here and there fissures emitting deadly sulphurous gases. A guide is always needed to guard visitors against dangerous places. There are many

openings to which ladies and gentlemen can go with perfect safety, into which one may thrust the end of his walking-stick and pull it out ablaze.

It is a peculiarity of the Hawaiian volcano that it has always crusted lava around its crater, and never a cone of cinders, like Vesuvius or other well-known volcanoes.

It is interesting to note that all the islands of the Hawaiian group are volcanic in origin. Each has one or more extinct volcanoes. In geological history the island farthest west is the oldest, and Hawaii is the youngest island. It naturally follows that the volcanoes of Hawaii should be the survivors.

The native Hawaiians supposed the crater of Kilauea to be the abode of their destructive goddess, Pele. Many an innocent little pig or chicken has been thrown into the boiling fire to appease Pele's wrath, that she might turn aside a threatening calamity.

J. E. CHAMBERLIN.

Poi-Making in Hawaii.

What maize was to the American Indian, what rice is to the Chinaman, poi was and still is to the Hawaiian. It is the national dish, the one distinctive article of food that marks off the island cooking from all others.

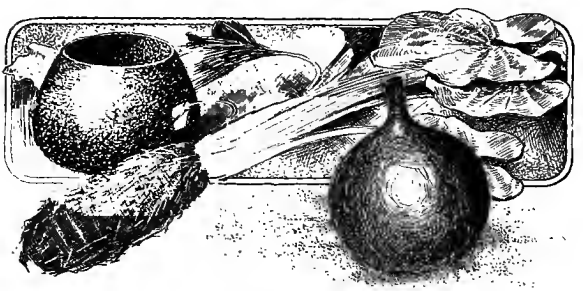
Poi is not only a most healthful and nutritious food, but one that commends itself to the civilized palate.

The taro plant seems to have been derived originally from India, whence it was widely diffused. It grows freely along the muddy banks of streams and in wet places all over the islands at low altitudes.

The abundant rainfall in some portions of the island of Hawaii, especially about Hilo, makes it possible to cultivate taro on the uplands, and its broad, arrow-head-shaped leaves of dark green are a familiar sight around most of the native houses.

A patch of taro, after being planted,

requires a year or more to come to maturity. The plants require little care or cultivation during this long period, and once ready for digging, the crop is a perpetual one, for the native plants as he digs. It is necessary only to cut off the tops of



TARO AND POI DISHES.

the tubers and insert them into the mucky soil, where they soon take root and flourish.

The amount of food supplied by a fair-sized taro patch is prodigious. Probably a quarter of an acre of thrifty taro will feed a good-sized family.

The leaves when young are tender and succulent, and when boiled make most

delicious greens. These are known to the natives as *luau*, and this name came to be applied also to a native feast. To Europeans it now signifies almost any merrymaking on the part of the natives.

But it is the root, or more properly the tuber, of the taro plant that is most highly prized. When taken from the ground this is of a dark brown color and shaped like a beet, but larger.

While in the raw state, taro is entirely too acrid for the palate of any animal, save the hog, and it is by no means relished even by piggy. Thorough cooking, however, destroys the acrid principle.

Baked taro root is most toothsome, and in general character is much like the sweet potato. Baked in the shape of cakes, with a nice brown crust, it appeals to the taste even of the most epicurean; but it is in the shape of poi that it is most acceptable to the natives.

The following is the ancient way of

making the staple article: After being well washed, the tubers are placed in an oblong pit in the ground, in which a goodly number of stones have been heated very hot. Tubers and stones well mingled together are then covered with a thick layer of broad, green leaves, as of the banana, or of the taro. Water is then poured over all to insure plenty of steam, and the whole is covered with earth. After steaming several hours, the roots are soft and ready for pounding, the skin having first been scraped off.

So far the women may have done the work. Now it is the men's turn.

The poi board is about four feet long and two feet broad, slightly hollowed out, rounded at the ends, and may be likened to a huge platter. Usually it is made of koa wood, which is much like mahogany in hardness and durability, and something like it in color.

The poi pestle is made from a bit of

solid, hard-grained basalt rock, carefully selected, and worked into the shape of a short, broad pestle which weighs several pounds.

Seating himself on the ground, with the board between his outstretched legs so as

MAKING POI.

to steady it, the Hawaiian swings the pestle well behind the head, often with both hands, and brings it heavily down upon one of the tubers, which is soon reduced to a pulpy, dough-like mass.

Other roots are then added, and the

mass under the stone soon grows larger and the pile of tubers as steadily diminishes.

Poi is sticky stuff, and the stone has to be dipped frequently into water while the dough is continually patted with wetted hands, and lifted from the board to prevent it from sticking.

Poi is well-made when the dough is of an even consistency throughout, and is free from lumps. This means that it must be steadily pounded for an hour or two. The dough is then firm and stiff; and it is in this condition that it is sold for consumption.

Poi is ready to be eaten after it is thinned with water to the consistency of good paste; but it is not much esteemed till after it has stood for at least twenty-four hours or more, when it begins to ferment and sour. It gets more and more palatable for several days, the slight acidity adding much to its flavor. Poi is also thought to

be more easily digested in the fermented state.

Unappreciative Europeans, not to the manner trained, are apt to describe poi as smelling and tasting like billstickers' paste. It may be so. If true, it only proves, not that poi is bad, but that we have hitherto overlooked a delicious article of food in billstickers' paste.

When it comes to the eating of the poi, there are several methods. The one that finds favor with most Europeans is to eat it with a fork or a spoon, but such is not the Hawaiian method. The native early discovered that the first two fingers of the right hand were made to eat poi with, and the primitive way is still good enough for the modern Hawaiian.

The two fingers are dipped into the sticky mess to just below the first joint, and withdrawn with a neat little flourish which wraps the paste nicely around them. If the fingers are thrust into the

mouth and withdrawn properly, the poi is all left behind.

When a native family is at dinner, the poi pot is the centre dish. Into it are dipped in turn the fingers of each member of the family, from the oldest to the youngest.

Taro poi is the real and only accepted poi among the Hawaiians, but breadfruit treated in the same manner makes an equally nice food, and by some it is even more highly esteemed.

Breadfruit-trees are not overabundant in the Hawaiian Islands, nor, I am told, are they so large or so prolific of their fine fruit as in the southern islands, where the poi is mostly made from breadfruit.

So wedded to their poi are the Hawaiians that when they can get neither taro nor breadfruit, I have seen them make a sort of poi from flour.

PROF. H. W. HENSHAW.

The Samoan Islands.

Tutuila, the latest acquisition of the United States, is one of the three most important of the Samoan Islands, which number nine, besides several uninhabitable rocky islets. These islands were little known until 1830, when native teachers from the Society Islands first landed.

On account of the numerous canoes which were seen, and the great dexterity of the natives in paddling them through the surf, the islands were called the Navigators Islands, but Samoa is the native name for the group.

As approached from the water, the islands are very beautiful. They rise up by gradual ascent inland to the height of four thousand or five thousand feet. The hills are clothed with abundant vegetation to the very summit, an effect of rich green to which the spreading foliage of the

breadfruit and picturesque stateliness of the cocoanut-trees largely contribute.

In addition to these features, picture to yourself villages situated at the foot of the hills near the shore, and canoes full of natives navigating these waters, or steering skilfully through the surf, and you will have

A VILLAGE ON THE SHORE.

a pretty good general idea of the islands as seen by the first visitors in the days of heathen Samoa.

The natives are not negroes, but are probably descended from the same stock as the people of the Malayan peninsula, some of whom, in remote times, may have

gradually drifted to these far-away islands. They are of a bright copper color, have good features and black hair. Many of the women are very pretty and graceful, and have fine, regular white teeth.

Their language is a very soft and liquid one. Not counting letters added from the English, it has only fourteen letters, five of which are vowels. A curious thing about their language is that they used to have a special dialect of respect for chiefs and strangers, which might not be used in addressing any one else, and which it was an insult to forget to use to the right parties.

The Samoans were always very cleanly of person, bathing very frequently. Mothers would take their infant children into the water on their backs, and little mites of three or four years of age would paddle about in the water without the slightest fear. The result has been that, to this day, the natives, both men and

women, are very expert in the water, and can swim and dive like fishes.

Little boys will swim about in the boiling surf, and even for amusement allow

PRETTY AND GRACEFUL.

themselves to be carried on the waves right over the reefs, with nothing but a small piece of wood to hold on to. An instance

occurred in my father's time of a woman swimming eighteen miles.

The native houses originally consisted of nothing more than several uprights supporting a roof of breadfruit wood, thatched with leaves of the sugar-cane sewn together with *sinnet* (cocoanut fibre).

The sides were open save on occasions, such as the rainy season, when the space from roof to ground was screened by sewing leaves together. To protect themselves from mosquitoes, each sleeper would form a kind of tent or bed-curtain by hanging a piece of *siapo* (native cloth) over a cross-bar, and creep underneath.

Meals were taken under this common roof, each one of the family sitting cross-legged on the ground, and having his portion before him on a leaf. A half cocoanut shell, often carved and stained, served as a drinking-cup. It is worthy of note, in this connection, that it was quite the custom for the father of the family to ask the

blessing of the gods before commencing meals, and at the same time, after the manner of the ancient Greeks, to pour out a libation of *kava* drink.

The cooking was done in a primitive but effective manner, by means of hot stones. A hole was dug, into which stones were put, and upon them a hot fire was built. So soon as the stones were thoroughly hot, the food—a whole pig perhaps, or a quantity of fruits—was put upon them with some more hot stones on top, and then the whole was covered with leaves and earth for a half-hour or more. The result was a dinner "done to a turn," and more delicious than if done in one of our ovens.

For great feasts the provision was on a most extensive scale, and for days, even weeks before, the natives would gather together fruits and pigs at a specified place in the bush. On the great day there was a mighty roast, say, of two hundred or three hundred pigs, and

vast quantities of yams, breadfruit and cocoanuts.

The feast, which might last a day or several days, always wound up with

A SAMOAN FEAST.

dancing and various other amusements. Indeed, the Samoans are very fond of amusements, and frequently engage in wrestling, boxing,—both men and women,

—canoe races, and quite a number of other games, including practice with clubs and spears.

With the spear and club they are very dexterous, and can, with unerring aim, put spear after spear into a tree at the distance of fifty or eighty paces.

One game, which is also a war drill, is for a man, armed only with a club, to stand at a distance from his comrades and let them throw spears at him, it being his part to strike off with the club each spear as it reaches him. Remembering the sure aim of those who throw, you can see that it requires much practice and wonderful quickness to ward off the spears, but they do it every time.

Their spears and clubs are made of hard woods, such as cocoanut and ironwood, and are often carved. The natives often tip their spears with ugly-looking barbed points which tear the flesh when extracted.

Canoeing is quite a part of their life, and

they make large numbers of canoes, from the simple dugout to the large war canoe holding fifty or one hundred people. The boats are all provided with outriggers, for they are too long and narrow to float without them. All the parts of the canoe are

A NATIVE HOME.

sewn together with sinnet, and the whole made water-tight with a covering of resinous gum.

A whole article might be written upon the religion and the superstitions of the Samoans. They were not worshippers of idols, although they were heathens. Their religion was a worship of spirits—spirits

without number. Each person was supposed to have a protecting deity, and each village had one also, who presided over the destinies of the inhabitants.

Their religion, with its strange ideas and elaborate mythology, is now for the most part a thing of the past. In seventy years, since the missionaries landed, the people have become fairly Christianized and civilized. They have given up their superstitions, and adopted many of the habits and customs of the white men; they live in properly built houses, and on special occasions dress in the same style.

The missionaries started schools and workshops, and taught the natives reading, writing, sewing and other useful things.

They now have self-supporting churches and schools, and contribute largely to missionary work elsewhere. Natives of Samoa have for years past been missionaries to other islands.

REV. ROBT. G. HARBUTT.

Tutuila and Manua.

By a treaty with England and Germany, in December, 1899, our republic became the owner of Tutuila, the third largest island of the Samoan group, and of four small islands lying some distance to the eastward.

For agricultural purposes the two larger Samoan islands present greater possibilities than Tutuila, but ours is by far the most valuable to us of all the islands in the South Pacific Ocean, because it contains the best harbor.

As early as 1870 an American merchant called the attention of our government to the need of a coaling-station in the Pacific, for both government vessels and our merchant marine. He reported that Pago-Pago, on the south side of Tutuila, would satisfy the requirements in every particular.

It has a spacious bay with deep water

near the shore, and is surrounded by high hills which offer perfect protection to the largest navy in the severest tornado.

When, in 1873, the seven Samoan chiefs followed the suggestion of Americans and

PAGO-PAGO.

elected Malietoa king, a portion of the harbor of Pago-Pago was set off for the use of the United States as a coaling-station.

Throughout the misrule following the rebellion of 1884, to the present time, our government kept possession of Pago-Pago.

England held a strong interest in the educational and missionary institutions of Samoa. Germany had agricultural and commercial interests in the islands. The three nations together tried to preserve the integrity of the little kingdom.

But intrigue and rebellion continued, and when it was found that the native government was not strong enough to keep the peace, it was decided to divide the kingdom, and the United States received the part that was of most use to us.

Pago-Pago harbor will always be valuable as a coaling-station. It may possibly become a commercial centre for all the groups of islands in that part of the Pacific.

It is located near the routes of the large transpacific steamers from San Francisco and Vancouver to Australia and New Zealand, and it is the only harbor on their route, except Honolulu, that those large steamers can enter.

As the products of the Pacific islands

increase under the stimulus of civilization, we may confidently expect to see a growing and thriving commercial city at Pago-Pago.

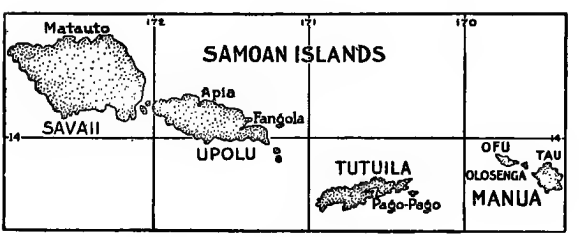
Tutuila is about seventeen miles long and five miles wide. A ridge of mountains runs the whole length of the island, with peaks rising some four thousand feet high.

The surface is so rocky that there are few cultivated fields, yet wherever there is a bit of soil it is very fertile and will bear abundant crops of every vegetable and fruit needed by man. Breadfruit, bananas, yams, taro and sweet potatoes grow freely. Cocoanuts may be gathered every day in the year.

The only export is copra, the dried fruit of the cocoanut. Preparing this, and weaving clothing and mats from the bark of the paper mulberry are the only manufactures of the people, and weaving is rapidly diminishing since the importation of cheap cotton prints.

The population of Tutuila is about four

thousand, living in some thirty villages scattered along the shores of the island and by the little streams from the mountains, where it is easy to raise their poultry and pigs, and gather their fruits and vegetables, and is convenient to catch fish in



SAMOA AND MANUA.

their waters. They are a superior branch of Polynesians, fairly well educated by missionaries, and they strictly observe the Christian Sabbath.

United States money has been the standard currency for twenty years, and American rule is welcomed by the natives. When the American officer arrived to take possession of Tutuila, the leading men of

the island met him with enthusiasm and presented him with a formal deed of cession, and at the same time assured him of their joy at coming under the Stars and Stripes.

Reports indicate that many families from the other Samoan islands have lately moved to Tutuila, because they preferred the advantages of American schools and the liberal privileges of the American government.

About seventy miles northeast of Tutuila we own the Manua group of three islands, Tau, Ofu and Olosenga, all rocky islands like Tutuila.

Tau is seven miles in diameter; the other two islands extend about a mile in the longest direction. Vegetation is luxuriant on every inch of soil and in the crevices of the rocks.

The population is nearly a thousand well-educated Christian people, who boast that they have always been independent in

government and rejoice to be called Americans.

When they heard of the voluntary cession of Tutuila, their chiefs begged the privilege of making a similar cession of Manua. Their allegiance was accepted, and with imposing ceremonies; the American flag was raised in the presence of the United States officers and a great multitude of natives.

Rose Island, the smallest of our Samoan possessions, is about ninety miles southeast of Tau. It is a mile in diameter, and its highest point is only about fifty feet above the sea, so that in the severest storms waves must dash over most of the island; yet there are indications that formerly it was covered with vegetation.

Guam.

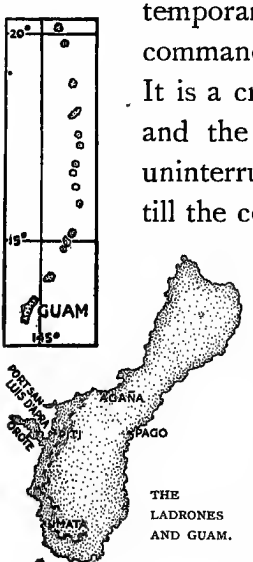
The first American military expedition to the Philippine Islands stopped on the way June 20, 1898, to take possession of Guam, the southernmost and largest of the Ladrone Islands.

This act was a war measure to provide a safe harbor between Honolulu and Manila for a coaling-station, or for temporary repairs if needed by our transports on the way to Manila.

Guam is so far from ordinary communication with the continents that when the Americans arrived, the governor had not heard of the war, and supposed the guns were fired as a salute.

The governor surrendered the whole chain of fifteen islands, but our government at the Treaty of Paris gave back all but Guam to Spain, who promptly disposed of them to Germany.

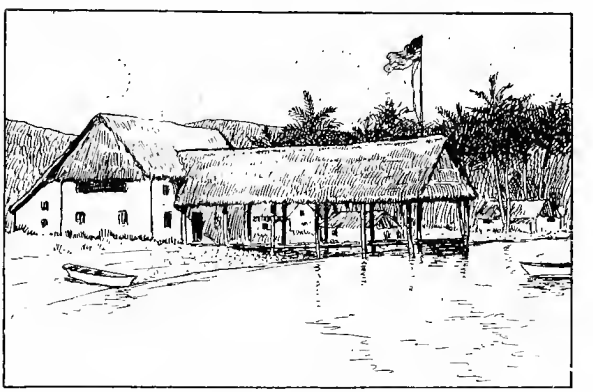
The Governor of the Ladrones and all his Spanish garrison were taken prisoners of war and carried to Manila. An American citizen living on the island was made temporary governor, and put in command of the native guard. It is a credit to both this man and the people of Guam that uninterrupted peace prevailed till the coming of the Americans to take formal possession in February, 1899.



THE LADRONES AND GUAM.

In July of the same year, Capt. Richard P. Leary of the United States cruiser *Yosemite* arrived as governor, and proceeded to establish a permanent civil government, under the Navy Department of the United States. His garrison was formed of marines, and the *Yosemite* served as protection to the port.

Guam is about twenty-six miles long and about five miles wide across the centre, the narrowest part; it widens toward each end. The capital, Agaña, is midway along the northwestern side, and seven



LANDING-PLACE AT PITI.

miles farther west is Piti, the landing-place of Port San Luis de Apra, one of the best insular harbors of the Pacific.

Under Governor Leary the bay has been surveyed and charted, so that its narrow entrance is safe for vessels of all sizes, although the water shoals near the shore,

so that landing must be made in small boats.

Guam is greatly favored in climate and soil. Nearly every fruit and vegetable needed by man grows on the island, and vegetation on the hills is very dense. Near Agaña is the central valley, in which rice, taro, sugar-cane, bananas, cocoanuts and other tropical fruits and vegetables grow.

To the north extends a plateau, bearing coffee and all subtropical and temperate zone vegetables. These same products, together with valuable woods, grow in the southern portion. Along its western side extends a high ridge of hills, at some places rising abruptly from the sea.

The only export under Spanish rule was copra, and that went in trade to Japan. Now that the steam sawmill has been set up, we may expect a sale of colored woods, and later an export of a very choice coffee, and possibly sugar and rice.

Heretofore there has been no induce-

ment to raise crops or manufacture anything beyond the family necessities. Almost everybody owns land, and lives happily in raising his own pigs and poultry, and all the fruit and vegetables needed for his family. His home is in one of the picturesque little villages along the shore, embowered in palms and profuse shrubbery.

A NIPA HUT.

The usual dwelling is the Nipa hut with bamboo walls. Some more ambitious families will build of hand-made planks, and a few wealthy families have houses made like their small churches, of the soft limestone of the island. The finest house of all is the governor's palace at Agaña, which was made to include the post-office and police headquarters.

The uniform climate, having a temper-

ature within eighty to eighty-four degrees throughout the year, with a constant breeze, and a great abundance of food of every variety have developed a superior branch

AN EASY LIFE.

of the Malay race. They welcome visitors and have been quick to respond to the influence of civilization.

They are a happy people, and enjoy the amusements of holidays. Among their sports cock-fighting has become almost a

passion. The people are naturally neat; their scanty clothing permits frequent bathing. The men usually dress in shirt and trousers, with the former outside, and often omitted when at work.

The women's dress consists of a white jacket with low neck and loose, short sleeves and a cotton skirt of bright colors. On "dress occasions," or among the wealthy, the jacket is embroidered, in some cases to the extent of making it a very costly garment. Heelless slippers of bright colors are worn, but in ordinary life almost everybody goes barefooted.

There is a schoolhouse in nearly every village, and a large portion of the people can read and write in their own language, and many, especially the half-breeds, understand some Spanish and English. The latter they learned in past years from American traders and whalers.

The latest and greatest improvements have been made by the establishment of

American schools, and the introduction of American machines and agricultural implements. The people take readily to instruction in manual labor, and the patriotic songs of America fascinate them. In nearly every home at least one member of the family can play a musical instrument of some kind.

With the little government entirely free from politics, as it will naturally be under the Navy Department, we may confidently expect Guam to become a model colony.

The Midway Islands.

For a thousand miles or more beyond Hawaii toward Japan extends a shoal which occasionally touches the surface in a reef or little island. At the western end of this irregular shoal are three islands, formerly called Brooks Islands, in honor of the American discoverer, and now known as the Midway Islands.

The smallest is a mere sandy spit, over which the waves dash in storms. The other two islands are each four or five miles long and about a mile wide.

There is no indication that these islands were ever inhabited, but the soil is good, and there is an abundance of sweet water, so that quite a large colony could subsist on the tropical fruits that might be raised, and the abundant fish and turtle that abound in the lagoons and waters surrounding these islands.

The possible value of the Midway Islands lies in their convenience for a relay-station of a future Pacific cable and for a coaling-station, since they are on the direct route from Honolulu to Yokohama. There is a fine and safe harbor for vessels no larger than colliers, and outside the harbor, in the road-stead, there is good anchorage for the largest steamers, offering all necessary facilities for recoaling in fair weather.

Captain Brooks discovered the islands in 1859. The American government took formal possession August 28, 1867, and raised the Stars and Stripes on the highest point. In the past few years the islands have been more thoroughly examined, with a view of establishing a permanent station for coaling and for a future Pacific cable.

One of the Midway Islands visited by the United States expedition making surveys for the Pacific cable is described as inhabited by an almost incredible number of

sea-birds. Upon fully one-half the surface of the island the sand was literally covered with them, and the noise of the winged host astonished the visitors. A few land-birds were noticed here and there among them.

The Midway albatross refused to retreat before the invader, and bravely faced the foe. But it is none the braver since it is now American, for the albatross on other islands of the Pacific has so little fear of man that it will scarcely move aside to let the egg-hunters plunder its nest.

A neighboring island from which newly laid eggs may be taken every day would be appreciated by a colony at an isolated cable-office or coaling-station.

Wake Island.

Commander Taussig of the gunboat *Bennington*, on his way from Honolulu to Guam in February, 1899, stopped at Wake Island, and took formal possession of it in the name of the United States.

A boat's crew was sent ashore, a flagstaff was erected, and the American flag was hoisted. A brass plate was fastened to the flagstaff to record the date of the ceremony and its meaning.

This little bit of uninhabited territory in the Pacific lies very near the route from Honolulu to Guam and the Philippines, and we are therefore naturally interested in it.

The claim of the United States to this island is based on original discovery in the year 1796 by Captain Wake, who gave his name to the island. It was also visited by a United States exploring expedition and

officially described to the government together with other islands of the Pacific.

Wake Island is of coral formation and is about four miles long and two miles wide. It is of so slight elevation that in severest storms the spray of the waves may possibly be driven all over it. This may account for the fact that there are no large trees on the island, but only shrubs and low vegetation, with an entire lack of fresh water.

As Wake Island is nearly in a direct line from Hawaii to the Philippines, it would be a good location for a cable-station. Its lack of harbor and lack of food and water for man, however, would make it a very lonely dwelling-place.

Yet it is possible to make it habitable. An enbankment could be made far enough from the water's edge to protect all the land within, and an abundance of food could be raised on even a small area.

Rain-water in abundance could be obtained from roofs and catch-basins, and

stored in cisterns, as is the custom in Bermuda. The neighboring waters abound in fish.

Doubtless, if our government ever establishes a cable-station at Wake Island, which is not at all improbable, American ingenuity will invent some means of making the place habitable, not only for the cablemen, but for some neighbors.

The Guano Islands.

In August, 1856, Congress authorized and encouraged American citizens to discover and occupy any unclaimed islands containing guano, wherever they might be found.

In a few years following the United States took authority over about seventy small islands, some of them mere reefs, which had apparently been the undisturbed homes of multitudes of water-fowl for countless ages.

At that time the idea of territorial expansion did not prevail in this country, and the government did not pretend to claim permanent ownership. It merely protected the American citizen or company in the business of removing guano from these islands.

They are called bonded islands because the men or companies operating them gave

bonds to comply with the provisions made by our government concerning their business and its relation to other nations, and to relinquish all claims to the land after they had removed the guano.

About a dozen of the Guano Islands are in the Caribbean Sea, and some fifty or more are in the Pacific Ocean, scattered from eight degrees north of the equator to twelve degrees south, and from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-eight degrees west longitude.

A very few lie outside these limits, as guano accumulates only on small uninhabited islands in the comparatively rainless regions near the equator, where the birds have been undisturbed in raising their young through the centuries.

In regions of great rainfall the heavy showers would be pitiless to the young birds, and the floods would every year wash off the guano deposits.

When the islands were first bonded the

guano sold at a very high price as a fertilizer, but since the immense beds of phosphates have been discovered in our Southern States, the demand for guano has so decreased that shipments are no longer very profitable.

At least one of the islands in the Caribbean Sea has been sold to Venezuela, and several of the Pacific islands lying near the British possessions of the Phœnix Islands have been given to England, and other small islands have been abandoned.

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