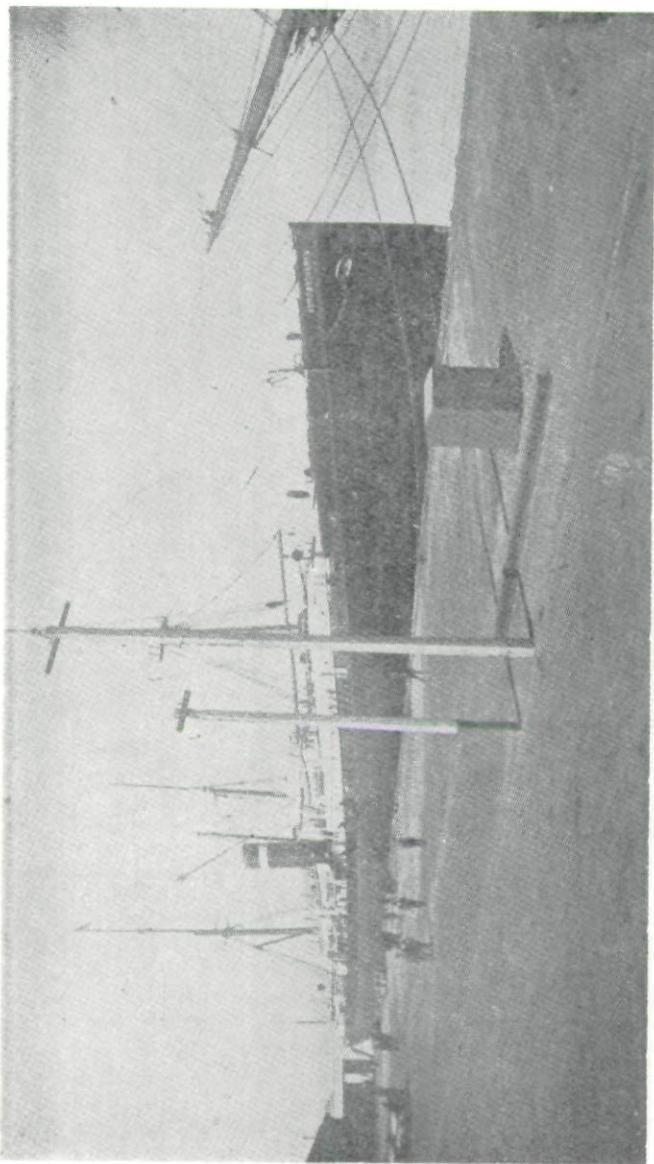


EMBARKING OF U. S. TROOPS FOR MANILA,
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS



THE U. S. TRANSPORT "PENNSYLVANIA"
Home of the Fifty-first Iowa Infantry for Ninety-five Days
First Overseas Expedition of Iowa Troops

Annals of Iowa

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THIRD SERIES

Iowa Bride Accompanies 51st Infantry to the Philippines

By BEULAH MACFARLAND WILLIAMS
Bride of Chaplain Hermon Porter Williams

An Iowa young woman was permitted by order of the U.S. War department to accompany her husband, Capt. Hermon Porter Williams, Chaplain of the 51st Iowa Infantry regiment to the Philippines in 1898, when the Spanish-American war was fought. In her letters there is vivid account of the voyage on the Transport Pennsylvania to the Orient, also her experiences as a resident of Manila and other points on Luzon island, acquaintances made and impressions of the combats engaged in by the American troops with Aguinaldo's insurgents.

These letters were written to a chum of Mrs. Williams. Embracing as they do, glimpses of Philippine life, the habits of the natives and the acquaintance of the American soldiers with them, as well as fine descriptions of housing, the currents of trade, travel and trouble shooting, they form an insight to the incidents of this first invasion of foreign lands by American troops. The statements in these letters covering the author's experiences are true, but the names used are not those of persons living or dead, substitution by the writer of pseudonyms being occasioned because of restrictions enforced by those in authority.

Chaplain Williams kindly consented to their publication and tells of his bride and her experiences on this sojourn over-seas in way of introduction to her narrative.—Editor.

CHAPLAIN WILLIAMS' INTRODUCTION

My manuscript files for a long time have held the story of my bride's experiences traveling with the Fifty-first Iowa Infantry regiment on the troop ship to the

Philippines on our invasion of that Spanish held area, a portion of which I am glad to share with readers of the ANNALS OF IOWA. They reveal the birth of freedom in the Orient, and supplement my own account of the regiment's experience, previously appearing in the ANNALS, adding lively tales of feminine adventures on shipboard and on the Island of Luzon, unique in the history of the nation.

By way of personal introduction, I may relate that Beulah MacFarland was the eighth in a family of ten orphans, whose home was in Columbus Junction, Iowa. She attended the State University of Iowa at Iowa City, and graduated in 1897. I was a member of the Class of 1895, and our friendship developed plans for our marriage after completing our college work.

The advent of the Spanish-American war might have interfered with these plans, but I obtained a leave of absence from my regiment, the Fifty-first Iowa Infantry, then in San Francisco, and we were married at her sister's home in Wapello, Iowa, on Columbus day, my father, James Madison Williams, of Drake University, officiating. On orders from the War department at Washington, she was embarked with the regiment on the Transport Pennsylvania, bound for the Philippines. Her experiences on this voyage and afterwards on Luzon Island and return to America of regiment to be mustered out recounted by her and here submitted, constitute a rare story well worthy of preservation as part of American history.

When the war was over, she returned with me to the Philippines for the establishment of our missionary work in Luzon, where I was knocked out by a deadly infection of tuberculosis. Our daughter Winifred, born in Jefferson, Iowa, was taken with us to the Philippines, and since has spent much of her adult life in Missionary work in Argentine, Paraguay and Puerto Rico, the wife of Dr. Hugh Jeremiah Williams of Pennsylvania.

Our son David, born in the Philippines, is one of the supervisors of Battelle Institute, a scientific organization

of Columbus, Ohio. An orphan boy, whom we adopted, named Lyle, has been a successful businessman in the Chicago area, but has recently moved to Denver. The eldest of his three sons, a captain in the U.S. Air force, has recently married and established a home at Boulder, Colorado.

Beulah died of pneumonia in the Presbyterian hospital at New York City, in 1937, with burial on Chaplain's Knoll, in the Arlington National military cemetery at Fort Meyer, Virginia. It is required that when I die, my body shall be buried beside her.

Albuquerque, N. M., January 1956.

THE BRIDE WRITES FROM MANILA

On Board Transport, Manila Bay,
December 8th, 1898.

Dear Kathleen: By this time you are probably wondering why you didn't hear from your old chum about her strange wedding journey; but you must remember that I am now nine thousand miles away, and it takes a long time for the journey here and a letter's return to you.

Dear me, in what a flurry I left home! To think of having only five days to prepare to go to the other side of the world! You were a jewel, Kathie dear, in that time of excitement and happiness, and I did not have time to half thank you. My husband thinks you are "just all right," which is about the highest praise he could give anyone.

Well, we did manage to get to San Francisco and aboard the transport without leaving behind anything important. The regiment marched down to the wharf Friday morning, and Hermon and I followed in the evening; and there were only three women besides myself on board among a thousand men. I have been treated with the utmost courtesy and the sea trip has been very pleasant, if it were not for that most miserable of all miserable feelings—sea-sickness.

Hardly had we gotten beyond the headlands before the grim monster seized me, and I could not shake him off

for nearly a week. Sea-sickness is no laughing matter. As the vessel rocks from side to side and trembles underneath, you feel as if every fiber in your body were buzzing and working separately. Your stomach is a square box with very sharp corners continually moving about and turning over. At first you sleep most of the time, but you have horrible nightmares in which great black creatures beat you about. After awhile you arrive at a stage of semi-consciousness and lift your eyelids to look around, but something pulls them down again and then you roll your head from side to side and sigh and moan and groan. Now and then it occurs to you that you have heard there is something funny about sea-sickness, so in duty bound you try to smile; but it is such a weak, thin, pale smile.

Well, I tho't I never would get through my siege, but the fourth day I did screw up enough courage to let Hermon drag me on deck. It was well worth the effort, for the air felt delicious, and I had to confess that the sea, which had seemed so cruel, was a beautiful, beautiful blue, and the sky so large and loving. From that time I began to regain an interest in life and my surroundings, and when we reached Hawaii, was myself once more.

Saturday morning, we glided into the harbor of Honolulu. Six or eight small boys swimming about in the bay were the first to welcome us. Our soldiers threw down nickels and dimes into the water, and the little fellows would dive for them and come up clinking and grinning with the coins between their teeth.

These native boys were so interesting to me during our stay in Honolulu. It was a pleasure to look into their kindly brown faces, and they seemed to be very accommodating and honest. Hermon gave a dime to a little fellow loafing around the wharf, and asked him to run to the postoffice for a postal card. In a few minutes the boy returned with the card and change, and could hardly be persuaded to accept more than a "thank you" for the errand.

The city of Honolulu lies between the mountains and the sea, and it seemed like a vision of fairyland that greeted our eyes as we slid up to the wharf that morning. The sun shone down brightly into the town, a mist of rain enveloped the mountains and a double rainbow hung over all. For many days in the year and even on moonlight nights, the rainbow may be seen hovering over the mountains like a halo.

We were glad to disembark and walk about, though it was some time before we got our "land-legs," as it were. Hermon and I enthusiastically started out to see the city, and what was the first thing that hove into view but "My Honolulu Lady"! She was "immense," as Hermon said, and that was literally true—two hundred and fifty pounds, I should think. Her dress was a full pink mother hubbard, with a yoke of embroidery, and as she walked, she flashed an array of much trimmed petticoats and white shoes and stockings. I'm afraid we stared most discourteously, for she was gorgeous. But when we saw her pretty face and its pleasant, kindly expression, we voted that we liked her. It seems strange that the native women are so large, bigger than the men.

We walked down one of the prettiest residence streets I ever saw. It was wide and clean and elegant for wheeling. The houses in most instances are set in the middle of large lawns beautiful in the fresh colors of nature. There were brilliant foliage shrubs, hedges all in bloom, and trees aflame with scarlet blossoms. Our enthusiastic exclamations were suddenly interrupted by a little shower of rain out of a clear sky. It has been just blown down upon us from the clouds up the mountain side. What queer little showers they do have there, so short and delicious! Hawaii's climate must be perfectly ideal, for the thermometer, they say, never rises above 85 degrees and in winter the evenings merely suggest the cold.

We stopped at a pleasant looking home to inquire our way and were greeted by a gentle-voiced English woman who insisted upon our being seated on the porch,

while she brought us a nice cool drink of water. She talked to us about their adopted land which they love so; and before we had gone, invited us to drive around the city with her in the afternoon. Of course we were delighted to accept the invitation, so at three she called for us at the wharf and we had a most delightful drive. First she took us down along the Waikiki beach. On our left was a woody park in which we caught glimpses of bewitching pools and bowers of moss and vines; while on the right were neat, pretty homes beyond which could be heard the waves breaking on the shore. We passed the "Home for Aged Natives"—beautiful and well kept. On the other side of the city were the Bishop Mission schools for native boys and girls. These fine modern buildings are set in the midst of immense grounds and the pupils have excellent advantages. At the girls' school we saw two "nut brown maidens" arm in arm swinging in a hammock; another sat in a rustic seat reading a book, others were playing tennis and different out-door games. These schools, we were informed, were endowed by a native woman of the royal family.

Just as the sun was setting, we arrived at the wharf, full of enthusiasm for our new American Islands, and feeling that the people of Honolulu are the most gracious and hospitable we ever met.

Sunday we attended the great Union church and after services met members of an American family, who invited us home with them for dinner. They urged us to spend the night and, indeed, to make their home our head-quarters while in the city. Did you ever hear of such charming cordiality? Two nights we did stay there, and slept in a queer little suite of two rooms, built separate from the rest of the house, out in the yard.

Tuesday morning, the many friends whom our regiment had made were at the wharf to say, "Goodbye." They decorated us with wreaths of flowers called leis, twining them on our hats and around our necks. It meant "Aloha," my love to you, the Hawaiian farewell. The native band was playing national airs, our band re-

sponded, and the two united in "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." As we steamed out of the harbor, strains of "Stars and Strips Forever" were wafted to us over the dimpling water and wakened sweet regrets that we must leave, perhaps forever, that beautifully romantic paradise. I could hardly keep the tears back.

Four or five days out we struck a heavy sea. It was night, and I was suddenly awakened from a fearful dream by sounds of crashing glass—the surgeon's bottles were skating over his stateroom nearby. The next moment my valise leaped from my trunk to the floor and spilled everything out in motley confusion. Then the books and photographs, which had peacefully been reposing on the couch, threw themselves at me convulsively. I jumped out of bed to save my hairpins from irrevocable dispersion and was myself ruthlessly hurled across the stateroom into the path of our trunks which had begun a spirited procession up and down the narrow space. In desperation I caught hold of the side of Hermon's bunk, but it broke down and Hermon fell with a crash upon a pile of clothes, combs and sundries underneath. That was a horrible night.

For several days, the sea continued rough, and many laughable things happened on deck. One day, while the boys were eating, one unfortunate fellow lost his balance and sat down in a pan of stewed apples. His nearest comrade tried to help him out, but only succeeded in trickling a cup of hot coffee down the unguarded neck of the man in the apples. The boy who passed the beans suddenly "took a slide" to the other side of the deck and then back again; but holding onto his can of beans, he proceeded with his work as if nothing had happened.

We had a lovely moon the last week at sea, and you know how I enjoyed the evenings. The boys used to get together and sing to the accompaniment of mandolins and guitars; "Suane River," "Rock of Ages" and "Nearer my God to Thee" were favorite songs.

We were all pretty happy when, after three weeks of nothing but sea and sky, signs of land appeared and

gradually the dim uneven outlines of northern Luzon could be seen. "Those are cocoanut trees," called out a man below us. "Yes! and watch the monkeys climbing around in them," responded another, not to be outdone in active imagination.

Through the northern channels and down the western coast, we steamed and the next morning were pushing quietly past the old Spanish guns on Corregidor Island into Manila bay. We saw our fleet of warships glittering in the sunlight off Cavite, and lying near them by the beach, the wrecks of Montojo's fleet with only the funnels and masts to testify where once Spain held proud dominion.

In the bay, about two miles from Manila, we came to anchor and found ourselves in the company of several other transports, and of a fleet of warships of different nations.

Soon after our engines stopped, a dozen little canoes flocked about, filled with fruits, cigars and cigarettes, and presided over by a little brown man and his wife or children. The soldiers let their hats down by ropes and in this way were able to carry on quite a lively commerce. It was not long before one of the officers of Company B had purchased a small monkey, and on deck had christened it "Sapphira." This company brought over with them a rooster that has become a great pet among the boys; moreover, he has plumed himself as the most important creature in the regiment, strutting about with the air of a drum major and crowing in exultation over his unique nobility. But alas, his pride has had its fall. He became supremely jealous of the monkey. He would fly at her furiously and at first frightened poor little Sapphira half to death, but at last, one day when the rooster had turned his back in disgust upon his rival, down pounced the monkey, and with a squeal grabbed the beautiful tail of Mr. Cock. In vain the latter turned and twisted and clawed; Sapphira had him at her mercy and was dragging him backward over the deck. Finally with one supreme effort the rooster

broke loose, but three of his long elegant tail feathers were gone, which the monkey was chewing with most comical grimaces. The boys keep their mascots apart now, but the rooster's spirit is broken. I haven't heard him crow since.

The captain of Company K has a dog, a little fox-terrier named "Bob," after "Bob Evans" you know. He is the most self-sufficient animal I ever saw, and a staunch, good fighter. In San Francisco some of the men of another regiment abducted him and matched him against their bull-terrier, who was a great deal larger than Bob. But, nothing daunted, the little dog closed in. They fought for a long time, and after drill the men set them at it again. They fought again till they were finally separated, and "Bob" limped back to camp, bloody, dirty, with an ear torn, with one eye swollen, but with a "triumphant gleam in the other eye," as the captain says when he tells the story. The bull terrier died from his wounds. The only time "Bob" seemed to lose all interest in life was when he was seasick; poor dog, then he immediately was *hors de combat*.

It has been five days now since we entered the bay and the regiment is impatiently waiting orders to disembark. Hermon and I have been over to Manila several times; and what interesting trips we do have! Every morning a government launch visits all of the transports and takes ashore the officers who wish to go. It puffs across the bay and into the mouth of the Pasig. Going up the river, we pass on one shore the moss covered walls of old Manila, and on the other pull alongside the wharf swarming with Chinese and native coolies.

The first day, we had to climb over several "cascos" in order to get ashore. I did not realize what interesting crafts I was stepping on, till that afternoon. Returning to the ship, we had to wait awhile before the launch started, and had an opportunity to see the floating population and their homes. Cascos are the long flat boats used for coaling vessels and for general freighting. They are covered over with woven bamboo

roofing, and at either end are the family apartments of the crew. Women were washing clothes and spreading them on the roof to dry. One sat on the floor with a hand machine before her, sewing and singing. "Pick-aninnies" ran about scantily dressed and happy. Little boys were diving from the edges of the boat and swimming about, laughing and shouting to one another. I caught the word "gang-way" in their chatter and heard the famous tune of "Hot Time" whistled with emphatic enthusiasm.

After reaching the wharf, we engaged one of the crowding vehicles and drove to the Escolta. We found ourselves in a "quilez," a two-wheeled cart boxed over and provided with seats facing each other. These are made for small people and will seat four Filipinos, but only two Americans. The Cochero (Coachman) sits on his box outside, clucks continually to his pony and whips him unceasingly.

On the Escolta, a short narrow street, we found the post office and the principal stores. These are owned by Spaniards, Filipinos, Germans, English, French, Indians, Chinese, Japanese and Americans. The saloons are numerous. One must go through the Escolta, it seems in order to get anywhere else, consequently it is always crowded. We must take our place in the line of vehicles on the left side of the street car track, unless we are in a hurry and try to turn out in order to go around the others. In this case, we are likely to come to grief. Our pony will probably be bumped into by another, our wheels interlocked with other vehicles, and the two drivers will rise up from their seats with shouts and gesticulations that make the confusion quite vivacious. And then some soldier policeman will appear on the scene, flourish his club, shove one pony this way another that, shout "spero" to one driver and "pronto" to the other, and finally jerk order out of confusion. Oh, it's exciting! The first day I thought we never would reach the end of that street alive, and only yesterday our horse fell and turned a somersault (I think).

But I am getting used to it now and fairly enjoy the perilous scrapes we get into.

The streets are full of soldiers: the Spanish, small and dull looking, and the American, big independent, earnest; but you know our proud American soldier, and who has a better right to be proud?

I notice that the native women walking along the street and carrying burdens on their heads or perhaps a child astride one hip look so neat and clean. Their dress is simple. They wear a camisa (waist) cut low at the neck and made plain and straight reaching to the waist-line. The sleeves are full and flowing. A kerchief is worn with this and the edges of both sleeves and kerchief are daintily embroidered. The material is a native manufacture of hemp or pineapple fiber. It is very thin and cool and usually the natural color of the fiber. Their skirt is of heavier material made with a round train which they tuck in at the waist when they walk on the street. Many of the women have pretty faces with delicate features and such a wealth of luxuriant hair, so black and glossy.

The peculiar thing about the native man's dress is his shirt which is worn outside his trousers and floats airily about him.

Several times in going about we have stopped and talked with groups of these little brown people, and they have completely captivated me. They are pleasant looking and seem to be good natured and quite capable of education and culture.

I wish you could see some of the funny signs that have been put up recently to attract Americans. One Spanish restaurant has "Eggs, chees, chicken, pie, and all kinds of meals." Another serves "Breakfast, dinner, cold meat and supper"; "No Truts" a Chinaman has put in his window; I guess he means 'no trust.' And a carriage factory announces, "Carriages of all sorts and kind, all sorts of reparations of vehicles done here."

Few American women have come over yet, so we are stared at a good deal.

Hermon has just come in to tell me that our regiment has been ordered to land. Hurrah! Goodbye for this time.

Lovingly, BEULAH

AGUINALDO AND FOLLOWERS SURLY

42 Calle Francisco, Manila, P. I.

Dear Kathie: The day after I mailed my letter to you, our regiment landed and marched to the outskirts of the city about a mile from here. Aguinaldo and his followers have been growing suspicious of Americans and somewhat surly in their behavior, so the authorities think it is best to keep the city well protected until the senate decides what to do with the islands, and further orders come from Washington.

After the regiment was quite established in their new quarters, the Chaplain took me out to see the camp. The tents are scattered over a grassy slope where they have a fine outlook of rolling hills and far-away blue mountains. The sunsets are gorgeous and the morning air delicious. The boys seem happy as could be and pronounce this a pretty good country.

But what of me? Why I am just as happily situated in the home of a Spanish family in the city. We are ten in all, Senor and Senora Lopez, their four children, and three American women besides myself, Mrs. Clopp, the wife of a volunteer captain, her daughter Miss Delia, and Mrs. West, whose husband is on the Olympia. We of the American side are already friends, and while away many an hour reading and singing together, and dancing on these elegant hardwood floors.

I have told you of our family, but "there are others" namely: ten native servants who chatter, clatter, clatter, all day long, up and down the long hall into which our rooms open. I often hear them talking together about us Americans, mimicking our agonized Spanish and our voices. Then there are a dozen or more twit-

tering birds in a large cage, a parrot, which squawks continually and speaks Tagalog (his cage hangs just outside my door); a monkey which squeals; four dogs that make themselves at home in any part of the house, my room included; chickens, ducks, geese, four horses, pigs, cats and a buffalo cow. The barnyard animals, especially the geese and pigs, are heard though not seen. Aren't we an interesting household, Kathie?

I find the Lopez children most amusing and enjoyable. The youngest is a dear little girl of three, a perfect ray of sunshine with her golden head of hair and blue eyes and her delicious happy laugh. The two boys are a pair of rascals, always laughing, shouting and turning hand-springs at the most unexpected times and places, and talking a perfect jargon of Spanish, Tagalog and English, the latter picked up from the soldiers. I shall never forget the first evening Hermon was here. We were at dinner when the younger of the two, having evidently kept still as long as he could, looked up with a mischievous twinkle in his black eyes, and pointing his finger at Hermon, blurted out loudly, "*Yankee Pig!*" How we laughed! and the embarrassment of his parents only made the incident funnier.

Mr. Lopez wants the children to learn English, and I sometimes amuse myself by playing the part of a teacher. I have taught them several of our popular songs, which they love to sing, especially "John Brown's Body," paraphrased appropriately to the times: "Hang Aguin-aldo on the sour apple tree," etc. The other day, passing by their room, I heard the three younger ones fairly howling on the chorus; I peeped in and saw a *picture*—there before an elaborate image of the virgin, lighted by candles, knelt the children, looking up with hands devoutly folded on their breasts, and shouting "Glory, Glory, Allelooyah!" with a tremendous accent and ring. Their mother explained that they were playing church and chanting the "Gloria."

Anita, the oldest, is a shy girl of thirteen who promises to be a beautiful woman some day. Her hair is

black and luxuriant and her eyes are full of expression. And such a skin, Kathie! no color, to be sure, but soft and delicate as a baby's. She and I have become great friends, and nearly every afternoon she brings her embroidery into my room and we chat together. I am studying Spanish and talk with everyone who gives me an opportunity. Anita is very much interested in us American women and tries to imitate us in many ways. She has taken off her earrings, I noticed today.

One afternoon recently I had been talking of our public schools and of how our girls at her age usually spent their time in school. Anita looked up at me, her eyes filling with tears, "I want to go to school," she faltered, "it costs much money and my brothers must be educated." I explained that our schools were free, and after a moment of thoughtfulness she sighed, "I wish I could live in America, I'd like to learn things too." Poor child, from what I know of Spanish girls, as a rule they must be satisfied with a little instruction in the common branches, in embroidery and music.

I get out of patience with these Spanish people sometimes; though the Lopez's are one of the best families here, they have queer ideas, for instance, about the training of their children. The servants they keep put all sorts of ideas into the young heads. Anita one time said to me, "Last week Marcella's (the sewing woman) little baby died and it had not been baptized. She knew it would not be saved so she got a priest to come and baptize it, and then she prayed. Suddenly there was a fluttering in the room and looking up, she saw a bird fly out of the window and up to heaven. It was the baby's soul." "Do you believe that?" I asked. "Oh, yes," she replied, "for when grandma died, I saw the bird fly from her lips. It is always so with people that are good." What strange superstitions have grown up with the religion of these people!

I wish you could see our "Uncle," Kathleen. He is a bachelor brother of Mrs. Lopez, and we have adopted him. We call him "Uncle" because we can't remember

his name, much less pronounce it. Nearly every evening when we are at dinner a familiar voice is heard in the hall and in steps our friend, a fat, jolly, homely, little man. "Good naeeght!" he says, with a low bow, then struts down to the end of the table and takes his seat. He has lost his heart on Miss Delia, he says, and at every mention of her name assumes the most love-lorn expression, rolling his eyes, and putting his fat little hands over his heart, this with a sigh, and afterwards a hearty laugh. We enjoy the mistakes he makes when he tries to speak English. The other evening he told us how at a party recently he wished to compliment an American lady upon her pretty arms. He asked a Spaniard the word for—pointing to his arm. "Flesh," the man replied. Consulting a pocket dictionary for further information, he finally said to the lady, "You have very nice meats."

We converse with our Spanish friends as a rule through Mr. Lopez, who speaks quite good English, but even he brings in words strangely at times. For instance, yesterday I asked to borrow the ink. With great courtesy he gave me the bottle, remarking, "Here is some, but I am frightened it will fade." At tiffin today he informed us that their ancient cook had returned.

You ask me what we have to eat. I could tell you better perhaps the things we don't have; however, here is last night's menu, and with a few changes it will be the same tomorrow night and the next night and so on. Soup (oh, so insipidly watery), fish (with a queer flavor and sprinkled with peas), stewed chicken (a suggestion of the same flavor referred to), a Spanish dish consisting of rice, banana, chicken, slices of bacon, native beans, hard boiled eggs, pieces of pork, shrimps, garlic, onions, potatoes, all piled on a big platter, and over the whole thrown a blanket of curry—(Ugh!), salad (lettuce and cabbage), beefsteak, boiled meat with potatoes, dessert (bananas), coffee (very strong and very bitter). Oh dear, when I think of the good things we have to eat at home!—I hear Hermon—finish later.

January 11: Hurrah! a big mail today! and such a nice letter from your sweet self. I'm glad you are having such a good time this winter; how can you without us soldiers? What lots of questions you do ask, child! but I think that I've already answered most of them. Let's see, I left off when Hermon came Wednesday, didn't I? Well, he bro't with him Sergeant Lawrence King. They have become excellent friends and Hermon says he's "all right"—two people I know of whom he has lately mentioned in this way. I have only caught glimpses of Mr. King since we left home, and was so glad to have him call. What a handsome man he is! especially when interested in something and his eyes light up. This climate hasn't taken the color out of his cheeks either, as it has from mine, alas! He was quiet and almost self-conscious till we began to talk of home, of our mutual friends, and of you, my Kathleen Mavour-reen. Then he was interested and interesting too. We had a very pleasant evening till those two boys got started talking about "the situation." They prophesied all sorts of dreadful things and actually spoke as if they were crazy to be in a fight—the idea! But I'm afraid some of their prophecies will come true, affairs are in such a critical condition now. They are on the lookout for a demonstration of some kind from the Filipinos, so officers are rarely allowed to leave camp. I hadn't seen Hermon for a whole week.

Friday, General Otis' proclamation printed in Spanish, English and Tagalog was posted all over town. It states the position that the American Government has taken in regard to the Islands and promises protection and good government to the inhabitants. The next day many posters had been torn from the boards and in their place was published a proclamation signed by Aguinaldo, stating that the Filipino nation had been deceived by the American Government; that they had heretofore hoped and expected to be independent, and now that they understood by the proclamation the intentions of "Mac Kinley" they wished to announce that they refuse to

recognize any government except their own, and will obey none but Aguinaldo. Moreover, they say, they're going to fight for their liberty. That sounds pretty plain, doesn't it?

I suppose this means an outbreak of some kind on the part of the natives, since our army has orders to make no aggressive movement. The question is, will it begin at the outposts with the insurgent army, or will it be an uprising of the city population, cab-drivers, shop-keepers, servants, etc., with burning and pillage? Filipino officers are becoming brazenly insulting, and every day one or two of our sentinels are attacked by natives, secretly armed with bolos. These things infuriate our boys and I guess they'll be only too glad when the clash comes, for suspense is harder to bear than fighting, they think.

Yesterday afternoon there was a great excitement. Soon after tiffin Mr. Lopez rushed into the house almost breathless, crying, "They have come, the insurgents have come." At the same time we heard a confusion in the streets, and rushing to the balcony we saw vehicles of every description racing by pell-mell. Soldiers were running and natives stupidly staring in bewilderment. The bugles from every quartel were sounding the "call to quarters," and soldiers were losing no time in getting there. They held up the quilezes, turned out the occupants and crowded in themselves. One cart was so full that the poor little pony was fairly lifted from his feet by the weight at the back end. Of course, some had to get out. Then they chucked the driver out of his seat and themselves lashed the horse up the street on a run. Some of the soldiers stopped a tramcar, hitched the ponies around to the other end and lashed furiously back to quarters, much to the dismay of the passengers. Those who couldn't crowd in ran at the side, all whooping and yelling, "Hurrah! hurrah! they've come, they're at it!" Oh my, it was exciting.

I flew to get my revolver. In the hall the women servants ran up and down crying and wringing their hands,

and the Lopez children clung sobbing to their mother's skirts. Out again to the balcony I ran with my revolver and a handkerchief full of cartridges. Now it seemed that whole families were leaving town, for cart after cart rattled by carrying Filipino women and children, with their household things, ducks, chickens, etc. A company of soldiers quartered next door stood in column fully equipped, eager for the order to march, but it didn't come. The excitement gradually subsided. And the cause? Downtown some guard had shot a dog. Immediately the cry was raised, "The insurgents are coming," of course the report spread like wildfire. Stores were shut up in an instant, the timid Chinese merchants disappeared into their shops, and on the street pandemonium reigned. But in half an hour it was over, greatly to the relief of European residents. I didn't get a chance to use my revolver, of course, but I'm glad I have it; there's no telling what may happen now.

There are almost no public vehicles to be had, the drivers having gone to join the insurgents, and this morning two of our servants here left. We see men on the streets talking so earnestly together in little groups—Filipinos, Spanish and Americans. Mr. Lopez is very nervous. "I am well acquainted with these *Indians*," he said, "If they get into the city, they will loot, burn and murder indiscriminately. Ah!" with a shrug, "America will soon find out what she has on her hands. These *monkeys!* They must not be treated with mercy, for your kindness they will only thank you by robbing and murdering you."

Uncle came in last evening in a very sober mood. He calls himself a Filipino, having been born in the Islands, and his sympathies are with the insurgents. "Americans and Filipinos are no longer friends," he said sadly. "We have been deceived." In vain did we try to explain that under American government, his people would have perfect freedom. "We want no nation to rule over us," he replied emphatically, "having just got rid of one, we

do not want another." I fear there's no more fun in Uncle.

Even the children are quiet and sober, feeling rather than understanding that their home may be imperilled by war. Last night Anita was standing by the window gazing out into the darkness. She looked so sorrowful that I asked her, "Que es Anita?" "Boom! boom!" she whispered with trembling lips—and I understood.

We ladies have not ventured out of the house since Friday. We try to be calm and keep our spirits up, but oh, this suspense is almost unbearable at times. If my husband would only come in!

I must close now, there's no telling where I'll be when I write again. Maybe they'll send us women out to the transports, or to Hong Kong, or somewhere else. Good-bye, dear.

Lovingly, BEULAH

OUTBREAK OF THE WAR

Cavite, P. I., February 12, 1899

Dear Kathleen: How much! How much has taken place here since my last letter to you! It is hard to realize what has occurred, and the end we cannot know. But war has come at last. All along for several weeks previous to the outbreak, the natives had been doing their utmost to provoke our army to hostilities, and had been thinking us cowards because we would not be provoked. I guess the President wanted to avoid a fight if possible, and the most insistent orders were given to the troops against any aggression.

My husband got away from his regiment Saturday night for the first time in a week. In the evening we celebrated by going to the circus. Such a great relief it was to forget "the situation" for awhile. But along in the latter part of the performance, the people at the door made a great commotion and a soldier rushed in shouting, "The outposts have been attacked! Soldiers, to your quarters!" Immediately a score or more of our soldiers in the audience sprang up and jumping over

seats and benches, made a wild rush for the door. Hermon took me home as fast as our horses could run. We had but a minute to say, "Goodbye," maybe, we thought, for ever. Oh Kathie, it was hard to be brave. The ripping sound of volleys and the clatter of a thousand rifles made the darkness perfectly terrifying. "Keep up courage, Little One," Hermon whispered to me, "you have the hardest part to bear, but be a true soldier." I was so bewildered and frightened I couldn't speak a word. He left me at the door and his carriage sped away. As I entered the house, Anita ran to me crying, "Oh Senora, will they burn our house, and what will become of us?" The rest of the family were awed into silence by those cruel noises outside.

"Mother has not returned yet, Mrs. Williams," said Miss Delia coming in from the balcony. "She went out to the camp with Father this afternoon intending to stay all night, and what do you suppose she will do, for I know our regiment is in the fight." Boom, boom, boom, boom—the ships in the bay had begun their cannonading.

We all gathered in a room downstairs where the high stone walls surrounding the house would protect us from chance bullets, and here we sat for an hour or so, sad and tearful, as we listened to the fury of the rifles and the rolling cannon. Then a soldier came in at about ten o'clock, with the news that Mrs. Clopp was at the home of an English family in the city, and would return to us in the morning. In answer to our eager questions, he told us that the fight had been begun by one of our sentinels at the Santa Mesa bridge, who fired on some Filipinos sneaking up in the darkness. Immediately the whole insurgent army opened fire as though they had been only waiting for the signal. "We were ready for 'em tho' and were hitting them hard," he said.

"The Cap'n told me to take care of Mrs. Clopp, and I tell you she's plucky! We had to run to the rear a quarter of a mile, and every now and then when bullets came crashing through the trees apparently near, we got down behind the ridges until the niggers let up a

bit. We had to feel our way along, it was so dark; and sometimes crawled on our knees. Mrs. Clopp had a loaded revolver and never let on she was a bit scared. I've run all the way here to tell you she's safe. Good-bye, I must get back," and he was gone.

At twelve o'clock the firing had almost ceased and we separated to get what sleep we could, but for hours I lay in bed, trembling, and praying a little, I guess. I must have fallen asleep for a time, but it was not long, for the fusillade began again, savage but intermittent, and kept us awake till morning.

As we sat at breakfast a bullet came phut! over our heads and shattered the mirror in the social room. An hour or so later another struck in the dining room. They were fighting in the city!

In the middle of the forenoon Mrs. Clopp arrived safe and sound, quite shocked by her experience, though she confessed to me afterwards that she was glad she went through it.

All day long some of the soldiers next door kept straggling in, wounded or exhausted by the terrible exertion and heat. We ladies busied ourselves in the kitchen preparing little extras in the way of toast, cool drinks and delicacies for them. A few of the boys we brought into our house, for their quarters contain little comfort for sick men.

By evening the sharpshooters in the city had been silenced and the insurgents outside had been driven back into the country several miles, so we felt safer than we had for weeks, and happy to think that our army had been so victorious.

Hermon had sent me word that he had gotten through all right and would see me as soon as he could. Tuesday, a Captain of our regiment brought his wife over and told me that Hermon had been detailed to special duty at Cavite and that since Cavite was a safer place for a woman than Manila, he had secured quarters there for his wife. He suggested that we make the trip together as neither he nor the Chaplain would be able

to assist us in locating in our new home. You may be sure the news was grateful to me. Hermon's new duties would not be so dangerous and then I could be right with him. The Captain's wife is a very pleasant woman, so that I looked forward with pleasure to her company.

After the Captain had gone, we began to plan about fitting up our new rooms and decided to pack our trunks at once and do our shopping that afternoon, so we could take the five o'clock ferry to Cavite.

I tell you that was a busy day. In the afternoon we found that there were no public vehicles to be had anywhere (they had all disappeared in the melee of the last few days) and how we were to manage with our valises, umbrellas, and purchases was a question. We had to do something, so seeing a quilez passing by and marked "Quarter-master's Dept." we ran out and stopped it. Then while Mrs. Wilkinson talked with the cochero, I climbed in; she followed, and we told the little driver to "Sige! Sige!" (Go on!) But he vehemently pointed to the Q. M. placard and shook his head that he couldn't take us. We only settled ourselves back with "no sabe, no sabe!" however. As he couldn't put us out and we wouldn't understand, he accepted the situation, lighted a cigarette, after offering us each one, and started off as we directed him.

On the Escolta there were few people to be seen excepting Americans and small boys. A few stores were open (luckily) but their goods were covered and the doors ready to be shut at any moment. Soldiers were everywhere, all on duty, guarding coolies and patrolling the streets. They looked sober and even stern. I caught snatches of a conversation between two. They were talking of comrades that had been shot during the last few days, and they were lamenting that they could not be on the "firing line."

Wherever my companion and I went, some sentinel kept a jealous eye on us as though we had been especially intrusted to his care. "It's good to see an American woman," I overheard one boy say as we passed out of

a store. To Chinatown we had to go for furniture and coolies to carry it. Here in most cases the shops were closed, all but a crack through which peered a curious Chinaman or two; at the appearance of a customer, the doors were quickly thrown open. After a good deal of arguing and beating down in price (the rule when buying of Chinamen here), we completed our purchases and loaded twelve coolies with them. What a procession we made as we started for the wharf! Our quilez contained two valises, two umbrellas, a large basket, two brooms, and kitchen utensils, besides ourselves, while in single file behind us trotted the homely, scantily-clad celestials. They carried two beds, two tables, and several chairs, while out of large baskets which were swinging in pairs from their shoulders, all sorts of ungainly things protruded. Trot, trot, trot, chatter, chatter, chatter, they followed along, stopping now and then to rest and wipe their dripping faces.

How we two women managed to get all these things stowed away on the ferry and to pay off the dozen greedy, jabbering Chinamen, I cannot now imagine, but we did it and were immensely relieved to be able to settle ourselves for the two hours ride across the bay. We reached Cavite in safety, quite refreshed by the delightful breezes and cheered by the wonderful sunset colors in the sky and sea. The Chaplain was at the wharf to meet us and to welcome us to this charming little town where we are now cosily settled somewhat removed from the chief seat of war. The Chaplain fussed a good deal at first about having to leave his regiment and "miss it all," but I'm glad of it. Men are such bloodthirsty creatures!

Mrs. Wilkinson, Hermon and I have four rooms upstairs in an immense rambling old house, which with its court and garden is surrounded by a high moss-covered wall. My rooms open out onto a stone balcony, shaded by the vine of the fragrant passion flower. From this balcony a flight of stone steps leads down into the garden, evidently at one time quite luxuriant and well kept.

The morning after we took possession of our new quarters, Mrs. Wilkinson and I undertook to explore this old garden. We found walks and flower beds marked out by wine bottles buried to their necks in the earth. Orange and frangipani trees filled the air with fragrance and the latter carpeted the ground with its white blossoms. Out of this garden we passed through a heavy gate into another; here lilies, jasmine, oleander and many varieties of gay colored shrubs and flowers blossomed in tangled confusion. This mass of flowers, the back of the old stone house and the surrounding wall overgrown with moss and vines, made a romantic picture. An old native woman, who had come in to get some water, and two American soldiers in their brown trousers and blue shirts, sitting up on the wall, added interest to the scene.

Just outside the walls of Cavite there is a native town called San Roque, and the insurgents occupied it in force till last Wednesday, but they had to leave then. They were so near to us and had been threatening the Navy Yard so much that Admiral Dewey ordered them to fly the white flag before nine o'clock Wednesday morning or he would shell the town. The flag was flying before the appointed hour, but flames and smoke were rushing up from a score of different places. The natives had abandoned the town and were now burning it. Two battalions and a battery from here were ordered over the causeway to occupy the town and save it from complete destruction. Nothing would do but that the Chaplain must join one of these commands, in spite of my protests that he had no business there; but they were all expecting a fight under cover of the flames, and there is no reasoning with a man with such prospects.

Mrs. Wilkinson and I resolved also to see what we could of operations, so we climbed up into the tower of the old church. Such a time as we had getting there! Up the convent stairs connected with the church, through some of our soldiers' quarters, walking along high narrow ledges, climbing rickety ladders—at last we

struggled to the highest windows of the bell tower and sat on its wide stone sill. Oh, what a magnificent view we had of the bay, the ships of our fleet, Manila in the distance and little San Roque at our feet! There the greedy flames were consuming house after house with an exultant roar. We could see the bamboo frameworks totter and fall. Pop, pop, pop, the wood crackled in the fire—it sounded for all the world like rifle reports. A skirmish line of blue and brown was sweeping through the town. Steadily it moved along, pausing only a moment now and then to reconnoiter, and then pursuing to overtake if possible the fleeing insurgents. The natives had too much of a start, however, though five or six were killed, Hermon said. We saw our soldiers halt about four miles out where the sea came up on either side; and there they are now entrenched, waiting for some movement of the Filipinos just beyond. Oh Kathleen, there's something grandly exciting in it all!

Captain Wilkinson came over from Manila for a visit last night and he and the Chaplain had a great time telling their experiences. The captain says our company is now comfortably settled in a cluster of deserted huts, a wee village, that happens to be in the line of occupation, and they say that our army is waiting for reinforcements. Hermon doesn't think the natives will make another attack for a long time, but when they do, the troops are equal to it. I am anxious to go over and visit our camp, but my husband says, "Not now."

This morning our husbands went out to Fort Rice, our outpost beyond San Roque, so Mrs. Wilkinson and I walked part way with them. We wanted to see what was left of the little town. Only a few houses were standing, and there was the skeleton of a large church. Crucifixes and images of saints carved in wood lay scattered about. Apart from the church was the rude frame of the bell tower containing five large bells, all out of repair but uninjured by the fire. A piano stood in the yard of a half-burned house. Beds, chairs, furniture and clothing were scattered along the streets. The on-

ly creatures about, aside from a few soldiers, were occasional Chinamen poking around among the ruins and a great number of lean, hungry, frightened dogs. After our husbands had gone on, a soldier showed us through a house he was guarding, one of the better class residences. It had been saved intact. On the first floor were heaps of beautiful clothes, elaborate petticoats, embroidered camisas and silk skirts. Upstairs the rooms were well furnished. I noticed several pretty candlesticks, two curious clocks, an elegant mirror and some very handsome chairs and tables. In the yard the guards had just discovered a box full of dishes which the owners of this house had taken time to bury before their hurried flight. I brought away with me a doll ingeniously carved of wood and painted. She is a Mestizo lady, and indeed she looks like one, with her olive complexion, black glossy hair and earrings. I don't see how all these people got away so quickly with their babies, their sick and even the chickens. Poor things, I feel sorry for them, and for the Chinese too, who were harried and burned out at will by the Filipinos. They seem to take it quite philosophically, however. I'm glad our government is good to them.

Oh Kathleen, I have something funny to tell you, I almost forgot. Several days ago we heard the greatest banging and rattling overhead in our garret and couldn't imagine what it was. Then a morning or two after, I heard queer noises in the front room and peeped through a crack in the door to see. There on my table sat a *monkey!* He did look so comical with his head on one side, from all appearances studying the picture in an open magazine before him. Another was pawing around in my work basket. I laughed out loud, and quick as a flash they disappeared—one by the balcony, the other out the window, where he swung himself up to the roof. Since then the creatures have been very saucy, and for some reason have taken a marked dislike to Mrs. Wilkinson. They seat themselves in the attic at a hole in her ceiling, look down at her and scold away at a great

rate, and even go so far sometimes as to drop dirt, stones, and tin cans down into her room. One morning a can of condensed milk, which I had opened for tea, mysteriously disappeared. I never thought of our mischievous neighbors, but that afternoon Hermon called me from the balcony and when I came to him, he pointed to the eaves. There was one of those monkeys walking carefully along and carrying in one arm the lost can of milk. His long whiskers, all covered with the white, sticky stuff, showed that he had been eating it. The scamp!

Well, I must close for the day; Mrs. Wilkinson is calling me to go to dinner.

Adios, BEULAH

NATIVE FILIPINO HOMES

Sunday the 19th: Yesterday we spent the whole day at our company's camp, and I must tell you all about it, for I know you'll be interested. Captain Wilkinson came over Friday night, and the next morning the four of us took the ferry for Manila and on landing secured carriages. Out beyond the city the drive was beautiful under tall swaying bamboos and wide-spreading mango trees. The highway and fields were so quiet, not even a bird could be seen or heard. Now and again we passed a picket post along the road. After two miles were gone by, we began to hear the talk and laughter of soldiers, the click of rifles being cleaned, and the rattle of the cook's pans, and soon we were with our regiment. How they gazed at us as we drove up, and I forgave them when I remembered what I had overheard the soldier say on the Escolta.

The Chaplain had some of the men bring a settee and place it under a big tree, and there we sat and enjoyed the shade and the sea breeze and the odd appearance of the boys. It had been some time since they had had an issue of clothing, and then many of them had let their beards grow. Several whom I knew came up and chatted awhile, and then Hermon took me around to see

some of the quarters. I suspect our friends in the regular army would have been quite shocked to have seen us, two women going about the camp so informally. The social lines are not so closely drawn among the volunteers, and I did enjoy peeping in on the boys, in the little homes they had fixed for themselves. There were nipa huts enough to shelter the whole company and some of the fellows had furnished their rooms quite luxuriously.

I must tell you what the native house is like, Kathleen. The frame work is of bamboo poles, the walls are made of strips of bamboo and leaves of the nipa palm ingeniously tied and woven together, and the roof is thatched with palm leaves. The house is set up about five feet from the ground, thus leaving a place underneath for the native to keep his farm implements and "truck" and to shelter the chickens when it rains. You enter the house by a bamboo ladder and find the floors made of bamboo slats which allow the air to pass freely between them. Windows and doors are large openings with thatched shutters swung from the top. These are propped up in the day time and let down at night. The beds, only the richer class have them, are four-posters arranged for mosquito bar, and having a cane bottom. A mat, a sheet and a hard cotton pillow are all the bedding the native uses (and he usually dispenses with the sheet).

Sergeant King has a nice large room in a shack, together with three other Sergeants. When we walked up to the "front door" we saw him busily writing at his desk, looking especially handsome in a fine new black mustache. "Come and take dinner with us, King!" Hermon called, and we three strolled out to the company kitchen for a real camp dinner. The kitchen is a bamboo roof set up on four poles, and is presided over by our old darkey friend Uncle Billie Hicks. His black face beamed when he saw us, "Why good mo'nin, Miss! Shake han's! Yes, I'se been perspectin' yuh! I'se got de chicken, run 'im down in these yeah woods. I don'

know if he's fricasseed very stylish, but you-all come into de dinin' room an' sit down in my uphol'sud chaihahs. He, he, he!" We thanked him and sat down at an improvised table on real chairs taken from the abandoned homes of the natives. "Yo'll please to 'scuse me," said Uncle Billy, as he hustled about, "jes a second while I wait on de boys. Company D, come to dinnah!" he called, and with a yell and a rattle of tin cups, the boys formed in line and filed past to have their plates and cups filled. "Which'll you have, boys, lemin pie or cocnut pie? Only got two kinds. Lemin? All right sah, heah it is, he, he, he!" and he put a great chunk of bread on the plate held out to him. Soon he served us, and how good everything tasted!—chicken, beans, soup, bread and delicious coffee. I ate like a soldier, I guess, for the morning air had given me a ravenous appetite. We praised Uncle Billy's cooking as we were leaving, and he seemed so pleased and said, "Pshaw, Miss! You'se foolin' aint yuh? Well, de boys likes de stuff, I guess. Good day! Come again."

After this, we visited the outposts, walking along the trenches. The boys were collected in little groups here and there, some writing letters, others playing cards, and still others stretched out in some shady nook sound asleep. The sun is pretty hot at that time of day, but in the shade one can be very comfortable.

As we were walking out along the line of picket posts a way beyond our camp, we saw in one place a group of men gathered around a carabao cart whereon was a keg which seemed to be a great center of attraction. A hole had been bored in one end and a refreshing stream of beer was gushing forth into the soldiers' tin cups. Hermon told me that one of the Milwaukee firms had given a keg of beer to each company that had been on the firing line February 5th.

We stopped awhile to rest under a big mango tree back of the trenches and the Chaplain went down the line to the Colonel's quarters, leaving Lawrence to keep me company till he should return.

Mail leaves for the States today, so I must close now.

Your very loving BEULAH

HOUSEKEEPING AND MARKETING

38 Calle San Miguel, Manila, P. I.,
Tuesday, June 27, 1899.

Dear Kathleen: Your letter which came yesterday finds me back in Manila again. I think, however, I wrote about a month ago that Hermon had been transferred to his regiment in San Fernando, and that Mrs. Wilkinson and I intended getting a house in Manila. We moved over a day or so after that, and in a short time were comfortably settled here. We are living in five large upstairs rooms on a street near the Luneta. The whole west side of the house can be thrown open to a magnificent outlook of the harbor with its shipping, also Cavite; and our neighbor, a German-Spaniard, is playing "Th Moonlight Sonata." I am almost tempted to stop writing and drink it all in.

We have learned by this time to manage the house-keeping quite comfortably, or perhaps I should say we have learned to leave things severely alone and trust ourselves to the mercies of Wun Lung, the cook, muchacho (boy), and cochero (coachman). At first we had it arranged that Mrs. Wilkinson should oversee the cooking and I the buying. One trial apiece was about enough, I guess. My experience in marketing was not very delightful. I started out quite independently one morning and directed Cochero to take me to the Filipino market. We stopped before a square filled with little huts and swarming with natives, Chinamen, and dogs. Nothing daunted, I pushed my way into the buzzing, chattering throng and found myself among lines of little stands and booths kept by native men and women (and their families), where were displayed fish, fruit, vegetables, chickens, in more or less confusion. Everybody stopped and stared to see a white woman doing her own buying and crowded around whenever I made a purchase. I bought some eggs and they handed them out

to me one by one, so I had to buy the tray to carry them in. A bunch of lettuce, a fish, some live shrimps (several got away) and some fruit were all handed over without wrapping and I had to carry them as best I could. Then dear, dear, as I was hurrying through the crowd with my stuff, it started to rain! A kind shopkeeper invited me to step into her hut, which I gratefully did. She was getting dinner for the family, cooking some queer looking meat over coals in a little earthenware stove. She entertained me, however, while the shower lasted by asking questions about America, and proudly showing off her youngest "pickaninny."

I tell you I was glad to hand my purchases over to Cochero, but fancy I saw him hide a smile as he took them. I have not been near a market since.

Mrs. Wilkinson had her trials too and I want to tell you a joke on her. A native woman brought a live chicken and two dozen eggs to the house to sell. Mrs. W., thinking to get fresh eggs and to surprise me with a fine bargain in the hen, bought both. The eggs turned out all bad and the hen died a little while after the woman left. Wun Lung is sole manager of the cuisine now. He goes home every night and comes at nine in the morning, bringing with him provisions for the day.

We had such a time with ants when we first moved into the house. They came in great armies—big black creatures, middle-sized yellow ones and little red ones, marching up the table legs in the dining room and kitchen and even molesting us in our beds. Such persistent creatures they are! We put the legs of the tables in water, but they bridged the water with some of their dead ones and continued their march. We were nearly desperate when Wun Lung came and ordered Muchacho to wipe the floors with kerosene every morning, and lo! our ants were gone.

The rainy season is gradually coming on. We have a little shower every day, and the bugs and frogs are thriving. In the evening, hordes of insects come in at the windows, attracted by the light. One night they

were delicate creatures with long white wings; another time they were tiny black bugs. They swarm around the lamp and through the rooms, but after awhile disappear. Then, over in the garden nearby there is a tree where fireflies collect by the thousands. The flashing of their tiny lights in and out among the leaves and branches make the prettiest Christmas tree you ever saw.

Last night the frogs held high carnival over in a marsh not far from here. It was all so still out of doors till suddenly, as if at a signal, they broke out into a hoarse chorus, which increased to such a roar that we had to raise our voices to be heard in speaking.

Roaches are with us all the time; there's one right now running across the floor, making almost as much noise as a mouse. He stops now and then, cocks his head, moves his long feelers about, blinks his bright eyes and then trots on. I don't like them; they eat holes in my best petticoats. But we are fond of the shy little lizards that run up and down the sides of the house and along the window sills, especially one little beady-eyed fellow who comes every day and watches me from behind the blind as I sew or write.

Our street is broad, and is one of the principal ones leading to the Escolta; so it is always interesting to sit before the window and watch the passersby. Yesterday I jotted down a few sights. A native boy came sauntering along with a loaf of bread, without any wrapper, under his arm. He was probably filling an order for the "American Bakery" which a Chinaman from Chicago has recently opened.

Six or eight young girls passed, bringing eggs, chickens and vegetables to market, carrying them in trays on their heads. They chatted and laughed merrily as they trotted along keeping time with the march which one of their number was playing on a mouth organ.

What looked like a bed with four pairs of human legs came walking down the street. As it drew nearer, I saw that the bare legs belonged to four Chinese coolies.

Then terrific squeals called my attention to a pig traveling to market; with feet tied together, it was being jolted along on a pole between two natives. The poor thing was having a terribly rough ride. The women are more merciful, for they carry the animals in crates on their heads.

Across the street, in the shade of a bamboo tree, a number of native women come every day bringing trays of fruit, cigars and cigarettes. These they exchange with the soldiers for cans of salmon, hard-bread, bacon, etc. Lately they have been bringing corn and roasting it over a charcoal fire; it smells good, too. What with the chattering of these women, the bantering of the soldiers, and the laughter of the little native boys next door, who always seem to be playing at pitching pennies, we ought not to get very lonesome.

There are a good many Chinese peddlers in Manila and they are so funny. Almost every day one calls on us. He comes walking upstairs and into the hall with a nod and a cheerful "Hello Goo' morning!" Then he sets down his pack, which is carried on a pole over his shoulder, opens it and displays his wares, chiefly white cotton dress goods. "Tee dollah hop, chip" (three dollars and a half, cheap). He is likely to ask it for most any piece, but he can be persuaded to give it to you for "wan dollah." I usually chat a little while with them, so I guess they like to come here. The other morning I heard a great chattering on the street below, and looking out, saw at least a dozen of the comical fellows. When they saw me, they all began to call "Hello, Goo' morning!" They started to open their packs and held up their goods for inspection, jabbering out the prices in a most ferocious competition. This was supposed to be a joke on me for they all began to laugh heartily, tied up their bundles and went on their way, calling out "Adios, Goo'bye!"

The busiest people over here seem to be the Chinamen. Most of them are coolies, but there are some

wealthy merchants, and the Chinese-Filipino Mestizos are quite a good class of people.

We have a large back yard and our next door neighbors, a high-class Filipino family, have taken advantage of it. Soon after we moved into the house, Senor Santiago called and asked permission to graze his carabaos in our yard. We granted it, and every morning now the two great meek-eyed creatures meander over. On the broad back of each sits a Filipino boy. About all we can see of the little fellows are their bare brown legs sticking out almost straight from the sides of the animal, from under their big nipa hats. In return for this favor, Senor Santiago invited us to call some Sunday and his daughters would entertain us with music. Last week we took advantage of the invitation and went over.

As we entered the house through the basement, a dozen or more servants and their families greeted us with nods and smiles; they live in the front rooms on the ground floor, while in the back yard we could see and hear pigs, chickens, six or seven horses, carabaos and dogs. The stairway opened into a large hall or social room upstairs, and here our host and hostess with their son and four pretty daughters received us with formal cordiality. This room and the next one opening from it were most scantily furnished. The first contained a piano, about a dozen chairs and a handsome clock furnished with chimes. In the second room were a table and a large mirror. Santiago and his son wore the conventional European dress, but the women wore their native costumes.

The young man spoke very good English, so he acted as interpreter. The daughters of the family proved to be very talented, and entertained us for an hour or more playing and singing, both showing careful training. Afterwards the refreshments were served, beer for the American ladies and cigarettes for the Filipinos. Mrs. Wilkinson and I didn't care for the beer, but our dusky sisters enjoyed their cigarettes.

The rooms gradually filled, as evening drew on, with

the little folks of the family and visitors. The small three-year-old grandson of our host was about the cutest bit of humanity I ever saw. He was dressed from top to toe in a fac-simile American officer's uniform, and he was the proud possessor of a brand new gold watch and chain. The little fellow was passed around the company and kissed and caressed by us all.

One of the callers particularly interested me, for she was a school teacher and quite intelligent for a Filipino woman. Twenty years she has been teaching in the public schools with a salary of five dollars a month. Think of it, Kathleen! Since the American government has taken charge of the schools, however, her salary has been raised. She sang a solo from *Il Trovatore* for us, and she has a magnificent voice.

A homely old Chinaman stalked solemnly into the room, his full trousers and coat of silk swishing about him, and took a seat beside Senor Santiago, and I really believe that during the time we were there the old fellow never moved a muscle or changed his expression one iota. He was a well-to-do merchant and had commercial relations with our host.

They showed us the photo albums and here we found pictures of Aguinaldo and many of his officers. In answer to our questions as to his feeling about the insurrection, Senor told us with a sigh that he feared his people would have to give up their ambition to rule their own country, though for many years they had dreamed of political independence, and he hoped peace would soon come. I think most of the better-class Filipinos of Manila feel as Santiago expressed himself. Would that they all did.

When we took our leave, the family gathered about us, and the young son told us for them all that they had enjoyed our visit and wished us to come again. Then he and Senor Santiago escorted us to our own door.

I must close for tonight, dear. I get real lonesome

sometimes, Hermon being with the regiment most of the time, but it won't be long now.

Lovingly, BEULAH

CALLS MADE UNDER HANDICAPS

July 6: Rain, rain, rain! We certainly have had a siege of it. Water just pours out of the skies. It pounds on our tin roof till we can scarcely "hear ourselves think." The natives don't seem to mind getting a wetting, but they don't like to have it come down on their heads. Those that are without hats bind their foreheads with a cotton cloth, or wrap their head in some old shawl, or if they have nothing better, a big banana leaf serves for protection.

The Chinaman wears a raincoat woven of brown fibers, banana, I think. It has a short skirt and a cape that spreads out like wings. As he trots down the street with his bare arms and legs sticking out of this garment, he looks for all the world like a big bat.

Our cochero has a nice big overcoat which he bought from a soldier, and it's too amusing to see with what complacent satisfaction he sits on his box in the pouring rain and looks at his shivering neighbors.

Well, the rain began in earnest Wednesday of last week and poured without ceasing for three successive days. Saturday morning we found ourselves in the midst of a lake; the water was two feet deep at our very door. How the carabaos and small boys delighted in the flood! The former contentedly soaked themselves and the boys waded and swam in great glee, or paddled about in boats or rafts. One little fellow who lives next door, wobbled around on his mother's wash tub, a big flat tray. He got a ducking every now and then, but his spirits were dampened never a bit.

Mrs. Wilkinson and I got pretty tired staying in the house, so we made up our minds to get out somehow. We watched our chance and hailed four boys with a canoe. They paddled over to the house and in at the

door to the lower stairs. We climbed in, and one at a time were safely conveyed to the carriage.

Our callers Sunday were not so fortunate, and two or three had to be satisfied with a chat from the window, but Captain Adams, that artillery officer whom I have mentioned before, found a way. He got a good-sized native to agree to carry him on his back. Well, you should have seen the pair! The captain is real stout, you know, and with his feet sticking out, he hugged that Filipino desperately, and the native splashed along staggering and grunting. I was awfully afraid he'd drop the captain, but he didn't.

The day before the Fourth of July was pleasant, and we found ourselves on dry land again. Hermon and Captain Wilkinson had written us that the first nice day we might visit them, so that day we planned to go. As luck would have it, one of the ponies was sick and we had to depend on a chance rig to take us to the station, and such a time we had getting there!

It being quite early, few public vehicles were passing, so we had to take what we could get. It proved to be a most disreputable turnout, a rattling quilez with ragged curtains flapping, and a bony white horse whose best gait was a jerky lope. Worst of all, Mrs. Wilkinson had to stop at military headquarters on an errand. Now the Palace is the swellest place in Manila, so we stationed our equipage around the corner out of sight and walked as unconcernedly as you please through the entry of the Palace up the broad steps, past the fierce looking lions on the landing and into the Quartermaster's office, where Mrs. Wilkinson transacted her business. When we returned to the street, to our supreme disgust, there was our driver sitting peacefully in his disreputable quilez directly in front of the doorway. He jumped down when he saw us, opened the rickety door and in we climbed (in full view of every officer in the Palace, I felt). Then cocheró whipped up his steed, but never a muscle would the creature move. Out jumped the little man and began to coax the animal, who now

began to back. A guard came to the rescue and pushed quilez, pony and all, right along. At this, the pony lifted his ears in surprise and suddenly plunged into a tremendous lope, with the little cochero hopping along, clinging to the shaft, trying to get to his seat. I managed finally, before we ran into anybody, to conquer my shrieks of laughter and to snatch the lines, slowing up the horse till the cochero could regain his seat. Mrs. Wilkinson was pretty well frightened, I guess, at least she was very white and didn't seem to be at ease till we had stepped out of the quilez at the station.

We found the train quite full of men and many of the soldiers were perched on the tops of the cars. The first class coach which we entered was furnished with comfortable seats and large windows, so our trip to San Fernando was pleasant.

I could hardly realize as we rumbled along that we were passing through battlefields of a few weeks past; the vegetation so quickly covers all traces of war and makes everything look so peaceful. It is planting time and the farmers are at work. In their short trousers and big hats, they were plowing the mud and waters with their slow carabaos, or puddling their rice plots. Women were working too, and they made a pretty picture in their gay colored skirts as they cut the long grass, bound it into little bundles and carried it away on their heads, ready for sale in the Manila markets.

Detachments of soldiers were stationed here and there all along the seventy miles of railroad—sometimes a single company, then a whole batallion. At every camp, the arrival of our train was welcomed with eager interest, for we brought the daily supply of water and provisions and a batch of mail from the states.

At the towns a swarm of clamoring Filipinos greeted us. They pushed their basket trays into the windows and asked us to buy fruit, bread, cakes, fried chicken (that really looked good, cut up all ready to eat), milk, popcorn, etc. By the time the train pulled out, most of the trays were empty. Soldiers are great fellows to buy

anything they can eat and to eat anything they can buy.

We saw those wonderful Filipino intrenchments I had heard so much about, and the pitfalls which the insurgents had intended for our troops—deep holes in the ground filled with sharp bamboo stakes and lightly covered with grass.

At twelve o'clock we arrived at San Fernando where Hermon and the Captain met us and took us to company quarters. Uncle Billy had dinner all ready, and grinning broadly when we came in, said he was "Monstus glad to see us. Got a supah fine dinnah 'spressly for you ladies, an' dis coffee am puffickly scrumptious." He bustled about putting things on the table, and oh, how good army coffee tastes!

After dinner, our husbands took us around San Fernando, which is quite an extensive Filipino city. They showed us where the regiment had charged through the river, and where Aguinaldo's congress had assembled when the insurgent capital was there.

I didn't see many of the boys I know, but Lieutenant Lawrence called at the quarters. I was surprised to see him looking so thin and hollow eyed. He says the climate doesn't agree with him, but Hermon says he keeps too hard at work all the time about his company, and the men in the hospital. We did not have any opportunity to talk, and I am sorry too. Hermon and Captain Wilkinson came back to Manila with us that afternoon to spend the Fourth of July—the first American Fourth of July celebrated in the Philippines!

The morning was pleasant and the four of us started out with ponies and carriage gaily decorated to "take in" the town. The Escolta was quite gay with the flags of many nations, bands were playing, fire-crackers popping. Of course, we had to visit Manila's "Ice Cream Parlor"—recently established—ice cream made of condensed milk and eggs, and highly flavored. It wasn't a bit good, but it was appropriate at least. We called on some friends, took a few pictures, and then drove home to tiffin. The afternoon was spent at a reception

on the flagship "Baltimore." A steam launch came to the wharf for the little group of guests waiting there and carried them bounding back through the waves to the ship.

The vessel was gaily dressed aloft with flags and banners, and oh! how clean everything was. You could see your reflection in the guns, and the floors were so spotless one almost hated to walk on them. Admiral Watson and several ship's officers received the guests as they came aboard, and those who desired were shown over the vessel. Soon after we arrived, the band struck up a waltz and we danced. Oh, Kathleen, it's glorious to dance on a warship, to glide over the smooth deck past the big guns, with the sea all around and the sky overhead. I met lots of nice navy officers.

Delicious refreshments were served below, and this time we had real ice cream. We just had an elegant time and stayed as long as we dared. From the wharf we drove to the Luneta and met a stream of people coming from the afternoon program. There had been band music, speeches, and patriotic songs by the native school children, each of whom was carrying away with him a little American flag.

The Luneta was gay with equipages and people. Natives in holiday costume, Chinamen in their silks, Spanish, American civilians and soldiers galore. As twilight came on, we stopped our carriages on the beach and listened to the deep anthem of the ocean as it blended with the strains of the band's serenade.

My husband had to go back yesterday morning, and how I hated to have him go! Won't I be glad when we will be together for a whole month on the way home! Dinner is ready—Adios!

July 10: The Zealandia sails today with mail for home. I must add a word to my long letter. Before this, you have known of Lawrence King's death. Captain Wilkinson sent the cablegram to his parents. Nothing before has made me really feel that this is war. I cannot realize that he is dead and we will go home with-

out him. . . . He had charge of a scouting party. Early Sunday morning they had been ordered to locate a force of insurgents. Either they had advanced too far through the morning mists or the natives had prepared an attack at the same time, for they were suddenly engaged by an extended force of the enemy. Lawrence ordered his men to fall back little by little, carrying two of their number with them, who were wounded. Just as relief came up, Lawrence himself was shot through the lungs and died a few minutes afterward. They say he turned to the men who were trying to bind up his wounds and said just before he died, "It's all right, boys, tell the folks at home, it's all right." They brought him down to Manila yesterday and buried him.

I can't write any more. It's hard to feel with Lawrence's dying words that "it's all right." Goodbye, dear.

Lovingly, BEULAH

Marquette's Priesthood

As a sidelight of the touching of Iowa in the early exploration of the Mississippi valley by Jacques Marquette with Julien Dubuque, an interesting contribution of more than passing interest has been made that should be known by Iowans.

Question has been raised in former times about Marquette's status as a priest. Ernest J. Burrus has contributed to the October number of the *Catholic Historical Review* an informative examination of "Father Jacques Marquette, S.J.: His Priesthood in the Light of Jesuit Roman Archives."

The author explains the nature of records in the archives at Rome that touch on Marquette's activities and presents evidence to show that he was ordained in France on March 7, 1666. "In light of the abundant and unanimous testimony of official records," Mr. Burrus concludes, "the priesthood of Father Jacques Marquette cannot reasonably be called into question."

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