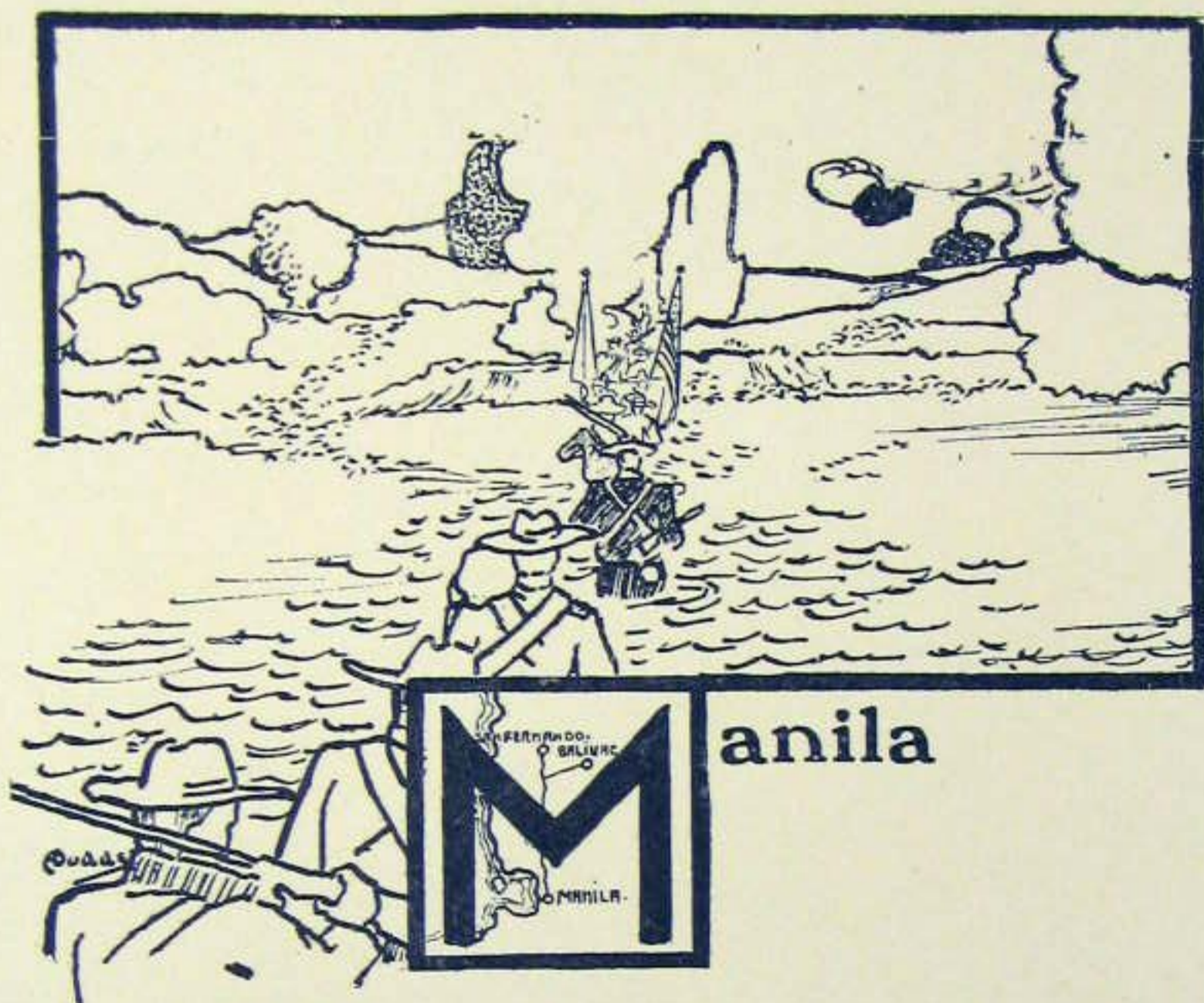


SAN FRANCISCO RESTAURANT—BALIUAG

MANILA



IN 1899 America was looking with anxious interest toward the Philippines. Admiral Dewey, his work accomplished, had left Manila; General Otis, as military governor, was in command; the Filipinos under Aguinaldo were successfully defending themselves, and all the American forces were confined to the immediate surroundings of Manila and to a thin wedge of country bordering the railway that leads northward from the capital. This being the situation, it would appear that little inducement was offered to the traveler to direct his steps toward the Far Eastern archipelago that fate had assigned to Uncle Sam. But Manila itself was accessible, and the situation, political and military, presented picturesque aspects that appealed even to the globe-trotter intent only upon what is called in the East a "Look See."

It takes three days to cross the China Sea from Hongkong to Manila. Our steamer is the famous "Esmeralda," grown old in this service. Our traveling companions are white folk, black folk, brown folk, yellow folk, and sundry other individuals variously "complected."



HONGKONG

The voyage begins gaily enough; a lovely night, big tables spread on deck, all hands hungry. But once outside the harbor, the winds begin to howl and the sea rises. Diners one by one forsake the tables and retire to bunks which are so stuffy that those who are not already helpless pre-empt sleeping-places on the upper deck. I slept upon a pile of life-rafts, my companions in cots and long-chairs of



DEWEY AT THE LANDING

bamboo. The first day out was the hottest and the wettest I have ever lived through ; shower after shower of tropic fury came in half-hourly succession, and each one stayed with us for a full hour, so, as it were, the showers overlapped. Thus we accumulated downpours until the decks ran deep and the canvas awning leaked copious streams. A miserable, sticky, lazy, hopeless day ! The second day is fair and calm, a rare



NIGHTMARE?

day in these troubled waters. Few of us have energy enough to dress ; we open and shut unread books, and after a day of utter idleness closed by a gorgeous sunset, after a glimpse of the peaks of Northern Luzon, we again make our beds on deck,—men, women, and children in pajamas and kimonos,—and sleep like patients in a hospital ward. Terrific rain- and thunder-storms break the monotony of the night. We wrap ourselves in mackintoshes, roll up our bedding, and sit upon it

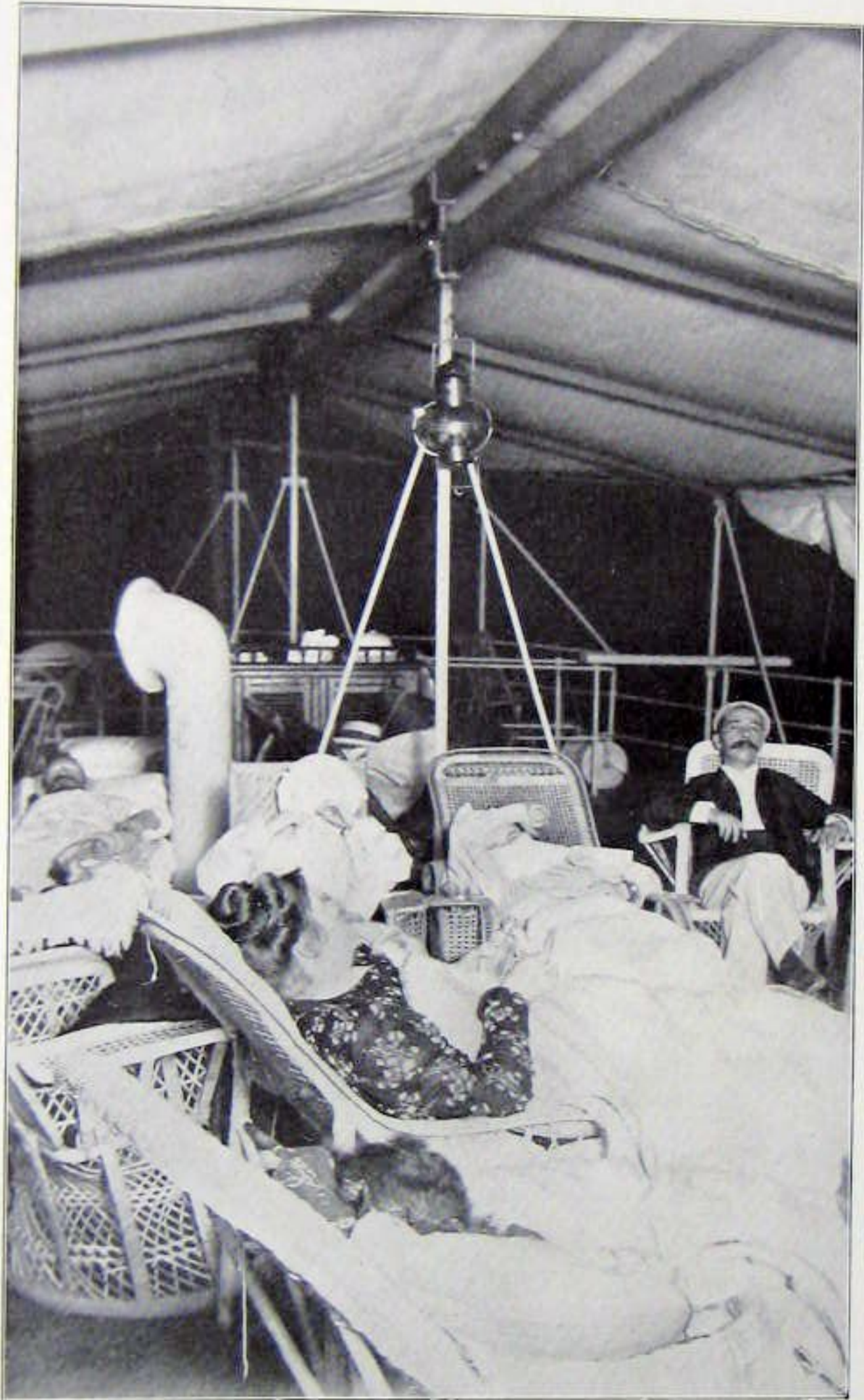
to keep it dry till the awning ceases to leak ; then we lie down again until another downpour forces us to repeat the operation. And when finally we wake at 5 A. M., we discover that we have already passed the island of Corregidor — that we are already in Manila Bay. There in the distance the long low line of the Filipino capital is cut against the misty morning sky. The Bay is very vast, Corregidor is almost thirty miles behind us and quite invisible. Cavité is indicated by a thin white line, so faint that it is scarcely



MANILA FROM THE BAY

seen, while the encircling shore, except that immediately adjacent to Manila, is lost in distance. It is only on the clearest days that Manila Bay appears to be a landlocked sheet of water ; it usually resembles the open sea, and frequently the roughness of its waves makes the resemblance unpleasantly remarkable. All hands are eager to put ashore.

But the health officer orders us into quarantine because we come from Hongkong, where the plague is raging. And so for three long days we are to frizzle on the crowded ship, at anchor in a tropic harbor, under a tropic sun. And the



NIGHT ON THE CHINA SEA

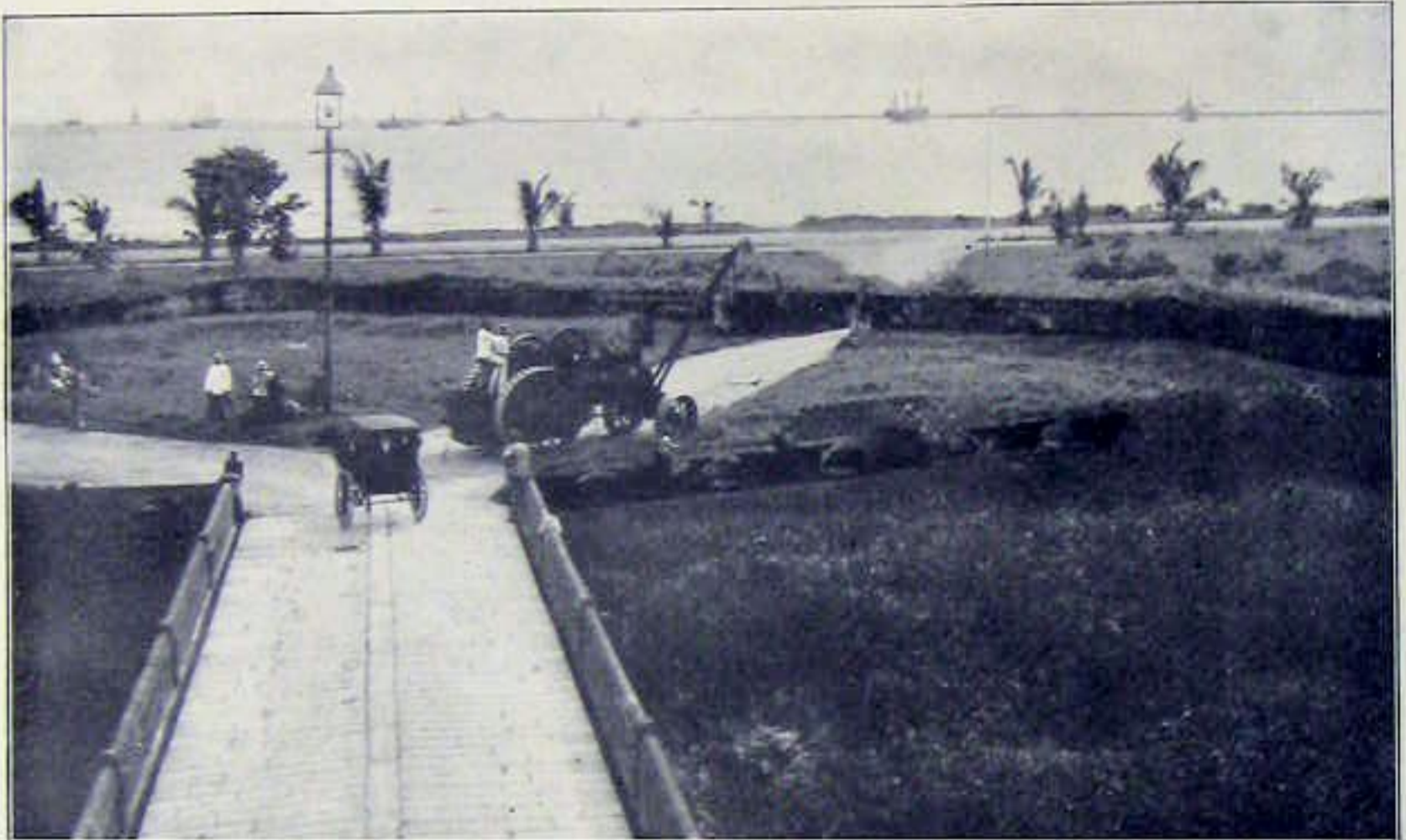
passengers who have donned fresh white suits and made themselves look unrecognizably respectable, relapse into their former limp and helpless manner and give up trying to keep their clothes clean. The mail is fumigated and taken ashore by American officers. While we sit growling at the breakfast table, we hear a big faint roar, and rushing out on deck, we see the ships of the American squadron far away in Bacoor Bay, shelling the insurgents on the shore. They say our land forces are also engaged, and all the morning we sit



MANILA HARBOR

calmly on the deck, watching the bursts of smoke, and timing the big shots from the Monitors. It is a terrific spectacle, made unreal and vague by the long miles of space between us and the warships. From nine until eleven, and again from one until three o'clock, the guns thunder. We can see the "Monadnock" belch forth a cloud of smoke; then after twenty-one seconds comes the deep report; meanwhile, somewhere on the shore, a column of white smoke rises like a sudden geyser eruption and then fades away. Hundreds of lesser shells are seen bursting thus, ten or a dozen white columns being simultaneously visible. At five o'clock heavy

volley fire is heard. No smoke is seen, but the long drum-like rolls, merging into one another, seem more awful, more suggestive of death than the picturesque rain of shells which preceded them. We learn that seventy-five men were



MANILA BAY

wounded in the course of the day. We are astounded to find the fighting line so near the city ; for men are killing one another there, not eight miles from the gates of Old Manila, and this after a six-months' pursuit of an enemy whom we, contemptuous white men, have pretended to despise.

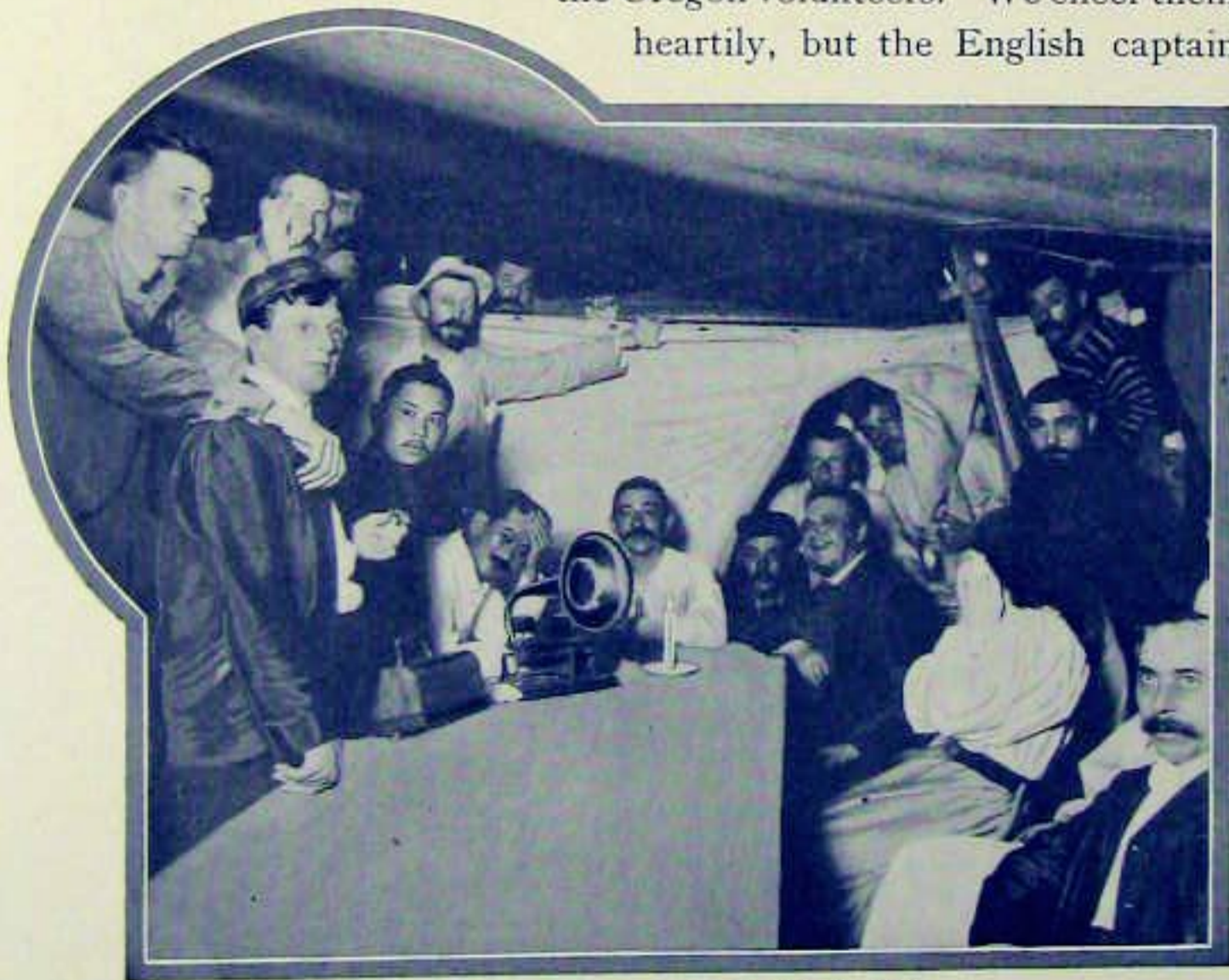
For three days and nights we are confined on board our steamer, which we call the "Pest Ship."

Yet we are not nearly so miserable as our situation would appear to warrant. We have met the fact of quarantine with a cheerful, perspiring resignation, and we find consolation in voracious eating. All of us have high-sea appetites ; of course there is no suspicion of sea-sickness, for the bay is glassy in its torrid calm.

Even the most trivial incidents cause a stir. If a man falls asleep and snores, it interests and delights everybody. If a steam-launch passes, all eyes are fixed on her.

A Filipino passenger produces a phonograph, and every evening all hands crowd around the mouth of the machine and listen ecstatically to the French songs and American marches that are ground out by the instrument. The group is a motley one—Spanish friars, Filipinos, half-castes, American fortune-seekers, British business men, Chinese sailors, stewards and coolies, and two young women from Argentina,—all hanging upon the shrill notes of the talking-machine.

There are many other things to interest us. All night we see the search-lights on the distant men-of-war, wigwagging signals to Manila, while little launches silently patrol the bay. On the second day we witness the sailing of the transports of the Oregon volunteers. We cheer them heartily, but the English captain



DISTRACTIONS FOR THE QUARANTINED

of our steamer does not order a salute as our big ships glide by, whereupon a stout American lady, with a patriotic fervor worthy of Barbara Frietchie herself looses the halyards and dips the British ensign repeatedly, while the captain and the crew look on in stark and speechless horror.



THE PASIG RIVER

The third day comes with the same rosy sunrise, the fresh coolness of morning, and the new thought, "To-day we go ashore — perhaps." The doctor is on board examining the Chinese steerage. Then all cabin passengers are ordered to line up on deck, men port side, women starboard. There we stand, most of us in pajamas or kimonos, with bare or slippered feet, unbrushed hair, and smiles of hope. We are



TIFFIN WITH GENERAL OTISS'S STAFF

merely counted to make sure that no plague-stricken body had been surreptitiously chucked overboard. Convinced of this, the handsome young M. D. declares quarantine off. We give a howl of joy, dress, pack, and then sit on our piled-up bundles, and wait an hour for the customs-officer. At last he comes, one lone young volunteer, wearing a khaki uniform and a dejected expression. He looks into our kit and says, in a discouraged tone: "All right, you can take your hand-baggage ashore." Joyful confusion ensues.

Just as I am congratulating myself that my troubles are now ended, a new trouble comes up the gangway, in the person of the immigration-officer, a courteous young fellow who finds that three Chinese have no passports and therefore



GENERAL OTIS'S VILLA ON THE PASIG

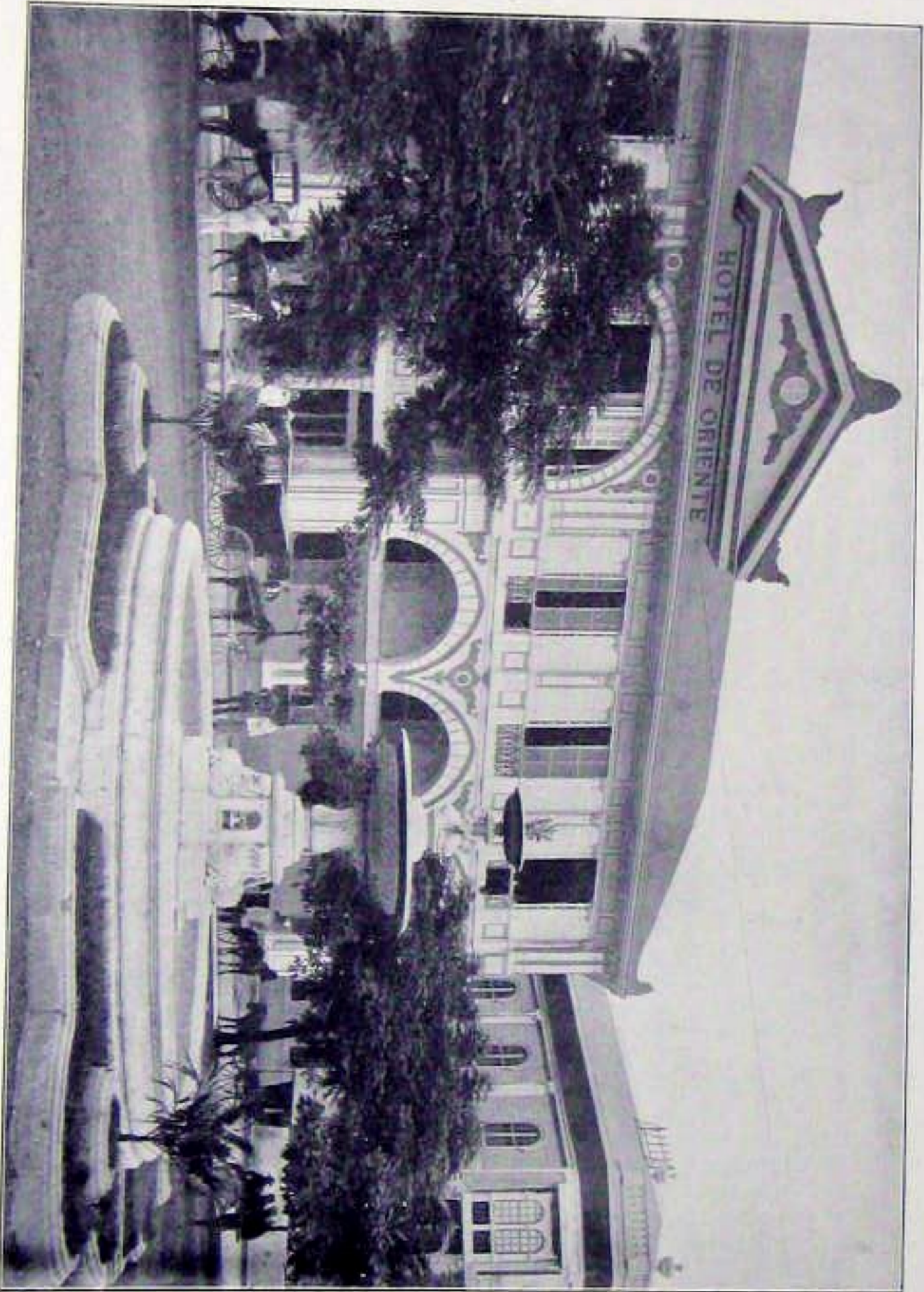
cannot land. "But my boy has the consul's consent to accompany me. The Steamship Company assured me that no further papers were required except an order from Mr. Wildman, to authorize them to issue a ticket to Ah Kee." This is my confident protest. But the officer is obstinate, though he promises to try to arrange matters with the captain of the port if I will leave Ah Kee on board until I hear



MANILA DEFENSES

from the shore authorities. Ten minutes later temptation follows trouble. The captain tells me there has been a mistake in the count-up; Ah Kee did not line up and was not counted in; the three Chinese who have no passports are confined in the hold; the letter of the regulations is not violated, therefore I may take Ah Kee away, say nothing, and all will be well. I assure the captain that I don't wish to get him or myself into trouble.

"No fear, go ahead"; and go ahead I do.



THE ORIENTE

The passengers are crowding into a steam-launch. I charter a small Filipino "boté" with three native paddlers, embark my thirteen pieces of baggage, and push off from the "Pest Ship." My craft is long and narrow, with a low-arched mat roof, under which we crouch. We are already far from the ship before the thought takes hold of me: "Suppose these boatmen are insurgents? There is the rebel shore to the right; suppose they paddle over that way and deliver me to the enemy?"



AFTER TIFFIN

But no treacherous designs are entertained by my perspiring crew, who land us loyally near the Custom House on the right bank of the Pasig River, where we step across the threshold of our new possessions. The baggage and the contraband "boy" are slipped into town without the slightest difficulty. But Uncle Sam was not outwitted, as subsequent events proved, for Ah Kee was discovered — sent back to the ship and remained in duress on the "Esmeralda" to await

reshipment to Hongkong, until released by personal order of General Otis, who assured me that if Ah Kee was, as I stated, invaluable to me as an assistant in my pictorial work, the Government could not and would not bar him out. "Tell the Captain of the Port to release the 'Chinese artist' on the 'Esmeralda'!" A special launch is sent out for Ah Kee, who returns to Manila in triumph, wearing a smile so wide that he has to tilt it up to permit the tender to come alongside the pier.

"What did the captain say to you, Ah Kee, when he saw that you had been caught, and that he was subject to a fine?" I ask. "Oh tellible thlings, he talkee,— 'go down,' puttee me black holee!"



THE "BEST" HOTEL IN MANILA

The best hotel in town is the Hotel de Oriente, but it is not admiration for that hostelry that impels me to write words which may be construed as words of praise. In hotel matters the superlative means nothing in Manila; the situation is completely hopeless. True, the structure is imposing, spacious, airy, and



A FILIPINO WINDOW

suggestive of coolness, comfort, and good cheer; but these are vain suggestions. The table at this and every other place of public entertainment in Manila is impossible. True, the breakfast menu is rich in printed promises; each dish is numbered to facilitate the task of giving orders to the Chinese waiters; there are eight numbers. Let me run the gastronomic octave:—

1. PORRIDGE

Watery gruel. We pass.

2. BEEFSTEAK

Oriental beefsteak. We pass again; but the subsequent items, despite a suggestion of monotony, seem to offer grounds for hope.

3. BOILED EGGS

4. SCRAMBLED EGGS

5. POACHED EGGS

6. OMELETTES

7. HAM AND EGGS

8. EGGS AND BACON

What more do you require? Very good; let us order No. 6. "Boy, catchee me one piecee number six," is the command. The yellow garçon smiles a sad, cruel smile, and answers, "No have got eggs!" We are unfortunate in arriving just after the hotel has been taken over from the Spaniards by an English company. Prices have gone up, and the service has gone all to pieces. Chinese boys replace the Filipino waiters. The Spanish cuisine, good of its garlicky kind, has given place to a sort of emergency galley in charge of ignorant Celestials, and the only attempts at reorganization are confined to swearings, long and loud, on the part of the distracted manager. But as he swore in a new,



A FILIPINO BED

unfamiliar language, his words were lost upon the servants, while the guests received the full force of his utterances. I paid ten dollars (Mexican) per day for the privilege of eating my own canned goods in the dining-room, and occupying a huge apartment overlooking the square. The house is spacious if not elegant: halls wide as streets, long stairways at a gentle incline, ceilings distant as skies, and rooms as big as dormitories. The floor and walls and ceiling are of wood,—no plaster could resist the dampness of the rainy season. Everywhere there is the smell of kerosene, with which the floors are rubbed to make them unpopular as parade-grounds for the armies of ants that otherwise would overrun them. Wherever kerosene has not been used, the insect regiments maneuver. The window-sill is a busy thoroughfare; on close inspection it resembles a miniature London Bridge on a



A "SLEEPING-MACHINE" PREPARED FOR SIEGE

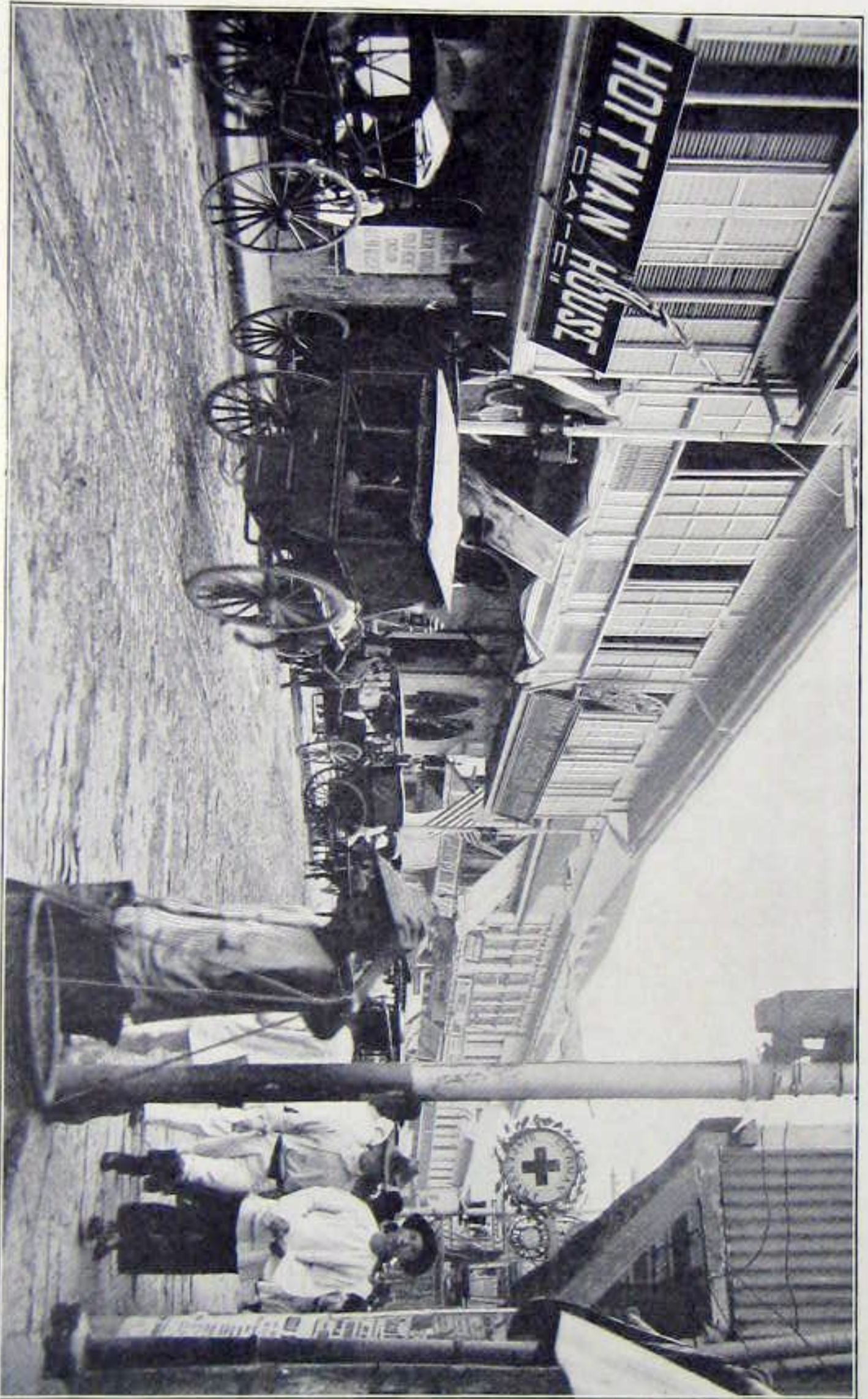
busy day. There is no lack of ventilation, for the side of the room facing the street can be thrown entirely open. The Filipino bed has been unjustly ridiculed and maligned; it has been called an instrument of torture, a rack, an inspirer of insomnia. It is none of these. It is a "sleeping machine," perfectly adapted to

local conditions,—a bed evolved by centuries of experience in a moist, hot, insect-ridden tropic land, and from the artistic point of view it is not unattractive. Its peculiarity consists in the absence of slats, springs, mattress, and blankets. In place of these there is a taut expanse of rattan, as if the bed were a gigantic cane-seat chair; on this a bamboo mat is laid, on this a single sheet. There is, of course, a pillow, very hard, but cool, and an unfamiliar object like an abbreviated bolster,



A FILIPINO SHOP

called a "Dutch Wife," which originated in the Dutch East Indies. The bed is fortified with an elaborate mosquito-netting, dense enough to keep out the tiniest gnats, and at the same time strong enough to resist the onslaught of the flying cockroaches. The Manila insects of that name deserve a bigger name; they seem not insects, but athletic creatures, partaking of the nature of three classes,—the crustacean, the rodent, and the raptore, —an unhappy combination of lobster, rat, and vulture. By day they crawl on walls and



THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARE

tables, startling the stranger with their formidable aspect. At night after candles are extinguished, they begin aërial festivities. As they charge through the darkness from wall to wall, with a whizz and whirr, we seem to see the ride of the valkyries and hear their long Wagnerian shriek. He is indeed a tired traveler who can sleep during his first night in Manila. The close heat of the evening, the presence of strange neighbors, and the fact that he is lying on what feels

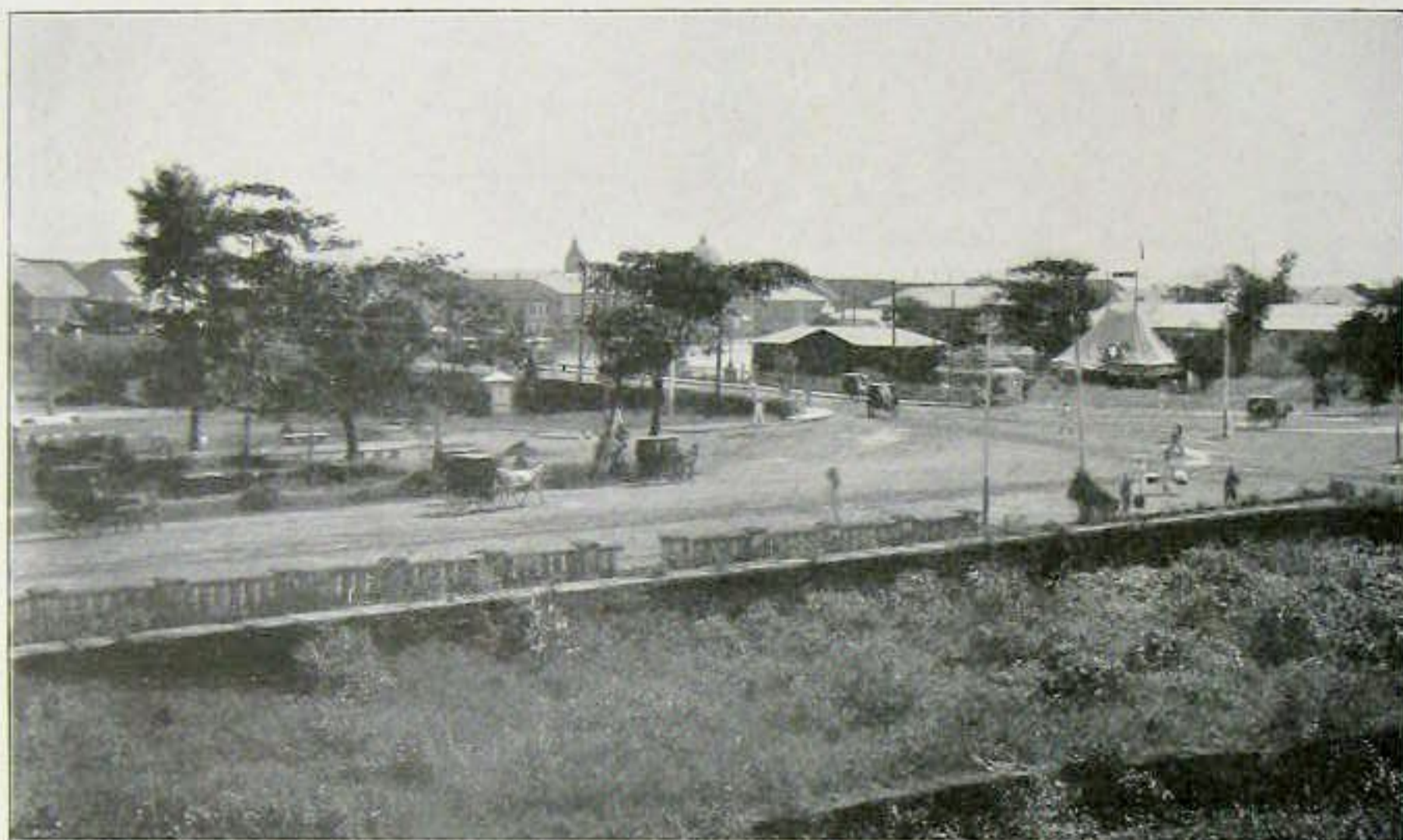


SAN SEBASTIAN

like a tightly drawn drumhead keep him awake until the sun streams into his big bare room and drives him out into the cooler streets.

Of course, he goes first to the Escolta ; in fact, no matter where he wants to go, he usually passes through this thoroughfare, the busiest, most interesting street in all Manila. It is the main artery of the newer quarter called Binondo, the commercial district ; the old Walled City, with its palaces and monasteries, is across the river. A splendid bridge of

many arches spans the river, connecting the animated modern quarter with the sleepy medieval town called "Intra Muros," or "within the walls." Tram-cars traverse the Escolta, and then wind on their halting way through the suburb of San



FROM THE RAMPARTS

Sebastian, past the graceful church of the same name, which is one of the curiosities of Manila. It is made entirely of metal; it was "made in Germany," set up there first to be examined and approved by the Filipino purchasers; then it was taken apart, shipped to the Orient, and re-erected in Manila. It looks, however, like an edifice of solid stone.

In Spanish days the tram-cars, invariably crowded, were drawn by a single miserable pony; but our people decided that such a system should not flourish in the shadow of our humanizing institutions.

The governor accordingly compelled the English tramway company to hitch two ponies to each car. Even the pair proved inadequate, whereupon the people took a hand,

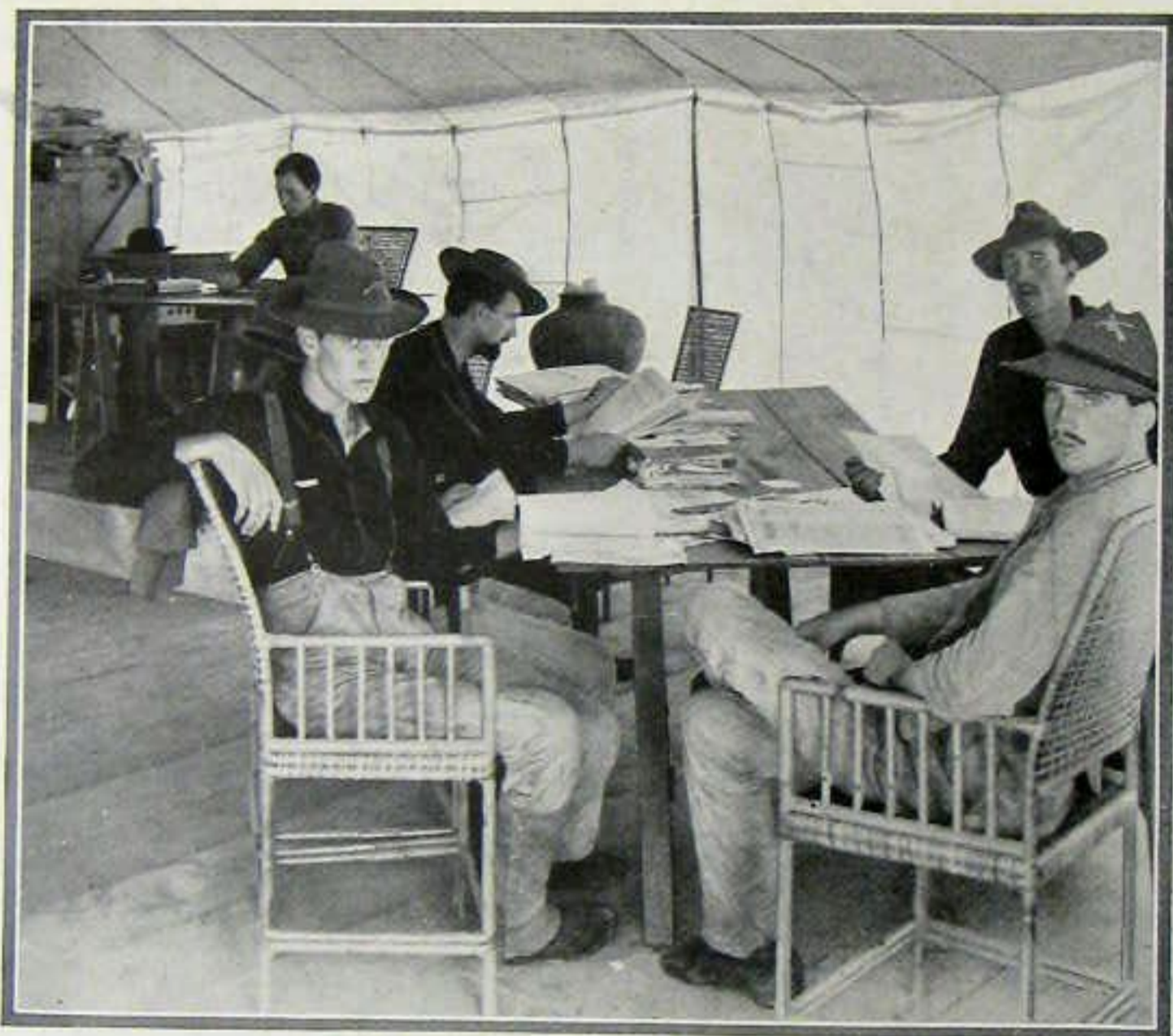
as witnessed by an incident, which is, I think, unique in the history of city railway companies. On the Fourth of July a crowded car was on its way to the Luneta. The two little brutes attached could barely crawl,—one of them was upon the point of dropping from exhaustion. The passengers, among them many of our soldiers, held a brief consultation, and decided on a course of action. They turned the two poor creatures loose in the neglected Botanical Garden, and then put shoulders to the horseless car, and pushed it with its load of women and children and a few lazy men to the scene of the celebration, three quarters of a mile away.

The Escolta is rapidly assuming an American complexion. If you believe in *signs*, you may, without the least difficulty,



EARLY IN THE FIELD

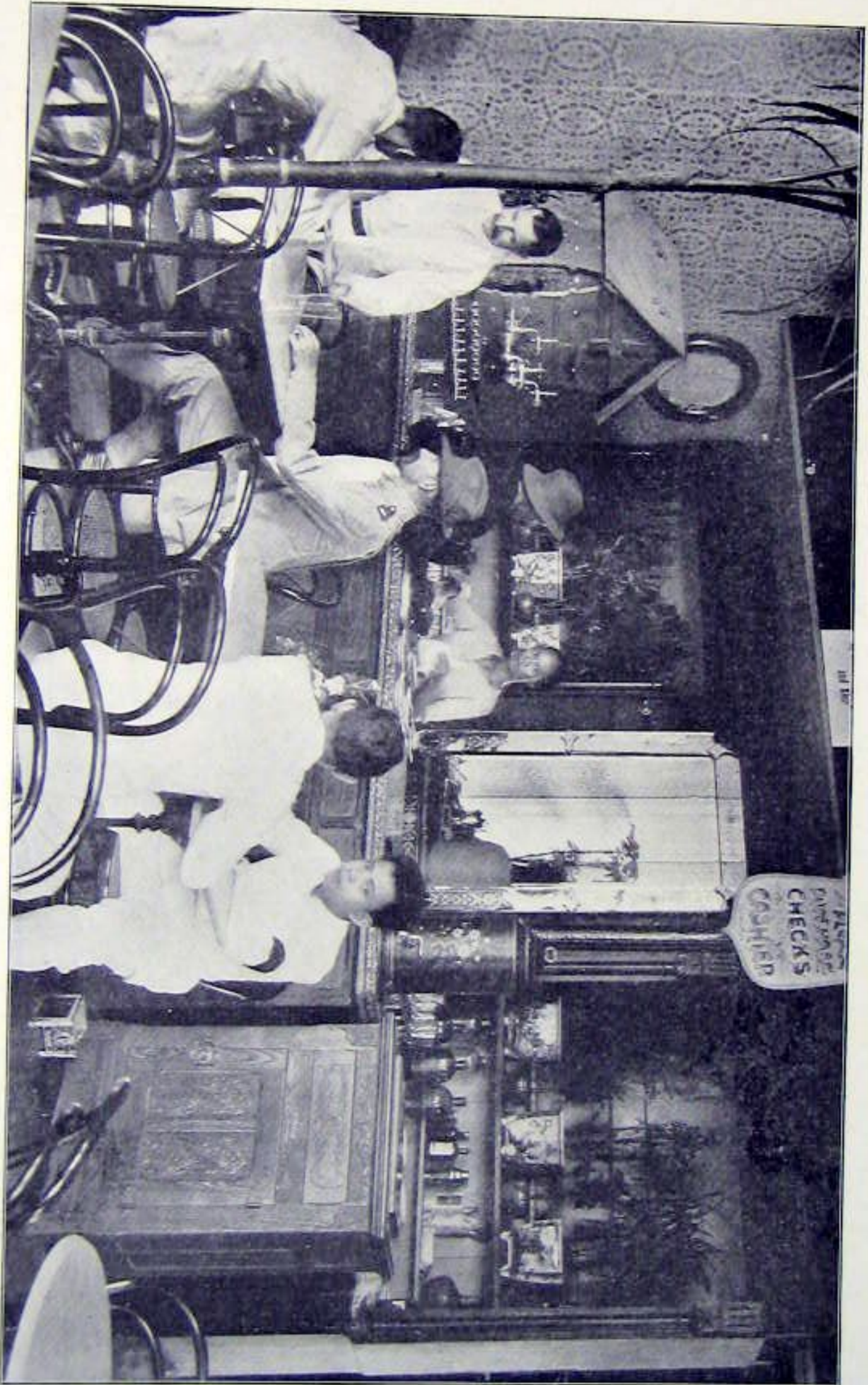
imagine that you are in one of our cities. The tide of street life runs much higher than in the days before the war ; new currents are flowing through the narrow thoroughfares ; even the natives seem to have caught the restless spirit of the conquerors, for they step out more briskly than they did. The old-time ferries ply more swiftly across the slow canal,



YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

and when they touch the quay, the passengers "step lively," as if at the command of a conductor on the "L."

There is a "hot time" in Manila every day from 11 A. M. until 4 P. M., and this accounts for the immediate success achieved by the first American ice-cream soda-water fountain erected in the Philippines. What if there is no milk or cream to be had? The so-called "ice-cream" here has at least one virtue,—it is cold ; and what if the fountain frequently fails to fizz and the syrups sour early in the day?



SOFT DRINKS

There is a grateful reminder of home in the familiar printed signs concerning checks and phosphates. Among the local restaurants there is at least one that *looks* attractive. Although the cooking at the Café de Paris is an insult to the name of the establishment, it is pleasant to lunch or dine on the broad balcony, above the Pasig River, near the busy Bridge of Spain. A table d'hôte is served at a very modest price, \$1.00 Mexican or one half-dollar gold. The wines are



TIFFIN

cheap, and none too good ; but beer is plentiful and costs no more than in America. In fact, the importation of American beer has been the most profitable business in Manila since our first twenty thousand thirsty soldiers came to town.

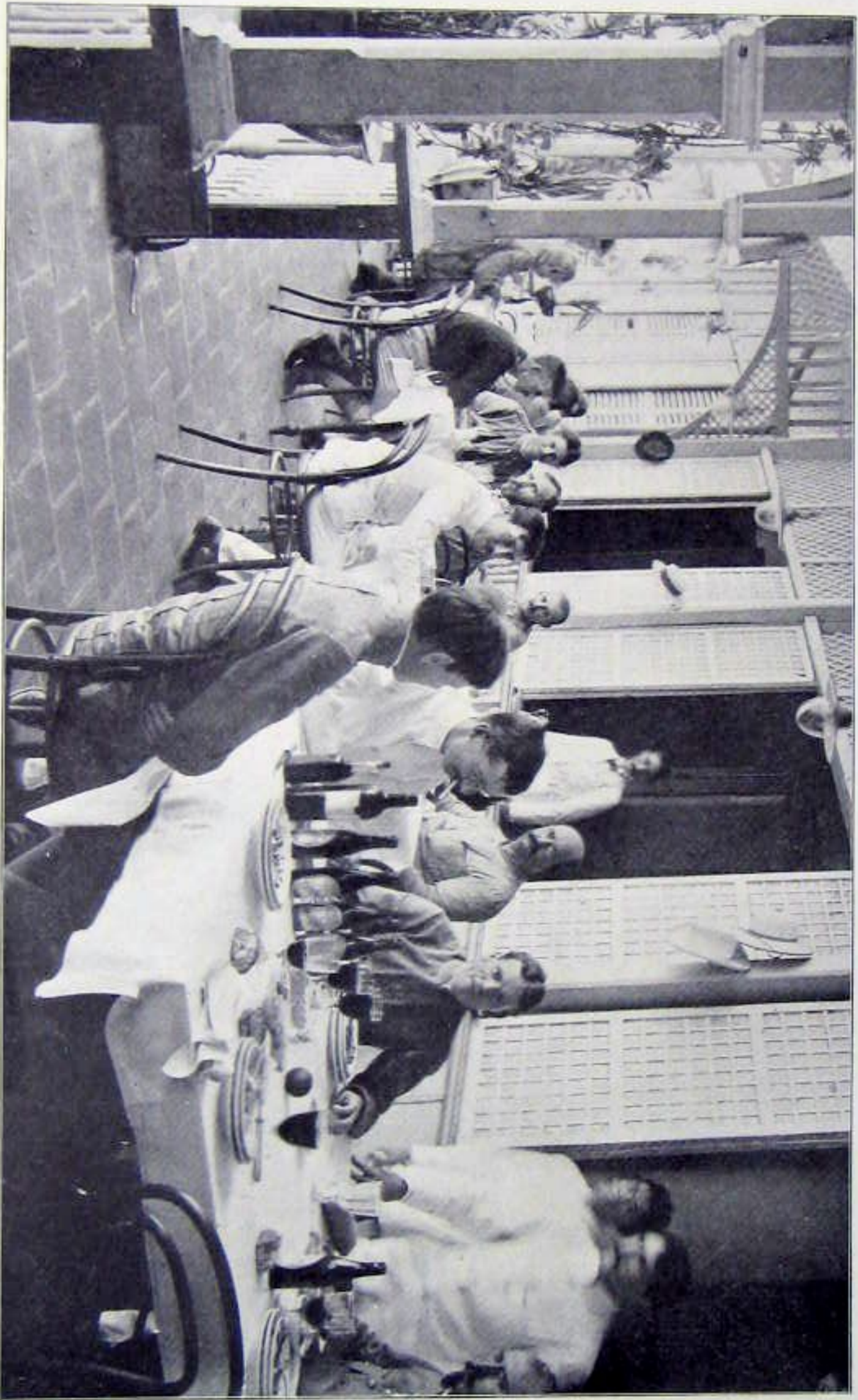
Campaigning in summer within fifteen degrees of the equator and a long way east of Suez enables men to cultivate a thirst on which a hundred breweries can thrive. Still, it must be said, in justice to our soldiers, that no grog whatever is permitted at the front where the majority of our tired boys



FERRIES

are facing terrible hardships ; while in Manila, where there is no restraint, I was surprised to see so few intoxicated men in the saloons. Unfortunately, one happy soldier celebrating a brief leave of absence is more conspicuous than a regiment of sober men.

Three days at the hotel brought me to the verge of melancholia and starvation. My canned goods had run out, and my spirits were fast following when a friend from far-away Chicago insisted on moving me, bag, baggage, and Chinese boy, from the Hotel de Oriente to the best house in the Calle Nozaleda, literally from "Oriente" to "Occidente," from the discomforts of a barnlike caravansary to the comforts of a cosy home and the companionship of a delightful family. There is an atmosphere of home intensely grateful to one who had begun to feel a sense of isolation and of exile. In this congenial corner of comfortless Manila, I passed the busy weeks of June and July. We did not suffer from the heat. In a typical Manila dwelling



THE CAFÉ DE PARIS

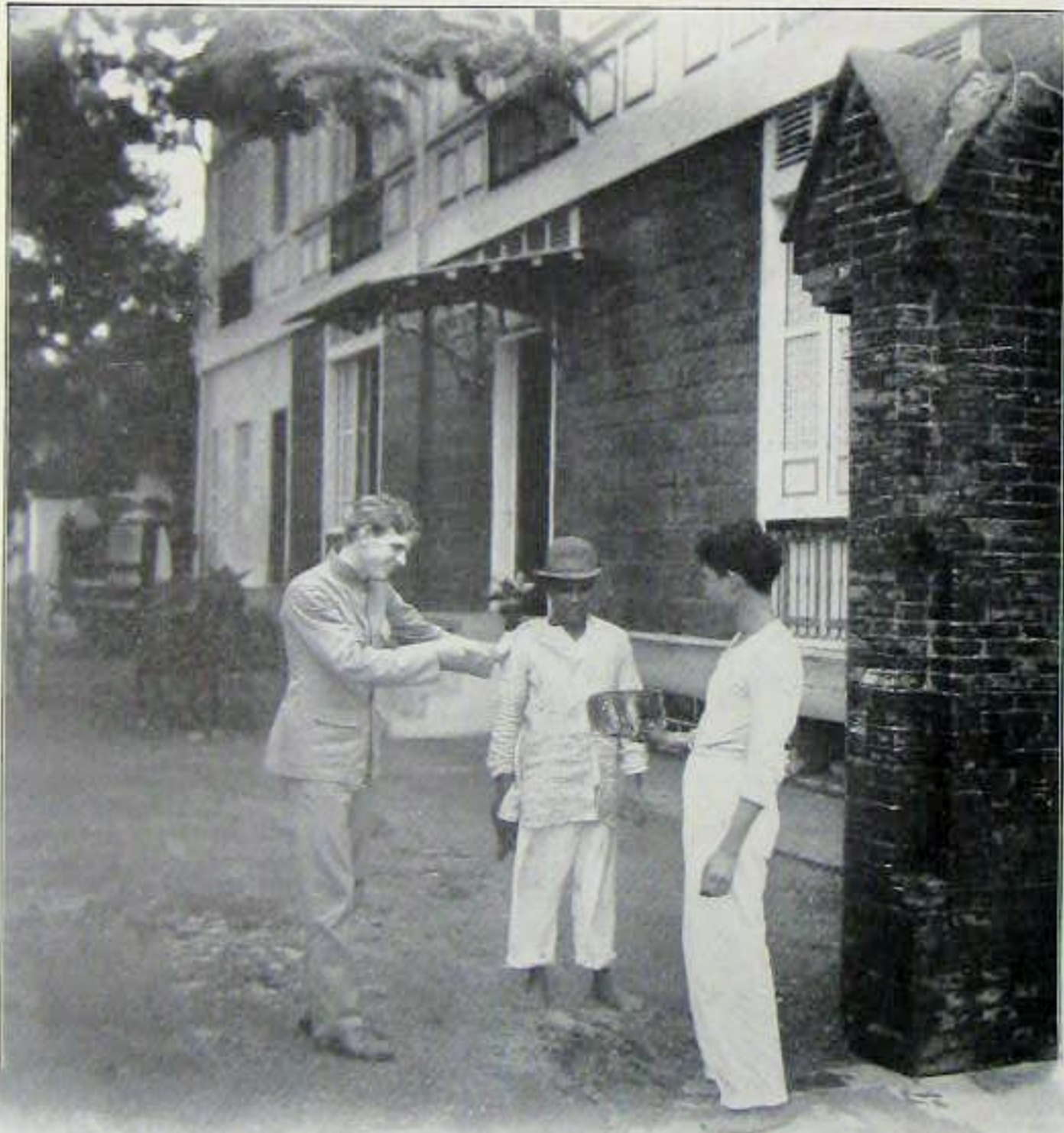
everything is cool and bare and open. Long bamboo chairs from China invite midday slumbers, and other chairs, peculiar to the tropics, are furnished with extended arms, on which the sitter rests his legs, assuming thus an attitude as airily luxurious as it is at first sight offensively undignified. But when once you have tried this pose on a hot afternoon, you will not criticize your friends if they, too, make the soles of their shoes obtrusively conspicuous. One of the most comical and comfortable spectacles in Manila is witnessed in the reading-room of the Tiffin Club, where every day, after tiffin, sixteen members sit in sixteen of these chairs, with their thirty-two legs and thirty-two feet protruding from beneath their sixteen daily papers. One of the crying needs during the early days in Manila was an adequate cold-storage plant



ICE-CREAM SODA

and a more generous supply of ice. The ice-man comes every day, 't is true, but he leaves only a tiny glittering cube, at which we point the finger of scorn, for it is but a ten-pound souvenir of his fleeting presence, and it loses half its bulk ere we can lay it carefully in the ice-chest like a precious diamond in a jewel casket. With ten pounds of ice per day, eight dry Americans must be content. We are not allowed to purchase more, for the supply is limited.

The servant-question causes little trouble. Two Filipino boys do all the housework. One, the ever-smiling Valentin, has charge of our apartments. The first time that I saw him beginning the day's work, I thought he had gone crazy.



THE ICE-MAN HAS COME!



OUR GARDEN

He had cleared the sitting-room of furniture, his feet were wrapped in cumbrous bandages, as if he were suffering from gout, but thus weighted he was dancing a vigorous two-step all by himself, gliding up and down and across the room, at the same time singing a lively Spanish air; this performance he repeats every morning; it is the Filipino method of polishing the floor.

Adjoining the house is a damp, green garden, a pretty, pleasant little garden into which we rarely ventured. But we found it cool and refreshing to look at as we reclined in bamboo chairs placed near the open windows. Yet do not think that the Americans do nothing but repose in our new Oriental city; there is a task for every man and woman, tasks that most of them are meeting bravely. My host, a colonel of the regulars, is with his regiment, the Third Infantry, at Baliuag, an isolated post on the north line. One son is a lieutenant, the others hold responsible positions in the Custom House; while for the ladies of the family, there is an endless round of duties—visits to the hospitals where sick or wounded members of the regiment are being cared for, the encouragement



A CANTEN



NINTH INFANTRY ON THE BRIDGE OF SPAIN

and the entertainment of convalescent officers, besides a host of social obligations to be fulfilled.

We, too, have work to do, for we have come to study old Manila in transition.

A curious feature of the street life of Manila is the carabao, or water buffalo, a creature slow, deliberate, and dignified, scores of which pass our dwelling every day, dragging in their lazy wake long trains of carts now used for forwarding supplies to soldiers at the front; all night we hear the laden carts go creaking by, by day the empty ones return; but sometimes there are dead and wounded men heaped on these Oriental tumbrels. Follow this street less than a dozen miles, and you will see the place where men are killing one another. Not twenty minutes' drive from our door is one of the block-houses which not many weeks before was a scene of conflict. Along this road the slow supply-trains wend their way. The movement of the carabao must have been soothing to the Spanish eye.

To us it is exasperating. The brute advances at a something slower than a walk, unmindful of the blows and cries of the Chinese or native driver. He will roll on, each day, just as many miles as is his custom; then, when by some internal calculation he arrives at the conclusion that his day's work is done, no power on earth can make him move another step in the path of duty. He bolts for the first river, pond, or moat, where he will stand for hours immersed to the horns, gazing serenely at his helpless master on the bank. The moat of old Manila near our house always grows black with these water-loving mammals when the supply-trains from the front reach their destination near the city gates. The passing of the carabao soon becomes a vexing detail of our daily drives or walks about the town, the cause of numberless delays and much impatient condemnation of the useful brute.



GENERAL LAWTON'S VILLA



CALLE NOZALEDA

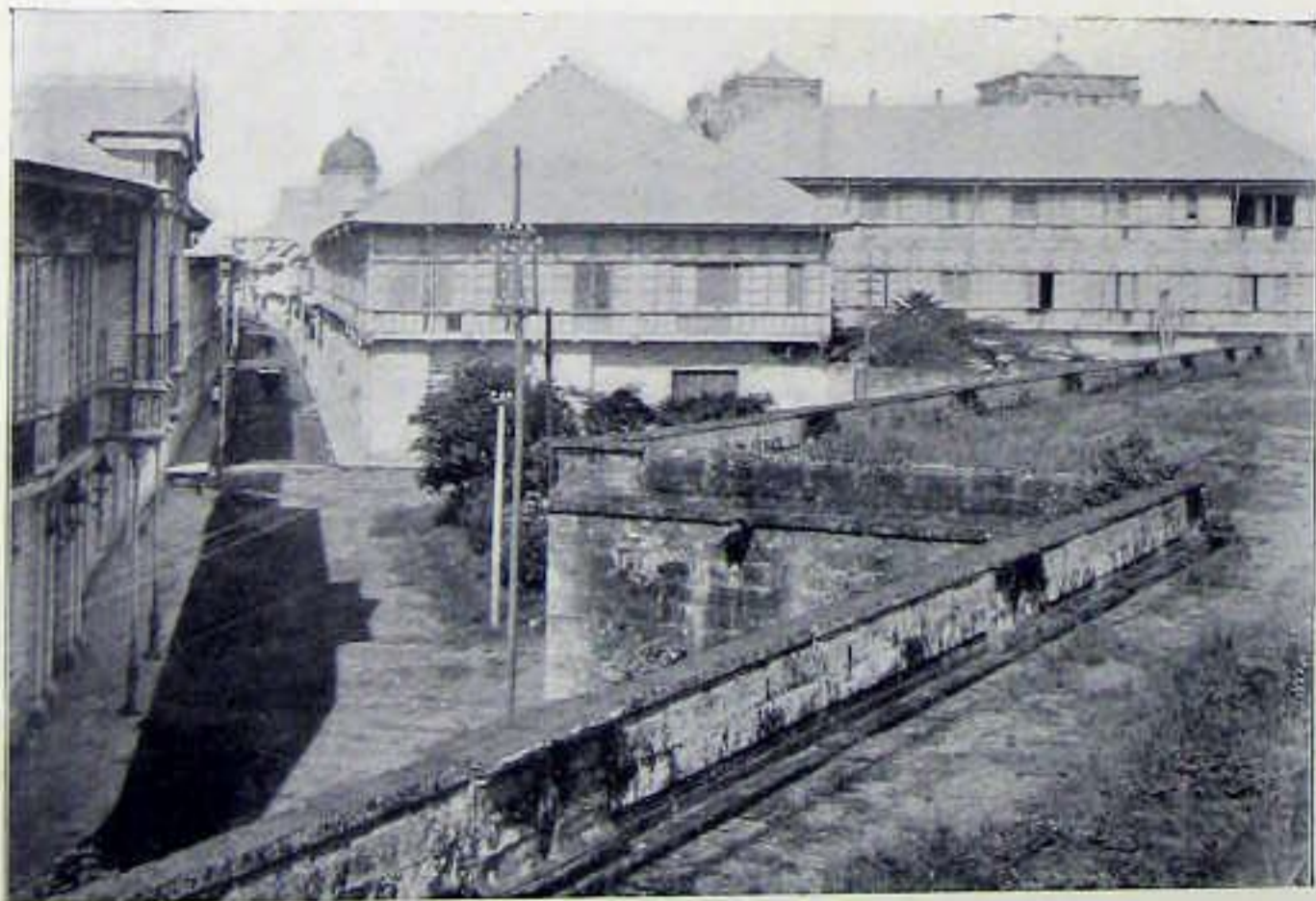
Even the new-born American press in Manila now clamors for the exclusion of the carabao and his attendant cart from the streets of the city proper. But you, whose daily downtown perplexities are occasioned by swift trolley-cars, may look with interest on the slow caravans of carabaos.

A day or two after arrival I became the proud lessee of a horse and cart, or, rather, two ponies, one for mornings and one for afternoons, and a "*calesa*," a two-wheeled gig with an airy rumble aft for my Filipino boy. Neither the A. M. nor the P. M. pony is ambitious; both balk and exhibit an equal fondness for gutters, stone walls, and carabao carts. On starting we either hit or shave everything within a radius of forty feet, or else we do not start until some one jumps out and leads the brute for half a block, while the boy plies the whip and uses expressive Spanish. For all this exciting amusement I pay \$3.00 Mexican per day, \$1.50 in gold. A private trap is a necessity, for the public cabs are hopeless.



COMFORTABLE CHAIRS

The Filipino cabby is original in his peculiarities. He will accept us as passengers, reluctantly. He dislikes being



MONASTERIES



WHERE WE FELLOWS CAMPED



OUR FRIENDS



A CANVAS READING-ROOM



HEROES AND SCRIBES

compelled to leave a shady corner. He will drive us for just about so long, then he gets tired and discouraged. If he is kept waiting longer than he thinks is proper, he will "vamosé," paid or unpaid, and leave us to tramp home on foot. Frequently I have been abandoned by drivers to whom I was indebted for two hours' service. The cab rates are still low, although the cost of living in Manila has been trebled since the open-handed Yankees



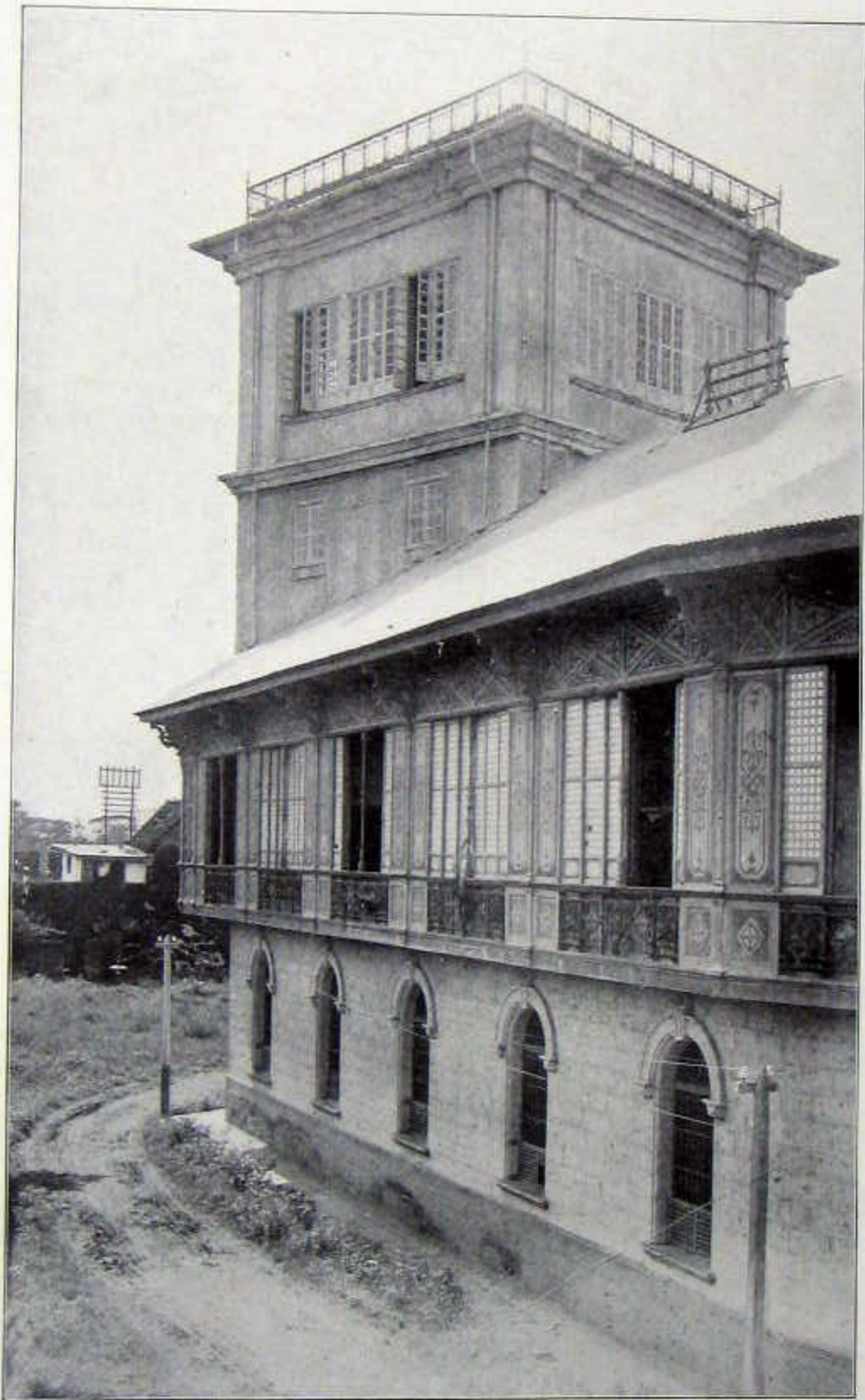
TO THE ARMY AND THE PRESS

came. There is little in the way of souvenirs and curios for which to spend one's money. The only native products that are tempting to travelers are the Filipino fabrics, the "*piña*" cloth, made from the fiber of the pineapple leaf and a lovely fabric called "*jusi*," part pine leaf and part hemp. Good *piña* is now hard to get, while all the prettiest designs in *jusi* have been picked up by early buyers. Prices have gone up, and joy reigns among these little merchant women, who, like brides, are invariably called pretty by our journalistic writers, although in reality they cannot lay claim even to good looks.

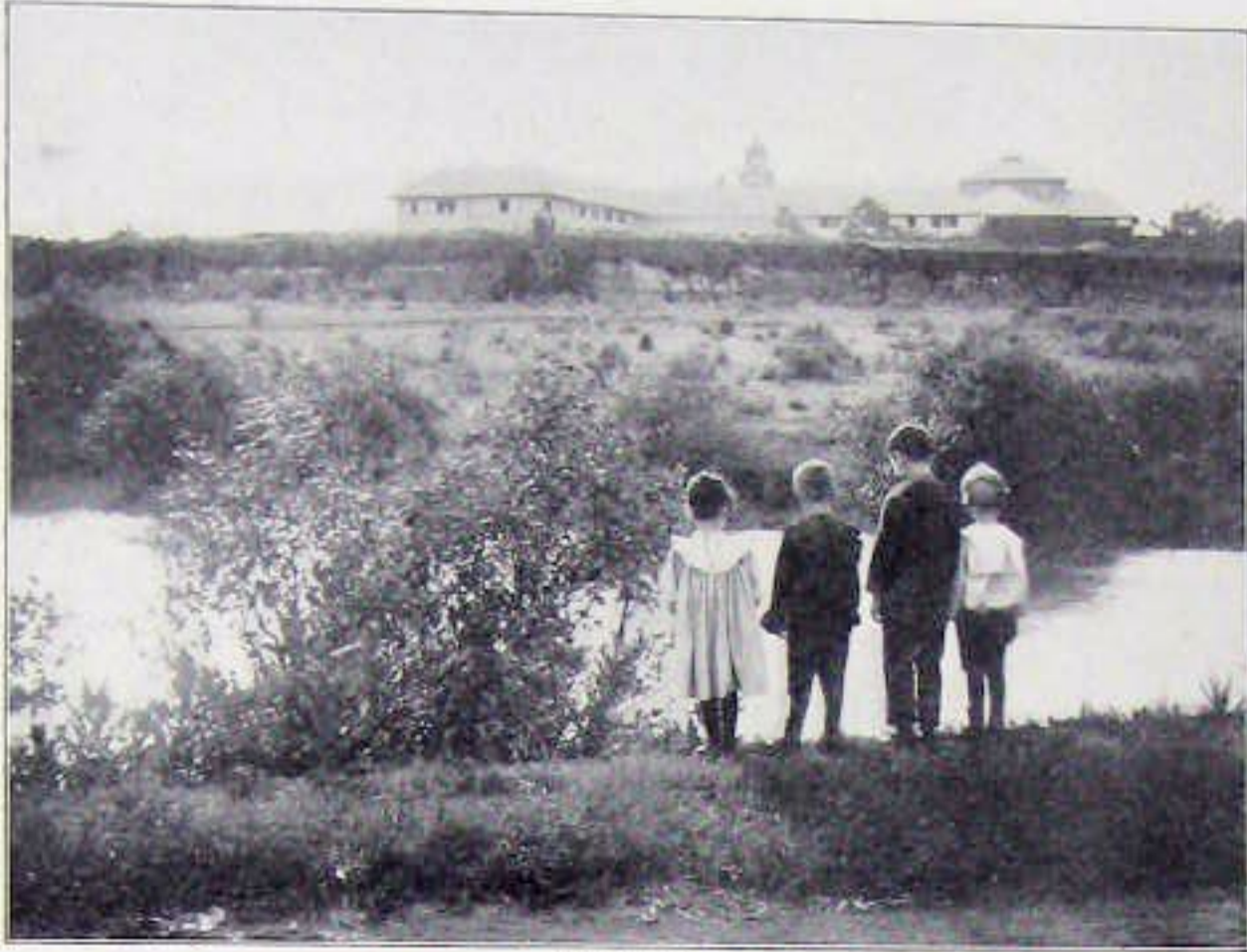
Nor can we squander much upon amusements in Manila. In all the larger theaters a permanent audience, having taken



OUR HOME IN MANILA



IN OLD MANILA



THE MOAT

possession, has made itself at home with beds and hammocks, and settled down to await the final curtain on the drama



A SUBURBAN AVENUE

of the insurgent war. The officers sleep in private boxes; privates in pre-empted perches in the circle; mess-tables are spread behind the footlights, and the parquet is used in rainy weather for a drill-ground. There are, however, two theaters not yet occupied as barracks; in one a Spanish company gives an occasional performance of farces set to music; while in the other we were permitted to see



LEASED BY THE MONTH

a native theatrical company presenting plays in the Tagalo language. One day "Il Trovatore" was announced; it proved to be a drama founded on the opera. The prompter read each line in a loud voice, the actor then repeated it, and pausing, waited for the next. Thus every line was given twice, and the action interrupted by a nervous stop at the end of each sentence. The



IN THE DRY-GOODS DISTRICT



THEATRICAL BARRACKS



PIÑA AND JUSI SHOPS



IN THE CEMETERY

hero wore the conventional slashed doublet and short satin trunks, but in place of silken tights his legs were encased



GRAVES OF THE ASTOR BATTERY'S DEAD

in a garment strongly suggestive in texture and in color of Dr. Jaeger's comfortable woolen wear.

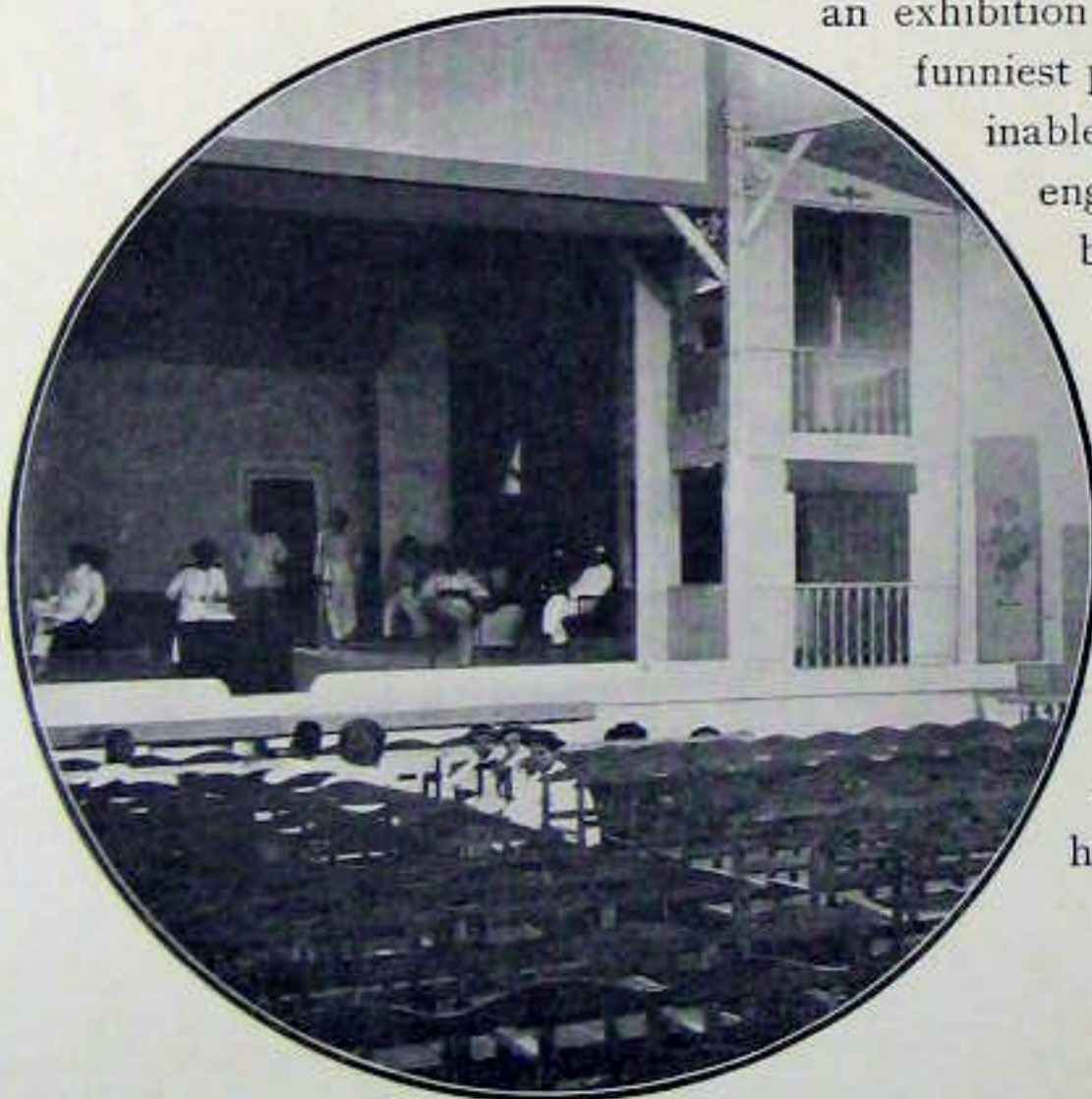
The only other organized amusement enterprise is the Fire Brigade, and I am inclined to regard it as the most amusing of the three. The usual type of engine resembles to a great extent a kitchen boiler. On arrival at the fire, the wheels are taken off.

The provost marshal kindly ordered out the department for an exhibition run. It was the

funniest performance imaginable. On leaving the engine-house, ostensibly for a fire, one driver dropped his helmet. Thereupon he drew rein, ordered a *bombero* to pick it up, settled it squarely on his head, and then calmly whipped up his team and pro-



FILIPINO THEATER



NATIVE PLAYERS AT REHEARSAL



THE FIRE BRIGADE

ceeded leisurely to the scene of the supposed conflagration. The leaders, harnessed to the four-horse engine, balk, back, and throw the postilion under the wheeler's heels, and the entire force devotes about ten minutes to the ensuing disentanglement.

The Spanish "Capitan de Bomberos" apologizes for the confusion, saying with naive frankness, "It is always so when we use four horses!"

We make inquiries concerning a certain form of amusement that is now prohibited. To the sorrow of the Filipinos our military government declared it unlawful to indulge in cock-fighting, a pastime which for centuries had been the national sport,—the ruling passion of the Filipinos. This, at a time when we should have been doing everything to conciliate the 250,000 Filipinos of the capital, did more to alienate the sympathies of Manila's native population than even the occasional abuse to which they were subjected by the soldiery.

However, we found no difficulty in arranging a cock-fight



BOMBEROS

for motion-picture purposes. The animated record shows the contending birds surrounded by a crowd of excited owners and backers, offering bets. The spectators finally fled at the approach of the provost guard.

The medieval moats of Old Manila are very picturesque; we skirt them every day in driving to and from Escolta. Manila's medieval walls were once models for defenses of their kind. They were reared more than three hundred years ago. Beyond them rises the long low roof of a monastery, one of the many somber piles raised by Spanish friars in this Oriental stronghold of Catholicism. On near approach the building loses nothing of its severe religious aspect, and the gloomy atmosphere of Old Manila is not difficult to explain when we remember that a score of these vast silent structures are set down within the limited area enclosed by her sluggish moats and verdure-covered walls. The gateways to the Walled City recall the entrance to the Spanish fort at old St. Augustine in Florida.



A COCK-FIGHT



THE WALLS AND MOAT OF OLD MANILA.

Within the walls, as well as in the suburban quarters, sentries eye us critically by day, and challenge us to halt and

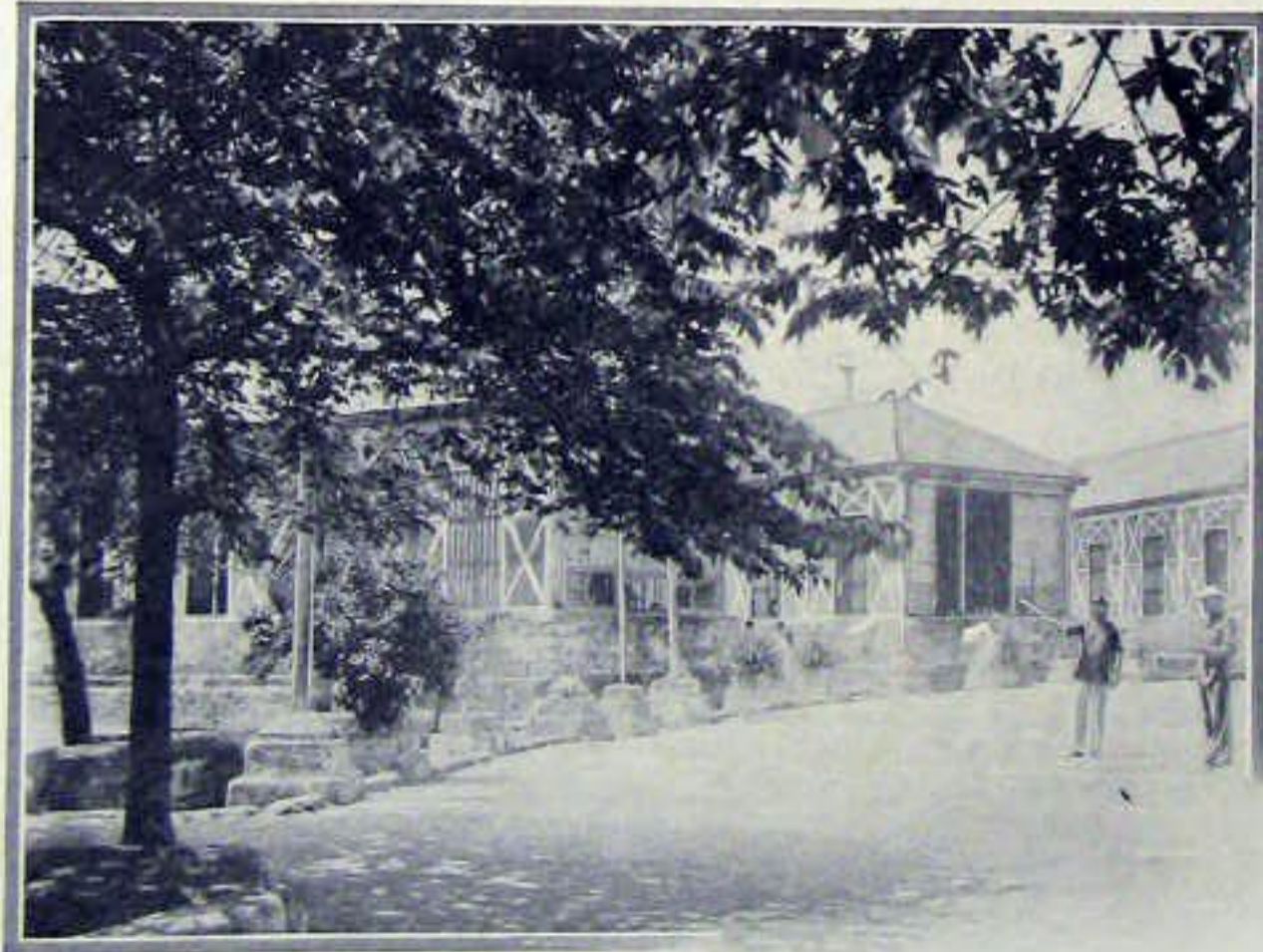


GATES OF THE WALLED CITY

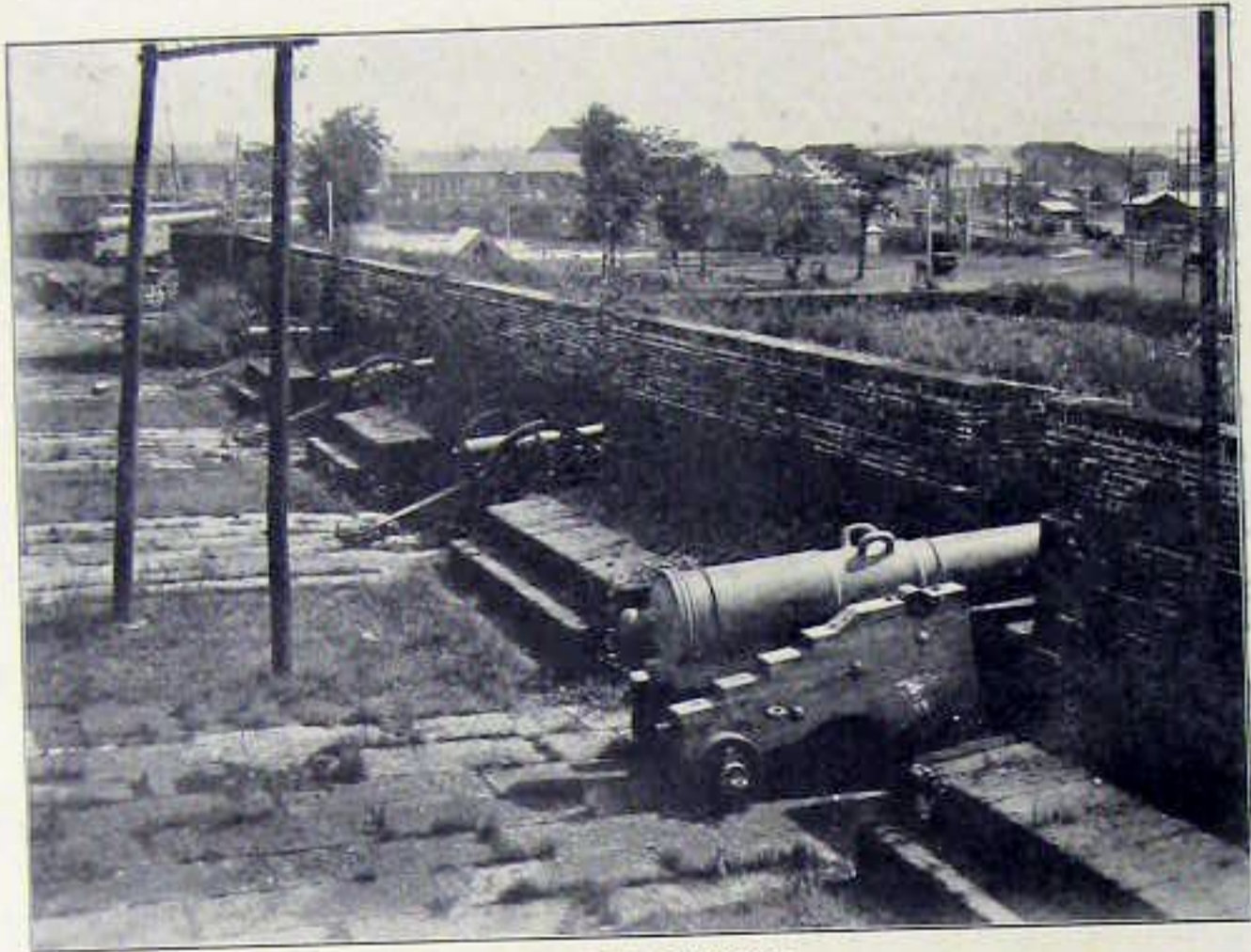


IN JAIL.

show our papers after half-past eight at night. Until the curfew law was rigidly enforced, a section of the city was

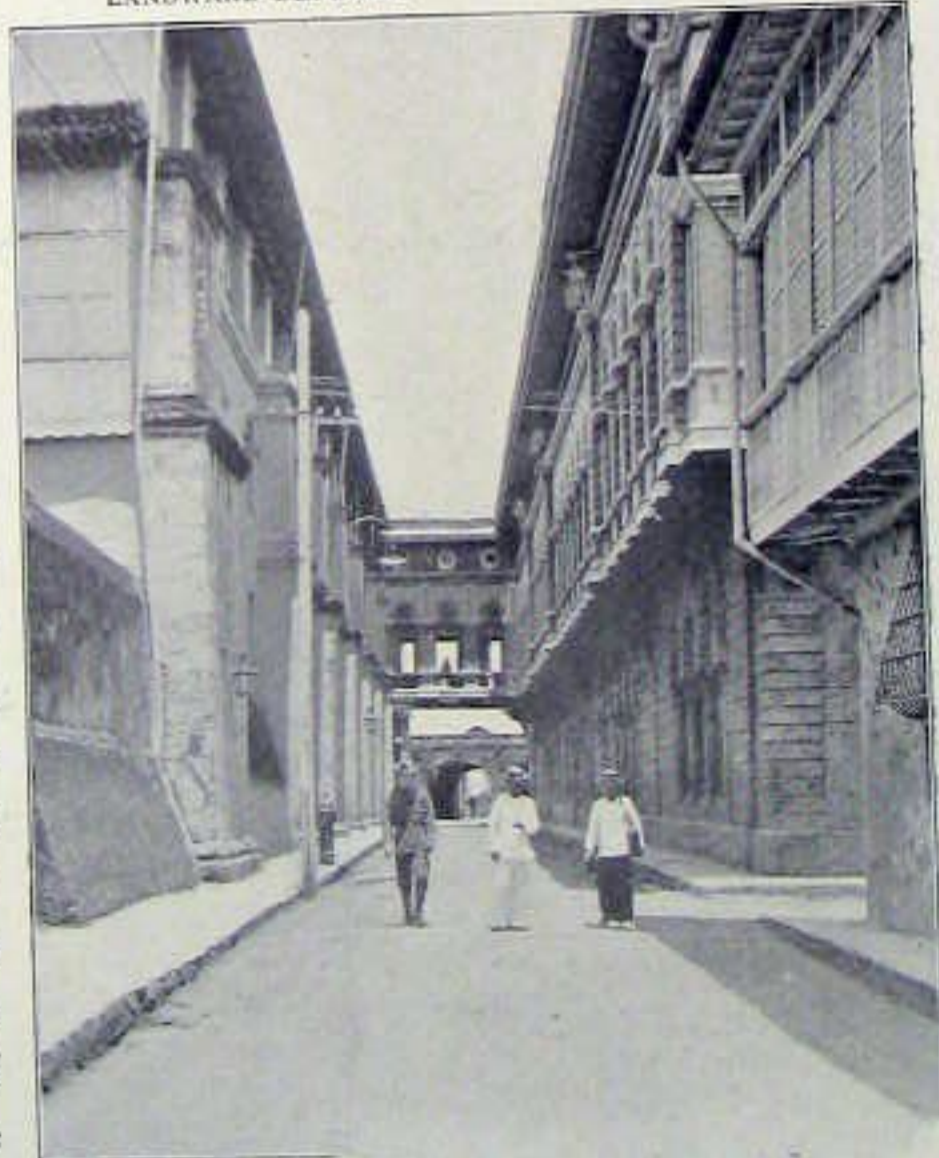


BILIBID PRISON

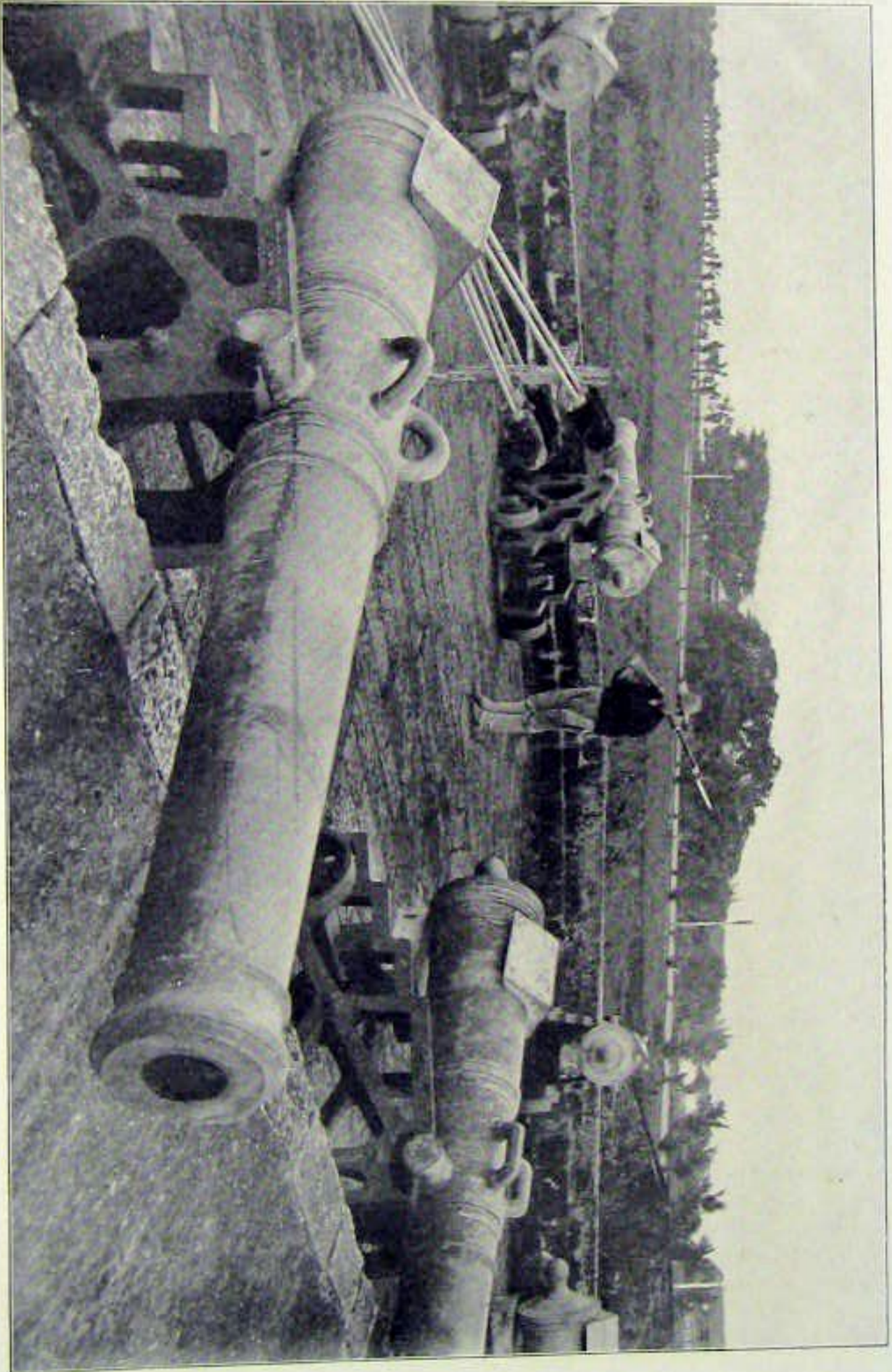


LANDWARD DEFENSES

set on fire every night by lawless Filipinos, but now that every man must stay in his own house, the malcontents have lost their eagerness to play with fire. No one is allowed to move abroad in any portion of the city after half-past eight, unless he be an officer or the bearer of a pass. In spite



WITHIN THE WALLED CITY



ON THE WALLS



A CONVENTO

of this we went by night in carriages to several dances and receptions. It was the most picturesque, exciting party-going that you can imagine. At every gate or at street intersections we hear the cry "*halt!*" and the click of a Krag-Jorgensen.



FRANCISCAN FRIARS

The Filipino driver, invariably terror-stricken by the sharp challenge, reins in convulsively and brings the carriage to a stop so sudden that the ladies are almost thrown forward into the laps of gentlemen upon the opposite seat. Then comes the question, "Who goes there?" and our reply, "Friends," then, "Friend, advance one and be recognized," and one of us must alight, walk slowly toward the sentry, explain our



THE CATHEDRAL

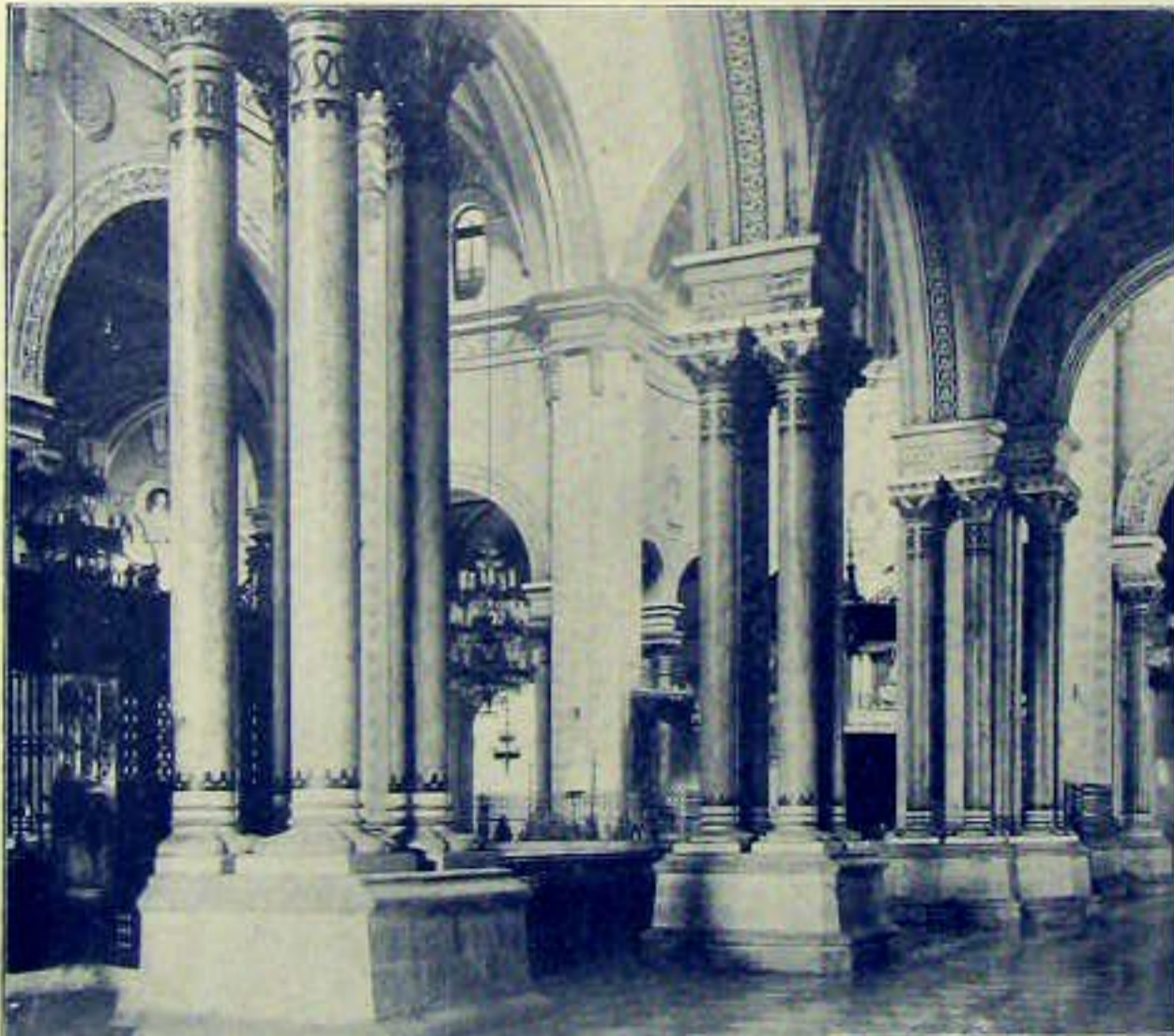
presence, and make known our destination. This done we are permitted to proceed, the driver urging on the horses as if in fear of a pursuit, until at another corner, another shadowy figure rushes to the middle of the street, and cries "halt!" Once more the clattering hoofs are silenced suddenly, and the now familiar colloquy is repeated.

Among the religious institutions the most imposing is the monastery of the Augustin friars. At the windows white



CHURCH AND MONASTERY

robed brethren now and then appear. The palatial pile adjoining it is Jesuit property. Its beautiful façade, apparently of marble and mosaic, is in reality of wood, elaborately designed and painted in a most deceptive manner. We visited the interior of the Franciscan *convento*, where we were courteously welcomed by the friars. At the present moment, the long-ropes, black and white and brown, once so conspicuous in the city streets, are rarely seen in public places. Though there are still several hundred monks housed in these many *conventos*, few dare to venture out. The Filipinos have too many old scores to settle. Occasionally, during concert hours when there is a reassuring number of our soldiers in evidence on the Luneta, a dozen friars may walk forth in groups for a sunset airing near the shore; but as a feature in the street life of Manila the friar is a reminiscence.



CATHEDRAL COLUMNS

It is not my province to discuss the influence for good or evil of these Spanish friars in the Philippines. Their rule is ended, and the church, at last awake to their shortcomings in the past, will, without doubt, under the guidance of American Catholics, transform the institutions which the friars have founded and fostered in the Philippines into agencies for future good. The Cathedral of Manila is certainly worthy of a Continental capital.

Its magnificence reminds us that in the old days the Arch-

Bishops of Manila were more powerful than the Military Governors-General who



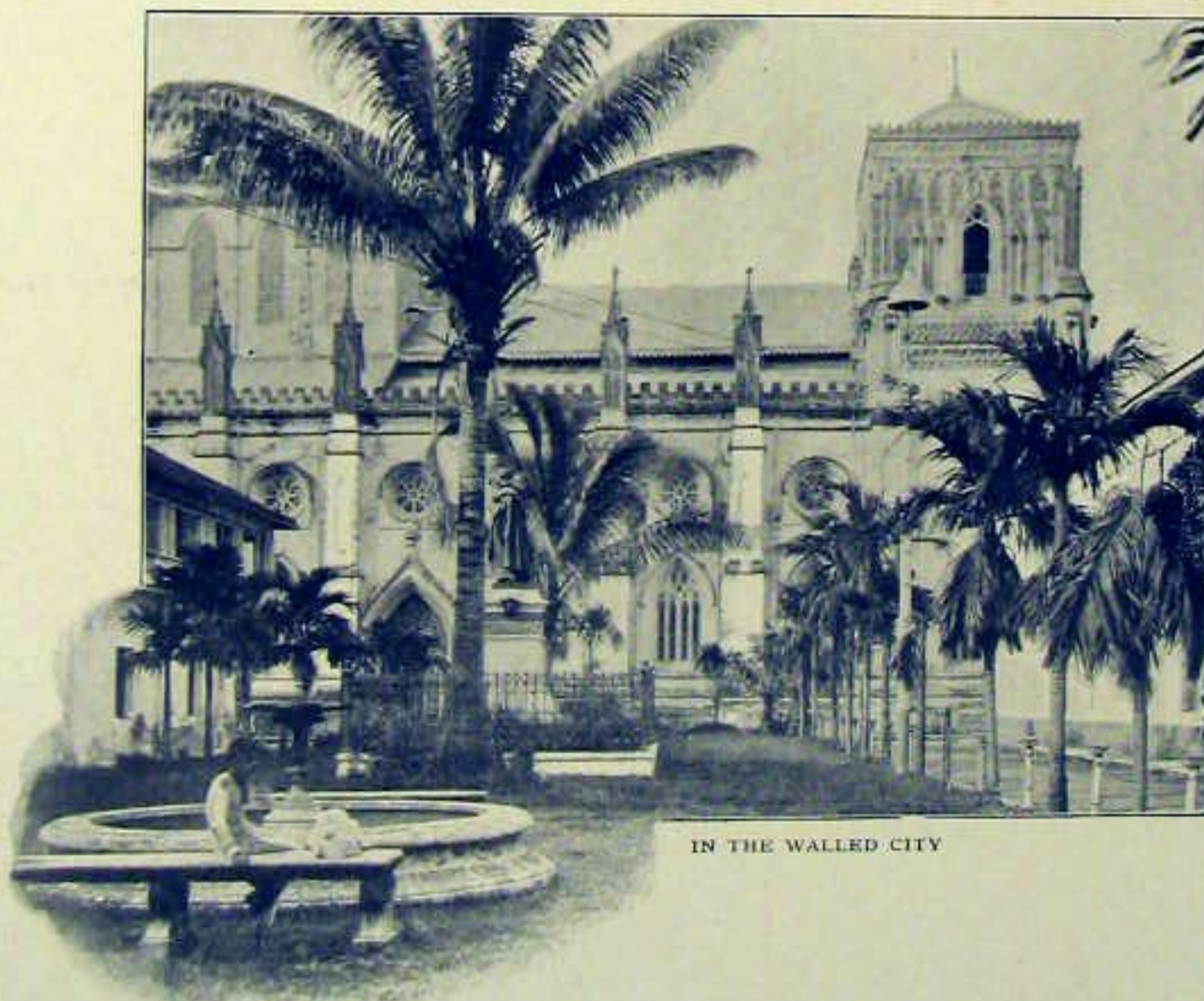
THE PALACE



THE LUNETTA HAS AN ATMOSPHERE OF EXILE

held their court in the neighboring *Ayuntamiento* or *Palacio*. The Palace is now the seat of the American administration. In an upper corner room General Otis sits at Blanco's desk; old portraits of Spanish royalty, which once looked down on Weyler, now glower upon his successor, the man who is trying to unravel a skein of difficulties—an entanglement resulting from three centuries of Spanish maladministration.

Our afternoons are usually spent on the Luneta. The Luneta cannot be called either beautiful or picturesque, and save at the fashionable driving hour, when the band is playing and the driveway thronged, it presents a sadly desolate appearance. It is a place to inspire loneliness and homesickness; it brings to us that sense of exile, which will be the bane of future colonists. By all means let our authorities do something to remove the hopeless aspect of this famous spot, or else prohibit Americans from coming



IN THE WALLED CITY

here until the hour of sunset, when the glory in the sky and the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" conjure away the gloomy thoughts inspired by the place. In Spanish days it was far more attractive; but the trees have been cut down, the glass globes on the lamp-posts shattered, and four cold electric lights replace the softer, warmer glare of the hundred blazing wicks.

At the sunset hour all Manila is then in evidence circling slowly round the elliptical parade, in carriages of every shape, drawn by ponies ridiculously small. The promenade



IN ONE OF THE CHURCHES



A FRANCISCAN CONVENTO

is crowded with our soldiers, poor wounded chaps, or convalescents who have crawled or limped out from the neighboring hospitals. Hither they come, a motley, weary, ragged throng, with faces haggard, and beards growing in the wildest, weirdest fashions, so that we almost laugh at sight of them. They sit on the stone benches or on the mossy curb and listen to the music and gaze seaward at the transports, wondering when their turn to sail away will come. Then at the first strain of the National Anthem they rise and stand stiffly at "attention," hat in hand until the last note fades away. Then the gay crowd in

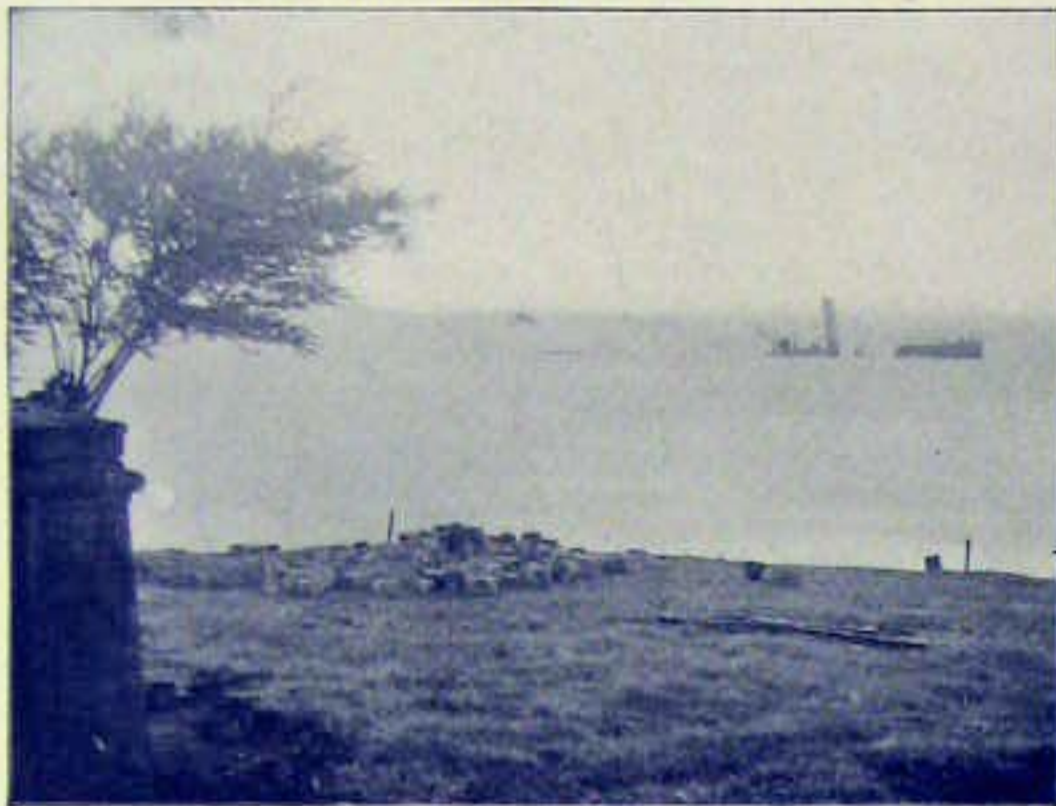


EVEN A VOLUNTEER MAY LOOK AT A KING

carriages scampers home to dinner, the sick men wander toward their crowded wards, and the sun drops like a ball

of fire into the China Sea, and another day of work and suffering in the Philippines is ended.

A few days later we cross the wind-swept harbor to Cavite, where the issue of the great sea battle decreed our occupation of these far-away islands. It is a gloomy day. The



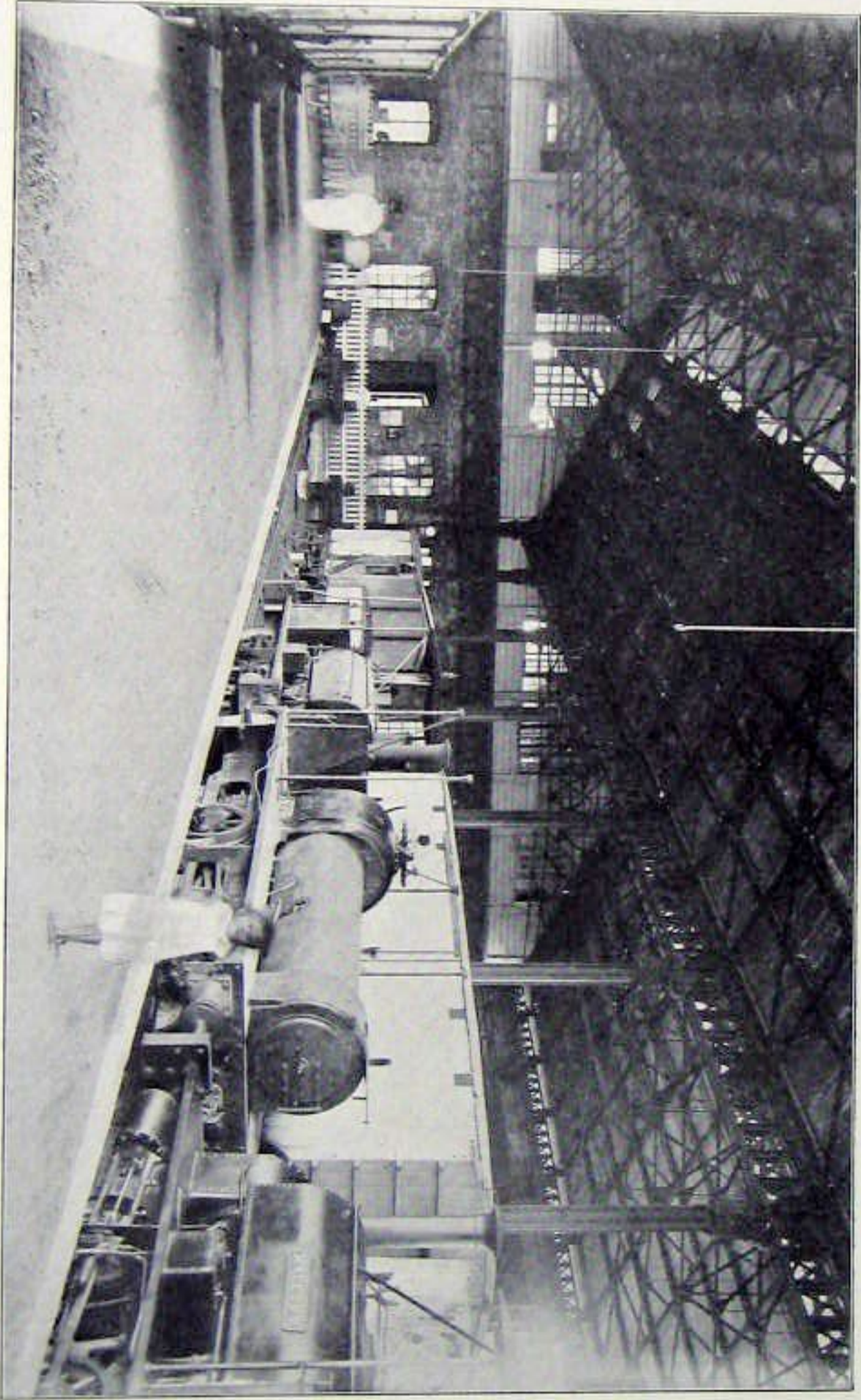
DEWEY'S WORK OFF CAVITE

rainy season, long delayed, gives promise of immediate arrival; the squalls that sweep across the bay make it impossible for us to reach the sunken Spanish ships. We view the Flagship of Montojo from the walls and strive in vain to picture to ourselves the scene enacted here on the eventful morning when the sovereignty of Spain in the Orient at last sank with these battered hulks never to rise again.

We have almost forgotten that Spain was then our



SAN ROQUE

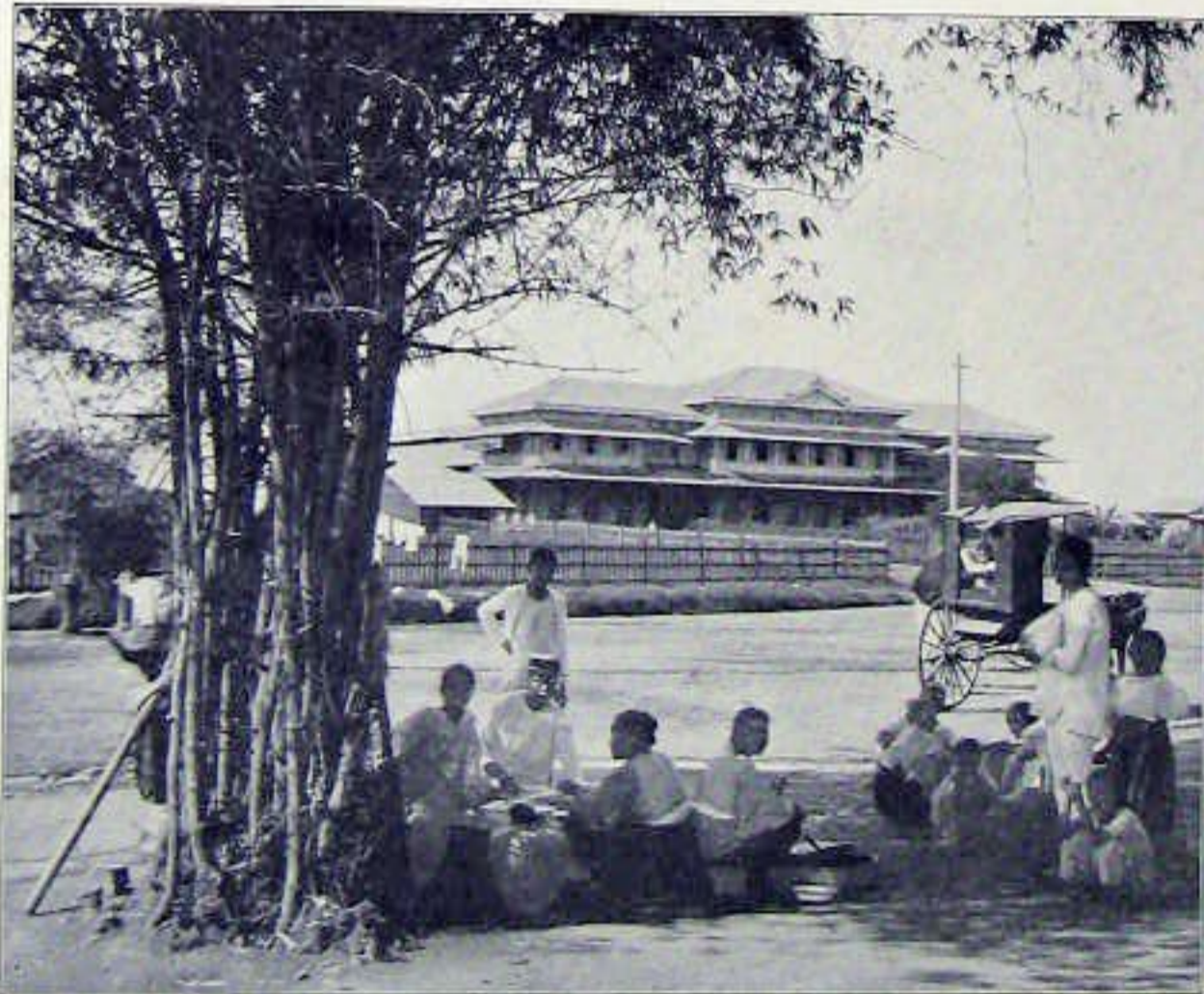


WAR-TIME ABANDONMENT



AT THE MANILA RACE COURSE

enemy; we have forgiven much since we assumed her burdens, since we undertook the task of conquering these



THE RAILWAY STATION



BALIUAG

islands,—a task with which she had been struggling for three hundred years. Our thoughts are turned to our new enemy

as we cross the isthmus that joins

Cavite to the mainland and

enter the deserted town

of San Roque. There

we see the work of

Filipinos ; not a

house is left, they

burned them all

when they re-

tired from the

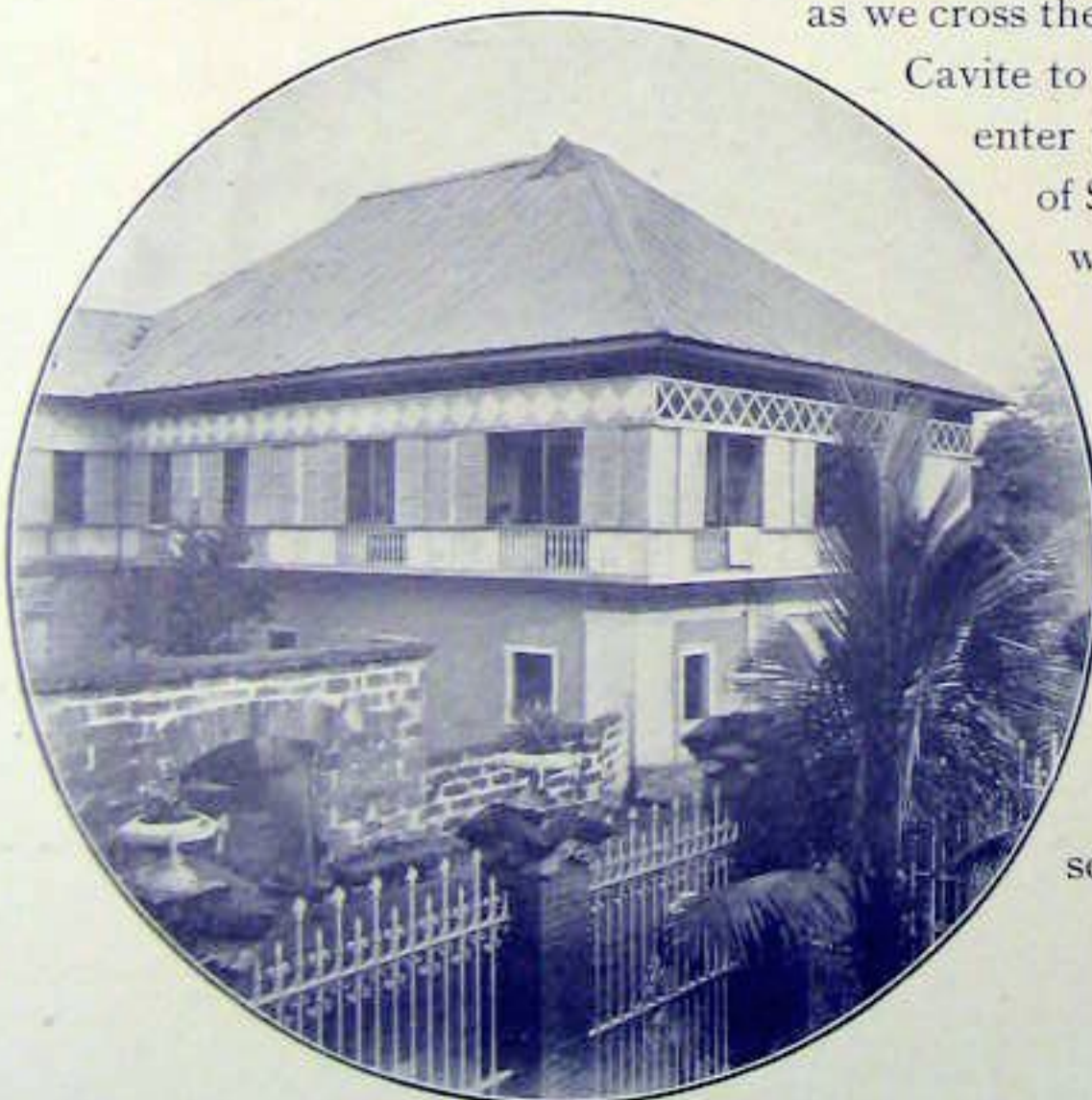
place. Every-

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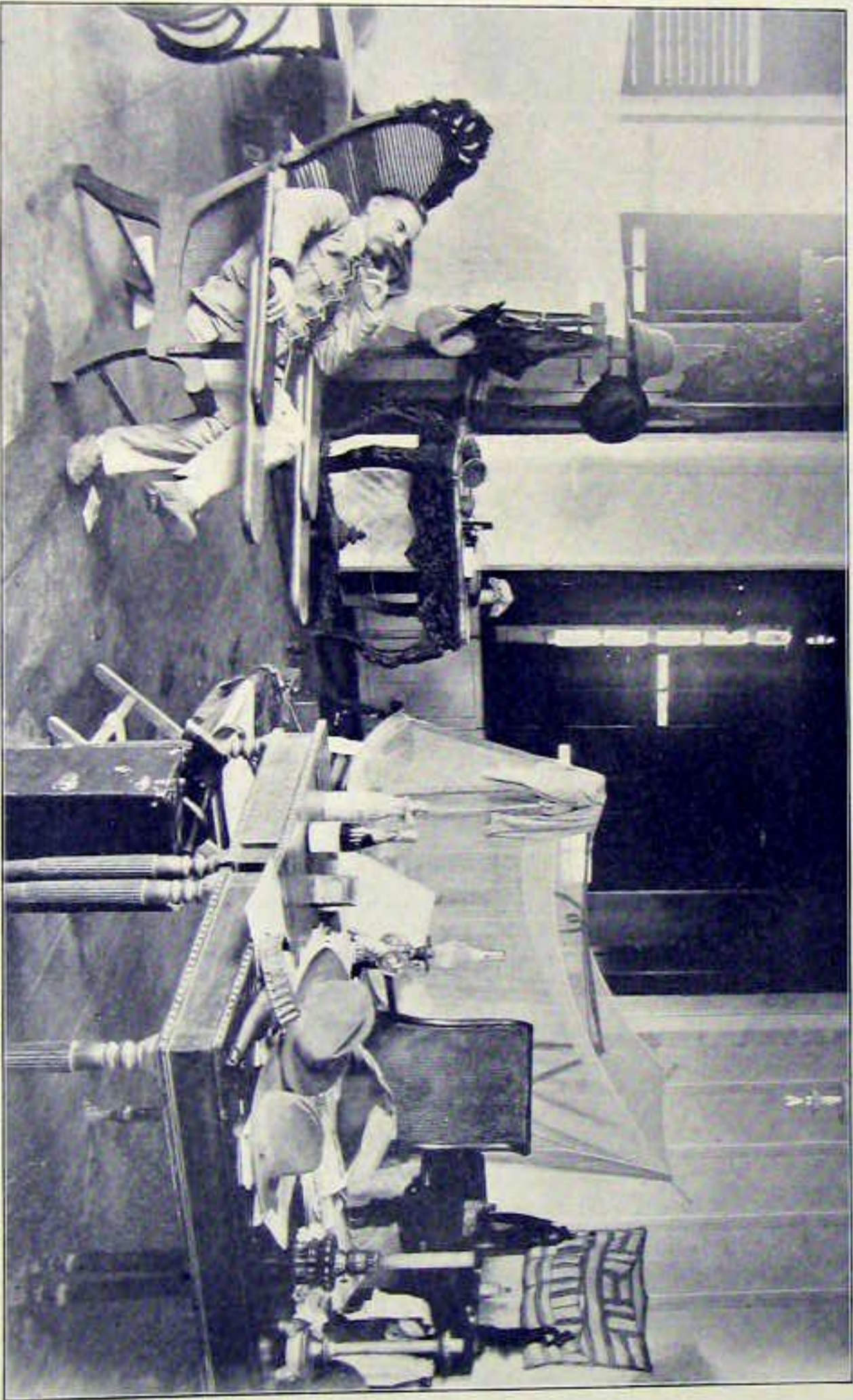
line of our ad-

vance we see these

souvenirs of fleeing



A HOUSE AT BALIUAG



HEADQUARTERS OF THE THIRD INFANTRY

Filipino forces. It is not my intent to speak of the campaign, but as a traveler I must tell you of my short journey to the front at San Fernando, the northernmost town held by our forces on the line of the Dagupan Railway. We are carried toward the front in a train with the Twelfth Infantry. The cars are full inside and out, for soldiers and Chinese carriers are perched upon the roofs. Officers and correspondents are packed into the only passenger coach. At Malolos we quit the train to make a side expedition to the



HEADQUARTERS AT BALIUAG

town of Baliuag, fourteen miles from the railway, the most isolated outpost now held by the American forces.

The town is garrisoned by the Third Infantry under command of Colonel Page. The regiment depends for its supplies upon a wagon train, which every day makes the long journey to Malolos, escorted by a company of ninety men. We arrived in the laden wagons drawn by imported army mules. The ride through a hostile country was a picturesque

experience. The string of wagons struggling along the shady, muddy road, where puddles are sometimes as big as lakes; the stalwart regulars on either side, in single file, and in the fields to right and left scouts or flankers trudging through paddy patches, wading ditches, climbing hedges, but keeping always several hundred yards from the road to discover if there be a lurking foe in waiting to surprise or, as the



THE CHURCH AT BALIUAG

men express it, "to jump" the wagon train. But we see no sign of enemies. Friendly natives sit in the windows of their nipa huts and wonderingly watch the passing of the caravan; they have not yet become accustomed to the gigantic mules, which are four times as big as Filipino ponies. And the town itself is as calm and peaceful as if war was a thing undreamed of. We spend a quiet evening at headquarters—a fine old dwelling, formerly the home of a rich

citizen, which only a few months before had been occupied by Aguinaldo. The insurgents hoped to hold Baliuag. They had constructed wonderful entrenchments along the road leading toward the railway. They felt secure; but the Americans, instead of fighting their way past line after line of trenches and fortifications, merely changed their plans, marched round behind the town, and then walked calmly in



ASSIDUOUS CHURCH-GOERS

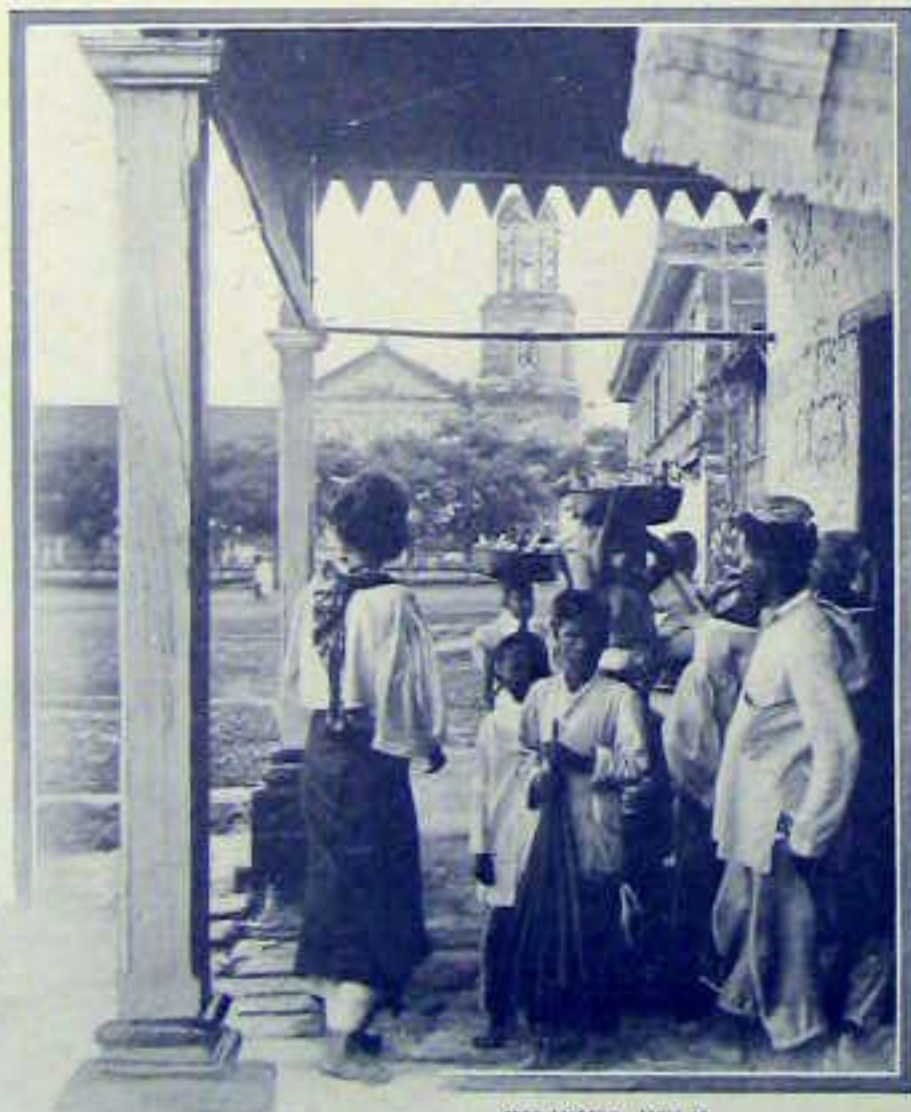
through the back door, while Aguinaldo and his Filipinos fled so hurriedly that they had not time to set the place on fire. Hence Baliuag is the most comfortable post along our line. It is intact, and every officer has decent quarters. The men are quartered in the church — a splendid barracks, spacious, clean, and elaborately decorated. Throughout the islands churches are used both as barracks and forts. They are usually solid structures, capable of being easily defended.

But every Sunday the church at Baliuag is cleared while an American priest, chaplain of the regiment, officiates at the high altar, in the presence of the native population.

The garrison is almost continually at work. At all hours of the day we meet com-



COLONEL PAGE — THIRD INFANTRY



FILIPINO FOLK

panies of infantry marching through the streets, cannon being hauled to the new revetments to accustom the men to getting there with no delay when the call shall come. The Gatling gun is also taken to different points it may be called upon to defend. Sometimes these moves are made at midnight and



A SPANISH BLOCK-HOUSE

sometimes at sunset. There is no regular routine. The colonel wishes to let the natives see that his men are awake and active at all hours. At any moment the insurgents may attack this little force of only eight hundred effective men, but as the colonel says, "Let 'em come, the Third Infantry can take care of the whole Filipino army."

To show just what would happen should they come, the colonel placed two companies at our disposal, to take part in a carefully planned defense of an entrenchment. The day was



ORDERED TO THE FRONT

dark and wet, conditions all unfavorable, but the motion picture successfully reproduces the dramatic sequence of incidents as they occur. First, four men are seen retiring from the outpost, giving the alarm, one company promptly mans the trench, and begins a vigorous fire, using smokeless powder; an orderly brings a dispatch to the commanding officer, then re-enforcements dash forward from the town, then comes the best friend of the soldiers, the unerring Gatling, and finally the enemy having been seen to waver, the

command to charge is given, and the entire force breaks over the earthwork, and with a wild yell dashes across the fields in hot pursuit of the imaginary enemy. Meanwhile the dead and wounded who have fallen in the foreground are cared for by the surgeon and his Chinese stewards. So realistic is the feigned death of one soldier that spectators will not believe that the picture represents only a sham battle.

The commander of the Third Infantry, as Autocrat of Baliuag, plays his part with grace and firmness. As he rides through the streets, he acknowledges the salute of every ragged or half-naked citizen; but when he passes the guard-house and sees the American prisoners dangling their legs



THE BARBER OF BALIUAG



A FILIPINO SHACK, CONVERTED

over the window-sill, he roars in righteous anger, "Take in those feet!" and in go the feet as if they had been shot away.

The colonel's government has been so just and mild that nearly all the old inhabitants have now returned. They do a thriving business with our soldiers and seem content and happy. The market in the Plaza is more animated than in the Spanish days, and new business enterprises are daily springing into life. Among them is a restaurant directed by a Chinese caterer. The typical Filipino house is a box of



THE SIGNAL CORPS EN FÊTE



IN THE SAN FRANCISCO RESTAURANT

split bamboo, perched high on bamboo poles and covered with a roof of nipa thatch.

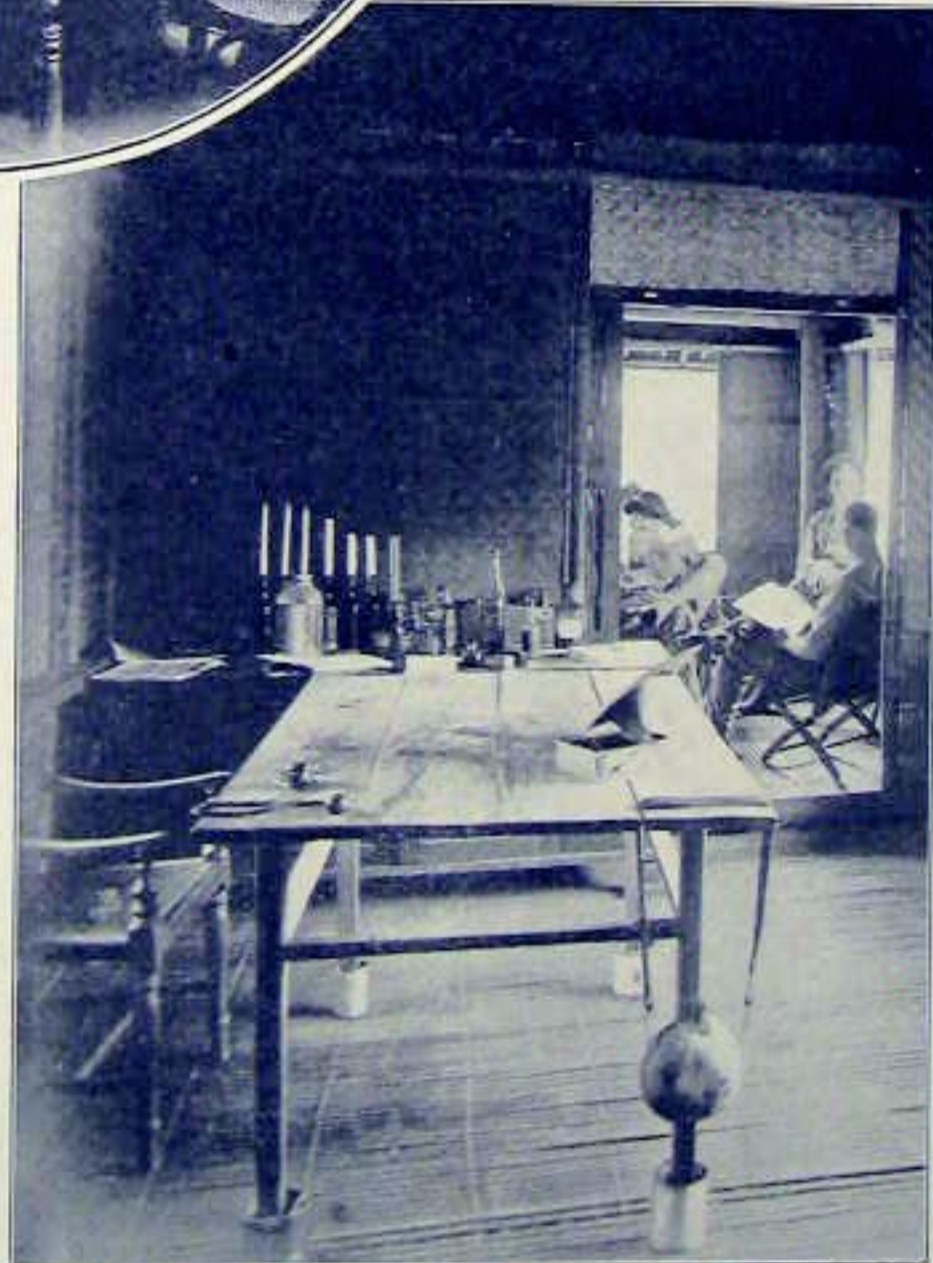
Early morning scenes along the banks of the Bagbag River are interesting,— big white soldiers bathing,— little brown women washing military underwear, while its wearers bathe; near at hand a group of natives



THE SAME OLD GAME

signal of distress, for our men are instructed to fire a grass hut whenever attacked and thus make known their danger to the garrison at Baliuag. "Must be the telegraph squad in trouble," is the look-out's comment as he reports the signal. That very morning the wires had been cut; the

is skinning a carabao and preparing the carcass for market; for carabao chops are not disdained by the Filipino palate. One evening while chatting with the look-out up in the belfry of the stone church, we notice a column of smoke rising on the line of the road to Malolos—it is undoubtedly a



THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE — BALIUAG



FOURTH CAVALRY

signal men had gone to repair the line; the inference is that they have been ambushed, and are "smoking up" for help. The colonel is making his evening rounds—nothing can be done before he returns. At last he rides in. Ten minutes later a troop of big United States Cavalrymen, mounted on little Filipino ponies, dashes away along the dark, wet road.

Two hours later they return, escorting the telegraph squad which has been delayed but not attacked—the smoke must have come from an accidental fire. However, the colonel orders that when the escort of the wagon train on the morrow passes the place where the wire was cut, a native house shall be burned, as a warning that tampering with the telegraph line will invariably bring chastisement upon the village.

We leave Baliuag in the wake of the early wagon train and overtake it near the scene of the wire cutting. The captain is parleying with the inhabitants of the little village, trying to discover the culprit. But every citizen is an

"*amigo*" of the most loyal and enthusiastic persuasion. No evidence to fix the guilt can be secured; but nevertheless the wire was cut and a house must be burned. In his dilemma the captain turns to me and bids me pick out the house that will make the most effective motion picture as it goes up in smoke!



SAN FERNANDO

Fortunately the one lending itself best to artistic necessities was an abandoned nipa dwelling—a pretty little affair with a neat little garden around about it. But the green hedge hides part of the house—and the drooping branches of a splendid tree will cut off the view of the rolling smoke, which should form an important feature of the dramatic picture that we are about to make. I mention these objections to the captain. Gruffly he orders half a dozen Filipinos to fetch their bolos and chop down that pretty hedge; two other obedient natives are sent up the tree to lop off the interfering branches.

Then when all is ready, several soldiers enter the house, pour kerosene on the walls and floors of thatch and bamboo, and set fire to the flimsy structure. When we rode on nothing but ashes marked the site.

Thence we proceeded under escort to Malolos and thence by railway to San Fernando, which was in July the extreme front of our line on the north. The town lies about thirty miles from Manila on the railway, beyond it the tracks have been torn up. The northern end of the road—the longer section—is still controlled and operated by the Filipinos, who with foresight ran most of the cars and locomotives to the northern terminus before hostilities broke out. The ownership is vested in an English company, and whenever there is an advance, the wide-awake British manager goes up the line and superintends the work of the insurgents in tearing up the track, so that they do not damage the property unnecessarily, and when Americans relay the track a few



PEACEFUL SAN FERNANDO



FILIPINO WORK AT SAN FERNANDO

weeks later, the same business-like Briton stands by to see that the work is properly done.

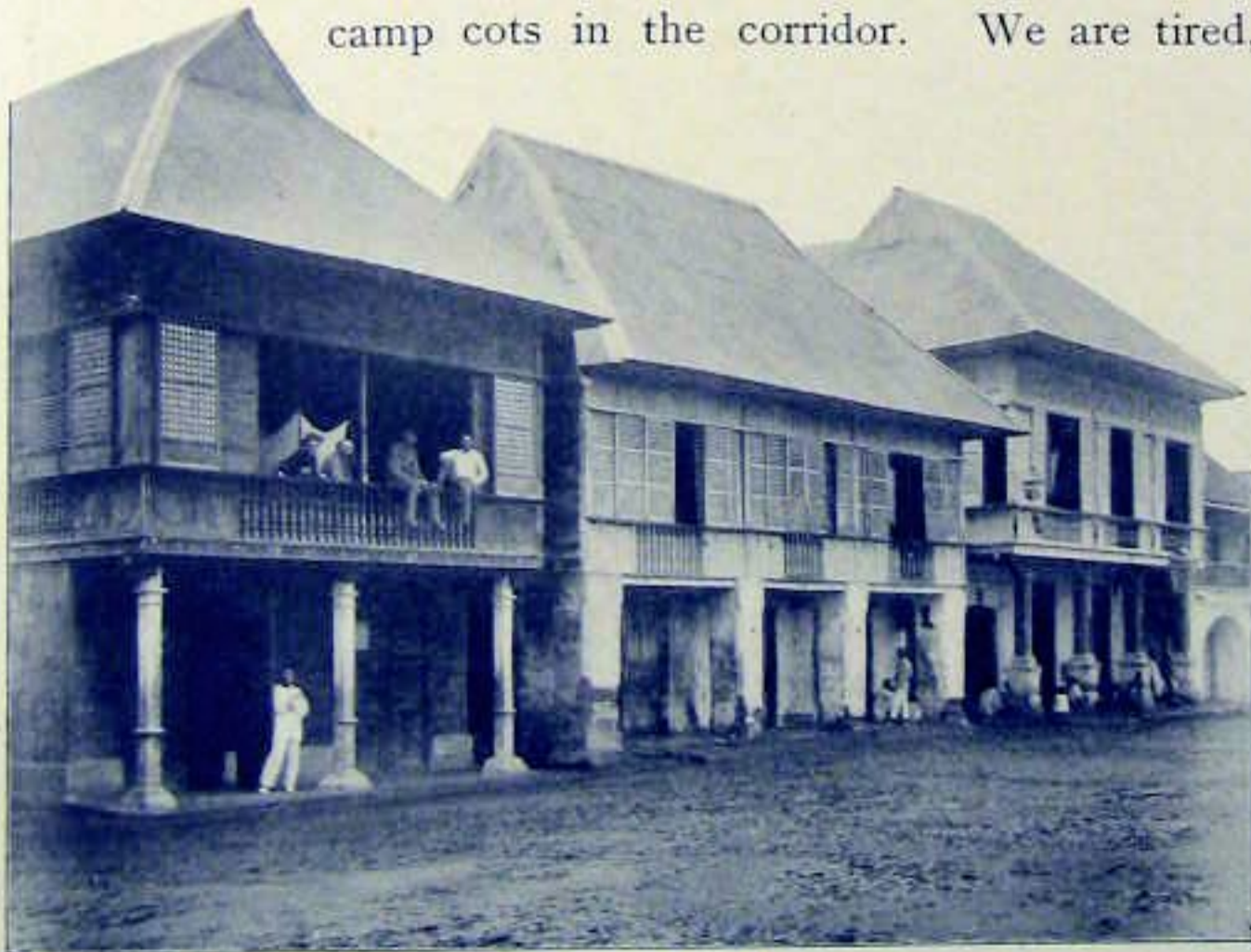
There is not much to see in San Fernando. The Filipinos had burned the church and all the public buildings before retiring from the town.

There is, of course, no hotel, no place to go, unless you chance to have a friend among the officers, who occupy the few remaining habitable houses.

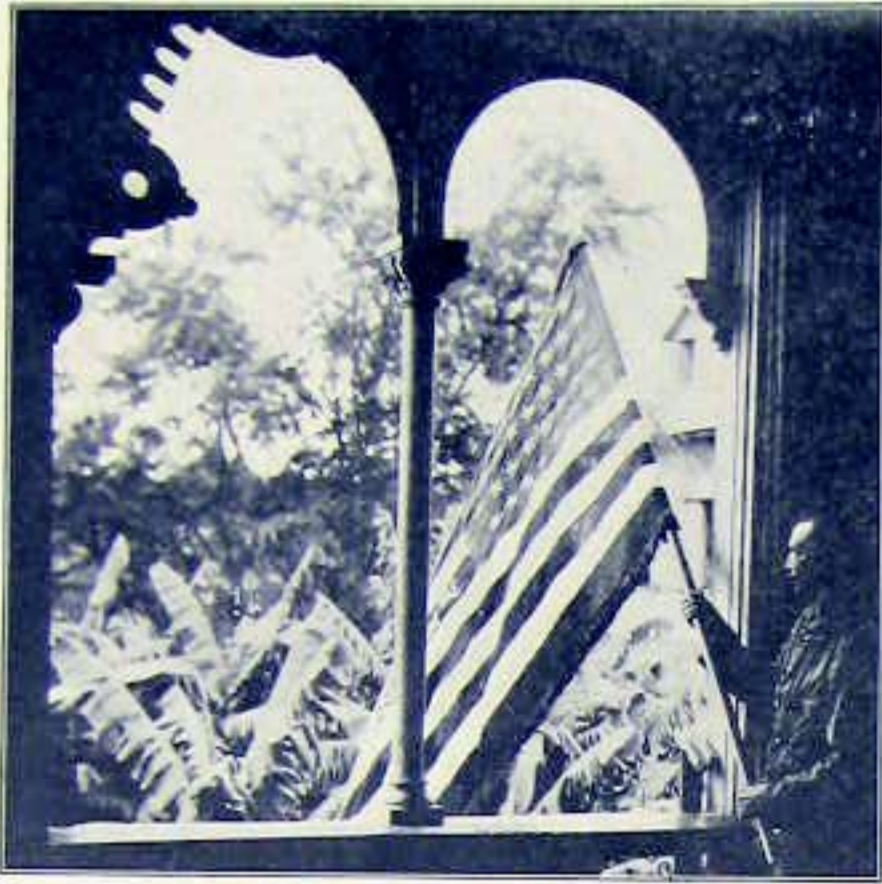
We fortunately have acquaintances and force ourselves into their overcrowded mess. We bring our own canned goods and other things in bottles; our hosts provide us with camp cots in the corridor. We are tired,



VALENTIN



OFFICERS' QUARTERS — SAN FERNANDO



THE COLORS

hot, and hungry on arrival, and grateful for a place to lay our heads. The officers look worn out and almost discouraged. For weeks they have been ill, and the rains now aggravate the malady. Four or five times each week their men are called upon to man the trenches and spend a weary



TROOPS AT SAN FERNANDO



COMFORTABLE QUARTERS

night lying in the mud. A force of 8,000 Filipinos almost surrounds the town; occasionally they close even the one gap when the railway enters. Opposed to them are not more than 3,000 Americans.

In the center of the town few uniforms are visible, the greater part of the garrison being on duty near the outlying trenches. They tell us that Aguinaldo has announced his in-



AN ADVANCE POST NEAR SAN FERNANDO

tention of sleeping in our beds to-night, therefore we turn in at nine to get as much use of the beds as possible. It is the anniversary of the fight at El Caney in Cuba. The men with whom we lodge were in that fight. I fall asleep while listening to the slow dripping of water on a neighboring roof. Each drop produces a metallic sound as it falls upon the iron roof,—a sound “like that of bullets striking” as one of the

officers remarks, and then he shows us the small round holes in all the walls through which the bullets really came two weeks before. We sleep until half-past ten, then some one shakes me, says, "Holmes, here 's the battle you came to see. Better get up and look at it." Rousing myself I listen; the patter of the raindrops that lulled us to sleep has grown more remote but quicker, for thousands of men are firing in the distant darkness, exchanging shots with unseen enemies. Meanwhile the officers shout quick commands from the window, jump into their uniforms, and rush into the street. We follow as rapidly as possible, for it is not safe to linger in an upper story while leaden rain is pouring into town.

One company is drawn up, the others have already started for the firing line. The firing doubles in intensity



EL RIO PASIG

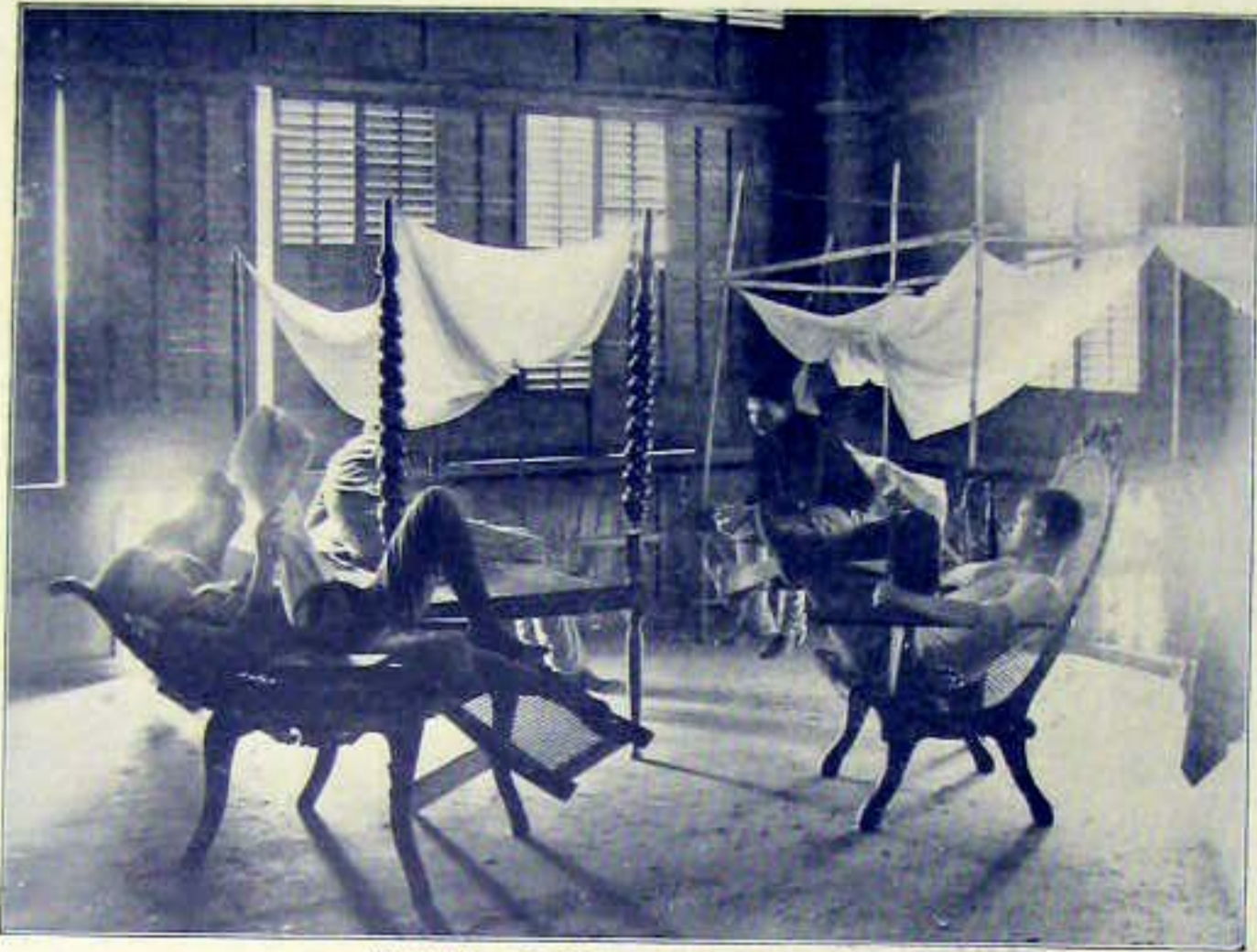


GOING UP THE RIVER

and spreads from its starting-point to right and left, until it seems to come from all directions. Then rockets are sent



THE PEACEFUL PASIG



SUMMER AND SICKNESS HAVE COME

up from the Filipino line. It must be the threatened general attack. Aguinaldo is trying to make good his promise to



GOING VISITING



TYPHOON WEATHER

sleep in town to-night. Meantime I find it far more comfortable to sit beneath a balcony behind a sturdy pillar of masonry than in the open street. My friend the correspondent seeks me out and asks, "Have you got your revolver and cartridges?" "No," I reply, "but I've got my camera and an extra roll of films." I wanted to be prepared in case the fighting lasted until sunrise. An hour and a half is passed thus in suspense, listening to the distant, smothered rattling of the guns. Then suddenly the firing ceases, and the men return to the barracks. Only one man was killed in our ranks. He was struck by a stray bullet as he groped his way through the darkness toward the trenches.



THE BEAUTIFUL PASIG

There being no prospects of further fighting, we hasten back to town next day. The arrival of the rainy season has put an end to fighting. The opposing forces at the front go into "summer quarters," postponing all thought of active hostilities until a more propitious season. Travel and photography are alike impossible. Therefore, late in July we leave Manila. The typhoon signals are flying as we steam down the Pasig and across the wind-swept bay. But although two fierce typhoons are swirling up the China Sea, we glide smoothly between the centers of disturbance and come in safety to Hongkong, where the great transpacific liners wait. We are far from satisfied with the results of our war-time visit to the Philippines, in fact, we have not seen the Philippines—we have seen only the city of Manila and the narrow strip of Luzon territory held by our forces. Of the wonderful Philippine Archipelago we have seen virtually nothing. We depart, therefore, with the firm resolve to return on the conclusion of the war to study the Americanized Luzon of the near future and to explore the other islands of the archipelago when peace shall have made them accessible to the traveler.

Yet it is something to have been witnesses of the transformation of Manila, to have seen the sleepy haunt of Spanish inactivity suddenly become the busy center of American enterprise in the Far East.



THINKING OF HOME







