

his inquisitiveness, as I might, but told him I was looking for Mr. Kaw. he laughed and said I could not find him there. He knew the gentleman well and described him. The upshot of the whole matter was that I wrote Mr. Kaw a note, he inscribed some Chinese hieroglyphics up on the envelope, and a boy was dispatched to 82 Des Vouix Road. By this time I was tired out I tried to write an important letter, but gave it up and fell asleep to awake later on with the Chinese boy staring at me with a reply from Mr. Kaw.

Hong Kong. April 1- The day dawned drab and dripping. After breakfast Mr. Kaw called and we had a most interesting talk. He is a tall man, with long face, good nose, oblong chin and fine shrewd eyes. He is not a Christian and did not hesitate to air his complaints against the missionaries, tho he said my father, and in fact all the missionaries in Foo-chow were doing a great deal of good. What vexed him most was the superior air of the missionaries and their little concealed notion that they were superior to the laws and customs of China. He thought partition was inevitable and said that Chinese were well satisfied with British rule, tho they were too strict upon such minor matters as cleanliness and sanitation. His brother, who was on his way to Peking, was an out and out Chinese nationalist and had written two books. "Letters from a Viceroy's Yamen" and "Discourses of Confucius." Mr. Kaw had a number of Chinese books and offered to lend them to me to read. I went down with him to his house. It was at 82 DesVouix, where I had been the day before, but was on the second floor. We stumbled up some steep and irregular steps and came into the living rooms, where we found the usual straight backed, straight legged Chinese chairs ranged along the walls. A large round table occupied the middle of the room. Mr. Kaw's grandson, a bright little fellow of about two, his third son and a number of Chinese were there. Among them was a gentleman whom he introduced as his teacher. He was a Foochow man and Mr. Kaw had hired him as a tutor for his grand-son. The little fellow, he said was an apt scholar, and already knew two thousand characters. Mr. Kaw gave me "Letters from John Chuiaman," which he pronounced an excellent book, and in every way reliable; "China's only Hope," by Chang Chih Ting; "These from the Land of Siuim," by Sir R. Hart, and a book by E.H. Parker. All except the last he pronounced excellent. He sent a servant back with me to the hotel to carry the books. That evening I met at the dinner table at the Waverly Hotel, whether I had moved from the Thomas, a young fellow whom I soon discovered to be an American. He was de-lighted to meet me, and said it was like a refreshing breeze from the prairies to meet a True American. After dinner we swapped a few yarns and then went out together to view Hong Kong by lamplight. We lived a couple of chairs and were carried thru the winding streets. Frequently we met processions of rickshaws with sailors in them hurrying along, to or from the bar rooms. As we progressed down Queen's Road these became more numerous. I noticed that they were all patronized by sailors from the British men-o'-war, and they were crowded. I did not find any American cap hands- probably the commanders of the two fleets had arranged for their men to go ashore on different nights in order that they might avoid collision- such for instance, as Captain Clarke had told me he had witnessed in a saloon in Callao. When we were pretty well into the city we dismissed our coolies and walked back. The Chinese shops were still busy. There were some curious signs- one eating place was White Man's Burden A new direction given their thought and activity The plan suggested by the friendly civilian was excellent, and suddenly they all would all start off, a couple of the Tars arm in arm with their new found friends. advertised as the "London, San Francisco and New York Restaurant." It was a dirty place in the Chinese quarter.

Another place was advertised as the "Japanese War Store"- it was a curio shop. Many of the houses had heavy bars before the entrance, and Harris told me these were private residences. The Chinese are great people for eating places- These establishments with their toothsome displays of boiled rice, vegetables, fish, condiments, and roast pigs (suspended in front) we encountered every few steps. We shipped into a garish bar room. Sailors were dancing around to a time which a negro was hammering out of a cracked []. A fleshy white woman, dressed in a loose wrapper, was tending the bar, and she had several Chinese assistants. This is one of the most disgusting sights in the treaty ports- heather Chinamen, assisting a fallen woman, to minister to the vices of white men. If only China would pass and enforce a European exclusion law- what an untold benefit they would confer upon the white races. All European life in the orient is artificial, incongruous and hybrid. We are undoubtedly conferring benefits upon the heathen, but at what cost to ourselves! Herein consists the white man's real burden. We went to the Hong Kong hotel and sat in the corridor watching the crowds. Harris interpreted what we saw in an entirely new light to me. Sailors were coming and going. Men came in now and then, took a look into the billiard room and bar, saw there was nothin' doin', and pass on. Occasionally a couple of civilians would engage a crowd of sailors. One would feign drunkenness- the other would grow confidential with the tars- they would become interested. Suddenly their faces would light up as if at a discovery. A new plan of action was being presented by the friendly civilian and was gradually winning their approval. Then the whole crowd would start off, one of the tars arm in arm with the friendly civilian amid the artificialities of Eastern life. One man came thru the corridor, hovered about the barroom entrance, and eyed Harris closely- then went on. He came by again. Harris whispered that he had seen the man wearing a moustache in Manila. The next times he came by he would speak to him. This he did, and the other responded with a profuse show of friendliness, and both went into the barroom while I waited for them in the corridor. Presently they reappeared, and I was introduced to Hotfield, who invited us up to his room. We stumbled up thru flights of stairs to his bachelor's quarters. He had a large sleeping room with large doors opening upon the verandah. He showed us a couple of blooded dogs and then invited us to sit down and have a few tots of whiskey. For my part I took ginger ale. The room was the roughly typical of hopeless bachelors in this artificial oriental life. There was a bed, not made up, with mosquito curtains. Trunks were scattered about the room and clothing was hanging on the walls or lying about in un-picturesque confusion. Hatfield was European firms thriving on Chinese Superstitions an employee of A. S. Watson & Co., the largest druggists in the Orient. They had branches in all the ports, and agencies in the interior of china in charge of Chinamen. They did a thriving business on Chinese superstition, supplying the natives with just the fake medicines they desired. Hong Kong.

April 2. Called on the editor of the Telegraph. Found him very friendly and more than willing to discourse on Chinese Rebellions. He even pulled down what he said was a soldier's outfit in the Rebel forces. It contained a blanket, a cap of jockey pattern, a package of tea, a bandolier, a pair of shears, a few biscuits and a can of Armour's corned beef. He declared the rebellion was a real thing and was being encouraged by Europeans. In some mysterious manner arms and ammunition were being supplied the rebel Chinese. In the evening made an attempt to find Archdeacon Banister. For that purpose I hired a chair and the coolies picked up and carried me up the steep and winding roads which are cut into the From the city rose the hum, not of industry The city gave forth, not the hum of

industry, but of tired mortals getting down to the night's rest, gathering themselves to rest. From the city at my feet and the various craft appeared like protuberances from a solid []face. face of the Hong Kong bluff. I could not find the Archdeacon, but enjoyed a beautiful view of the harbor. Dusk was just settling down as I dismissed my coolies and looked down over the harbor. The evening chill was coming on. One by one lights began to flicker about the town. The noises were those of people settling down to rest after a hard days work. I could just imagine the boatmen squatting about on the decks of their junks while the women started fires and set the pots to boiling. The water was like glass, and the various craft appeared like protuberances from a solid surface. Slowly a white mass detached itself from the fund and steamed across the bay. It was the night steamer for Canton. I descended a flight of some hundred steps and then a steep grad into the Chinese quarter. Everywhere people were getting ready for the evening meal. Occasionally I passed a Chinaman carrying a piece of liver or a bit of [] suspended by a wisp of straw. In some stores they were having their evening meal. Men were seated about a round table with bowls at their from which with chopsticks they shoveled in the rice. On the table were placed the dishes of vegetables and condiments into which the men would dip their chopsticks and deftly pick out a morsel of meat or fish. I wandered into the public market place on DesVoux Road. There were two aisles bordered with stalls upon the second floor. These were kept by Chinese. In our quarter I found the poultry, then the butcheries. The vegetable and fruit stalls also had separate quarters assigned to them. In the poultry stalls I found ducks, pigeons, chickens, snipe, etc. The birds, it appeared, were kept alive until a purchaser appeared. Our sign read: "A Chu dealer in chickens, Ducks and other Kind of Fowl."

H.K. April 3- made another attempt to find Archdeacon Banister and this time succeeded in getting to his house. The venerable gentleman, however, was out, tho I had an opportunity to chat with Mrs. Banister. Tried in vain to find the office of the Mail, and called without result at the offices of Dr. HoKai and the Honorable Mr. Wei-Tuk, both of whom happened to be out. made arrangements finally to go to Canton. At half past five in the afternoon the "Tai-on", river steamer, pushed off from the bund with a heavy cargo of Chinese. They were going down to Canton to worship at the graves of their ancestors. I stood a long time on deck watching the changing scenery, and when it grew dark retired to my cabin. A Japanese I found was my cabin-mate. According to his story he was travelling in Southern China for a Japanese newspaper. Canton- April4- At six o'clock, or earlier, I was roused by wild shouting. We had arrived in Canton and the Chinese, with customary hubbub, were getting ashore. We were anchored close to the Shaman Island, and prominent among the buildings I noticed one which bore the letters "Poste Francaise." There were two French gunboats anchored off the island. The island itself is rather picturesque. It is not large probably does not contain over forty acres. The foreign residences are partly hidden be-hind luxurious trees. Everything seemed well kept and I noticed a Chinese policeman pacing on the bund. The river was a dirty yellow. Hundreds of sampans clung about the steamer like ants to a cockroach. Great boats loaded with Chinese and moored by steam launches were ferried up and down the river. The decks of these boats were just far enough apart to allow the passengers to set or lie down, and they were literally packed like sardines. Occasionally I noticed a boat propelled by a stern wheel which was revolved by a treadmill. Opposite She-men lay another island with a monotony of brown roofs, drab dinginess and the usual decay. Besides the French gun-boats, the "Monterey" happened to be in harbor.

There was also considerable neer-about shipping. On shore I called upon a Mr. Chambers of the Southern Baptist Mission. He lent me his boy to take me around the city. We hired chairs at a dollar a piece and started off across the bridge that connects the island with the main-land. The first place at which we stopped was a jade cutting shop. A man and several apprentices were busy cutting the stone which is so highly prized by the Chinese. They did this by means of steel wheels and sand which they revolved by means of a treadle the next place was a brass shop. They were making tubing and pumps out of strips of metal which they wound about an iron rod until it had the shape of a tube. It was soldered and pounded until watertight. At another place we found men and boys turning nozzles for the pumps out of brass. The silk manufacture proved interesting. There were several looms in each shop, and each loom was operated by two men. One raised the threads of the warp according to the requirements of the design while the other threw the shuttle. Five yards a day, I was told was the capacity of each loom. This I doubt. I don't see how at the rate they were going they could make more than five feet in that time. Another shop was occupied by silver workers. They were making these silver link chatelaines so much worn by ladies. At another place I found a group of artisans seated about a furnace blowing glass bottles. At another place they were plaiting cord or5ganizations of industry- from spindles manufactured by the New England Butt Co. The motive power was supplied by two men at a treadmill. At many of the place we vi-sited we were requested to pay a small gratuity. The organization of industry was much according to what must have existed in England during the eighteenth century. None of the machinery used was costly enough to create a distinction between artisans and capitalists. men were at work with apprentices ranging in age from ten to twenty. All industry appeared to exist on a sound fooling- society was in a state of stable equilibrium. Men and apprentices worked steadily and industriously, the the same without trepidation or haste. We also visited the temple of five hundred genii. It was a dingy, dilapidated place. We passed thru sever-al courts, musty with decay, and found ourselves in the presence of the Buddhist saints. The images were ranged along the sides and thru the center of the room. I took particular notice of the expression on the faces of the images. They were not China faces. They were, many of them, bearded, and had foreign features. The shades of expression queu the different images were marvelous. On fellow would be in exactly the attitude of telling a [] story; others were naïve; some had the simple, vacant look of lunatics; others would be shaking with mirth; another would have the sober look and gesture of one imparting instruction. The priests were shaven and clad in gray gowns which looked like winding sheets for all manner of corruption. The streets of Canton are proverbially narrow. The business signs hang suspended from the top and there great mass almost excludes any light that tries to filter in. We frequently passed live fish for sale swimming about in tanks. The Chinese are certainly experts in sign making. The different styles of emboss-sing would offer instructive object les-sons to American sign writers. The great characters are painted on the boards in a way to imitate very closely the strokes of the brush. Had tiffin with Mr. Chambers and then called on the American Improvement Co. They are building American Improvement Co. They are building the Canton HanKow line for the Chinese government. They had not begun actual work on the main-line, but were at the time engaged in constructing a spur from Fatshan. The construction company, as I understood, received bonds from the Chinese government to pay for the road. These the sold for whatever they would bring and applied the proceeds to the work of construction. At five o'clock the Hong Nam, on which I had embarked, started from Canton. We sailed down the front reach of the river, past a large number of flower boats. The river was lined with houses two stones high built

on floats. A heavy [] sweeping these from their morning, must create terrible havoc among the population. We then came upon the Chinese mosquito fleet. They were all small craft, built of wood at the Champoo arsenal a little further down the river. They all presented a picture of neglect and slipshodness. All were sadly in need of a coat of paint, and if this was the appearance on the exterior, which the Chinese are always so anxious to save, what must have been the condition of the machinery. A couple of torpedo boats lay at anchor, a striking example of oriental slipshodness. We also passed a member of armed junks. These had on board jingalls and obsolete cannon. They were propelled by sail and oar. Pirates infest the West-River, and most of the micks we saw carried weapons. The scenery along the river was beautiful. On both sides stretched allmial bottoms far away to the blue mountains in the distance. The land seemed scarcely higher than the level of the river and was protected in places by dykes which were held together by trees planted on them. Most of these were the lichi trees. A fellow passenger, a Chinese from Punang, who was on his way to the Osaka Exposition, informed me that a thriving business was being done by the Cantonese in these fruits. They were being canned and exported to Singapore and Penang where they commanded high prices. My informant also commented admiringly upon the wealth of Canton and of the West River Valley. He was a through believer in British rule. He said he could not live in China again- the people were too dirty and paid too little attention to sanitation. Here and there a pagoda lifted itself from the profile of the hills and was silhouetted in a straight black line against the sky. A couple of forts were passed on our way down. Like all their other defenses, these appeared deserted and seemed to be maintained only for appearances. At a fork in the river we passed the Whampoo arsenal, now entirely deserted.

Hong Kong- April 5. Arriving here early in the morning I called on Mrs. Johnson. We arranged for all of us to go up to Canton together the coming evening. I accordingly engaged cabins on board the "San Cheong." At about five o'clock we came aboard. We enjoyed ourselves throwing pennies to the China boys on the wharf and were highly amused at the scimmages which resulted from their efforts to get the coin. We found on board a large number of American schoolteachers from the Philippines. They were away on their holiday, or else were having the East for good to return to America.

Canton- April 6. Early in the morning the guides were aboard and making arrangements with the passengers to conduct them about the city. There were so many passengers, and I was unwilling to pay the price demanded by the guides, so our party was left without. However, Mr. Chambers lent me his boy and we hired chairs and started off. The line of march was arranged with the chinaman first, then myself, Cecil Johnson, Miss Johnson and Mrs. Johnson. The first place of interest was the water clock about which so much has been said. The mechanism of the thing was simple indeed. Water fell drop by drop from an elevated tank into two others below it and finally into a tank on the floor. A float with a graded meter was placed in the last tank so that as it filled the float was elevated showing on the meter the corresponding time of day. We entered our chairs again and threaded the dark dank streets until we were brought up in the court of the city temple. We were infested by noisome beggars at every step. The court of the temple was lined by phrenologists, fortune tellers and fakers of various species. We noticed pictures of faces and heads, decidedly European in cast, with the various faculties of the mind inscribed thereon. men were sitting about at table selling cakes. We entered the sanctuary and saw heathenism in all its hideousness. The dark

sanctuary was reeking with incense. Women were prostrating themselves before the shrine and imploring mercies. We passed out again and had a look at the Chinese conception of the Buddhist hill. It was (certainly) depicted with all the realism which Chinese are so apt to bring to works of this character. In the court we found a dentist fitting false teeth. He apparently had no tools except his hands but he very skillfully fitted a false tooth and secured it in place by means of wires. Our next visit was at the Examination Halls. these have been so often described that they possessed little interest for me. Our bearers took us to the city wall where we had a walk of half a mile or more to the five story pagoda. The ram-parts were abundantly provided with ordinance, all in a state of semi-decay. From the inscriptions I could see that the [] had been supplied by English firms. We stepped to one of the embrasures. Long lines of blue cloud proper were thronging the roads and making their way in smaller streamlets over the hills. Graves, graves everywhere- the face of nature seemed polluted and pockmarked with the evidences of human corruption. It was the great spring festival and the Chinese were worshipping at the tombs of their ancestors. Nebulous [] of smoke rose occasionally where paper money was being sacrificed to the shades of the dead. Right below us we heard the sound of heartrending weeping. Our guide said it was a Manchu woman at her husband's grave. Their customs were different from those of the Chinese. We gauged upon this panorama of weird heathen superstition. Then the guide pointed out, close by the city wall, the tombs seemed to cry to heaven against their comeliness within sight and having of all the weird monstrosities of heathendom. Whose tombstones, marked with the cross, seemed to cry to heaven against this loneliness. As tho their in life were not sufficient the missionaries of the cross must be laid to rest where they can to bear witness among the weird monstrosities of heathenism. Close by the city wall the little Protestant graveyard. The solitary tombstones seemed to cry to heaven against their loneliness. Amid all the weird monstrosities of heathendom. Torpid imagination Turning around, there lay below me the [] of pockmarked hills. a little cemetery whose tombstones bore the sign of the cross. As tho their labor in life had not been sufficient, the missionaries of the cross must be laid to rest within sight and hearing of all the terrors of heathenism. No sadder comment could be made upon the hardships and privations of missionary work. We had lunch under the five story pagoda, and then I climbed to the top for the view. The building was well stocked with old cannon and small arms on the top floor I found our schoolteachers and several U.S. army officers and their wives at lunch. The elevation offered a splendid view of the city. Far into the distance stretched the dull monotony of dirty brown tiled roofs, all of a uniform elevation, and all of the same unrelieved shape and color. Everything smirched with dull utilitarianism with never a flight of fancy to tell of awakened intellect. Far in the distance the sea of roofs was girdled by a band of silver where the river wound it's way. But even the face of nature seemed saddened by the vacant unresponsiveness of men. Going to the other side I had a panorama of the pockmarked hills, the con- black goats were browsing here and there. Between the hills lay patches of yellow soil newly turned for the crop which was to feed the human vermin. Tenuous line of people on the roads, and the slender threads of humanity that passed and repassed from among the graves to join the larger streams. Here a dandy, in silken hose and carrying an umbrella, picked his way carefully among the mounds. At places black goats were nibbling the grass (from the graves.) In the valleys between the hills lay patches of yellow soil newly turned for rice to few (support) the human vermin. From the pagoda we descended by a rather steep path to the city lure and then passed out thru the gate to view the city of the dead. We found a walled enclosure containing a number of small whitewashed charnel houses. Here the dead were deposited

in great timber coffins. As we stood watching two Manchu women came to pay their respects to the dead. They were gorgeously dressed in heavy embroideries. They were large footed and wore the peculiar Manchu shoe which has the heel under the instep. They carried themselves with conscious dignity. There was strength in their features, and they affected none of the helplessness of Chinese women. They went into the house, looked upon the coffin, spread their presents of cake and sweetmeats in the anteroom, and there prostrated themselves three times. A large bundle of paper money was burned before the door and then they departed.

Hong Kong- April 7- Arrived in Hong Kong early in the morning and at once arranged for passage by the Douglas steamer "Thales" for Foochow. Met on board a Mr. Munroe of Florida. He had been the first editor of Harper's Young People. We became well acquainted and I loaned him Mr. Kaw's books on China. We pulled out of his Hong Kong harbor past a number of keen looking men-o'-war. They were built with rams which seemed to be sharpened off to a knife edge. The approaches to Hong Kong are carefully fortified, and it seemed to me it would be next to impossible for a hostile fleet to force the narrow entrances.

Swatow. April 8. Arrived here early in the morning. We no sooner came near our anchorage than a multitude of sampans swarmed about us. The men were provided with hooks and ropes which they managed by means of bamboo poles. These they hooked into the awning ropes and swarmed on deck. The ship's deck soon became the scene of a noisy, excited crowd. Tubs of soup, platters of condiment and bowls of rice had been carried on deck and the men were doing a noisy business with the Chinese passengers. Mr. Munroe and I went ashore. There is nothing attractive about Swatow. On one side, on low land which I was told was reclaimed, stood a number of godowns and business places. Called at the Butterfield & Swire office on Garland Willinius, whom I had known in Chefoo. His long life in the East had confirmed in him the listlessness and bored attitude so common out here. We asked what there was to see in Swatow. He promptly answered "nothing." However, we went about the city, visiting the old citadel, which was armed with a number of antique cannon. The captain informed us afterwards that some modern guns had been mounted commanding the harbor and that it was fairly well fortified. After tiffin I crossed the harbor to call upon Dr. Ashmore. I found an Mr. Kaw's stories:- Petty official who conspired for promotion thru counterfeit consul. Rich man meeting old beggar woman and getting silk. Old man who resembled James K. Polk- the old portraits one sees. He expressed very freely his opinion of the Chinese. "The letters of John Chinaman he denounced as an unmitigated lie- a whopper. He recommended me to the study of Chinese Law and administration. I stayed rather late with Dr. Ashmore. The steamer began whistling for me to get back, as they were thru with the cargo and were ready to pull out. I ran down the hill to my boat. The men pulled for all they were worth. I could see a man on the buoy, evidently ready to unmoor the anchor chain. I had not been on the steamer five minutes when we pulled out.

April 9. Amoy. Arrived in Amoy early in the morning. Munroe and I went together to the consulate where we met the vice consul, Johnson. There were a large number of chinamen in the consulate yard waiting to have their certificates resigned so that they could go to Manila. Called on Mr. Sadler of the C. M. S. Sent Telegram- to

Foochow informing them of my arrival. I was told that Amoy was an important port for the export of contract Chinamen.

Foochow. April 10. Arrived in the river early in the morning. Seemed the river for some time to find my father. He evidently had not come yet. We came to an anchorage near the pagoda. The day was misty. Up a reach of the river loomed the hulks of several men of war. These had been built at the arsenal of which the French had the direction. As the captain said, the French teach them how to make ships and then come in and knock them to pieces for them. Finally the Jardine launch came in view and I recognized Father's white hair. We disembarked and took the launch up the river. We steamed past Keshan, or Ku mountain, which loomed high up [] the river. I approached Foochow as in a dream of previous existence. Sometime I had seen something like it before. Everything was turned round in my mind. I could not recognize any of the roads, tho the club seemed half familiar. When I got to the house Constance was asleep, but Mama took me up to the room and we woke the little nite up. Went to the Pagoda Anchorage one day with Miss Harwell and her mother. I sailed the boat and found it very easy. I could not discover what kept the boat from making leeway, as I was told the Chinese built their boats with round of flat bottoms. It was not until we got to our destination and the men hauled up the rudder that I discovered that this consisted of a plane six or seven feet long and a foot and a half wide. This served the purposes of a center board in keeping the boat on her coarse. The Chinese have a great way of loading lumber. The Fuhkiln province is quite a lumbering district and a good many rafts are floated down the Min River and then sent off to different parts of China. A [] takes on a load of lumber, and then on each side logs are skillfully lashed until the whole [] is three times the width of the junk herself. In this way they carry lumber to the other ports of China. Spent a day in the city with Mr. Nimer. We stopped at a great many places to see the people at work. At many shows men and boys were busy cutting horn combs. Some were engaged in heating gold. In some places a group of men was busy over an embroidery frame. In places they were making images, and I found that they invariably had among their wares the image of a European woman in shirt waist, sailor hat and with red hair. The Chinese make a peculiar kind of vase. As far as Mr. Miner and myself could make out, it is made from strips of silk which are wound round and round to make the body of the vase. The thing is then lacquered. Mr. Miner showed me several samples of hand made furniture. For a dozen chairs, hand made, he paid \$21 Mexican. In whatever must be made by hand the Chinese can compete with Americans, but in anything for which machinery will suffice even Chinese cheap labor is helpless against American brains. Father told me that even with the cheap labor which could be had in Hunjhua, the Chinese could not manufacture and sell flour as cheaply as American firms could ship it into China. In going into the city we were much amused at a Chinaman who offered Mr. Miner a piece of embroidery at \$36. To get rid of the importunate tradesman, Mr. Miner offered him \$16, and walked off. Then the man called after him that it could be had for \$24. But when he saw that Mr. Miner kept on walking he said he could have it at his own price. This embarrassed him, but he got away, when finally the China-man, as the prospects of the sale faded away, offered to part with the embroidery at \$12. In the evening when we returned he spotted us, and we could have had the piece for \$9. On another occasion I went into the city with Sia Tieng I. He took me to the ancestral hall of a former Grand Secretary of the empire. This was better kept than any Buddhist temple I had seen. It seems to point to the fact that ancestral worship is the only idea which

has really a living hold upon the Chinese mind. We saw in the ancestral hall a fine wax (?) image of the deceased. Incense was kept burning in spirals before the fane. After wandering about the city a whole forenoon we had lunch in a Chinese restaurant, where we ate every unclean thing forbidden by Mosaic law. We also went to several temples in various stages of decay and dry rot. One, however, overlooking the barracks and parade ground of the soldiers, was quite new and well kept. One afternoon father and I called on Mr. Brand. He showed me some splendid Chinese carving. He had tried to introduce Chinese furniture into England, but had found it impossible to place it on the market cheaply enough. He also showed me a number of reports on the tea trade of Foochow by which it appeared that the trade today was barely one-fourth what it was in '88. The trade with Australia had fallen from twenty-four million pounds a year to a little over a million pounds. The port of Foochow, evidently, is doomed, and yet the province, as I learned afterwards, is rich in minerals. The French are operating extensively in the interior. I met a Chinaman, Ling by name, who was travelling in their interests. A company has been formed in Paris for the purpose of exploiting the mineral resources of the southern provinces. Ling Mr. Drew said I could find a complete translation of Chinese law in the library of the Royal Asiatic Society. He also referred me to Mullendorf's Chinese bibliography and Cordie's book of Chinese Law. was also engaged in getting coolies for the French in Tonkin. It seems they are using Chinese as colonizers. Six thousand coolies, he told me, were necessary for this particular tract. Coolies were sent down with farming implements and sometimes took their families with them. They had also to promise to supply them with medical assistance. Ling was also interested in sending Coolies to Mexico. He thought South Africa too far away for coolies to immigrate. Called on Mr. Dean, Commissioner of Curtonis. He said with one exception he did not have a Chinaman in his employ whom he could trust unquestioningly. Corruption was bred in the bone and marrow of the Chinese people. They were [] squeezers and moreover they did not consider themselves properly treated unless they were squeezed. He told me a story of how a man whom he had set to watch a number of buoys in the river levied toll upon every junk that came by, and in every case the toll was paid without complaint.

Foochow. April 23. Made a speech on my trip before the Chinese in Ting An Dong Chapel. Father interpreted. The audience seemed to me rather listless, but Father said they paid good attention.

Foochow- April 30. Delivered a speech before the boys of the Anglo Chinese College on Integrity and confidence as the basis of social evolution. I am afraid either the subject was too big for them, or it was too big for me and I did not present it sufficiently clearly. Sia Tieng I brought in a client to me in the morning. He was a bank manager and had lost \$7000 thru the default of Jardine's compradore. He wanted to know if I could take up the case for him.

May 4. Foochow. Called at Mr. Sienessen's office on the bund. He had everything fixed up splendidly- telephones, call bells, messengers, etc.- just like a modern office at home. We went to his sawmill on an island in the river and saw Chinese at work using modern machinery, such as gang saws, planes, etc. Sienessen saws up lumber for the Chinese. In spite of the machinery, however, which saws a log into boards inside of five minutes, one constantly sees Chinese on the streets sawing great logs thru by hand. A good deal of Sienessen's business consists also in the making of tea boxes which are shipped to Colombo in a knockdown condition, an kerosene oil boxes which are sent

to the Malary states. The foreman told me that Fukien was rich in wood. He himself knew of sixty different kinds. There were simple forests in the interior, but as all the felling and transportation had to be done by hand even Chimen cheap labor could not make it available for outside markets. Going up the river we passed several huge rafts and some junks that were loading timber in the distinctively Chinese way. In the evening gave a talk before the Baldwin Club on my trip. Spoke an hour and a half and all seemed interested.

May 6. Foochow. Went to the anchorage in a launch. Father and Mother & Constance going along. It was a broiling hot day. Embarked again on the Thales and found Captain Robeon same as when I came up. The steamer was loading a big consignment of Siemssen's tea boxes. Had a beautiful trip down the Mein River. The Thales left her anchorage at 3:00 pm. It was a bright day and the scenery on the river showed up beautiful. There is a picturesque old fort on an island in the river not far from the anchorage. The hills on both sides are scientifically fortified. We could see a number of huge Krupps peering over their nests on top of the hills. We passed a very strange formation in the rock on one side of the river. It had been hollowed out and underwent, apparently by the shifting tides, so that it resembled a mandarin's leg and boot. The captain pointed it out to us.

Amoy. May 7. Arrived at this port in the afternoon. It was cloudy and threatened rain, but Miss Glenk and I went ashore for about half an hour. There was a big ship in harbor bound for the straits. It was thronged with Chinese. Ashore I tried to find out some-thing about the Amoy- Manila direct line, but no one seemed able to give the information. Some said there was no such line, so I decided to go on to Hong Kong. Miss Glenk and I went into the Chinese quarter. We went thru the portion that had been recently burnt, and consequently was in the process of rebuilding. As a consequence we did not see the filth for which Amoy has an unsavory reputation we left the port in a heavy rain. Two Russian torpedo boats were making for the place, and one of them had the cheek to cross our bows, obliging the Thales to stop in her course. The captain remarked that the navy men knew less off the rule of the road than merchant officers.

Swantow. May 8. This port presented a picture of disconsolate dreariness. It was cloudy with occasional rain. The rocky confines of the harbor and the barren hill looked not only uninviting but peculiarly repulsive. There was nothing to please or interest the spectator. Along the los shore lay the whitewashed godowres and in front ships discharging their cargoes of brancake and rice. At about four o'clock we pulled out of the harbor, and went in for a heavy swell which sent most of the passengers to a smart young Englishman in Swantow. He was a cutter by trade, and like all tailors, was dressed in a suit of incongruous materials, and with no regard whatever for fit. He was proud of the fact that he was in the employ of Lane, Crawford & Co. the biggest outfitters East of Suez, and informed me that the firm employed none but "perfect gentlemen." Immediately came to the conclusion that he was a cad.

Hong Kong. May 9. Arrived here just in time to catch the Rubi" for Manila I raced up town (in a jiwricksha) got my ticket and bundled my effects into a sampan and made over for the steamer. In a few minutes she pulled out. The passengers were a rather miscellaneous lot. I detected at once the American school teacher, both male and female.

There were also several Spaniards and some English. However, being on board the steamer seemed to bring me a whiff from the land of the free. There was the old gentleman on board-the kind that you can describe only by the term "colonel". We had little freight on board. As I went down to my cabin, which was next the after hatch, a familiar smell suddenly accosted my nostrils. I could not imagine for a few moments whence I had carried my recollection until I happened to glance down the open hatch. The 'tween decks was occupied by cattle, and my imagination went back to the good old "foreign." The stalls in this case were made of Bamboo lashed together. The forward 'tween decks I afterwards discovered was loaded with pigs in bamboo baskets. The sky was bright as we left Hong Kong and the sea glistened. I thought of the day, five years ago, where an American travelled over practically the same course we were going and achieved. At sea. Hong Kong.

Manila May 10. Today it rained heavily until afternoon. The sea was a little rough, and with her light load the "Rubi" pitched and rolled considerably.

Manila. May 11. Towards noon bold, blue hills came in sight. At places they were heavily wooded- in others they were quite barren. We passed Corrigidor on our starboard. Cavite was indistinctly visible on our right. Gradually the low lying line of building of Manila came in sight. The Rubi aboard and began to take declarations of property and to examine into trunks. It was dusk by the time the launch pulled off from the ship with us on board. The lights began to twinkle at intervals in a long line, and I concluded we were facing the famous Lunita. We steamed up the Pasig river for a short distance, passing a number of coasting steamers which were moored along the sides. I also remarked the long, narrow covered cargo boats which are peculiar to the Philip-pines. They carry enormous rudders as they are not provided with keels. The launch left us at the quay and me to my loneliness and feeling of loss. I walked a short distance and then turned into an open place. I soon concluded that I could not find my way about, and finally succeeded in rousing a carronists driver and inducing him to take me to the Metropole. He larruped his poor little stunted horse viciously and we went bouncing along over the stone and cobble pavement. I was landed at the Metropole Hotel- a dirty, dingy, hot, stuffy place. After considerable consultation among the clerks and managers I resigned from Chicago and was ushered into the tortures of my room. We passed down a long narrow passage with heavy curtains hung in front of the doors on either side. This effectively prevented the recirculation on what little air might be moving. In this abode I spent three weary days and as many sleepless nights.

Manilla. May 12. In the morning I walked over to the Palaces to present my-self to Attorney General Wilfley. I was very cordially received by a genial, well built man of fine countenance and good eyes. I at once perceived the justification of all Mrs. Johnson had told me of the judge. Also saw Miss Gilmore and had a long talk over old times. With an acquaintance whom I met at the hotel I then drove around the city. We called out Des Freer's house. We had considerable trouble with one corronista and aggravated our situation by climbing into another. The horse at once began to spin around like the horses on a merry go round, which was indeed amusing and interesting, but did not keep us on our way. I teased the [], much to his disgust by praising his horse as a "bona caballo." In Manila I saw what Munroe had told me of- the tombstone pavements. There were a good many Chinese, but I noticed also

some Roman inscriptions. The front of the metropole is in slab in the side walk bearing a skull and bones, and the date 1609. Was unsuccessful in finding Don Palanea, but discovered afterwards that he had gone back to China. Met Paul Ceong, the Chinese Methodist preacher, who received me cordially, and offered to help me in any way in his power. He said there was a good opening in Manila for an honest lawyer. In the Attorney General's office I met a Mr. Campbell, Mr. Bassett, Mr. McLaughlin, the head clerk, and Overton, judge Wilfley's stenographer. Overton helped me to find rooms. We went to the Imperial Hotel and there ran across Thomas, whom I had [] on a hail fellow well met at Michigan. I took up quarters there with two other going fellows- Cameron, an engineer, and Chandler, an employee in the U. S. M. D. At our table we had another engineer by the name of Dick. Dick had come out early in the history of Manila and had been assigned as supervisor to a province. He had a good deal to say of the hardships of the early perjurating days. He was a graduate of Pennsylvania. Cameron was from Leland Stanford and had wandered considerably. He had worked in Hawaii, prospected in California, enquired and prospected in the Philippines. Shortly after arriving I took Miss Gilmore out for a drive on the Lamita. It was beautifully lit up by electric lights, and all the bon ton and mal ton of the city were out in Victoria or carroniatas to hear the music. We drove around several times and then stopped to listen to the band. The concert closed with playing the "Star Spangled Banner", and I was glad to see the soldiers stand attention and remove their hats while it was being played. This is certainly a move in the right direction. It is not a mere form. Its influence goes much further than that. It brings consciously to the mind of the soldier the thought of his country's flag and honor. The same ceremony when God Save the King is played by an English band has had a most wholesome influence on the British army. Dick and Cameron pronounced the Manila Wall a fine specimen of engineering. It is built of solid stones, much of it the hard granite which the Chinese dress. Cameron said some of the slabs were now worth two pesos a piece as building stone. Dick tried to describe to me what is known as a warp in architecture I was not able to follow his explanation closely and told him I could not find any on the wall. One morning I noticed in the paper that the War Department had authorized the removal of the wall. This would certainly be a wise move. It would place the government in possession of large tracts of land for building or boulevard purposes. At the present the moat is certainly a breeder of mosquitos. Cameron, Chandler and myself made it a rule for a while to take a run to the lunita every morning at six and take a swim in the bay. We found on the shore numbers of Filipinos of both sexes performing their ablutions. The women were very modest about their bathing, and it was a source of admiration to us to see how they could change into their bathing costumes and back to their street dress without exposing any part of their persons. The water usually was muddy and full of sediment. It was likewise infested with jellyfish that caused painful stings whenever one came in contact with them. There were two species- the white and the black, the latter most ungainly looking animals. The bay was also used by the cocheros for swimming their horses. We usually meet them riding their ponies to the shore, and coming back the horses frequently showed the invigorating effects of the bath by much prancing and funny antics.

Manila- May 24. Took an excursion out to the Pumping Station with Dick & Chandler. The first stage of the journey, four miles to Santa Ana, we went in carroniatas. My driver larruped his poor nag most viciously- so much so that I finally took the whip away from him. We drove way out thru the suburbs of the city to the old church. This

is an interesting place. The old gray walls show signs of rough hand-ling, and some of the outbuildings have been destroyed. At the church I lost Chandler and Dick, as with characteristic carelessness the cochero turned to the left at the church the other had gone. After driving fifteen minutes and inquiring in vain for the "Americano hombres" we turned back and found Chandler and Dick waiting at the church. We went to the river bank and got into a "banca," along, narrow boat, hewn into graceful shape out of a single log. It was difficult getting in, as the two bamboo outriggers are not sufficient to steady the craft. The "baniro" usually wades into the water and holds the boat while his passengers crawl in. There is a bamboo and rush awning over the boat. When we had all got in and balanced ourselves the bancero emerged from the water dripping and took his place at one end where he paddled the craft. Clumps of graceful bamboo lined the banks whose flat and uniform contour gave sufficient evidence of alluvial formation. Women were busy all along the shore, washing either themselves, their children, or the family clothing. They waded up to the waist in the water, and having dresses on, there was nothing immodest in their appearance. At several places we found great black cambao, resembling with their black hides hippopotami, participating in the general ablutions. Now and then, on the river bank in front of a nip hut, a woman was fishing with a little switch, thread and probably a bent pin for a hook. Close by stood thickets of bananas. Everything was conducive to a happy-go lucky existence. There was nothing to compel labor, and the hot weather certainly did not invite industry-so we thought as we lay stretched in the bottom of our hauls. The Spaniards were by no means the good for nothing people they have been represented. Substantial works of engineering can still be seen along the shore such as stone arch bridges and solid roads. Almost the entire energy of the country, however, seems to have been expended in churches and convents. There is a big ruined monastery at Guadalupe. We went up and explored it. In many places the walls are seven feet thick and served the purpose of vaults for the deposit of dead friars. In this building the tomb had all been rifled, and the bones lay scattered about in a litter of debris. The vaults lay in one corner of the wall in a small arched chamber. There were probably twenty tombs in all. One friar had been laid to rest in the ground. The corner of his coffin had been torn off and part of his skull, ribs and a patch of his cassock lay among the rubbish. Dick pronounced the building a model of quad building. There were several bumipet arches, flat arches, and the corners were buttressed by massive piles of stone work. Everything was in ruin. The place had been occupied by Filipino troops and had been chilled by the Americans. We went back to the banco and paddled up the stream again. At Pasig we stopped, the bancero pulling the boat up on the shore and we paid him a peso and walked down into the village. The houses, I noticed, were all numbered, an example of American influence among the Filipinos of the Municipal Council. There was a constabulary post on the public square opposite the church a Filipino in Khaki and with musket over his shoulder was standing sentry. We went into the church. It was conspicuous for its painted shoddy. There were no seats- on either side ran floors of the hard native wood which seemed to have been polished by the [] of multitudes of worshippers. At intervals stood the cabinets of the confessional. The organ was devoid of pipes- these had been rifled for bullets during the Insurrection, and the instrument stood like a voiceless skeleton. We climbed into the []. The walls were South African Lecture to- Dynamite Chaser story. Eggs. Fountains. Negro smoking. exceedingly thick- six or seven feet. From the top we had a view of the surrounding country. It stretched about us in a flat Avel, except where the mountains rose abruptly from the plain and shut off the view. The Laguna de Bai was distinctly visible, a white sheet of water. The bells in the tower were pierced and torn by shot. They were

all made in Spain, some of the last century, tho several dated from 1864. There was also one of the revolving clappers which are used in Lent. We descended and went to another building which had been used as a court of justice in the Spanish days, tho now it was a nesting place for myriads of bats. In one sill was a stinking vault, interred by a small, heavy wooden door provided with a small hole for communicating with the interior. It had been used as a prison. We hired another banco and paddled along until the river became so shallow that we could go no farther and were obliged to get out and "hike." We noticed a number of holes in the banks. Dick explained these as fish traps. The fish go in at blood tide, the hole closed, and the lazy Filipino "You de gemma dat gav me dat dolla? Clar do goodness, I wonder what that man thought dat I pud offin de tran dis maconin'. "Do you know the way to the post office?" "Yes" "Do you want to know?" "No." White, Hope & Ray, Attorneys "I'm from Kansas- Now dan you laugh." porter- porter- cabbage Man who wanted to get drink in Iowa and tried to catch a snake while a session of the Bar Association was in progress. The Chatanooga sentry and The Twelve Apostles. The Irishman whose wife had appendicitis. has his breakfast without worry or exertion. Surely this customer can say that the "Lord spreadeth a table for me in the presence of mine enemies. We walked along at a good rate for three miles, now thru dry paddy fields, now under the shode of wide, spreading mango trees, and anon on the open road. I carried a big banana leaf as a shade, but the boys had no other protection than their small hats. They said sunstroke had never been known in the Philippines. When we got to the spin road we could on the mountains far on our right. It began to blow heavily diving the latter part of our tramp, and the bamboo clumps swayed and rustled violently. We got to the works just in time to escape a heavy shower. Mr. Lindsey, the waterworks engineer, took us over the plant. The Manila waterworks system had been built out of funds left by a certain Carriedo for that purpose in 1750. The interest had been allowed to accumulate until in 1880 the system was built. The same engines are still in operation, tho there are many improvements which they lack. Mr. Lindsey had appropriated an old stone fort for the storage of coal, and was dismantling another for paving stone. There was quite a post of troops stationed at the place. At about four Chandler and I started back, Lindsey giving us his carriage. We drove behind a good old go to [] American plug, and as we got to the top of the rise behind the works we could look over a brown undulating plain that looked for all the world like an Indiana landscape in October. I quite surprised myself with the delusion of being at home and returning from some Sunday service until we met a crowd of our "little brown brothers" returning from their Sunday observances at the cockpit, some of them bearing mangled [] and others victorious birds. Still, they trudged along quietly with the expression on their faces of the benediction which follows prayer."

Manila. May 28. Called with Pail Ceong on a number of his country men. One was in the tobacco business manufacturing cigarettes. Filipino men were at work at the machines and women were packing the finished product into small packages. This they did very deftly, getting the correct number of cigarettes, thirty into every package without counting. The proprietor of the business had a suit on against another Chinaman, and it was strongly [] to me that if I could influence the decision I would be remembered in a generous present. Manila. May 29. Happened to pass the Binondo Cathedral in the morning and came upon a funeral cortege. It was for a small child. I entered the dimly lit church and saw a small blue casket on the floor. About a dozen Flipino women were standing about holding candles, and a priest was muttering something inaudibly. The prayer finished, the priest doffed his surplice

in an indifferent manner and slouched away to the cabinet of the professional. A Filipino picked up the casket in his arms and carried it to the portal, edging his way thru the crowd with his burden. The women followed, and as they passed thru the door a thrifty Chino gathered up their tapers- they had evidently been rented simply for the occasion. The casket was placed in a shoddy painted hearse, and the cortege drove off, a Filipino band playing a funeral march.

Manila. May 30. Left at 5:30 a.m. and drove to the railway station with Miss Floy Gilmore. Miss Blanche Leviton had invited us to Balinag for a bailli. Altho so early in the day, the thrifty Chinos were already in their shops waiting for the day's business. As we approached the station Filipino runners meet the carroniat with the evident intention of carrying our baggage. We had a pleasant ride of an hour and a half thru the alluvial plain with the blue mountains far in the distance. The terraces of rice were brown and dry, but graceful clumps of bamboos, like great ostrich plumes studded the landscape. Even the scenery of the islands tends to inertia and effeminacy. How much [] the rugged forests, the bracing weather and the unwilling bounty of our own country! There can be no doubt but that every thing in a tropical country tends towards moral decay and relapse. At Malolos we left the train. The station yard was crowded with carromatas, and as we made our way among them to find one which would take us on our way we were interrupted by numerous beggars who shoved their tin trays or dirty brown palms before us and invoked a blessing if we yielded to their solicitations with a slight []. From Malolos we had a drive of twelve miles over a beautiful road to Balinay. All kinds of tropical vegetation lined the way, but my ignorance of Botony only permitted me to distinguish the bamboo, the mango and the banana. In one or two places we came upon that [] of the Philippines, the arbo del fuego, a tall, graceful tree with spreading branches covered with livid red blossoms. At one place we could discern the towering flame at the end of the green vista of road- way. A large number of the blossoms had fallen and strewn the ground, so that the earth looked like a reflection of the flaming blossoms. Frequent [] huts stood by the roadside, and as we approached Balinag we could see that the people were engaged in wearing hats. But they all seemed to carry an indifferent [] far [] air. Bamboo seemed to be used for everything- for framework for the houses, for fences, for runners for the sleds and for the manufacture of the hats. Floors were also made out of the material. Half way between Malolos and Balinag the road is intersected by a stream. This was crossed by a government trolley and a native ferry. The latter consisted merely of a couple of [] with a bamboo platform placed over them. The carroniata was driven upon this, and with the water reaching within a couple of inches of the gunwales of the bancos we were poled to the shingle beach on the opposite side. Here we resumed our journey by carromata. The gray, clumsy tower of a church told us at a distance of our approach to Balinag. We drove thru a street lined with nipa huts to the public square opening upon the church. The inhabitants were busy with their marketing. The sales people were squatted in the shade of bamboo caves, propped up by poles and were doing a business in fish, rice, vegetables, mangals and pottery. We inquired our way and drove to the Casa de Comacho, said to be the finest house in the town. The young ladies were away, but a Filipino seniorita received us and talked a hesitating English. She had just come from her toilet and her raven hair was streaming down her back. We were seated in a large, airy hall whose walls and ceiling were decorated with crude paintings. I learned after-wards that the people were professional gamblers and depended upon that noble pursuit for their living. The father wore a

shrewd, harassed countenance. His fingers were decorated with enormous diamonds as big as hickory nuts. Leaving Miss Gilmore with Miss Lurton I went to the Commandantia for lunch. The officers of the post were Major Hereford, now a contract surgeon, Lieutenant Ballin, Lieut. Treadwell, and Lieut Burner. The post contained some 220 Constabulary. They had celebrated decoration day that morning by marching to the grave of a Macabebe scout and decorating it with flowers. The great event was the baille, celebrated in the commandantia in the evening. The place had been decorated with palms and lanterns. At 7:30 I got the ladies from the Casa de Comachs and took them over. Two daughters of the house and the brothers had been invited to the occasion. When we arrived at the hall the Filipino guests had already arrived. A native band of some twenty instruments, including 'cello, cornets, clarionets, violins and French horns started up the music and Major Hereford led the way to the dining hall. The Filipinos were successful in securing most of the places at the first table and so I was obliged to [] my partner and retire to the dancing hall for the next table. The table was filled three times to accommodate the guests. Meanwhile dancing had begun in the hall and I watched attentively the figure of the native dance, the rigadan. This is quite complicated, and consists in a series of advances, bows, turns and circling. The Filipino maidens were dressed becomingly in their native styles which call into requisition the stiff, transparent textiles for which the islands are famous. They all wore the stiff pannilon handkerchief, about the neck and the bell shaped sleeves. Several native chaperone lent their presence to the festivities. The mestizo girls especially attracted my attention. She was dressed in the native costume, but both her features and her carriage showed a decided Castilian strain. She was delicate and rather distant, but her dainty step must have come from the land of Carmen. I learned that her grandfathers, on both sides, were Spanish padres. The young men appeared in awkward cut suits of tweeds and whites. I observed here, too, the characteristic which had impressed me in Manila, namely, the entire absence of spontaneous fun and merry making. There was scarcely a [] to be found on any of the countenances, much less did one hear any laughter. The men and maidens sat apart most of the time. The Filipino love for diamonds and jewellery appeared in all its luxuriance. The sparkling gems showed to advantage too in the peculiar character of the stuffs they wore. All the officers of the post were present and all the schoolteachers of the district. I took Picture frame occasion to interview of them in regard to the government and the prospects of the Filipino. They all agreed in the opinion that the people were unfit for self government. They felt little gratitude for what the Americans were doing for them. Many of those present were doubtless sending diners and other assistance to the roving bands of labrums. None of them would scruple to murder the Americans present should opportunity offer. We talked with one of the native officers of the Philippine Constabulary. He told us he had been in Aquinaldo's away as major when his rank was reduced to that of lieutenant. Hereupon he resigned and joined the American forces. The dance broke up at about 2 am. and we went home. Lieut ballin and the other officers sat up awhile in the head-quarters telling yarns until about 3:30.

Baling. May 31. We had a fine drive to the station behind a train of spirited army horses. The railroad station was crowded with Filipinos of various stations in life, but the majority were market works. A number of grave freed men were mingled in the crowd holding in their hands the inevitable game cocks. They were bound, with [] [], for some cockpit. Manila. June 7. Started early in the morning on a trip to Mariveles. Hayward had obtained the use of the government launch. We streamed down the river among the crowded coscos, under the bridges and by the hoary

walls of the city. The harbor was well occupied with shipping. A steam of four hours brought us beyond Coeregidor, the government quarries and to the quarantine station of Mariveles. This latter is beautifully situated in a cove surrounded by bold, wooded heights, with a great mountain towering inland. Good anchorage is afforded ships of large tonnage. At this station all transports going home pass a five days quarantine with disinfection of passengers and baggage. The government has built a good pier and hospitals. Beyond these buildings extends the nature town of nivalents. The beach was fringed with the peculiar hollowed log boats which the Filipinos construed. We wandered thru the town, stopping at a billiard hall where Filiponos were engaged in a quiet game. Their game cocks they had left temporarily anchored by the door, and the animal were eyeing each other viciously. We passed on to the church. This bore the date Ano D. 1729 beside the entrance. The decorations of the interior were cheap and shoddy, such as I had noticed in all Spanish churches from the time I visited Tenerife. The architecture of the exterior was much like the pictures I had noticed of the mission churches of California. The abutments were the same, and the tiled roof was supported on rafters in the same manner. At one corner stood a tower, square, but with corners lopped off. Whenever two or three Americans gather together the short-comings of the present government are sure to become a subject of conversation. The chief accusation which I have heard on all hands in the leniency of the authorities in their dealings with the natives. Natives who have been leaders of insurrection and outlanery are rewarded with prominent positions under the government. Such is the case of Beuncannins, of the Civil Service Board, also member of the Exposition Board. Some of the members of the Commission even are attacked. So far as I have been able to observe I cannot see how the administration can be improved. Most of the men in office are abler than those occupying similar positions at home. The Filipinos are certainly receiving the benefit of the best education in self-government that any nation could bestow. The policy of gradually extending the sphere of native actively is certainly a wise one, and I hope in time it may release us from the task of external government which we have under-taken.

Manila. June 11. This was the fiesta of Corpus Christi and my Spanish teacher declined to give me a lesson. De Juilaa and I watched the great procession from the plaza of the Manila Cathedral. There must have been thousands in the long live of devout Catholics. They walked in single file, one file on each side of the street, while the clergy, the monks and school children from the convents, as well as the bearers of the emblems marched in the middle. Filipinos, Mestizos and Spaniards walked in the procession, everyone carrying a lighted taper. The Archbishop walked under an embroidered canopy near the rear of the procession. He has a striking countenance, one that would mark him immediately as the boss of a ward or the organizer of a convention. He bore in his hand the blessed eucharist, but his mind was not wholly absorbed in religious contemplations. Behind him marched the monks- an ill assorted, dead eyed lot, who looked as tho they had emerged from solitary confinement in the cells of a lunatic asylum. The Cathedral of Manila is magnificent for its size, but not for style of architecture or execution. It is constructed out of the soft, [] sand-stone which is so common here. It cannot be said to posses any distinctive style, but strokes one as a conglomerate of styles made necessary by seismic plaza, containing here and there a niche accommodating a poorly executed statue. In the center rises a huge dome, sheathed in copper or brass. The interior, like all Spanish Describe first spreading handkerchiefs on the pavement. cathedrals is kept poorly lighted, a wire precaution as otherwise the tawdriness of the decorations would become too apparent. Great pillars painted in

initiation of marble rise to the roof. Similar imitations make up the wainscoting on the sides. A far more beautiful interior is that of the Jesuit cathedral on Argobispo strut. It can also lay claim to the additional merit that things there are actually what they seem. The greater part of the decorations are executed in the fine hard woods in which the islands abound. The carving must have necessitated an enormous amount of work. I noticed here an odd habit of the pious Filipino lads when at prayer. They knelt keeping their bodies quite straight and their fancy little bell toppers they placed neatly upon the upper surface of their calves. They are thus kept free from contact with dust and are handy when the worshipper desires to withdraw.

Manila. June 21. I am still being persuaded that the United States are doing a grand thing for these Filipinos. The introduction of reforms here is not hampered by politicians. The Torrens system of land tenure is being introduced. Night schools have been established all over the city of Manila. The department of Forestry is doing work which is sorely needed in the United States. Bilibid is certainly a model for prison reformers. I visited the carcer with Mr. Wood, a lawyer from Cebu. The front basement, which seemed to be a kind of reception hall, was crowded with Filipina women. A few men in stripes helped the guard to keep order. Sunday is the general visiting day, and a heap of presents is always left by the visitors of their friends. These consist almost exclusively of cigars and cigarettes. In spite of their general stolidity, I did notice that some of the women came from the cells affected as the women of every other land would be. The younger were crying- the older made strange [] in their efforts to swallow their tears.

July 1. 1903. On this date we, that is G. T. Chandler, Dr. Miller, Camereri, Dick and myself took up lodgings in a place at 134 Calle San Marcelino. We rented of the proprietors four rooms on the second floor. The house is not of a very inviting appearance from the outside, but the rooms were tastefully [], and to our famished eyes it appeared a heaven of homelike-ness. A verandah extended around two sides of our quarters, and on this we placed our cots. The house faced a convent on the opposite side of the strut which soon began to annoy us with the untimely ringing of bells. The estero, or canal running into the Pasig, formed one side of the yard, and in the muddy waters we could see almost any day horses, caraboos, being washed. The Paco cemetery being on Nozalida, into which San Marcelino runs, we witnessed quite a few funerals. These were always preceded by a band of gaudily uniformed Filipinos playing the most gruesome music- such as would delight the heart of Grieg. Then followed the hearse, drawn by several teams of horses at whose heads walked postillions in powdered wigs and velvet uniforms and then a straggling line of carromatas. Occasionally a poor man would be borne to his grave on the shoulders of men, and now and then a child's coffin, pale pink or blue, would be carried on the shoulder of a man. Every morning I cut across lots to the Bayunmayang drive, thence to the Perta Real and down Palocia to the office in the yuutaiments. The early part of July the Attorney General returned from Baguio, and from that time I was engaged in editing the opinions of the office. The most important element of our life at San Marcelino was Charlie, the Chino cook. He was a very smart looking man, and spoke English well. We undertook to pay him \$27 a piece for board and he was to furnish everything and run things his own way. This arrangement seemed to "venirle a pelo," for he has given satisfaction. He confided to us once that he did not like to work for women- altho he could get along with them all right. I afterwards learned that he had been cook for Andilis Lawshe, and had been a trial to Mrs. Lawshe.

Among other people in Manila. I made the acquaintance of a young man, Merrill by name. He was engaged in the government laboratories and had travelled all over the Philippines, besides Java and I believe the Malay peninsula. He informed me that the handbook issued by the Forestry Department on Philippine woods was absolutely unreliable. He thought little of the lumbering possibilities of the islands. Some wood there was, but not in such quantities or locations as to pay for exploration. He was fully convinced that there was nothing in the islands to tempt American settlement or capital. He had travelled extensively in four and admired greatly the system of the Dutch there. The whole island had the appearance of a garden. The Dutch were absolute masters, and occupied a position of unquestioned superiority the natives were not allowed to dress in the same clothes as their masters, and were obliged to kneel in addressing them. Nevertheless, the entire population lived in content and plenty. I also became acquainted with "Deacon" Arthur Proutch, at one time a Methodist missionary in India. He arrived in Manila in December, 1898 and at once started into missionary work on his own hook. He soon fell in with Aglipay, a Filipino priest, Passeral Poblite and Isabella. He gained the confidence of all three and started the idea of an independent Filipino Catholic Church. He seemed to be the brains behind the entire movement. Aplipay was a tagal, born up in the north in 1860. In 1890 he took priest's orders. He gained considerable influence, both among the Filipino clergy and among the laity. When the insurrection started and the Spanish priests were obliged to leave their churches he was consecrated a bishop and sent out into the provinces among the Filipino clergy in order to maintain the church organization. When the American arrived the Spaniard persuaded him to April 29, 1899, he was excommunicated by the Archbishop of Manila go to the Filipino camp and detach them from the American cause. This he was unable to do- in fact, his life was threatened should he continue in his attempt. After the transfer of sovereignty and the outbreak of the Filipino insurrection Aglipay joined the revolutionary forces and proved to be one of the most elusive of the Filipino leaders. Aglipay seemed to voice the aspiration of the people- an independent church with Filipino clergy and Filipino bishops. Four Filipino bishops had been promised by Rome, but this promise was never fulfilled. The bishoprics have since been filled by Americans. On October 26, 1902, Sunday Aglipay took the final step. Before an audience of some 2,000 people, in an open place in Londo, he celebrated high mass and announced the inauguration of the Independent Filipino Catholic Church. At the elevation of the host the band played the "Star Spangled Banner," and at the conclusion of the address three cheers were proposed for the new church. On "Deacon" Proutch's urgent solicitation Aglipay assumed the title of "Archbishop of the Independent Filipino Catholic Church." In Cavite he placed the white nite on his head with his own hands. In spite of threatened excommunications from the Archbishop of Manila the new church gained adherents rapidly. The entire province of Ilocos Norte went over in a body, electing a man by the name of Brillante as bishop. About the middle of November, 1902, a convention was held in Manila at which some kind of organization was perfected. A supreme council of the church, with Pascual Poblete as chairman, as instituted. The next question that came up was the ownership of the church property in the islands. The Filipino proselytes to the new church had simply contained in the use of the same churches. Churches and congregations seemed to have gone over together. About this time Miss. Guidi, the papal delegate arrived to settle the question with governor Taft. The Filipinos contended that they had built the churches with their own labor. In many cases they had been constructed out of San Juan de Dios Hospital public funds. The churches were property of the state, under the system which United in Spain the temporal and spiritual power. The

Attorney General had been called upon to render an opinion on the subject, and he practically endorsed the arguments of the people. The state in Spain possessed the patronage over hospitals and property devoted to public uses. The title rested in the public. The church was simply an administrator. With the withdrawal of Spanish sovereignty the United States succeeded to these rights. However, the question was allowed to drag on, probably for political reasons. It is now a year since Guidi arrived, and no conclusion seems to have been reached. The test case of the San Jose College has been left suspended. On Thanksgiving Day, 1902. Aglipay delivered a master stroke. A union meeting had been called to which the representative clergymen of all denominations had been invited. Among the invited were "Archbishop Aglipay" and Guidi. The latter did not appear. When his turn to speak arrived, Aglipay was introduced by Mr. Rodgers and at once made the tart remark that as "Guide" had the charge of the souls of all here present it is strange that he should be absent." This turned the union undenominational serviced into a monster Aglipay demonstration. The attempt of the United States to force representative institutions upon this people is a striking evidence of the [] which sways the councils of our statesmen, schoolteachers, provincial officers (Cameron, Dick) soldiers have one and all assured me that the Filipinos were absolutely incapable of understanding the meaning of self government. Aside from the ignorance of the people, their absolute lack of preparation for anything of the kind, we must remember that representative institutions in our own country grew up with the Protestant religion. The Filipinos not only are not Protestants, but they have not yet arrived at the stage of freedom of thought moderated by self control necessary for this form of relief. More will need to be done by missionaries than by politicians if American institutions are [] to thrive in these tropical islands. About the end of August the Education Bill providing for the sending of Filipino students to the United States was passed. This has been severely criticized by news-papers and by men acquainted with affairs. The education of Filipinos will only lead to the infusing of a [], disturbing class in the population. What is needed is rather the sending of a number of boys to manual training schools where they can learn the nobility of labor. There is a manual training school in Manila, but its classes are almost completely deserted. The ambition of most Filipinos seems to run in the way of becoming clerks and "escribentes."

Sunday. Sept. 13. went with Miss Gilmore to Pandacan, on the outskirts of Manila to an Archbishop Aglipay install or connate a Filipino bishop. We drove through the paddy fields, passing clumps of bamboos, with the sky line of Manila, the Labacalera Co's factory prominent, standing out on our left. In the distance ahead of us rose the blue masses of the mountains of Antipolo. We finally entered a street of nipa houses and came to a stop where a number of Filipinos crowded the way. It was the There were a number of native policeman stationed in the street and around the tabernacle. And discoursed the music of the Mass from a neighboring dooryard. In all appearances, Apligay has simply come as another expression of the Filipino's vaguely realized, but inveridable aspirations for independence. To this circumstance alone can I attribute his strength and the rapidity, with which is following is increasing. He has but little to offer the natives. independent church. It was a nipa roofed house of bamboo. At the entrance floated the American flag beside a white one, which I took for the arch-Episcopal colors. We entered the shack and were greeted by "Deacon" Proutch. The place was crowded. An orchestra and chair stationed outside the building for want of room were discoursing the music of the mass. Along what might be called the center aisle sat a number of

young men in black gowns and white surplices. These were newly ordained priests. In front of the altar were seated a number of mitred Filipinos, Among them the Bishop of Cairte. Aglipay soon appeared to take his part in the ceremony. Every one was quick and attentive, but I could not but feel that a good deal was concealed beneath the stolid countenances of the audience which the ordinary American mind is powerless to grasp. The chant was the regular Latin chant of the Roman church. To all appearances, the strength of Aglipay lies in the ineradicable desire for Independence which seems to burn in all Filipinos. So far he has little to offer his followers- the church organization is loose, there is no system of finance, he has set forth no distinctive doctrinal [],- but the soul of the whole movement, that which offers a powerful magnetic field is the one idea of independence,- a Filipino church under Filipino administration. The movement of Aglipay is simply another of the many expressions of this turbulent impulse. It showed itself first in the insurrection against Spain, the organization of Katipeman, the short, lived alliance with the Americans, the outbreak, the insurrection, the ladro which became rampant and finally in the plays of such authors as Tolentino "Yesterday, today and tomorrow." The next manifestation came up in the organization of the wide spread "Union Obrera" of Dominados Gomez. This for a time seemed to offer a [] of Gomez, Aglipay now has the stage to himself. For year to come I believe such movements will sweep the country, as each seems to offer to the Filipinos a new starting point for their ambitions. They are a people peculiarly susceptible to the influence of daring leaders, and will lend a ready ear and a willing following to anyone who seems to express their vaguely realized aspirations. I had been [] the recent more Act. Compared with the other legislations of the Commission and the general policy of the government as laid down in M. Kinley's message of April 7, 1900. This act is remarkable piece of work. It is remarkable for going to the heart of the difficulties without imposing any generalizations from Anglo Saxon experience upon Asiatic peoples. Instead of attempting to lift them by the bootstraps into the stage of civilization which it has taken us centuries to reach it at least makes an effort to meet the people in their present condition. The law requires the provincial secretary to acquaint himself with the language of the moros and other non Christian tribes. The district governors and secretaries are also required to learn the principal local dialect of their respective districts. While English is as soon as practicable to become the basics of public instruction, the law provides that this "shall not prevent the instruction by native teachers in Arabic. Moro or other languages of the locality of the school. The legislative Council is also directed to recognize as near as practicable existing tribal or local organizations and the already constituted authorities. The laws of the Moros are to be collected and codified. Differences are to be adjusted according to the customary law of the tribes to which the parties belong. Where there is conflict of laws owing to the parties coming from different tribes, or nationalities, as Moro and American or Filipino, the substantive civil law and criminal code of the Philippine Islands governs. To adjudicate upon this complex system of conflicting laws justice is to be administered by courts presided over by secretaries of districts assisted by other members chosen according to the race of the litigants. The act seems to imitate the organization in India by making the district the administrative unit. In this unit the district secretary seems to occupy a position similar to that of deputy commissioner or collects, magistrate. He is custodian of the public records; he succeeds the governor upon a vacancy in that office or in the absence of the incumbent. He is required, besides learning the principal dialect of the district, to learn as much as possible of language of other non Christian tribes, and also of their customs. he has the supervision of public works. He is president of the district

court. This act seems to be another evidence of the political cowardice which seems to have inspired the policy of the government in these islands. On the eve of the campaign of 1900, and under the onslaught of Bray and the disaffected Republicans the message of April 7 seems to have been precipitatedly drafted, giving rise subsequently to the Municipal Code. The experience of the last few years, together with the removal of immediate political exigencies have produced an organic law of an entirely different type.

Sept. 15. Mr. Remington, a stenographer from the Recorder's Division, called here this evening and we had a long talk in regard to Phillipino conditions, The Moro Act, he informed me, was the work of Governor Taft and General Davis. It had been drafted in Bagnio. During part of the time a Mr. Rogers, the British Resident in Perak, had been in Bagnio, I believe as a guest of the Governor, and doubtless from him a good many ideas were drawn. From what Remington said I imagine the administration does not have a very high appreciation of the Attorney General's abilities. As often as not his opinions are disregarded.

Manila. Sept. 26. I noticed by the morning papers that Burrit and McCabe had been appointed as judges of the new judicial districts. This is tantamount to another slap at the Attorney General, as he had hoped to get Harvery appointed to at least one of the districts. The accompanying columns from today's papers are interesting as they show the true light in which ladronisen is regarded. Alltho the insurrection is officially ended, still we have the spectacle of a ladron chief offering to treat with American officers sent to catch him. Moreover, there is a system of concentration in the province. Day before yesterday Presenting Attorney Smith fell into the error in the new complaint which he has lodged again. Commador Gomez Jesus of accusing him of aiding the insurrection- this in spite of the fact that the insurrection is officially over. A few days ago we had a case in the office of a Constabulary U.C.O. joining the ladrones and attacking the quarters of his own men. This occurred, I think, in [] []. The man's name was Aery. The Solicitor General was called upon to give an opinion, and by a skillful manipulation of technicalities he succeeded in getting the charge of treason withdrawn- according to his argument, the mere fact of the man attacking the cuartel of the Constabulary did not sufficiently prove treasonable intent.

Manila. Sept. 29. Was invited to Dr. Stuntz to dinner and stayed for a long talk over Philippine affairs in which the Dr's intimate knowledge of Indian conditions proved intensely interesting and enlightening. Dr. Stuntz's criticism as he expressed to Go. Taft in a provide interview was, first, that this gov't had apparently paid no intention whatever to the experience accumulated by England and other colonizing countries thru hundreds of years. Secondly, that the government was not sufficiently centralized- powers were too diffused. Governor Taft complained that he was tied and hampered from Washington. Dr. Stuntz incidentally gave me reason to believe tha the Governor would be glad to get rid of the Attorney General, could he see hi way clear to do so. Dr. Stuntz complained in regard to a report of an investigation made by Richard Campbell of our office into the disturbances at Haganoy. It seems the Methodists had just put up a church in the pueblo opposite the house of the municipal treasurer. The latter official threatened that the building would never be used. On the day set for the dedication he gathered a large number of his confrere into his house and these with drums, and other noise producing instruments created such a disturbance that no

services could be held. This was kept up for some time until complaint was made to the Attorney General and Campbell was sent up to investigate matters. In his report he practically confirmed the testimony of the complaints, but added that the offenders denied ever having created any disturbance, and reliance was placed upon the word of the latter. Before appealing to the Atty Genl. I must state that appeal had been made to the chief of police and to the justice of Peace, all without result. This is characteristic of the even handed justice we may expect from Filipino officials. This same tendency is apparent in the verdict handed down in the Gomez trial today. Judge Sweeney formed the defendant guilty but the two Filipino assessors were of the contrary opinion. Dr. Stuntz could not see what purpose the calling of assessors in such cases could serve. Their opinion did not have any weight on the other hand, the fact that a man is compelled to serve a sentence of a judge in spite of the dissenting opinion of two Filipino assessors might well serve as a ground for raising a suspicion of race prejudice. Dr. Stuntz also went into the details of Aglipay's career. He had been a priest ordained by the church. On the outbreak of the insurrection, when the Spanish clergy were obliged to take refuge in Manila, Aglipay discharged the duties of the Bishop on the request of the ecclesiastical authorities in Manila of bigan. This was only seven years after he had been consecrated a priest. When Dewey had won his victory it was heard that an American army was on its way to the islands of the Spaniards thought to make use of the Filipino clergyman as an intermediary. He was empowered to go to the insurgents and offer them everything they wanted,- a Filipino government with Filipino officials- if they would only make common cause with them against the Americans. Aglipay was unsuccessful in his mission. He claims that the insurgents would not listen to his proposals. Thereupon his principals the clergy, thinking to [] themselves for the fiasco, and at the same time to ingratiate themselves with the Americans, gave it out that Aglipay had betrayed their weakness to the insurgents. Some scapegoat was needed, and so application was made for an order of excommunication. This arrived in due time and was launched against the reckless clergyman. Aglipay felt himself deeply wronged, and with reason. While brooding over the injustice that had been done him, Aguinaldo saw fit to make use of him, and immediately appointed him chaplain general of the insurgent armies. Aglipay followed the fortunes of the insurrection until the tightening lines of the American troops sent the scattered remnants of the insurgent armies flying into the mountains of northern Luzon. He then engaged largely in fighting for lack of opportunity to exercise his spiritual functions. Two years ago, before launching his independent church, Aglipay consulted the protestant clergyman of Manila, desiring to secure their cooperation in his plans. Dr. Stuntz, Mr. McLaughlin, Mr. Rodgers/the Presbyterian minister) and Mr. Goodrich met him in consultation several times. McLaughlin and Goodrich (of the Bible Society) were for throwing themselves heart and soul into the movement. Dr. Stuntz held back. Finally they agreed to offer Aglipay a program. It was as follows: 1. That he should give satisfactory evidence of spiritual experience himself. 2. That he stand for some definite spiritual teachings. 3. That he initiate certain reforms in the lives of the clergy, such as the abolishing of celibacy and the insistence upon moral purity. And finally there would then be room for the negative reform which Aglipay was exalting into his principal battle-cry- the abolishing of the Pope as the head of the church. Dr. Stuntz said he failed to find evidences of any real spiritual experience on the part of Aglipay and consequently he considered the movement doomed. Had Aglipay fulfilled the requirements laid down the protestant clergy-men stood ready to assist in every way possible. Failing, in these, they could do naught else than keep them-selves aloof. In Dr. Stuntz's opinion the Aglipay schism would perform its destiny in

weakening the Catholic Church, it contained within itself no possibilities of leadership and organization. In due time it would run its course, and then the people who had joined it would scatter and in the search for religious nourishment would be easily brought into the Protestant fold. Dr. Stuntz also gave me some interesting information in regard to the Indian [] service. This is the finest civil service in the world. The men are chosen This provision is probably that the gov't may assure itself of the loyalty and sturdy British spirit of its Employees. by competition, and so desirable are the opportunities offered that the competition is most fierce. Let sixteen vacancies be announced and there will probably be over two thousand applications. He mentioned one case where there were 700 candidates for sixteen positions. It is a strange thing that candidates for this service are obliged to have lived the seven years next preceding their application in the United Kingdom. This seems to be for the purpose of quarantining the loyalty of the candidates. The successful men sign articles, a covenant- wherein provision is made for salaries, sick leaves, holidays, pension, etc. The matter of leaves to which employees are entitled is a complicated one with many subdivisions and details, so that it really takes an expert to decide at any time the actual leave to which a man is entitled. In addition to this, no man can be obliged to go to a place where there is not a minister of religion, nor to any place where he is out of reach of a doctor. The requirements of the candidates, on the other hand, are very high. The physical examination is a step one. So far as intellectual attainments are concerned, they are obliged to know three modern languages, besides English, namely Russian, French and German. Mathematics to Calculus is required. They must practically be lawyers, especially conversant with international law. Sent out to India, they begin work as collectors. From this position they rise to that of magistrates. By this time they are supposed to have a thorough command of the native language, Hindostani in the North and Tamil in the South. They have gained a thorough insight into the native character. The magistrate travels with his tent from village to village dispensing justice. Court opens at 6 am. and continues to 10. Thirty or forty cases are disposed of in a day. With his insight into the native character the magistrate does not take long to ferret the truth of a case. A witness is dismissed with the curt remark that he is lying and another called. A few pointed questions are sufficient to sustain a verdict and the next case is called. Dr. Stuntz gave it as his opinion that the Filipinos are advanced far beyond the natives of India and that they are far more hopeful from a missionary standpoint. All the talk about the ancient civilization of India he characterized as balderdash. He said that he had never found a priest yet who understood the real import of what he was chanting. The men who have started the ideas of theosophy in our country and who have spread the idea that India is a land of acute and profound thinkers are few in number. The densest ignorance prevails among the masses. As a rule, they seem to have no moral sense. Lying and deception are perfectly legitimate intellectual exercises. Without doubt the Spaniards have done a great deal for the Filipinos- they have laid a foundation upon which we may build. Dr. Stuntz is of the opinion that the new education scheme will not be of great benefit to the country. The men in India who had received English degrees have never justified the effort spent in their education. There are in India two universities- Bombay and Madras. These are universities in the English sense of the word, that is degree granting bodies with affiliated colleges. Bombay alone grants 13,000 AB.'s a year, and only 29% of the candidates pass. English is rapidly coming to be a universal language. Some years ago the first Indian Congress was called the first germ of anything approaching the character of a political movement. The representatives spoke a babble of native tongues. Their only common means of communication was English. About eighty newspapers are now

printed in English for native constituencies. The British in India occasionally make concessions in the direction of representative institutions. The right to choose members of the legislative councils, however, is always vested in chambers of commerce or boards of trade. I mentioned the fact that the officials in Midauao are obliged to learn the native languages. Dr. Stuntz thought this a move in the right direction. There is nothing that comes so near the heart of a people as their native tongue. The Filipinos feel a strong affection for theirs. All our more important officials should learn the native languages- in no other way would we ever get to understand the people and really give them the government they need. The Biuguet Road blunder could have been avoided if the government had been willing to learn from the experience of the British in the construction of roads in the Himalayas. In fact Dr. Stuntz Advised Governor Taft to make a request of the Viceroy for an engineer, or else to send some of the government engineers to India on a tour of inspection. Governor Taft replied that if they tried such a thing there would be a general strike among government engineers.

Manila. Sept. 30. Informed the Attorney General today that I could not stay at work unless I was paid extra. I presented an estimate of \$400 for the completion of the work on the opinions. About five o'clock I walked down to the wharves of the Pasig. We had just had a heavy tropical rain. The dark clouds had not yet dispersed, although they gradually I think the Filipino crowd is the most quiet and orderly in the world. They never burst out with loud vociferation as do the Chinese. they show little emotion- they have little to say, and what they have is uttered in an undertone. drifted apart showing rifts and the blue background. I passed down the wharves to the Buiondo estero. Several men were hard at work paling a clumsy casco out into the river. Work had finished. I wandered back and stood on the bridge. Crowds were passing back and forth. The bridge vibrated under the hoofs of the little horses and the wheels of the carrimatas, occasionally there would be a break in the wagon traffic and the clack of [] slippers and the rubbing of bare feet filled the interval. Then the stream of vehicular traffic resumed its course, drowning the sound of the passing crowds. Just at the dusk the yellow light of the sunset broke out from a rift in the clouds, but it soon vanished and little lights began to twinkle from the river craft. The headlights of steamers rose swinging ip the marts and then paused to throw their scintillating reflections on the titillating surface of the river. By this time the shops o on the Escolta had been brilliantly illuminated. The intramuros, however, was left in darkness except for the white globes of electric lights which dotted at intervals the line of the promenade. The slender spire of Magallanes monument and the gothic outlines of the Dominican church threw their silhouettes against the sky, while at their feet stretched the low black line of medieval battlements. Up Rosario the thrift Chinese shopkeepers were sitting in the doorways of their little establishments resting from the days business. In the rear one night be figuring up the accounts of the day on his abacus, snapping the little balls back and forth with trained dexterity. The back streets were dark. There were no shops, and the dwelling houses were poorly lighted. As I approached the Escolta I passed a number of garish saloons which seemed to be having a busy time. I have often watched the crowds returning from work on a San Marcelino. about five o'clock the big tobacco factories in the neighborhood closed and crowds of women and girls would begin to pass down the street. Caraltas, dragged by one poor caballo, and heavily loaded with Filipinos and other produce, would struggle up the ascent of the bridge over the estero by the side of our house amid the encouraging grunts from the cochero and the menacing whacks from his whip. Oct. 3. A Mr. Olsen, a

teacher in Nueva Eliza, was at dinner this evening. He was a graduate of the University of Minnesota. He was not very hopeful in regard to the education of the Filipinos. They were not anxious to go to school. In his town there were probably 500 children of school age. The enrollment never exceeded 80. The natives would not work. The government in order to get men for its pack trains practically commandeered the inhabitants. He saw no hope for the Philippines without Chinese labor, and once Chinese labor was introduced it would be goodbye to the little brown brother. A strange circumstance connected with the "Cadrones" in his country was that they did not rob. They simply took the arms they wanted and subsistence and cleared out. The constabulary he thought were really in sympathy with their brothers in the bosque. He told of one instance where a detachment had been at- with which the friar land question is handled. The confiscation of these properties, or rather their careful assumption by the government, would mean a loss of votes at home. The American people must be taught two things: First, that the welfare or distress in the Philippines can have no possible effect on conditions in the United States. It does not concern the masses in the home land one iota. Second, that for the people of the United States the Philippines will never be a paying investment. A few Americans may make money here but the welfare of the masses will not be affected. When these two lessons are grasped it will be time to take the next step: the separation of the Philippines from party politics, their gradual relegation to some power more vainglorious than wise.

Oct. 11. Went with Cameron to see a cockfight. We drove past the San Lazars hospital and out into the open country. The cockpit was contained in what might carrying [] that would neither [] nor fight anymore. charged and tingling with excitement be called a large nipa tabernacle. A diminutive and faded American flag was flying from a pole at the entrance. A number of carateles and carromatas were standing about. Filipinos were passing to and fro, some carrying roosters that had every appearance of having passed thru a successful fight. Others of the little brown species were leaving the kil disconsolate, carrying a dead rooster home for the next week's eating. Now and then a loud murmur and then a yell arose from the tabernacle which reminded me of a game of football at home. Cameron and I passed in by virtue of our color without paying any entrance fee. The interior had the appearance of a market. People were standing about little counter's spread with all manner of eatables and knickknacks. There were stands of refreshments, bowls of soup and even coffee and chocolate- baskets of cakes, fruit; bolts of various fabrics. But further on the very air seemed charged with excitement. Hundreds of Filipinos were standing in an amphitheatre around an iron fence enclosure. As we approached I noticed a present of a roaster to every adult male of the Philippines who had reached yours of desertion would be more highly appreciated than all the blessings of liberty and civilization, and would do more to win the gratitude of the race than all the schools the United States can establish in a hundred years. That the fence surrounded a stage elevated several feet above the floor where the lowest tier of Filipinos stood. From the direction that we approached it, we could only see that the interior of the enclosure was also crowded. We gained entrance by virtue of our color and found ourselves in a square enclosure, measuring some forty feet on a side. At one end were tiers of seats, crowded with cagier spectators. The other end was clear, except for a station occupied by the referee. Is that the spectators on outside the enclosure had an unobstructed view from three directions. The owner of the cockpit sat like a Roman Tribune in the place of honor in the middle of the tier of seats just mentioned. He had a table before him whereon was placed a bell which he tapped

as a signal to start the fights. A fight was just about to start. The betting was lively. A number of Chinos I noticed among the Filipinos attracted by their inveterate love of gambling. The air was charged with excitement. Men passed between the rows of seat thrusting a sharp, chiming steel gaff, about three inches long had been placed on the left spur of each bird. Out handfuls of shining silver and calling the odds. There was an excited hum of voices which reminded me of the Chicago board of trade. Suddenly the tribune's bell sounded and there was instant silence. While the betting had been going on two Filipinos had been teasing a couple of roosters up to the fighting pitch. The birds had been brought face to face for a good look at each other. Then one rooster would be allowed to take a peck at his opponent. Soon the birds were teased up to the fighting pitch and then the bell rang and they were let loose. But seemingly dazed at the strangeness of their surroundings the animals tiptoed around each other. The spectators watch breathlessly. Then the trainers took their birds and allowed each one a few pecks at the other. They let loose again. Instantly the feathers ruffled and they were at it, the steel gaffs gleaming as the birds hopped at each other. One bird suddenly dropped and allowed his opponent to hop over him. An involuntary groan went up from the spectators and then a shout as the bird attacked its opponent when it reached the ground. These tactics were kept up for several rounds until the one bird had been tired out by the superior skill of the other. Gradually its strength gave way and its opponent renewed its attacks at close quarters, pecking him over the neck and head until he was beaten and his head began to sink on the floor. When this happened, the winner was declared. The babel of voices began again and a hurried exchange of pesos. Refreshments of coffee, chocolate and tea were passed around, cigarettes lighted and there was a temporary lull in the excitement. From the cockpit we went to the La Loma church. This had been the center of quite a lively engagement between the Americans and Filipinos. The walls were riddled with shots. A fine iron fence surrounded a space of about four acres. Along the sides ran the thick walls containing receptacles for the dead, and the ground too was covered with mounds. In the centre stood a rather stately church surmounted by a dome. In the interior, over the altar was a shining brass crucifix with a figure more than life size.

Manila. Oct 17. I had the good fortune to be invited on a launch party up the Pasig and over the lake to Las Banos. Dick arranged for my going. We started from the shops at 2 pm. on the launch Washington, belonging to the city. There were about twelve in the crowd, nearly all of whom were engineers. They were Morrice, Armstrong, Graham, Hyde, Williams, Benson, Dutton, Nieman, Paststone, Dick and myself. We steamed up the river, passing the Malacanan palace, which wove a deserted look from the river side, lumber yards, boat slips where men were busy building scenes, tows of cascals and little bancas. Vegetation of tropical luxuriance clothed the low lying banks. At one place we passed what at one time must have been a chapel. What with its stone vaulting and the vegetation which overhung it from the bank it had the appearance of a cavern in the rock. Part of the span was undoubtedly hewn out of the rocks. There were numerous ruins of arches and stone bridges over the creeks emptying into the Pasig. These [] the admiration of the engineers who pronounced them excellent pieces of workmanship. Near the town of Pasig [] the canal built by Weyler while governor to connect the Pasig with the Laguna de Bay. At about dusk we emerged between low lying banks over grown with rank reeds and saw in the distance the broad expanse of the Bay and beyond the dim outlines of the Cordilleras. The season had been a dry one. The water had receded leaving a large number of fish traps high and dry on terra firma. These fish traps were in evidence at different points

all along the shore of the lake. They well illustrate the characters of the Filipino- he has sufficient mental energy to provide himself with the necessities of existence with the smallest expenditure of physical energy. Beyond this he has no ambition to draw upon his mental resources. The night descended rapidly and before long we were unable to make out anything of the shore. The patron kept the launch driving, however, and finally lost his course and we found ourselves stranded on a rock. The engines were reversed full speed and tugged away, shivering every timber in the boat, in the vain attempt to get her off. These attempts were renewed every little while. We all ran to the stern, hoping that this would lighten the bow so that she could slip off. Then we tried to give her a roll by running from side to side. It was all of no avail, and finally we settled down for the night with the launch jotting and bumping on the rocky bottom as the waves lifted her. We spread our blankets on the fore deck. I was assigned a place under the table- a joke on me. It was not long before I dozed off, in spite of the chattering and restlessness of the rest of the boys. I was just sinking into unconsciousness when I was awakened by the fellows stirring about and chattering. It was racing heavily and the drops were coming thru the awning. I was now in the best position for protection. However, despite my protests, the boys had the unkindness to remove my table. We tried to settle down again, and I fell asleep. by three o'clock the engines were started again, and [] of the boys got up, tho I dozed on to seven. By six o'clock some bancas had come along, and these pulled the launch off sideways, and we were soon steaming towards Las Banos, which we had left ten miles behind us. The day began clear and we had a good view of the lake and the sloping shores and the mountain in the background. In the distance we could see a cluster of nip shacks and a red tiled roof. This was Las Banos. We had break-fast on hand, and then went ashore. The hot springs of Las Banos are located right on the shore. We noticed the steam rising from the ground. The red tiled hotel is a substantial structure put up by the Spaniards. It is provided with bath chambers where a person can enjoy either steam or hot water baths from the natural springs. It was Sunday morning. [] was just being performed in the ungainly stone church of the pueblo. It was the same mass that I had heard chanted in Cape Town. A Filipino priest and two Filipino boys were officiating. A number of our party crossed themselves as we entered. On the tiled floor kneeled a number of Filipino women. To one side knelt a couple of American soldiers. Presently a well dressed American lady entered and kneeled with the rest. The choir consisted of a Filipino who played a pedal organ, two women and a boy with a violin. They appeared to be chanting the whole mass from memory as no music was in evidence. Armstrong, Benson, Dutton and my-self decided to go up the mountain nearby and visited a fall which was said to be worth seeing. We took our way over a terribly muddy road and then struck off on a trail which led thru tall caves, underbrush and trees loaded with the numberless parasites which nature provides in the tropic. Now and then we came to a little clearing with a little patch of yams and a nipa hut elevated on posts in the middle. There seemed to be no sign of life until we came to the house. Then a pompadoured head would raise itself over the window sill and blink its sleepy eyes at us, and maybe a pig would grunt from under the house. The face was certainly worth seeing. From a height of eighty feet it dashed over a precipice bedded in luxuriant verdure which put the shining drops in high relief. We all undressed and got directly und the fall where the falling water struck us with the force of bullets. We had hardly dressed when a number of Filipino men and women came for a bath. like all south sea islanders, the Filipinos love the water. The women went into the bath with all their clothes on. Then with a peculiar herb which they use they washed their hair. We decided to scale the side of the cliff and return by a different route. The climb

was hard. The ground was steep and tangled with bamboos, rattans and all manner of underbrush. It was a hard work for about an hour until we arrived on the top of a span which seemed to have been cleared of jungle and was overgrown simply with tall grasses. A surveying party had also staked a line over the spur and had left a convenient trail cleared by which we were able to return to the pueblo. Our point of vantage gave us a splendid view of the lake. At our foot lay the nipa roofs of Las Banos. Not far away a circle of trees enclosing a basin of water told of an ancient volcano. To our right towered []. Banahas (7300) overcapping the marer height of Mt. San Cristobal. Hardly any of the land, so far as I could see, was under cultivation. For to the left stretched the water of the laguna finally merging into the broad plain on which stands Manila. We descended the mountain, following the surveying trail, and at twelve o'clock arrived at the jetty. In a short while all the crowd had gathered and we set off, taking our dinner out in the lake. We crossed the lake to the city quarries. From that point we skirted a steep shore overgrown with tropical verdure. In a small inlet lay a cluster of nipa roofs, the town of Binangonan. Here five soldiers were murdered on May 31, 1902 by the natives. They had come to decorate the grave of comrade. Morrill fell to talking about the campaign in Batangos. General Bell had received autograph orders from Taft, and I believe also from Root, to end the war in any way he could. Wherever shots were found coming from any house the place was burnt up. The concentration policy was adopted. The people were all concentrated at points under Bartlett Sinclair for eight months had no white help in his office while treasurer of Regal. All this time he had from six to a dozen Filipinos. It's a result of persistent appeals for help he finally got an assistant who afterwards stole from him and was subsequently sent to Bilibid. His name was Fogerty. His accounts were not examined, in spite of repeated requests, from Sept. 1901. to January 1903. He was then [] and kept eight mouths waiting for trial. He was finally indicted for negligence in office and acquitted. Oct. 19. 1903. It is the general opinion that the Filipinos made way with the money.