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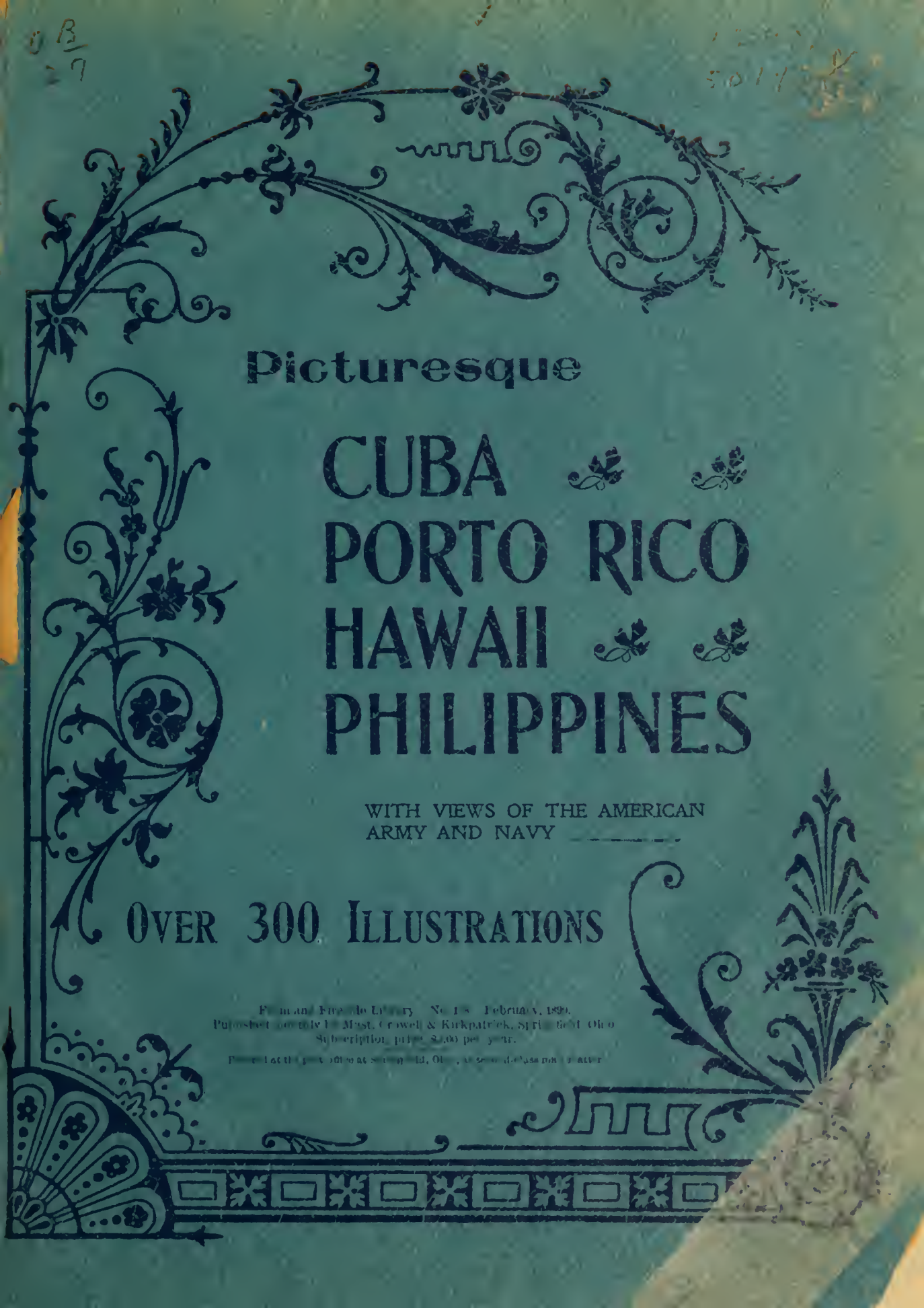
CUBA
PORTO RICO
HAWAII
PHILIPPINES

WITH VIEWS OF THE AMERICAN
ARMY AND NAVY

OVER 300 ILLUSTRATIONS

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PICTURESQUE

CUBA, PORTO RICO, HAWAII
AND THE PHILIPPINES

A PHOTOGRAPHIC PANORAMA OF
OUR NEW POSSESSIONS

Depicting the Natives, Their Costumes, Habitations and Occupations; Prominent Buildings, Street Scenes, Mountain and River Scenery, Etc. Also Life in the American Army and Navy, with Portraits of the Chief Actors in the Spanish-American War

OVER THREE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

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SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Cuba	3
The Pearl of the Antilles	24092
Porto Rico	26
The West Indian Possession of the United States	
Charlotte Amelia, Island of St. Thomas	41
Scene in Bridgetown, Isle of Barbadoes	41
Hawaii	43
The Paradise of the Pacific	
Principal Actors in the Spanish-American War	64, 65, 94, 121
Army, the	67
Scenes and Incidents at the Various Camps	
Navy, the	95
Facts and Incidents Concerning Our Ships and Seamen	
Philippines, the	107
The El Dorado of the Orient—America's Eastern Possessions	



5183

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The City of Havana, from the Heights Across the Bay

CUBA

The Pearl of the Antilles



No country in the world has a more stormy past than the island of Cuba, although it may be truly asserted that its government has remained practically unchanged since the Spaniards first took possession soon after its discovery four hundred years ago, slaughtering and making slaves of the peaceful natives and inaugurating a policy of oppression and infamy which, coupled with universal instances of similar policies in all her other colonies, past and present, has finally made the name of Spain synonymous with oppression, cruelty and vice.

History shows for Cuba a past of intrigue and insurrection on the one hand and official robbery and rapine on the other; a spectacle of prostitute grandeur feasting and reveling amidst down-trodden and shackled honesty, patriotism and poverty; a past which can boast but two classes of citizenship—the oppressor and the oppressed; a past of prisons and official murder; a past wherein all spirit of progress and development was sacrificed on the altar of personal lust and ambition, and which may be scanned for centuries back without the discovery of a single bright spot to relieve the gloom of the entire chronicle.

True, the English made a conquest of the island in 1762, but for once English statesmanship failed of its wonted sagacity, and they traded the island back to Spain for Florida. During all these years Cuba was, in fact, a dueling-ground for the nations of the Old World, many of them being able to conquer it, but none of them considering it worth a struggle to keep. Twice was Havana destroyed by French privateers in the sixteenth century, and in 1624 the Dutch enriched themselves by capturing the city, but immediately abandoned it, and Spain again resumed possession.

Since the resumption of Spain's sovereignty cruelty and oppression have been rampant in the island and the spirit of rebellion continually alive and on the increase. Since that date history shows a continuous reign of terror, a chronicle of struggling patriots and Spanish task-masters.

The first rebellion, the Black Eagle Conspiracy, occurred in 1829, and was followed by others in 1836 and 1844. Feeling in Spain was wrought to a high pitch by the issuance of the indiscreet Ostend Manifesto, in 1854. This famous declaration was written, or at least issued, by our ministers to England, France and Spain, and in it they declared that if Spain persistently refused to sell Cuba the United States would seize the island and annex it by force, and would be justified in so doing. This manifesto was doubtless the outgrowth and result of a general feeling of irritation in official

circles over Spain's stubborn and unreasonable refusal to listen to any proposals whatever concerning the sale of the island. President Polk had made efforts to purchase it in 1848, and had been unceremoniously snubbed; and finally, in 1889, Sagasta, the Spanish premier, petulantly declared to our minister that there wasn't gold enough in the world to purchase Cuba. The conflict of these two antagonistic policies was brought to a partial sequel in the *Virginius* incident of 1873. The *Virginius*, an American ship, was captured by the Spaniards on the high seas and taken to Santiago. The captain, James Fry, and the entire crew were condemned to death as "pirates." Strenuous objections were entered by the American consul and communication opened immediately with Washington. But on the day set, while the American statesmen were preparing a diplomatic note regarding the matter, the execution was proceeded with. Captain Fry and fifty-two of his seamen had been shot when a message was received from the captain of a British gunboat which had suddenly appeared in the harbor and trained her guns on the city. The note merely stated that if proceedings were not immediately suspended the city would be bombarded. This gunboat had come in all haste from Jamaica as soon as the affair was reported there, and succeeded in accomplishing by characteristic English promptness in action what American diplomacy would have been too late to effect. This, the policy of acting first and talking afterward, is what has won for England the hearty respect of all nations and has made the lives of English subjects safe anywhere in the civilized world. Needless to say, in the case under discussion the execution was immediately "postponed" and the release of the remainder of the crew eventually secured. The matter was finally settled by the payment of an indemnity by Spain to the families of the murdered seamen.

In 1868 the Cubans inaugurated their first effective rebellion. It lasted for ten years, cost Spain \$60,000,000 and 100,000 men, and was finally settled by the treaty of El Zanjón, in 1878, the terms of peace being autonomy and home rule for Cuba. The whole affair proved to be a monstrous farce on the part of Spain. Repealed laws were replaced by others less just; new oppressors were sent from Spain to continue the work their predecessors had been forced to abandon; oppression was gradually resumed, but the spirit of rebellion was as promptly resurrected, and was found to be only strengthened by its short sleep. The Cuban Junta was organized and established in the United States, and the period between 1878 and 1895 was employed in



El Morro Castle, Havana Harbor

covertly arming and organizing the patriots and in enlisting sympathy in this country. February 24, 1895, the rebellion broke out afresh, and the island might yet be writhing in the throes of war had not Spanish effrontery and cruelty been outdone by the DeLome letter, the destruction of the Maine, the policy of reconcentration and other incidents and conditions, ultimately giving the United States just cause to interfere and settle the war, securing Cuba's freedom and demanding evacuation of the island by her enemies.

Cuba lies at the mouth of the Gulf of Mexico, in latitude 20° to 23° north, and longitude 74° to 85° west from Greenwich. It lies so near our continental territory as to make

Uncle Sam's fatherly interest in the welfare of the little island country the most natural thing in the world, it being but a five hours' trip by steamer from Key West, Florida, to Havana.

The island is seven hundred and sixty miles long, but varies greatly in width, averaging about sixty miles. The Isla de Pinos (Isle of Pines), south of the west end of Cuba, is tributary to it, in reality constituting a province, and, together with numerous smaller islands, aggregates about 2,170 square miles, which, added to Cuba's 42,000, makes the total area of the islands about equal to that of the state of Pennsylvania, or one sixth that of the state of Texas.



Cabanas Castle, on Havana Harbor, Near El Morro



Havana, from the Inglaterra Hotel

The surface of Cuba is generally rough, being traversed by a mountain range throughout its entire length. The mountains, however, are not high, reaching their greatest height in the eastern and widest part of the island, where they separate into spurs. The highest peak is 7,670 feet, but the average height is not over 2,200 feet. These mountains form a natural watershed to the north and south, in one of which directions the necessarily short and usually swift rivers and streams all flow.

Under Spanish rule only about one third of the available land has been reclaimed from its primeval state, the remainder being covered with dense forests and growths of tall, rank grass. During the wet season the lowlands along the coast are transformed into impassable swamps. There are, however, great level plains throughout the island, particularly in the western part, and it is there that agricultural pursuits have flourished more extensively than elsewhere.

The climate in the low parts of the island is decidedly tropical, while in the more elevated interior it somewhat resembles the warmer portions of the temperate zone. The temperature varies to a remarkably small extent, the thermometer having a range of but thirty degrees throughout the year. Owing to this fact the island is noted as a sanitarium for sufferers from bronchial or pulmonary troubles. The mean temperature throughout the year is about seventy-eight degrees—from an average of seventy-two in December and January to eighty-two in July and August.

As a usual thing about forty inches of rain falls each year—nearly three fourths of it during the wet season, from the middle of April to the middle of October. It is during this season of the

year that yellow fever ravages the low-country cities and towns, whose filth and poor sanitation invite it, although it rarely becomes epidemic in the higher interior.

The population of the island in 1887 (since which time no census has been taken) was 1,631,619, about two thirds being white—mostly Spaniards or of Spanish descent—the other one third negroes, half-castes, etc. The population is very unevenly distributed, some provinces having twenty times as many people to the square mile as others. Some parts of the island are entirely unsettled, and the total population is only about one fifth that of the state of New York, whose area is nearly the same.

Under Spanish sovereignty but one religion—the Roman Catholic—is recognized, and public schools are unknown institutions. Thus, education is rarely encountered among



Small Sailing Craft at the Wharf in Havana



Looking Down the Prado, Havana—Morro Castle in the Distance



Tablet on Tomb of Columbus, In the Cathedral, Havana

the common people. This was one of the things contended for by the Cubans, many of the leaders of whom had been educated in free institutions of America, and longed to place the same advantages within reach of their own people. Under the new rule both religious toleration and a free school system will doubtless be incorporated as fundamental principles of good government, thus emulating the successful example of the United States.

The soil of Cuba is wonderfully fertile—seemingly inexhaustible—as is demonstrated by the luxuriance of the natural vegetation. All tropical plants thrive, most of them attaining to a rank growth in their wild state. Many varieties of palms grow wild, and are luxuriant examples of tropical growth. The Royal Palm often reaches a height of one hundred feet or more, and is strikingly beautiful and majestic with its straight, highly polished trunk and broad, drooping leaves. It is extensively cultivated along boulevards, avenues and driveways, where it serves the double purpose of ornamentation and shade. The cocoanut-palm grows wild and produces a great profusion of fruit and verdure. Bananas and oranges grow in such quantities that at times no attempt is made to gather the crop in its entirety. Bananas, when exported, are always cut from the trees while green and allowed to ripen in transit. The orange trade is quite important and extensive, holding fourth place among the exports. The total value of all Cuban exports in 1894, just previous to the last insurrection of the people, was over eighty-three million dollars.

Sugar is the most important product of the island, the great *ingenios*, or sugar plantations, with their mills, refineries and thousands of acres of cane, employing multitudes of laborers and turning out a prodigious product. The usual product in time of peace is about one million tons per annum, and it is conservatively estimated that, given proper encouragement under the right kind of a government, four times that amount could be produced. The export value of sugar annually is fifty million dollars, and of molasses nine million dollars, eighty per cent of which goes to the United States.

Tobacco ranks next to sugar in importance and as a source of income. Under the rule of Spain, however, the govern-

ment took possession of the trade as a monopoly, and imposed restrictions and exactions which greatly lessened the profit to the producers. The officers of the great government cigar factory at Havana are known to have appropriated \$541,000 as "salaries" in a single year. The rich plains in the western part of the island are the principal tobacco-raising districts, and it was in these provinces during the cutting season that the Cuban general, Antonio Maceo, enlisted his patriot army, recruiting from the laborers at work in the fields. Here, also, the infamous Weyler put into practice his cold-blooded policy of destruction and reconcentration, eventually destroying by starvation and disease three hundred thousand Cuban women, children and old men, Spanish law being no respecter of persons.

Coffee formerly ranked next to sugar in export value and in profit to the producer. Brazilian competition, however, has greatly broken down the trade, though it has not by any means destroyed it. Many of the large sugar plantations have a *cafetal*, or coffee estate, in connection, they being much prized not only as a source of revenue, but for their ornamental value, the trees, the neat



Window of Dwelling, Havana

buildings and the clean, spacious drying-yards required making a picturesque and pleasing effect, especially in comparison with the grim-looking sugar-mills and anesthetic cane-fields.

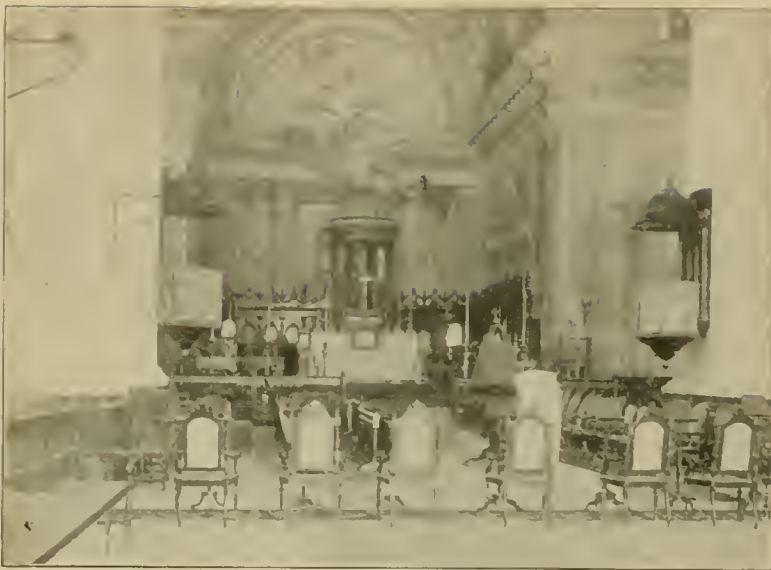
Cuba is known to possess some mineral wealth, which, however, is but slightly developed. Large deposits of bituminous coal have been discovered, and will doubtless be extensively mined at some future day. Iron, copper and manganese are exported more or less, and silver and gold have been found in insignificant quantities.

Havana, the capital, and the largest and most important city on the island, has about two hundred thousand population, and is renowned not only as the greatest sugar and tobacco market of the world, but as a metropolis of wealth, luxury and indolent gaiety. About fifty thousand of its population are colored, the remainder being Americans, Spaniards and various European nationalities. The city was founded in 1519, and at present consists of the "old

town" and "new town," the latter outside the walls which surrounded the former. Outside of the business center Havana is a city of beautiful suburbs, with handsome mansions and villas, numerous parks and miles of fashionable



Statue of the West Indies, on the Prado, Havana



Interior View of Cathedral, Havana

avenues, boulevards and promenades. The city proper, however, is not quite so prepossessing, although the buildings are magnificent. It has been aptly described as "a city of palaces fronting on alleys"—the streets are so narrow and invariably dirty.

One of the first things which impresses a visitor to Havana is the profusion of luxurious cafés and restaurants. The number of these seems out of all proportion to other enterprises; but they all flourish—eating, drinking and sleeping, indeed, being the things to which Spaniards always pay strictest attention. Good hotels, also, are numerous, as are all details and arrangements for good living. The largest hotel is the Inglaterra, the luxurious appointments and elegant service of which are seldom surpassed in America. Near this hotel is the Tacon Theater, recently purchased by an American syndicate, the largest place of public amusement (excepting the bull-ring) in Havana.

The Plaza del Toro, or bull-ring, of Havana is nearly as large as the one in Madrid, which is the birthplace and home of this great national sport of Spain. Many of Spain's most celebrated *caparillas* and *matadors* have performed in the Havana ring, where their prowess has been as tumultuously applauded as on the peninsula, though the whole performance, to any one but a Spaniard, seems disgusting and revolting rather than entertaining. The *caparillas* dance about the arena and torment the bull by sticking short javelins into him and flaunting red rags before his eyes. Then, after he has become crazed with rage and fear, has disemboweled two or three helpless horses, and is so exhausted that he can no longer chase his tormentors around the ring, the *matador* calmly runs him through with a sword, horses are hitched to the carcass to drag it away, and the great bull-fight—the glorious national holiday of Spain, the delight of Spanish statesmen and great ladies—is ended. Is it strange that a nation, the instincts of whose people lead them to the enjoyment of such depraved exhibitions, should have degenerated from a first-rate to a fifth-rate power, whose sun is still sinking lower and lower?

Considering the large number of cafés and places of public amusement, and the general demand for comfort and luxury in Havana, it seems strange that there are not more clubs. There is but one of any consequence—the Spanish Casino—but it is a model of cool elegance, with spacious corridors, numerous *pacios*, or courts, and innumerable lounging-places. While there is nothing to prevent the peasantry and poorer classes from going there, it being really a public institution, yet they know better than to intrude themselves into the haunts ruled by the grandeur of their hereditary oppressors.

The building is large and handsomely furnished, and is frequented almost entirely by Spanish officials and gentlemen of rank.

Havana has many buildings worthy of note, probably the most important of which is the old Cathedral, in which, reposing in a marble urn, rest the ashes of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America. The Cathedral is a massive stone structure—as, indeed, are all of the large buildings—presenting a venerable and imposing aspect from without, while the richness of the interior decorations is rarely equaled.

The palace of the Captain-General, on Obispo Street, is an imposing square mansion of white granite—a deplorable contrast to the miserable hovels in the poor quarters of the city, upon the inhabitants of which was assessed the burden of taxation for the support of the grandeur and licentiousness of the officials sent over from Spain. The generous proportions and the elegance of arrangements in this mansion, inside and out, tend to make one think there might have been some truth

in the reports regarding the reluctance of the various Captain-Generals to exchange its comforts for the hardships of field service against the insurgents.

Cuba never had but one Captain-General who in any way concerned himself with the development of the resources of the island. This one just and public-spirited Spaniard was Las Cas, whose reign began in 1790. He introduced many public improvements, established agricultural and technical schools and botanical gardens in Havana. These botanical gardens are simply elaborate parks, where the horticulturist's skill is exhibited to an unusual degree. There are beautiful shaded walks, rustic seats, all of the vegetation is most carefully and skilfully cared for, and the whole is mirrored in numerous small lakes or ponds. The influence of the just and equitable reign of Las Cas was felt for many years, and to it may be attributed the loyalty of the island in declaring war against Napoleon in 1808, when he had dethroned the ruling monarchs of the mother-country. The island was then enjoying a prosperity never equaled before or since.

Historic Morro Castle, at the entrance to Havana harbor, is a gray mountain of grim masonry, built originally as a fortification for harbor defense against privateers of various nations and roving high-sea bucaners of an early day. In late years, however, it has become more renowned as a



Front View of Cathedral, Havana

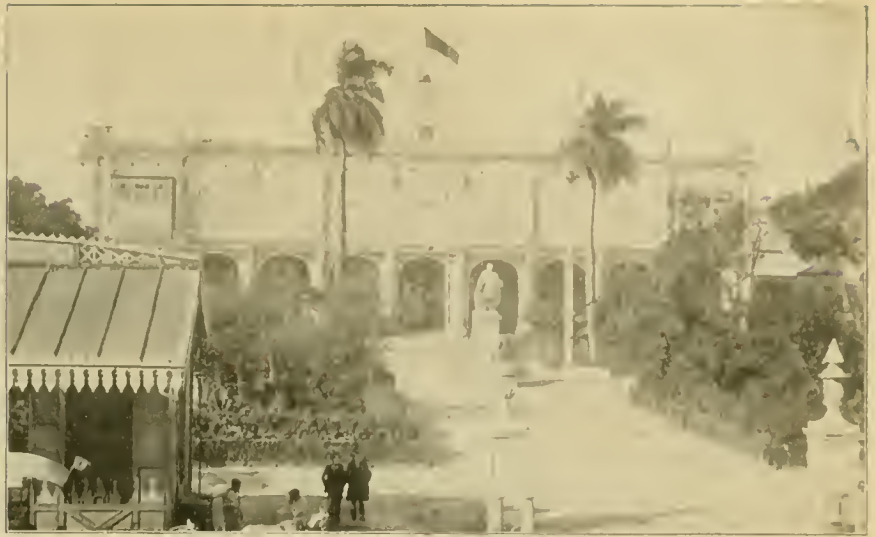
political prison than as a fortress, not a few Americans, among others, having been confined in its dismal dungeons for alleged violations of the principles of neutrality. It has numerous large inclosures, or courts, in which prisoners were executed; or, more properly speaking, officially murdered. There are many Morro Castles, Santiago de Cuba and San Juan de Puerto Rico each having one, but this one at Havana is older and larger than any of them, and is the only one designated by the title *El Morro* (*the Morro*) to distinguish it from the others.

Cabanas Castle, a little farther up the harbor than *El Morro*, is also a considerable fortification; but since the invention of the powerful cannon of recent years, the main dependence for harbor defense is in some new and more modern batteries placed at various points about the harbor.

Most of the residences of the better class in Havana are built in a square and have an inner court, or *patio*, where the family spend most of their time, as it is much cooler than within the rooms of the house. Frequently the smaller *patios* are perfect bowers of beauty, filled with flowers and plants of every kind, while in the great mansions of the officials and others of rank and fortune they are large, airy and shady, with cool, polished floors, splashing fountains and luxurious couches amidst arbors of foliage and flowers, where one may enjoy a *siesta*.

The oldest building in Havana at present is *La Fuerza* erected as a military barracks in 1573. Its thick walls have well withstood the ravages of time and the elements, and it seems nearly as stanch as ever.

method, it would seem, should at least preclude all adulteration of the milk; but we would not think a Spaniard enterprising enough to attempt a thing of that sort, anyhow.



Palace of the Captain-General, Havana



Patio, or Court, of Captain-General's Palace

A stranger in Havana would see many unusual things, but none which seems more ludicrous or which more plainly shows the indolence of the Spanish character than the method of delivering milk in the morning. Instead of the trim milk-wagons which we are accustomed to seeing in this country, the cows themselves are driven through the streets, being halted in front of each customer's door and the required amount of milk drawn as needed. This



Tacon Theater and Inglaterra Hotel, Havana

Another common street scene in Havana which seems strange to one accustomed to living under a more moral government is the open sale of lottery tickets. They can be purchased at any of the news-stands, and are cried and sold as openly as are peanuts in New York. The government is even financially interested in some of the lotteries, and receives a handsome dividend from the nefarious business, thus assisting in the robbery of its own subjects. Contrasted with the fact that the Louisiana Lottery no sooner grew to noteworthy proportions in this country than it was driven out, this fact shows the difference in the principles of the national and individual life of the two nations, and perhaps embodies the secret of the rise of one and the decadence of the other. The Spanish government not only tolerates, but upholds and supports institutions that would receive the censure of society and the merciless condemnation of the law in the United States.

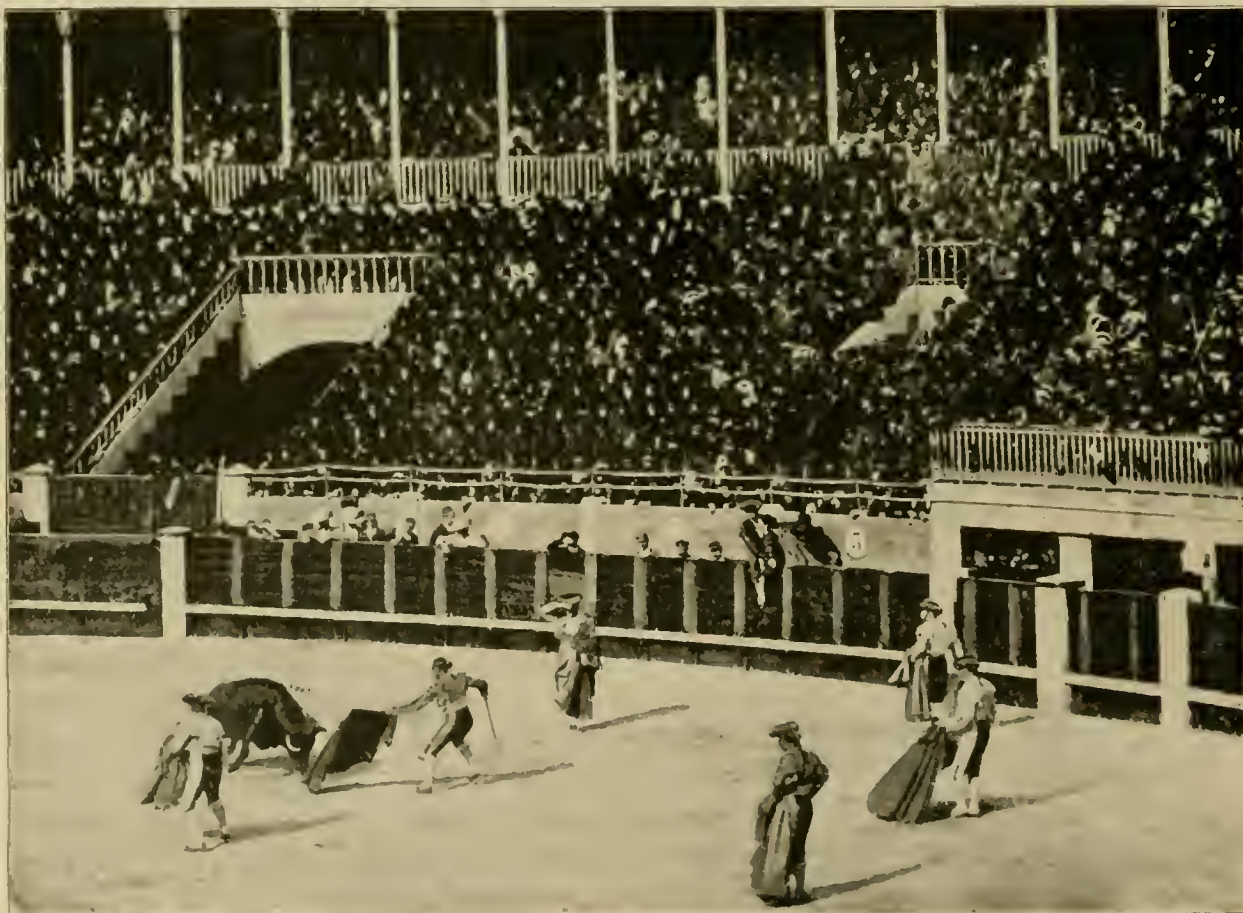
The larger residences in Havana nearly all have large windows facing the street, and it is under or near these windows that the Spanish lover twangs his guitar and sings of his love to the dark-eyed *señorita*. The windows are strongly barred, in order that his ardor may not lead to impropriety

or possible elopement, for the young lady is frequently as much averse to staying in as her lover is to staying out. But notwithstanding passionate Spanish nature, the rules of courtship are very strict, and the lover has no right to even touch his enamorata's hand until consent to the marriage has been secured from her parents and the priest. The young lady never goes anywhere except in a carriage, or *volante*, even though the distance may be ridiculously short. Even social calls are very seldom allowed, and wherever the young lady goes she is never unaccompanied by a *duenna*, or elderly lady, who glaringly rebukes any rash swain who dares bestow more than a passing glance on her beautiful charge. A Spanish home is little less than a veritable prison for the unmarried daughters of the family. However, the young people manage to communicate with each other, usually by means of notes slyly passed while kneeling at prayers in the gloom of the old cathedrals.

Probably the handsomest street or boulevard in Havana proper is the Prado, in the northern part of the city. It is the only decently wide street in the city, made pleasant by trees and lounging-places. Here is the "Statue of the West Indies." It represents an American Indian maiden



Corridor in Spanish Casino, Havana



Bull-fight, Havana—the Matador About to Kill El Toro



A Caparilla

being situated on low ground and surrounded by mountains, the mean temperature of Santiago is somewhat higher than that of Havana. Under Spanish rule it was one of the most unhealthy places in the island. The Americans, however, have done much to bring about a more healthful condition, sanitation being the first consideration.

Matanzas, situated on the northern coast, about sixty miles east of Havana, has a population of fifty-six thousand, and is the second commercial city of Cuba. This latter fact is partly owing to its having superior means of communication with the interior of the province of which it is the capital. It is also the most healthful of any of the Cuban cities, has an excellent harbor, and is more of a center of attraction for tourists than even Havana. Matanzas also has a river, the Yumuri, which, though neither large nor picturesque, is nevertheless quite valuable. It serves a good purpose in carry-

seated on a pedestal, guarded by four large dolphins, the whole rising from a large basin of clear water and forming a beautiful fountain.

Next to Havana, Santiago is the largest city in Cuba, and was at one time the capital. It is situated in the southeastern part of the island, has an excellent land-locked harbor, guarded by its Morro and other forts, and is surrounded by a fertile agricultural district. Here it was that the hardest fighting of the Spanish-American war occurred, and in this narrow-necked harbor Admiral Cervera's fleet was "bottled up," May 24, 1898, and destroyed while attempting to leave the harbor July 3d, by the American naval forces.

Like Havana, Santiago is built mostly of stone and the streets are paved with the same material. This sort of paving has been found necessary in this land of down-pouring torrents of rain and scorching tropical sunshine. Santiago has about seventy thousand people, and at one time was a very important commercial point, being the center of the principal sugar-raising district; but owing to the insurrection and the consequent destruction of the plantations and mills, the commerce at present is meager and unimportant. On account of its



A Matador

ing away much of the city's refuse, and during the wet season it is navigable for some distance beyond the city.

Some of the country residences and villas near Matanzas are most beautiful in appearance, as well as being very comfortable tropical homes. They are usually situated in the midst of well-kept lawns or parks, back some distance from the road, and are reached by handsome walks and driveways. Near Matanzas are situated the celebrated Bellamar Caves, much visited by tourists. The ride along the road to these caves constitutes one of the greatest delights in going to see them. The road itself is one of the most perfect in Cuba, and the scenery is magnificent. Handsome villas are numerous, and nature seems to have exerted herself to the utmost in artistic and lavish display of her charms.

Cienfuegos is situated on the southern coast, about midway of the island. It has a population of about forty thousand, and is a very old and picturesque city. When the Spaniards built their cities in Cuba they built them on the same massive plans as those of the mother-country, expecting them to stand for all time, never, of course, expecting to relinquish their hold on the island. Cienfuegos shows many instances of this sort of admirable and imposing architecture.



Patio of a Private Residence, Havana

Puerto Principe, Santa Clara and Pinar del Rio are important inland cities, each being the capital of a province of the same name.

Means of transportation and communication throughout the island are very poor. There are but few roads, and they are often impassable at certain seasons of the year. Previous to the war there were one thousand miles of railroad in operation, besides about two hundred miles of private lines connected with the large sugar plantations. Telegraph lines aggregated 2,810 miles. The unvarying indolence of Spanish officials prevented quick service either on the railroad or telegraph systems, both being under very inefficient management.

The most common means of conveyance is the *volante*, a sort of two-wheeled gig or phaeton, with the wheels very wide apart and the top very low, drawn by one horse.

Oxen are the usual beasts of burden and draft, performing all the functions usually allotted to farm-horses in the United States. It is not uncommon to see long trains of heavily laden ox-carts, each drawn by two, four or six oxen, winding slowly along the country roads toward the towns. Mules are also much used, three or four being often driven tandem to one cart or wagon. They are used almost exclusively in the express-wagons, delivery-carts, etc., in the towns.

While the wealthy planters in the country districts often have large and luxurious mansions, most of the poorer class of farmers live in little, low, thatched shanties very much resembling a Yankee cow-shed. It is surprising to note the number of people, little and big, who will live in one of these airy cabins in seeming happiness and content. And these "cabin Cubans" are the famous wielders of the machete, originally an instrument of husbandry, but which proved a terribly efficient weapon of warfare in the hands of those accustomed to its use. The machete is a very heavy knife with a perfectly straight blade twenty to thirty inches long and a handle of bone or tough wood—somewhat like an American corn-knife, but much heavier. It was originally designed for cutting down sugar-cane and for hewing a pathway for its owner through the jungles. But in the skilful hands of the Cuban insurgents, who are brought up to its use from infancy and carry it as habitually as an American does his penknife, it proved fully as efficient as a decimator of Spanish anatomies as it formerly had as an implement of industry. Insurgents armed with machetes usually came off best when charged by Spanish soldiers with their bayonets. A swinging blow from the back of the heavy blade would break the bayonet off from the gun as though it were a straw; then the gun would be grasped by the muzzle and pushed upward or aside with one hand, while the other swung the machete (this time striking with the edge of the blade), to the great discomfort and detriment of the Spaniard behind the gun, a single blow often entirely severing the head from the body.

And this was the kind of warfare that was being waged in Cuba when the American troops landed on the island. While the insurgents were victorious in most of the small engagements which were of almost daily occurrence, still they were outnumbered, had no means of sustenance, and in most cases were nearly destitute of clothing as well. The outlook was certainly not

very encouraging. And in this connection some praise is also due the rank and file of the Spanish army, who were nearly as badly off as the Cubans. Indeed, it had come to be scarcely a question of military tactics or valor between the two armies, but rather which could survive starvation the longer. At the time of the invasion of Cuba even the Spanish officers' pay was four months in arrears, while that of the privates was nine months; yet they fought bravely on, striving to the utmost for the intangible commodity which they termed the "honor" of Spain. But an empty stomach does not beget courage, and the Spaniards finally yielded, perhaps as much out of discouragement at sight of the well-fed bodies of their foes as from real defeat, for they certainly outnumbered the Americans, and in many instances, apparently, retreated almost of their own accord without waiting to be forced. However this may be, certain it is that the Spanish army in Cuba fared little better than the insurgents. And so, when the hearty American boys landed they found themselves welcomed by a howling mob of ragged, half-starved men calling themselves the Cuban army, while their sneaking foes peered out from the bushes with eyes whose hungry longing was no less evident and whose faces were cadaverous and wan.

This landing of the Americans, by the way, was a triumph of military and naval skill and strategy. Although the Spaniards knew that a landing was contemplated, they could not by any means tell where it would occur, General Shafter and Admiral Sampson having carefully kept the thirty transports containing the troops out of sight. It had been decided to make the landing at Baiquiri, southeast of Santiago, where there was a small village, and a pier used by the Spanish-American Iron Company, whose mines and machine-shops were in the near vicinity. On the morning of June 22, 1898, ten decoy transports appeared off the shore a few miles west of Santiago, near Acerraderos. There were several war-ships with them, which immediately began a noisy bombardment of the hills along the shore. Lively movements were seen on the

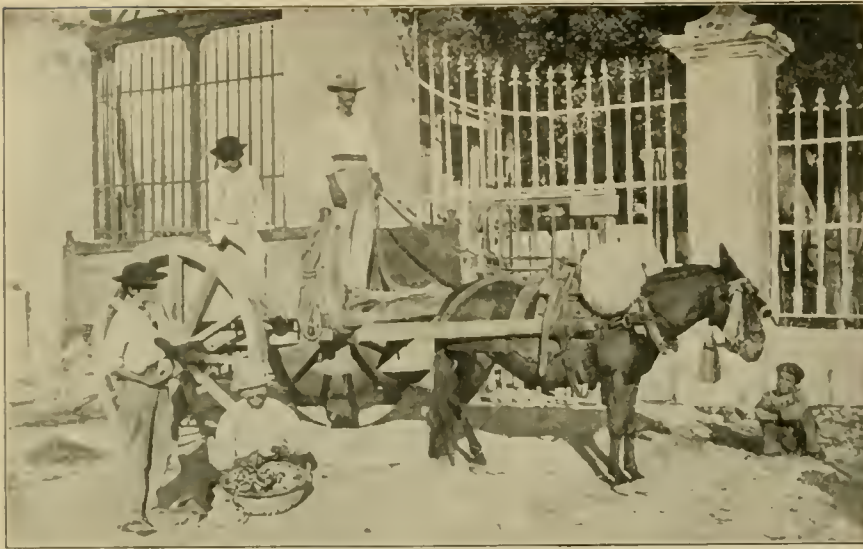
transports, boats were lowered and all preparations apparently made for debarking a large force. Accordingly, Spanish troops were hurried from all directions to repel the supposed landing party. Soon the bluffs swarmed with Spanish soldiers, guns were being hastily mounted, and all was excitement and activity on the shore, while from the ships large detachments of reinforcements could be seen coming on the double-quick from all directions. Then the transports hauled up their boats, the big guns of the war-ships ceased their bellowing, and the whole fleet steamed rapidly away to Baiquiri, thirty miles further east, where, in the meantime, the nucleus of the fleet had made its appearance, and, owing to the depletion of the force ashore consequent upon the concentration thirty miles westward, was experiencing no great difficulty in effecting a landing, although there were some quite good fortifications on the shore. The people in the village were frightened nearly out of their senses, as the Spaniards had told them that the Americans mercilessly massacred all who fell into their hands. They fled into the bushes, and could not be persuaded to show themselves. Finally, however, a big colored trooper of the Ninth Cavalry caught a little pickaninny who was just disappearing into a thicket clad only in consternation and a diminutive shirt with a very short tail. The little fellow's big black eyes rolled with fright; but the big trooper filled his chubby fists with sugar which he had begged in the cook's galley on the ship, the officers gave him nickels and coppers, and when he went back to his mama he proved so efficient an emissary that the village was soon filled with women and children, who were delighted to find their homes unmolested and themselves at liberty to pursue their usual avocations without hindrance or interference. Starving bands of Cuban soldiers soon began to come in also, and the commissary department was severely taxed in providing for them. The following account of this phase of the incident was published in an American newspaper at the time of its occurrence:



The Botanical Gardens, Havana



Avenue of Royal Palms



Havana Express-wagon

Contentment was written on his countenance and the remains of his feast were clasped tightly to his heart. Three other Cubans, after being supplied with food by the steward of one of the American transports, gorged themselves and swam ashore. They died before morning, and their bodies were swollen to enormous proportions. Many other Cuban patriots, unable to withstand the pleasures of a 'square meal,' were taken to the army hospital. All were in the last stages of starvation when given food from the American supply. Their condition was so deplorable as to bring tears to the eyes of many an American soldier."

Previous to this landing of the main body of troops in Cuba a foothold had been secured on the island by a little band of six hundred marines from the cruiser *Marblehead*, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Huntington, who landed at Guantanamo Bay, east of Baiquiri, and intrenched themselves on a flat-topped hill, which they named Camp McCalla, in honor of Captain McCalla of the *Marblehead*. They landed on June 10th, and for several days had some very lively fighting, being attacked nightly by bodies of Spaniards outnumbering

"The condition of these Cuban patriots with regard to the need of food was such as to appeal at once to the heart of the American commander, and orders were issued to furnish them with an immediate supply. Incidents of this kind were constantly occurring from the time that the Americans first landed on the island. Many of the Cubans had been without substantial food so long that they fairly gorged themselves. So desperate was their condition that four of Garcia's men, including an aide on General Castillo's staff, died from the effects of overeating. General Castillo's aide asked for food, and received some side of bacon, which he devoured raw, being too hungry to wait until the meat could be cooked. He was found dead the next morning sitting under a tree.



Selling Lottery-tickets On the Street, Havana



Cuban "Milk-wagon," Showing the Method of Delivering Milk in Havana

them three to one; but they gallantly held their ground, and lost but two men killed, though several were wounded. The object of this first invasion was to secure a safe landing-place for the army proper, which it was then intended should be landed at that place; but Baiquiri was afterward selected, as being an easier place to get ashore and considerably nearer to Santiago, the objective point of the campaign. Camp McCalla, however, was not abandoned until the success of the landing at Baiquiri was assured. The brilliant and successful campaign of the American army subsequent to its landing at Baiquiri is too well known in detail by every American citizen to need mention here. At Siboney, at Seville, at La Quasima, at El Caney and San Juan the intrepid bravery of American soldiery not only demoralized the Spaniards, but astonished the world. At the final charge up San Juan hill, where ditches had to be leaped, wire fences surmounted and other obstacles overcome, the men never wavered, but went straight for the little stone fort on top of the hill, from which a murderous fire was poured upon them. From this fortified hill the Americans drove three times their own number of Spanish soldiers, and as the latter fled into Santiago they exclaimed, "The pigs charged up the hill like fools! They're madmen—imbeciles! They don't know what danger is!"

Instances of personal bravery and utter disregard of danger were so numerous in all the engagements in Cuba that no one man could be singled out as a greater hero than his comrades. Military representatives from many of the nations of Europe were on the ground, and it is safe to say that their ideas of the fighting abilities of the "commercial Yankees" underwent a considerable change. The opinion of one of them, Count von Goetzen, of the German army, will suffice to show the impressions which may be safely said to have been created throughout Europe. The Count said:

"The fighting of the Americans was wonderfully done, wonderfully. The Spaniards at San Juan fought well, but



A Fruit-vender, Havana

the Americans fought better. The shooting of the Spaniards was fairly good; that of the Americans was surprising. The men sprang to their work with tremendous vigor. It was an important lesson from which other nations may profit. I did not see much of the work of the volunteers, but I am told it was fully up to the regulars. The dash and spirit displayed by the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry, which came under my observation, was marvelous. I never saw troops fight better."

A typical incident showing the kind of men who were in the American lines is related of a soldier from New Mexico. He was severely wounded, being shot through the thigh. He limped back to the hospital, where he was told that owing to the rush of business nothing could be done for him at that moment. Instead of waiting for his turn, he walked back through the woods to the firing line and crawled along with the rest, firing regularly and dragging his damaged limb after him.

During the battle Colonel Wood, who was always in the thick of the fight, saw a young trooper who was apparently skulking about fifty feet behind his comrades. Thinking he had at last discovered one case of cowardice, Colonel Wood ordered him sharply to advance. With an effort the boy pulled himself together, hobbled forward and began firing, saying to the Colonel, "You see, my leg was a little stiff, sir." Colonel Wood looked, and saw that a Mauser bullet had plowed a furrow about twelve inches long in the side of the young fellow's leg.

Since the war the average American citizen has a respect for our colored soldiers which could have been inspired in no other way than through their gallant behavior in the fights around Santiago. At Siboney a big colored fellow of the Tenth Cavalry was crouching behind a rock loading and firing as coolly as though at target practice, when some of his comrades called his attention to the fact that there was a great, gaping, bloody



A Street-corner Fruit-stand, Havana



A Mixed Family of Cubans

it may seem, they began laughing at each other most heartily. 'Well, Johnson,' said the man with the wounded jaw, as well as he could, for his articulation was none of the best, 'you suttinly would laff if you could only see yo'self with that

wound in his thigh where a Mauser bullet had plowed through. He laughed and said, "Oh, that's all right. That's been there for some time. It's too interesting here for me to leave just now."

Dr. James Robb Church, of Washington, D. C., who won fame for his bravery and efficiency as a hospital surgeon on the field, says:

"Stories might be told without number to show the absolute lack of fear those colored troopers displayed, as well as their nerve when wounded, but two incidents that came under my own observation may be worth repeating.

"Two troopers of the Tenth who were wounded in the charge on San Juan hill were coming down together, arm in arm. One man had been hit by a Mauser bullet in such a way that his left eye was fairly hanging down on his cheek, while the other had been shot in the jaw and had lost about a quarter-section of his face. He of the bum lamp was whistling as if nothing had happened, but the other couldn't whistle. Suddenly they both stopped, and, strange as

it may seem, they began laughing at each other most heartily. 'Well, Johnson,' said the man with the wounded jaw, as well as he could, for his articulation was none of the best, 'you suttinly would laff if you could only see yo'self with that



Homes of the Poor—Suburbs of Havana

eye a-hangin' out on yo' cheek. It sho' does make you look foolish.' 'What you talkin' 'bout, man?' retorted the other. 'You ain't got no brag comin', fo' a nigger with as little mouth as you's got left ain't no Apollinaris Beveldere.'

"Now, how about that for cool nerve?"

"And again, it was on the third of July if I remember correctly. We had been bothered considerably by the shrapnel shells, and I for one must admit that I do not appreciate the beauties of shrapnel. I was standing out in front of the hospital tent when I overheard a conversation between two colored troopers who were on their way down to a stream for water.

"'I don't care for them Mauser bullets,' said one of them, 'for when you hear one of



A Typical Home of the "Cabin Cubans"

them you knows it's done past and can't hit you, but I sho'ly would give my interest in h - I el I could find out whar is that cannon that shoots them camp-kittles full of rocks. They's a diffunt proposition altogether."

Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt (now governor of New York) distinguished himself in many of the engagements, notably so at San Juan. Fully a hundred feet in advance of his men, waving his machete and yelling in true cow-boy style, he dashed up the hill toward the block-house from which the Spaniards were pouring a merciless fire upon him and his men. His horse was shot under him, but as the animal fell the doughty Colonel gave a leap, landed on his feet, snatched a rifle from a wounded soldier and ran on up the hill, firing as he ran.

Colonel Wood, also of the Rough Riders, was likewise noted for his cool nerve. While the men were lying on the ground at San Juan under a murderous fire, waiting for orders to move forward, he rode calmly out in front of the line, dismounted, and walked slowly up and down, talking to his men and even joking with some of his officers. The horse seemed to partake of his master's intrepid spirit, calmly grazing as he was clipping the grass from under his very nose. One of



A Country Villa Near Matanzas

the first officers to lose his life in Cuba was the gallant Captain Capron. He was leading the advance at La Quasima, when the small force marched right into a trap that had been laid for them, and found themselves surrounded by Spaniards on three sides. Only once did the little troop hesitate, and that was when they saw their captain sink to the ground mortally wounded. Some of the men immediately went to him, but he motioned them away, saying, "Don't mind me, boys; I'm all right. Go on into the thicket." He asked Sergeant Bell to let him take his gun a moment, and kneeling down, he quickly bowled over a couple of Spaniards who were skulking in fancied concealment about two hundred yards to the right. Then weakness overcame him and he was borne away to the rear in a dying condition, after giving Sergeant Bell a message to his wife and bidding him good-by in a calm and cheerful voice.

Sergeant Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York, another brave young officer, lost his life that day in the same fight, being the first man to fall under the fire of the hidden Spaniards. He was rushing headlong in front of the little company, when he paused long enough to shoot a Spaniard who was firing from the cover of a dense thicket. His pause gave another Spaniard opportunity to make sure his aim, and Sergeant Fish fell mortally wounded. He dragged himself to a tree and sat with his back against it, Captain Capron and others standing around him and protecting him from further bullets. Before Fish was borne away the ground around him was literally covered with empty rifle-shells from the guns of his comrades. Ten minutes later Captain Capron himself fell, as previously related. Sergeant Fish lived twenty minutes after being shot, well knowing that his wound was fatal, yet he never lost his cool self-possession nor allowed himself to flinch from pain. He was as calm as though sitting at his desk in an office, and left messages for all his friends. Then taking



Cuba's Future Statesmen

a lady's tiny gold watch from his belt he gave it to his messmate as a souvenir, and closing his eyes, died as an American hero should, without a complaint or struggle. Sergeant Fish was only twenty-four years of age, and every opportunity that wealth and position could secure were open to him, yet he left them all to fight for Cuba's freedom. In stature and physique he was a young giant, standing six feet three inches in his stockings; was an accomplished athlete, with wonderful strength and endurance; as bold as a lion, and his movements were as quick and graceful. Colonel Roosevelt, who had known him for years, said a braver man never lived—and Roosevelt is a good judge of bravery. An incident occurred while the regiment was stationed at San Antonio, Texas, which fitly illustrates this young hero's character and promptness in an emergency. One day the regiment was at drill, and were dashing madly across the prairie near the hut of a poor Mexican family, when suddenly a little four-year-old child rose from the grass and stood looking wonderingly at the horses dashing down upon her. Death seemed unavoidable for the little one, when suddenly Sergeant Fish spurred ahead of his comrades and put to good use a trick he had learned from the cow-boys. He swung over and snatched the child from the ground, and the next instant was dashing



La Fuerza, the Oldest Building in Havana



Oxen and Carts—Mode of Transportation On Cuba's Country Roads

one of his comrades that he had lost it, and it was remarked that he seemed somewhat worried about it. It was not found on his body after his death, and it is said that he told some of his comrades that he expected to be killed that day.

Of the senior commanding officers, it is hard to say who was the most popular, each being fairly worshiped by the men under him. General Shafter himself won the goodwill and respect of the army on his first appearance as commanding officer. To look at the General when passive he gives the impression of a great unwieldy mass of inactivity which no power could move to action. Nearly six feet high, his immense girth makes him appear much shorter. But he has a soldier's bearing; his broad shoulders seem made to wear a general's straps, and on the morning of his first appearance, as he came dashing down the line mounted on an immense charger sixteen hands high, every bit of his huge body animated, his deep voice shouting orders and his long arms emphasizing them with sweeping gestures, the soldiers in the lines broke into involuntary cheers of admiration for their general. Shafter is not a fancy soldier, but he has the reputation of being a fighter—a plain, ordinary man with a tremendous strength of purpose, unyielding determination and indomitable energy. Soon after the inauguration of hostilities a citizen asking Adjutant-General Corbin why he had appointed General Shafter to service in Cuba received this reply: "Because of his rank and conceded ability, his vigor and his good judgment. He is one of the men in the army who have been able to do what they were ordered to do, not a man to find out how things can't be done."



Horses Laden for Market



A Typical Cuban Farm-house

merrily toward the Mexican's hut with the little girl in his arms—"escorting the lady home," as he said. The fact that he had shown remarkable presence of mind and performed an act of bravery never seemed to occur to him, and he treated the whole matter as a joke. But that night a Mexican woman came to the camp and presented Fish with a pewter image of St. Joseph, which she said her little girl had worn ever since she was baptized, and had several times been preserved from danger by it. The woman enjoined Fish to wear it constantly, telling him that he need not fear danger as long as he had it with him. He took it, and laughingly hung it on a string around his neck. A few days before his death, however, he told

During the fighting General Shafter became sick from the intense heat, but he lay in his tent with maps and plans and directed the battle, his brain being as clear as usual.

Generals Lawton, Wheeler and Young were everywhere in the thickest of the fighting, not merely directing by word of mouth, but leading and inspiring the men by personal example. General Wheeler especially was in his element, the mode of warfare being not dissimilar to that in which he was engaged in 1864, when, as second in command under General N. B. Forest, he was busy with his cavalry harassing General Sherman on his famous march to the sea. He is one of the most skillful skirmish fighters in the army, and

the country through which he led his men and chased the Spaniards from the thickets must have reminded him somewhat of the hills and forests of Georgia, where, as a Confederate general, he sought to vanquish the supporters of the flag which he himself so proudly upheld in Cuba thirty years later.

The campaign around Santiago was lengthened by the lack of artillery in the American army, and also by the difficulty of placing the artillery they did have in position, owing to the bad condition of the roads. The guns had to be hauled through dense thickets of underbrush, up precipitous hills, across swift-running streams and over roads where they sank to the axle in the mud. A battery commanded by Captain Capron, father of the young officer killed at La Quasima, was mounted on a hill commanding the enemy's works, and after it was fairly in position and secured the range the Spaniards were soon fleeing from their intrenchments and seeking refuge in the rifle-pits directly adjacent to the city.

The victories of the American forces in Cuba were won largely through the same factor as were those on the water—the superiority of the individual American over the individual Spaniard. The United States soldier is a big, self-reliant, brainy fellow—a superb specimen of manhood, mentally and physically. The Spanish soldier is an ill-treated menial—the lackey of the officers, and in action dares not make a move which has not been ordered. In America we raise big, intelligent, lion-hearted men—men of perfect individuality and capable of independent action, yet ready to carry out with desperate valor any order given by a superior. In Spain (in all Europe, in fact) the individual soldier is a mere machine, considered simply as a part

of the great mass. He knows nothing, he thinks nothing, he dares do nothing except what he is told, and his superiors stand ever ready to inflict direst punishment for the slightest breach of discipline, be it intentional or otherwise on his part.

This distinction was evidently noticed by Major de Grandprey, military *attaché* of the French embassy at Washington, who was present at the fighting around Santiago, and who, in giving his impressions, said:

"I have the most complete admiration for the American soldiery. They are a superb body, individually and as an army, and I suppose not throughout the world is there such a splendid lot of fighting men. It is the fighting characteristic of the men which is most apparent. They are aggressive, eager for action, never needing the voice of an officer to push them forward. Another marked characteristic is the self-reliance of each man; what



Santiago's Morro, On the East Side of the Harbor Entrance



The Harbor and City of Santiago de Cuba



The Spanish Block-house On San Juan Hill



One of the Big Sugar-mills of the Island of Cuba

troops, making them feel that success is assured, and at the same time carrying disorder and depression to the ranks of the enemy." It is well that some such explanation as the above can be made, for a wondering world demands a reason for the ridiculous spectacle of a few hundred undisciplined volunteers repeatedly driving three times their own number of soldiers from strong fortifications and putting them to flight—and those soldiers veterans of one of Europe's boasted large standing armies. A further contrast between the soldiery of the United States and Spain, and the spirit actuating them, is shown in the enlisting of men in the two nations. In Spain military service is compulsory, and can be avoided only by the

we call the character of 'initiative.' It is almost unknown in European armies, where every movement and the move to meet each action of the enemy awaits the initiative of an officer. But with your men they fight to the front, meeting each emergency as it arises, overcoming obstacles by their own initiative. Such self-reliant fighting men make an exceptionally impetuous army, for every unit contributes to the irresistible onward movement. The Spanish troops do not have this same characteristic. They are more passive, more cautious. Besides, the impetuosity of such fighting material has the effect of inspiring a *morale* among the



House of the Superintendent of One of the Large Sugar Plantations

payment of one thousand five hundred pesetas. Before the Cuban war broke out the sum raised annually by this means was about nine million pesetas, but within a few months after the outbreak of the rebellion in 1895 the sum rose to twenty-seven million pesetas, and in the first eight months of 1897 the amount so raised was forty-two million pesetas, in spite of boasted Spanish patriotism and the oft-repeated declaration that every Spaniard was only too anxious to shed the last drop of his blood in defense of the "honor and glory of Spain." The contrasting of the above facts with a record of the scenes in the United States immediately succeeding the declaration of war cannot be very comforting to Spaniards or their friends. When President McKinley called for one hundred and twenty-five thousand volunteers nearly one million responded. Crowds around the recruiting-offices in large cities had to be dispersed by the police, and applicants were compelled to form in line and take their turns before the examining boards to prevent a crush that would result in the entire suspension of the proceedings. And these recruits were the flower of young American manhood many of them wealthy, cultured, holders of lucrative positions, and with all the ties of home and kindred to make life pleasant; yet they were anxious to leave it all and enlist in a war to free a struggling people from oppression.

While America's war with Spain was a strictly unselfish one, and



A Field of Vuelta Abajo Tobacco, in the Province of Pinar del Rio

waged entirely in the interests of freedom from tyranny and relief from unjust oppression and cruelty as inflicted on the Cubans, yet the results attained are and will be of great benefit to this country. For years the United States has been the market for eighty or ninety per cent of Cuba's surplus products of sugar, tobacco, timber, etc., yet, despite our nearness, we have been able to furnish very few imports to the island. These consist mostly of manufactured articles, machinery, breadstuffs, etc., and were furnished for the most part by the mother-country, who, no doubt, highly appreciated this market of her own making, where she could set her own high price on her merchandise and collect in person from her subjects. United States competition, which could have furnished every article of import to Cuba at a lower price than Spain or any other country, was excluded by means of a tariff so high as to be prohibitive. This was a policy not used by Spain against any country other than the United States, and she doubtless took a great deal of complacent comfort in the thought that she was depriving the "Yankee pigs" of a market worth many millions of dollars annually. However, the market is now open; the tariffs have been removed or reduced to a reasonable basis, and our products are welcomed to the island, being much cheaper than those from Europe, on account of the shorter distance necessary to ship them. Thus we are rewarded with the first fruits of our victory in a philanthropic war.

Although the protocol formally suspending hostilities was signed August 12, 1898, the Spanish evacuation of Cuba was not completed at the end of the year. Association with the American soldiery and the treatment accorded them at their hands seems to have opened the eyes of the Spanish soldiers to the kind of treatment they had previously been subjected to at the hands of their own countrymen. They had believed that all soldiers were treated as they were treated. They had been carefully kept in ignorance of the fact that it is not a soldier's duty to play valet to his

officers blacking their boots, keeping their trappings in repair, and even performing more menial and unsavory tasks tending to lower the pride and self-respect of any man. In truth, it mattered little whether the soldiers considered these tasks a part of their duty to their country or not, for they had no choice in the matter. They were not even asked to do these things; they were ordered; and the least hesitancy in obeying orders meant severe punishment, hanging by the thumbs being not an uncommon form. Besides all these woes, the Spanish soldiers in Cuba were not paid, having nearly a year's wages due them at the time of the signing of the protocol. And yet they supposed that they were as well off as any other soldiers, until they saw the difference with their own eyes. In the first place, none of them were killed as soon as captured; not only were they not harmed in any way, but they were actually treated as men—not dogs—for the first time in their lives. They could



Tropical House On the Outskirts of Matanzas, in Cuba



On the Yumuri River, Matanzas



On the Road to the Bellamar Caves, Matanzas

American private always saluted an officer respectfully he did not grovel—it seemed more in the nature of a courtesy between two gentlemen of equality than an inferior recognizing a superior. And the officers sometimes even bowed to the

scarcely believe it, but they were deeply interested in knowing why it was so, they at first suspecting some sinister motive behind it all. Close observation, however, finally convinced them that it was the usual American way of doing things, and their amazement knew no bounds. They had never before doubted that their country was the greatest and most enlightened in the world. They had been told that the Americans were a mongrel race—perfect barbarians, delighting in cruelty and not in any way resembling civilized soldiers; yet they found themselves well treated by these so-called “Yankee pigs.” Furthermore, they could not help but notice that these same “pigs” did not seem to justify any of the things that had been said about them. They were not “pigs” at all—they were educated gentlemen; and in spite of themselves the Spaniards felt mean and shoddy beside these big, manly, generous-minded Americans. They noticed, further, that even the American privates had an independent swing in their walk and were in no sense the servants of the officers; that while an



A Cuban Farmer and His Family at Home

privates and seemed to respect them! Orders were often given in the form of a request, and it seemed as though the soldiers took pleasure in obeying them. It was all too wonderful for the ignorant Spanish mind to comprehend immediately, but gradually he began to understand the position he and his nation occupied in the world's progress. It is safe to say that more civilization has been wrought among the Spaniards during this brief mingling with Americanism than has been accomplished in years in the mother-country, and if their captivity had continued long enough there is reason to think that they would have come to believe that the doctrines of freedom and independence were good and wholesome. Indeed, they had already begun to show some spirit of independence before they left Cuba. Perhaps they had acquired a covert liking for the new kind of life they had discovered—a life free from the cuffs and kicks of officers; perhaps they thought that a life in Cuba or America wouldn't be a bad proposition in exchange for the old life of drudgery and abuse in Spain. Whatever the cause, certain it is that a large body of Spanish soldiers in Cuba rebelled, mutinied, and declared they would not leave the island until they received their back pay for ser-



Cuban Plowman, with Oxen and Wooden Plow

VICES in the army, and it is said that they did not seem especially overjoyed when Spain hastily paid them and loaded them on her transports.

The question now agitating Cuba and occupying much public attention in the United States is the future disposition and government of the island. The last clause of the resolutions adopted by the United States Senate, on April 19, 1898, reads as follows:

"That the United States hereby disclaim any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said island except for the pacification thereof; and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

The promises made by a great nation cannot be rudely thrust aside and forgotten; and yet the United States cannot now relinquish her hold upon Cuba and leave her subject to internal dissensions no less destructive than those other troubles from which she was so recently released. Now that the United States has relieved the island from the yoke of tyranny and oppression, it would not be justice to desert and leave her to her own resources in the future. It is our duty, since we have interested ourselves in her

welfare, and have sacrificed the best blood of our nation in securing her freedom, to see to it that the future of Cuba is made secure against any contingency which may arise. To desert her now would be to leave her to the mercy of all the disconcerting influences which are sure to arise in the formation of a new government when new parties are born, lines of contention for the first time drawn, and a people who have practised nothing but the arts of belligerent warfare for years are for the first time in their lives trying to bring peaceful prosperity out of a chaos of destitution and poverty; a task which, to say the least, may prove beyond their powers of statesmanship, even though they may in a patriotic and unselfish spirit attempt it. A still more important feature of the situation lies in the fact that the present government of the republic of Cuba is not strong enough to



A Volante, the Most Common Conveyance in Cuba



Cienfuegos from Avenue H

protect itself and enforce the principles it may adopt. Therefore, the protection and assistance of the United States is for the time being doubly necessary.

It is estimated that it will take at least five years to restore Cuba to a state of peace and prosperity, to rebuild the sugar-mills and plantations which have been destroyed, regain the commerce which has been lost, and establish amicable relations with other countries. All this must be done in addition to establishing a proper government on the island itself. Projects for selfish aggrandizement will be inaugurated, and must be discovered and defeated; vice in various forms must be eradicated; and the principles of "honor to whom honor is due" and "the greatest good to the



Entrance to the Plaza, Cienfuegos



A Street in Santiago de Cuba



Captain Capron's Battery Ready for Action

in the liberation of Cuba. It is already settled that absolute commercial reciprocity shall be established between the United States and Cuba, and there is not a place in the world where the American will have a more thorough welcome or have greater chances to conduct money-making enterprises.

Former owners of large plantations which have been totally destroyed during the war, and are now nothing but immense wastes of barrenness, have not the heart to begin the task of reconstruction and repeat their arduous labors of earlier years. Rather they will sell their lands for one half their value, and here American capital has a chance. Cuba in her palmiest days has never been developed to a third of her capacity. There are yet vast tracts of virgin forest and grass land where no attempt has been made to reap the reward which the rich soil offers. Much of the richest land in the United States was originally covered with forests, in which small "clearings" were made

greatest number" must be strictly adhered to during these first years, when precedents and principles will be established for the guidance of future generations on the island.

During the latter part of the year 1898 a Cuban commission, composed of the leading spirits of the insurgent government, and headed by General Calixto Garcia, visited the United States for the purpose of acquainting Congress and the President with the desires of the people of Cuba. Some agitation had sprung up in this country in favor of annexing the island, but the General quickly squelched it by declaring that the people of Cuba had implicit faith and trusted in the United States to give Cuba a free and independent government eventually, as was promised in the Senate resolutions. He also stated that while all Cuba is willing and anxious for American occupation of the island at present, there is no sentiment in favor of ultimate annexation, as had been stated in this country, but that "free Cuba" was the watchword now as ever. In fact, General Garcia placed the United States on her honor in the matter, and, without in the least intimating such a thing, managed to convey the impression that ultimate annexation would only result from the exercise of force, which, in the light of past events, would be very unbecoming on the part of the United States at this time.

But annexation is not necessary to the securing of an adequate reward for the part we have taken



Cuban Insurgents in a Forest Stronghold



Filling the War Balloon

for fields, where now it seems as though there never were any trees. Nothing of this kind has ever been done in Cuba. Agricultural pursuits have been carried on only in the great plains of the island, away from the encroachments of the forest. It would be hard to exaggerate the possibilities which judicious capital may effect in developing the island. It is certain, however, that in the past immense wealth has been created and absorbed by officials who have been sent over from Spain in poverty and have gone back the possessors of many millions accumulated in a few years. Besides the enormous sums appropriated by these officials, and despite all pernicious misgovernment, Cuba has never failed to pay Spain a handsome revenue annually. With all this immense wealth of resources properly managed, and the affairs of the island justly administered, Cuba should soon become an opulent and substantial country, with a commercial importance greater than she has ever possessed, and totally unapproached by any other country of similar dimensions.

It is not at all probable that after the complete evacuation of the island by the Spanish soldiery any great force of Americans will be necessary in Cuba. The island is sated with war and poverty, and the entire energies of her people will henceforth be devoted to rebuilding and restoring the prosperity which should justly be theirs. It is said that all sounds are musical to one who is just restored to hearing, and undoubtedly any kind of government administered in Cuba by officials elected by the people of the island will be more gratefully received by them than any sort of Spanish rule would be. They will not be easily irritated by the mistakes of those unaccustomed to rule, but will accept everything as it is, fully believing it to be better than the best they could hope for under Spain.



An Outpost of Camp McCalla, Guantamo Bay, Cuba

Early in December, 1898, Captain-General Blanco embarked for Spain from Havana, and with his departure Spanish authority virtually ceased, although the island was not formally turned over to the Americans until somewhat later. The government will doubtless be largely in the hands and entirely under the supervision of the United States, which supervision, however, will be gradually withdrawn, and Cuba will eventually be found governing herself without knowing from what date to reckon her new era.

Already the Americans in the island have worked some great changes in the sanitary conditions of the cities, a thing which seems never to have been thought of under

Spanish sovereignty. The deplorable filth which has previously existed has been the main factor in the prevalence of yellow fever in the island, and it is hoped that under the new rule of cleanliness and proper sewerage this dread disease may be successfully combatted, and perhaps stamped out altogether.

Whatever may be the final outcome, the present and future of Cuba are coordinate, for the power that has secured the one guarantees the other. As the darkest phases of the present are brighter than the most happy recollections of the past, so will the future eclipse the present in all that pertains to the happiness and content of a people and the strength and stability of a government. Under the protection and guidance of Columbia, "the Gem of the Ocean" and "the Mother of Republics," let us hope that Cuba will soon take her place among the nations of the world, limited in power only by the number of her square miles, and in happiness and prosperity only by the will of her liberty-loving people.



Artillery on the March in Cuba



View of the Harbor of San Juan, Porto Rico, from the Inglaterra Hotel

PORTO RICO

The West Indian Possession of the United States

FOR four hundred years Spanish rule in Porto (Spanish Puerto) Rico has been not less absolute and unfair than in Cuba. That the atrocities enacted in Cuba have not been duplicated in Porto Rico was owing to the difference in the temper of the people and in the lack of temptation afforded to corrupt governors and officials.

The Porto Ricans have rebelled on various occasions, but only for the purpose of righting civil and political wrongs, not actual outrages against home and domesticity as in Cuba. They have striven for justice in a half-hearted way, which never would have secured it, and they have the unrelenting rebelliousness of their brethren in Cuba to thank for the ultimate securing of their rights and their annexation to the greatest of earth's nations. The Cubans fought fiercely and unrelentingly with the sword for actual liberty and freedom from Spanish sovereignty, while the Porto Ricans only revolted occasionally to escape unjust taxation or in an effort to place natives instead of Spaniards in office. But, though the Spanish have always been a small minority of the population (not over twenty per cent), they always contrived, through the cooperation of the mother-country, to hold all the offices and control all sources of revenue. Needless to say this policy has been reversed since the little rectangular isle became a possession of the United States.

In early days the rich commerce and treasure of the island made it the prey of pirates and bucaniers from all nations, and for several years the Caribs ravaged the eastern provinces, carrying away untold treasure. French pirates entirely destroyed the town of San German in the year 1529, and in 1595 Sir Francis Drake menaced San Juan, but finally withdrew without having accomplished anything. In 1615 the Dutch attempted a conquest, but were repulsed, as were the English also in 1678; in the latter case the Spaniards being assisted by a hurricane, which destroyed many of the English vessels. The English evidently thought the tempest had much to do with their failure, for they made three subsequent attacks on the island, but were repulsed in each instance by the Spaniards. Spain at that time was at the height of her strength and pride as a power on land and sea, and made Porto Rico a veritable storehouse of treasure

and a fortress of military strength. But ignorance and vice in a later day have robbed Spain of her strength, as well as the love of her subjects abroad, and Porto Rico was ridiculously easy of conquest when invaded by the American troops under General Miles, July 25, 1898.

Porto Rico is about four hundred and fifty miles east of Cuba, being separated from it by the island of Haiti and its straits. Thus, by steamship route, it is at least one thousand miles from Havana, in the western part of Cuba, to San Juan, in the eastern part of Porto Rico. The area of the island is 3,550 square miles, it being fourth in size among the West Indies. Its surface is very similar to that of Cuba, although rivers are much more plentiful and the hills are not so high nor precipitous. A mountain range extends in a northeasterly and southwesterly direction across the island, reaching its greatest height in the northeastern corner. El Yunques, the highest mountain peak, rises to a height of 3,670 feet. These mountains intercept the north-east trade-winds, causing heavy rainfall on the north side of the island, while the region south of the mountains is subject to drought. Irrigation is somewhat resorted to, but is yet in a crude and unsatisfactory condition.

The soil throughout the island is remarkably fertile, supporting over five hundred varieties of trees. Many trees valuable for their wood, such as mahogany, cedar, walnut and laurel, are plentiful, and many yielding various commercial gums are also numerous. On the lower parts of the island the general character of the vegetation is tropical, while on the higher lands the plant life of the temperate zone is not unknown.

Like Cuba, Porto Rico's greatest product and export is sugar, amounting to about two million dollars annually. Coffee, molasses, tobacco and bananas are also important items of industry and commerce. Tobacco grows easily in the lowlands, as does maize, pineapples, etc. Under Spanish sovereignty tobacco was, as in Cuba, a government monopoly, and large quantities of certain qualities of the leaf were shipped, at very meager profit to the producer, to the great government cigar factory at Havana.

A great many horses and cattle are raised and exported, especially the latter. Cattle are highly valued throughout the West Indies, being used not only for dairy and food purposes, but for beasts of burden and draft.



View of Shipping at the Quay, San Juan, Porto Rico

Poultry is raised in large quantities; not, however, for extensive export, although considerable is sent to other islands. Local poultry trade is quite brisk, and the venders may nearly always be found at the street-corners with their inverted and excited merchandise suspended by strings from their shoulders.

The mineral resources of Porto Rico have not been thoroughly developed, but are in no case very extensive or important. At Guanica, Salinas and Cabo Roja there are salt-works, and sulphides of copper and oxides of iron in large quantities are found. Gold has been discovered in some of the streams, but not in large quantities.

The largest wild animals native to the island are the armadillo and the agouti, but scorpions, centipedes, wasps,

fleas and many other disagreeable and dangerous insects abound, and are a constant source of annoyance in some parts of the island. There are no poisonous reptiles.

The population of Porto Rico is about eight hundred thousand, and is a mixture of nearly every nation on earth, three fifths being of the various Caucasian races—Latin, Saxon and all kinds of Jews—and the other two fifths a mingling of all shades, from Mongolian yellow to Ethiopian black.

San Juan, the capital and principal seaport, has a population of about thirty thousand, and is one of the most healthful cities in the West Indies, owing to its being well situated and fairly well drained. The city is built on an island off the northern coast, connected with the mainland by the bridge of San Antonio. Like all the old Spanish



Statue of Columbus, On the Plaza, San Juan



Military Barracks at San Juan—Damaged by American Bombardment



The Cathedral at San Juan, Showing Marks of American Gunnery



A Home of the Well-to-do in Porto Rico

cities, it is fortified and surrounded by a massive stone wall, within which is the city proper, while outside are some more modern suburbs, the principal ones being Marina and Puerto de Tierra. Most of the houses in the old city are two-story structures, and it is the usual thing for the poorer classes to occupy the lower floors, while their more affluent neighbors breathe the purer air above them in the second stories.

There are no manufactures of importance in San Juan, the largest industrial establishment of any kind being the Standard Oil Company's refinery for crude petroleum on the mainland opposite the city. The city has an ice-plant and gas and electric-light works.

Morro Castle crowns a promontory at the western extremity of the island on which the city is built. It was formerly quite an imposing pile of masonry, but was considerably damaged in the bombardment by the American fleet under Admiral Sampson, May 12, 1898. This was the first time the city had been attacked since 1797, when an English fleet under Lord Abercrombie bombarded the place; but old Morro easily withstood the fire of the old smooth-bore, muzzle-loading cannon, and compelled the English to retire the third day.

There are some buildings in San Juan worthy of note, among which are the palace of the Governor-General, the old fort of Santa Catalina, the Bishop's palace, the cathedral, arsenal, town hall, theater, etc. There is also a large but poorly arranged and conducted hospital. The cathedral at present shows the marks of American gunnery, having been considerably damaged during the bombardment by Admiral Sampson, as also were the military barracks and many other important buildings.

A beautiful statue of Columbus stands on the plaza at San Juan.

It is claimed by some that his remains are interred in San Juan instead of in Havana, which allegation is neither disproved nor confirmed to the present time. Although San Juan cannot be called a beautiful place, it still has its quota of pleasant



Scenes in Porto Rico

1. A Street in San German. 2. Native Porto Rican Girls at Home. 3. Pier at La Playa, Port of Ponce. (This picture was taken as the Philadelphia city troops were embarking for home, the transports for their accommodation being farther out in the harbor.) 4. Native Fruit-vender, Ponce. 5. Girl on Pony Selling Pansies. 6. Residence of General Miles in Ponce.



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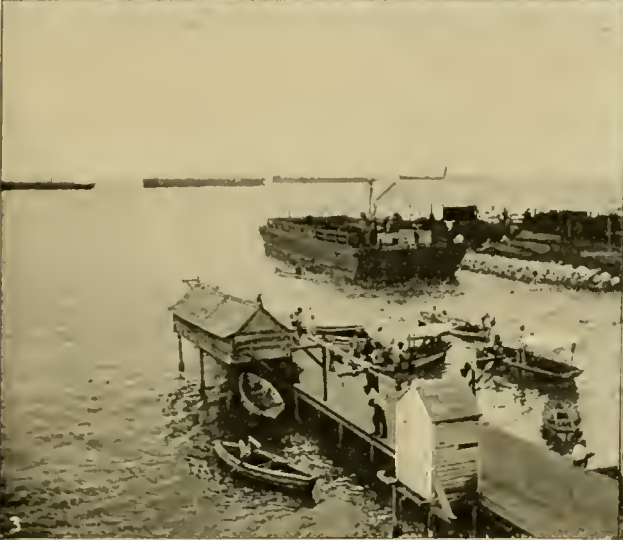
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A Busy Market in San Juan, Porto Rico

streets, parks and handsome boulevards. One of the most attractive of the latter is the Princess' Promenade, the most fashionable street in the city; and it is here that San Juan society airs her laces and mantillas, her brilliant uniforms and gay decorations, each evening after the heat of the day has somewhat abated. The harbor of San Juan is fairly good, although its entrance is exposed to the north winds. Unlike Cuba, Porto Rico has not many good harbors. Many of them are splendidly protected, and were it not for the fact that the water is too shallow for vessels of deep draft, they would be among the finest in the world.

Ponce, situated three miles from the southern coast, is the next town in commercial importance. It has 37,500 people, and is a much more modern city in every particular than is San Juan. It has a bank, three first-class hotels, gas-works, an excellent fire department, two hospitals, an Episcopal church—the only Protestant church in the Spanish West Indies—and an abundance of good water is conveyed to the city by a large aqueduct. Playa, its port, has a population of five thousand, and is connected with it by an excellent road. It was here that the American army under General Miles appeared in July, 1898, and after chasing a few Spanish soldiers up the beach, were heartily received and entertained by the inhabitants, who were delighted at the prospect of being

relieved from Spanish misrule and having the island annexed to the United States. The mayor of Ponce issued a proclamation of welcome to the invaders, declaring that Ponce was already American in spirit and principle, and always had been. Banquets were spread, and American flags sprang from concealment everywhere and were soon floating from the rooftops. It has recently been asserted that the war surprised Porto Rico on the verge of a rebellion of her own against Spanish sovereignty, plans for operations having been already formulated by the leading spirits. However this may be, certain it is that a large portion of the populace are hostile to Spanish sovereignty and heartily welcome annexation.

The seat of papal authority in Porto Rico is located in Ponce, the church of Nuestra Señora de Guadelupe, one of the handsomest cathedrals in the West Indies, being the seat of the bishop. This cathedral somewhat resembles the one in Havana in its style of architecture, there being a massive tower at each front corner of the building, and large Roman columns on each side of the entrance. The distinguishing feature is that the towers of the cathedral in Havana are rectangular, while those of the Ponce cathedral are octagonal.

On the outskirts of Ponce is an old cemetery in which are buried many of the renowned dead of an early day. This cemetery consists simply of a mass of masonry built into the side of a hill, and honeycombed with narrow vaults one above the other. The openings of these vaults look very much like bakers' ovens. The bottom vaults are always used first, and when a corpse is placed in one of them it is hermetically sealed and the name of the deceased graven on the outside. The next member of the family who dies is placed in like manner in the next vault above, and so on, each family having a tier of vaults.

Mayaguez, Guayamo, Coamo, Aguadillo and Arecibo are cities of minor importance, situated at various points along the coast, and San German and Yaueo are picturesque little towns west of Ponce.



A Poultry-vender, San Juan, Porto Rico

At San German is one of the oldest buildings in the entire West Indies—or the Western Hemisphere for that matter. It is the San Dominican Monastery, erected in 1511, by the first priests and monks who came to the island from Spain. Its venerable old walls, ivy-covered and decayed, have an air of damp mystery and impart a feeling of superstitious awe to the lone traveler exploring its silent corridors. It stands on a high, natural terrace, above the level of the street, and seems to look down with moody disapproval upon the busy village with its multitude of secular lives and employments.

On the plaza at Mayaguez stands one of the most celebrated statues of Columbus. The Mayaguez cathedral, also, is one of the handsomest and most historic in the West Indies.

Arecibo is situated on the northern coast of the island, and is the seaport for a considerable area of very fertile agricultural country. The lack of roads in the interior makes it necessary for nearly all domestic commerce to be carried on by water. Were it not for this fact Arecibo and many other small seaports would be of very little importance. For instance, it is only thirty-five miles from Arecibo to Ponce, yet all commerce between the two places must be carried on by water (a distance of one hundred and twenty miles), simply because there is no road across the island, and the interior jungles are at present impassable. The plaza at Arecibo supports the proud claim of being one of the most handsome and artistic on the island. It is entirely different from the most of them. Usually they are simply large, spacious squares at the crossing of the principal streets, and with the principal buildings facing upon them. As a general thing they are paved with rock and are nearly devoid of vegetation. But the plaza at Arecibo has a thick copse of trees—or small park—in its center, surrounding a beautiful fountain. There are neat walks among the trees at regular intervals, while in the center is a small, fairy-like café. The cathedral, which faces the plaza, is above the usual size, and is a departure from the style of architecture employed in building most of the West Indian cathedrals, being more modern.

In the interior of the island are numerous little villages and hamlets, practically shut out from the rest of the world, the only way of reaching them being by narrow horse-trails winding in and out among the mountains. There they nestle, in picturesque little valleys, with a drowsy sense of inertness hanging over village and forest and stream—a present-day realization of Irving's "Sleepy Hollow." But much of the architecture of these little hamlets is neither crude nor insignificant. Often it seems to have a touch of the magnificent or even classic in its massive columns and noble ornamentation. Some villages seem to consist almost wholly of two or three grand, towering structures in artistic juxtaposition, rising proudly above the surrounding landscape, and giving one the impression that a fragment from some grand Eastern capital has by some means been dropped into a little opening in the virgin forest, cunningly concealing the huts of the peasantry. Throughout the island, in fact, are scattered little towns commercially insignificant, but abounding in picturesque scenery



A Native Beauty of San Juan, Porto Rico



Princess Promenade, the Most Fashionable Street in San Juan, Porto Rico



Spanish Hospital and Inmates, San Juan, Porto Rico

and rife with legendary romance and historic fact and reference. Every turn brings one to some historic spot and discloses to view some reminder of other times and customs, making it altogether a paradise for the antiquary, the painter or the poet.

Our antiquary or poet, however, will not enjoy himself to the fullest extent in going from one place to another. Means of transportation and communication in Porto Rico were positively the worst to be found in any civilized country in the world. There are 137 miles of railroad and 470 miles of telegraph lines in the island, and only about 150 miles of country road over which a carriage can pass. During Span-

ish sovereignty the railroads and telegraph lines were under government management, and the inherent indolence and incompetence of Spanish officials prevented anything like adequate service being given. No attempt was made to run trains on schedule time. They run them when they pleased, maybe an hour, three hours or a day late; and if passengers were scarce they skipped a day entirely. Each train covered but a very short line of road, so that it was necessary to "change cars" frequently; and as "connections" were seldom made as expected, one was liable to be several days going a short distance. Add to this the fact that the average speed of the train was about fourteen miles an hour,

and it will be seen that traveling by rail in Porto Rico was anything but pleasant. For this service the fare was five cents a mile. The only comfortable thing about it was the thought that there was not the least danger of accident.

The telegraph lines were under no better management than the railroads. Frequently a Spanish telegraph operator would take a written message (always collecting in advance), then indulge in his siesta and forget to send it. Very often when messages were sent to apprise one person of the coming of another the sender arrived ahead of the message. If it was desired that a message go promptly double the usual amount must be paid, and even then it may never have been sent at all.

The mails were no less uncertain. Careless officials often sent local mail to Spain on the monthly mail-steamer; then it was returned and delivered the next month. When



Tombs in the Old Spanish Cemetery at Ponce, Porto Rico



Street in San German, Showing San Dominican Monastery, Built in 1511

mail was delivered by carrier each piece must be paid for at the time of delivery, such payments constituting the carrier's salary. One was continually paying for newspapers and other pieces of mail which had been to Spain and back, were two months old, and had "postage due" on them, besides the carrier's fee. Newspapers were always read by the postmaster before being sent to their destination, and sometimes, through forgetfulness or from a desire to preserve something the paper contained, it was never sent at all. Many people, therefore, in mailing newspapers wrote a polite note to the postmaster on the margin, requesting him to use his own pleasure about opening and reading the paper, but to kindly forward it when he had finished.

The general illiteracy of Porto Rico is discouraging. Of the eight hundred thousand people on the island little more than one hundred thousand can either read or write. There seems to be no lack of schools, but for some reason they are not effective. One of the first duties of the United States will be to establish some sort of a system of compulsory education that shall raise the people from their present state of woful ignorance.

This ignorance among the people doubtless contributed to the success of Spain in her nefarious methods of government in the island. Education does not submit to the impositions which may be worked off on ignorance with impunity. An instance of this is shown in the election methods on the islands, by which the few Spaniards were



A Principal Business Street in San Juan, Porto Rico



Plaza and Cathedral, San German, Porto Rico



An Unwilling Subject—Natives of Porto Rico

kept in power and the overwhelming majority of native Porto Ricans were totally excluded from having any part in governing themselves. The election laws of Porto Rico provide that no one can vote unless he owns property the taxes on which amount to a certain sum. The taxes are imposed (or assessed) yearly by a committee composed of local taxpayers in each community. At first thought this would seem to be very fair indeed, but the secret is that this committee is appointed by the mayor, who is almost invariably a Spaniard, and who therefore appoints a Spanish committee. Each taxpayer in the locality must make out a statement of the amount of his property and present it to this committee. Being his neighbors, the members of the committee know the political opinions of the taxpayer, and act accordingly. If he is known to be hostile to Spanish authority, and if his statement shows that he owns

sufficient property to entitle him to the right of suffrage, the committee decides that he has overestimated the value of his property, and they proceed to cut it down just enough to deprive him of his vote. Of course, this method relieved him from paying some of his taxes, but the committee always made up the amount by adding to the just valuation of some of his less opulent neighbors with the same political views. The towns are divided into elective districts—similar to our wards—and the election in each district must be presided over by a duly authorized representative of the mayor of the town; otherwise it is not legal and will not be counted in the result. In some of the districts where the natives (or Liberals) are known to be the stronger the mayor's representative fails to appear, and no election can be held. Meantime the election goes on in the Spanish districts, and the Spanish officials are triumphantly elected. Of course, for appearance's sake there is a law against such proceedings, and the Liberals have a right to appeal. But this is expensive, and by the time the Spanish government got ready to investigate the case the terms of office of the fraudulently elected officials would have expired, and others would be in their places, elected in the same manner. This is only a sample of Spanish ideas of government in general. Another is shown in the method of conducting the affairs of the department of public improvement.



A Coffee-drying Yard On a Plantation in Porto Rico



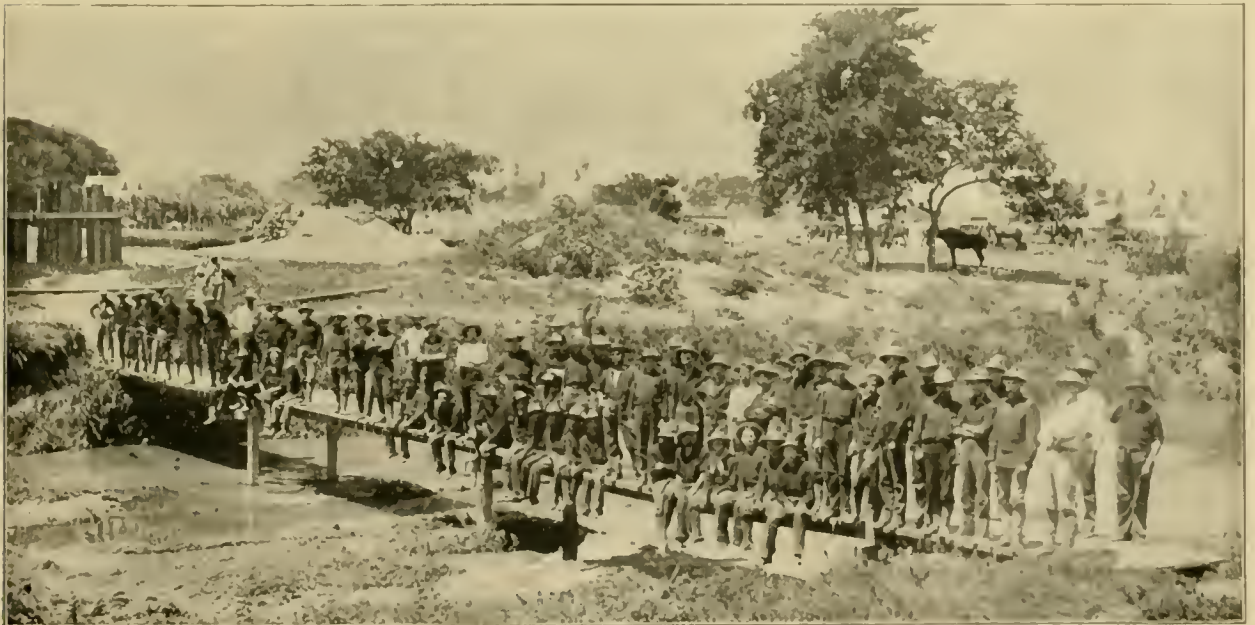
Bird's-eye View of Ponce, the Most Modern City in Porto Rico

Whenever a body of citizens desired an improvement in a bridge, or road, or public building, they had to send their petition to Madrid for consideration by officials who had never been to Porto Rico, and who knew nothing of the practical necessities of the island. But if a contractor wished to construct the improvement prayed for in the petition, and if he made it known to the Madrid officials that he was willing to pay them a substantial price for awarding the contract to him, why, then the improvement would be made and the people would pay the bill.

This is the kind of government under which the Porto Ricans have suffered for four hundred years, always protesting, but always obliged to eventually submit to the superior power of their oppressors.

Life among the country people in Porto Rico is very crude and simple. They raise cattle and poultry and small crops of vegetables and fruit, which they take to the towns and sell whenever prompted by necessity—what would be called "a hand-to-mouth existence" in the United States. The

country Porto Ricans were perhaps happier than their brethren in the towns, being at least further removed from the constant overhearing superciliousness of the haughty and unprincipled Dons. These *gibaras*, as the country people are called, are entirely illiterate, there being no schools at all in the rural districts until recently. They are very fond of dancing, and have considerable musical talent of a certain kind. They make their own musical instruments, most of them being stringed affairs somewhat resembling a guitar. They also compose their own music, and when a native orchestra bursts forth into melody(?) the very atmosphere and the leaves on the trees become animated, and Satan himself would dance if he could hear them; and perhaps he can, for some of the music sounds as though inspired by him—a veritable reproduction of the wail of a lost soul disappearing into the fiery depths. Dances are held every Saturday evening, each neighborhood congregating at some *gibara's* shanty, and, aside from the dancing, partaking of whatever refreshments he may have to offer. As in Cuba,



Some of the Illinois Boys at Ponce, Porto Rico—Their Camp is Among the Trees in the Background



A Scene in the Suburbs of Ponce, Porto Rico

all the men invariably carry a machete. These heavy weapons somewhat retard terpsichorean feats, therefore they are all taken from their owners' belts and stood in a handy corner. No dance is a success unless it ends in a general free-for-all fight, and when it starts each man rushes to the corner, secures his machete, and stands at bay. Then the women are all driven into another room, and the fight begins in earnest. It is not a two-man affair, for every one in the crowd takes sides with one or the other of the two original belligerents. The light is extinguished, and every one slashes right and left, several men usually being seriously wounded and

perhaps killed, and all the participants gashed more or less. As soon as the fight is over, every one who is able to do so apologizes to all the rest, declaring that it was all his fault, and the company separates with expressions of the utmost good feeling. Those who escape severe injury are usually arrested by the police, but when taken before the judge they simply stare in an idiotic way, and answer, "I do not know," to every question put to them. This pugnacity of the native Porto Ricans is said to be the result of a mingling of Zulu blood, it being claimed that many of the slaves brought to the island in an early day were of that race.



A Funeral Procession in Ponce, Porto Rico



Company H of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania—Outpost at Coamo, Porto Rico

The *gibaras* are very hospitable, and strangers stopping at their huts will be politely welcomed and treated to the very best at hand. They have an exaggerated sense of dignity, and will accept no money for entertaining a stranger, unless the stranger appears to be a person of great wealth or rank; and even then they will accept it only as a present to their children. This fact probably somewhat accounts for the surprisingly large number of tramps on the island.

Porto Rico is subject to terrific hurricanes, which are usually accompanied by slight earthquake shocks. It is easy to note the approach of one of these fierce tropical storms, for all nature seems to pause and shrink in terror while fearfully awaiting the approaching tempest. The wind dies completely away and a deathly silence and unearthly inactivity pervade the whole landscape. A copper-colored haze creeps over the sky and descends upon the earth, lending a ghastly hue to all things, animate and inanimate. There is not a breath of air moving, the leaves droop listlessly on the trees, and the heat is smotheringly oppressive. Cattle and other animals become uneasy and rush to shelter, huddling in the darkest corners of their stables. The sea is nearly calm, the waves rolling in slowly and smoothly from far out without a murmur until they reach the shore, when they seem to suddenly become enraged, and rise in the air as though impelled by some subterranean force, casting themselves furiously on the beach with a mighty roar. Soon the wind begins to come in little gusts from first one quarter and then another—a precursor that the storm is at hand. A seething roar is heard, and almost before it can be realized the hurricane has pounced upon the earth and is uprooting trees, tearing houses and other buildings from their foundations and scattering them to the four points of the compass. Sometimes whole towns and villages are demolished, and many people killed and injured. After one of these tropical storms there is usually a strong smell of sulphur in the air for several hours.

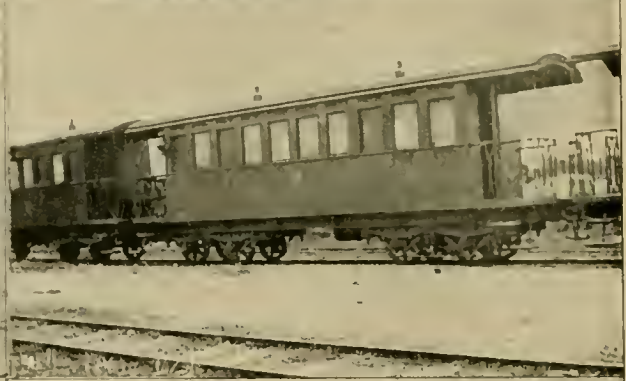
While cock-fighting is one of the most popular sports in Cuba, the Philippines and all other Spanish colonies, it has reached its greatest degree of perfection in Porto Rico, where it may properly be called the one great sport. The Porto Rico game-chicken is very carefully bred, often having a pedigree which may be traced back for uncounted generations. The *gallera*, or arena where the cocking-mains are held, is about twenty feet in diameter, and the seats for spectators rise tier above tier on every side. The *galleras* are recognized institutions in all the towns and villages, being considered next in importance to the cathedral, and much more necessary than the school-house or other public buildings. The owner of the *gallera* pays a regular license to the town for the privilege, and is protected in his enter-



On the Way to Market, Near Ponce, Porto Rico



The Old Spanish Custom-house at Ponce, Porto Rico



Scenes in Porto Rico

1. Middle-class Residence, San Juan. 2. Substantial Residence, Ponce. 3. Spanish Tug-boat. 4. First-class Passenger-coach. 5. A Business Street in Ponce. 6. Commercial Street, Ponce, Showing Stores With Residences Above. 7. Part of a Native Negro Family Enjoying a Sun-bath. 8. A Typical Native House in the Country—Also a Portrait of the Family Dog.



Cathedral and Statue of Columbus, On the Plaza, Mayaguez, Porto Rico

prise, no public cock-fights being permitted anywhere else in the corporation. The cocking-mains are always held on Sundays and legal holidays, and usually last all day. Very few matches are arranged before the day set, but each one takes his warlike rooster and repairs to the arena, and shouts out a description of his bird and the amount he will wager. Matches are quickly arranged, and fight after fight ensues, each owner of a bird either going home finally in a carriage with a triumphant though severely scarred rooster under his arm and his pocket full of money, or else plodding home on foot with an empty pocket and leaving a dead bird behind him in the ring. Large sums of money are wagered on these cock-fights, bets being made simply by word of mouth and no money produced. Strange as it may seem to us here in America, there are no disputes, the referee's decision being accepted without question, and no Porto Rican is ever known to attempt to escape the payment of a lost wager.

Porto Rico is now being gradually deserted by the Span-

iards, who, in spite of all their protestations of acquiescence in the new government, cannot reconcile themselves to their loss of prestige and political power. San Juan and Ponce newspapers are now advertising, "*Estancias muy baratas en la Vega, y villas en las Alturas*;" that is, "Farms on the coast plain and summer-houses in the uplands at very low prices."

Here is the opportunity for American capital, and within a few years, it is safe to say, the unprogressive and ignoble past will be completely swallowed up and forgotten in the new prosperity and just government brought to the island by the United States.

Many of the native-born Porto Ricans have imbibed much of the Western Hemisphere business enterprise and enthusiasm, and the judicious mixture of Yankee ingenuity and energy which may be expected to invade the island in the near future will doubtless revive it from its lassitude, and Uncle Sam may yet be proud of his rich little island—sometimes not unjustly styled "The Garden of the West Indies."



The Plaza and Cathedral at Arecibo, Porto Rico



Scenes in Porto Rico

1. A Porto Rican Locomotive—speed, 18 miles an hour. 2. Railroad Station at Yauco. 3. Residence of British Consul at Ponce. 4. Episcopal Church at Ponce—the only Protestant church in the Spanish West Indies. 5. Church of Neustra Senorade Guadeloupe, at Ponce. 6. Picturesque Yauco. 7. Another View of Yauco, Showing the Mountain Back of the Town. 8. Woman's Hospital at Ponce.



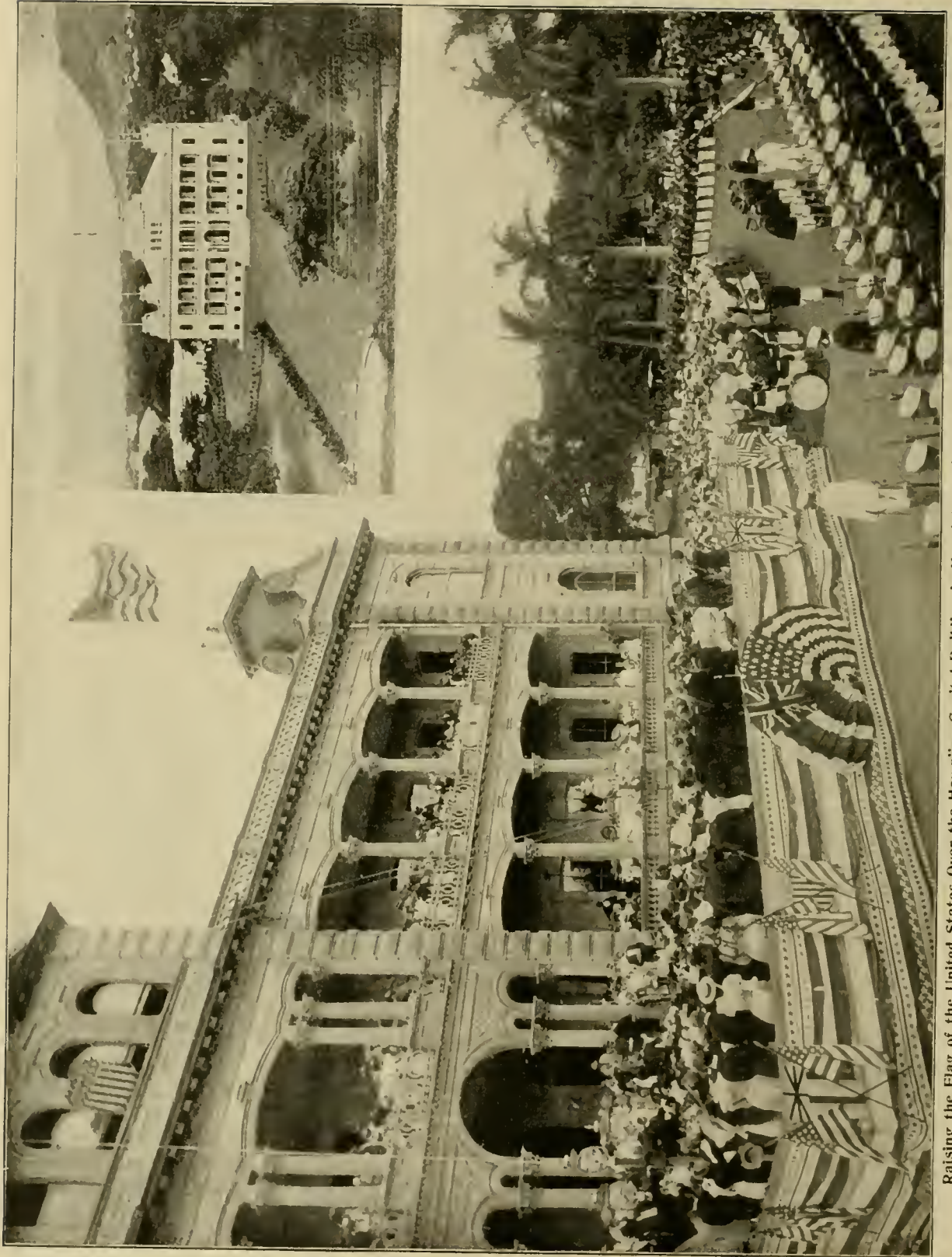
City and Harbor of Charlotte Amelia, Island of St. Thomas, Danish West Indies

The two pictures on this page are of interest from the fact that they give an idea of the development possible in the West Indian islands under proper government. The picture above shows one of the Danish harbors, which received much attention during the time Admiral Cervera was engaged in his game of hide-and-seek with the American navy. The lower picture is a typical view of the devel-

opment accomplished on all the numerous British West Indian islands. Both of these two particular islands—St. Thomas and Barbados—are very small, mere specks on the map, in fact, but under an adequate development of resources and an equitable government they support a considerable population, who live in comfort and happiness, free from the oppression under which the Spanish islands have suffered.



Avenue of Royal Palms, in Bridgetown, Isle of Barbados, British West Indies



Raising the Flag of the United States Over the Hawaiian Capitol Building in Honolulu During the Annexation Ceremonies, August 12, 1898
In an Upper Corner is a View of the Building from a Distance



Inner Harbor of Honolulu, Showing Shipping and Docking Facilities

HAWAII

The Paradise of the Pacific



THE Hawaiian (or Sandwich) Islands are among the smallest but by no means least important or least interesting of our recent acquisitions. Situated in the midst of the Pacific Ocean, in the direct path of numerous steamship routes, the excellence of their location from a commercial or strategical point of view is quite obvious, while their own natural advantages in soil, climate and diversity of products make them a mine of wealth to their possessors.

The group was discovered in 1778, by Captain James Cook, an Englishman, who, in a subsequent voyage, was killed by the natives. His memory is preserved by a white concrete monument, erected by some of his fellow-countrymen in 1874 on the spot where his death occurred, as nearly as could be ascertained.

Each island originally was independent, being governed by its own chief; but in 1782 King Kaméhaméha I., of the island of Hawaii, became the Napoleon of the Pacific, and made war on all the other islands, one at a time, finally conquering them all and bringing the whole group under one government or kingdom. The last island to be conquered was Oahu, its king making his last desperate stand and attempt at repelling the invaders on the site of the present city of Honolulu. The invading army, flushed with victory and outnumbering their opponents, literally cut them to pieces, finally chasing them up the valley of Nuuanu and over the fearful precipice at the pass of the Pali, hundreds of them being dashed to death on the rocks five hundred feet below, where their bones may yet be found, charitably concealed by the vegetation, by those curious enough to search for them.

King Kaméhaméha was enabled to accomplish his victories and conquests through the assistance and advice of two white men, Young and Davis, whom he had captured, together with some muskets and cannon, from an American schooner. The two men were spared from death because they were expert in the use of firearms. Young especially was a man of no mean ability, and was eventually made governor of the island of Hawaii, the largest in the group, and the king sought his advice on all matters of importance. He was also presented by the king with several wives, and there are many people in the islands to-day who proudly trace their lineage to him.

In 1812 the Hawaiian flag was designed and floated to the breeze for the first time. The story connected with the

occurrence is interesting. At that time the islands were frequently visited by trading-vessels, notably English and American, a considerable trade being carried on with the natives, and King Kaméhaméha was at peace with all the world, especially courting the favor of the two countries mentioned. But war was on between the United States and Great Britain, and when an American privateer anchored in the harbor and her captain came ashore and saw the British flag flying over the king's palace, he went to him and said:

"You profess to be friendly to the United States, yet I see the flag of our enemy floating over your palace."

The king, not caring a fig whose flag floated over him, and perfectly willing to oblige his American friends, hauled down the English flag and ran up the Stars and Stripes. Two days after the departure of the American vessel an English man-of-war anchored in the harbor. Her captain came ashore, and said to the king:

"The American flag is floating over your palace in spite of your protestations of friendship to us. What am I to conclude? Why should I not bombard the American flag wherever I find it floating?"

The king, in perplexity and alarm, sent for his two able advisers, Young and Davis, and asked how it would do to float both flags at once. But Young immediately decided that hostile flags could not fly from the same mast, but suggested that the American stripes and the red, white and blue be used, and that the English bars be used in the corner instead of the American stars. They would thus have a flag of their own, and no one could dictate to them about the use of it. The suggestion met the approval of the king immediately, he being mightily pleased to have a flag of his own; and so the next day the Hawaiian flag for the first time was unfolded to the breeze, and King Kaméhaméha lost no friends, either English or American.

In 1815 Young advised the building of a fort at Honolulu, commanding the harbor. He was given authority by the king to construct it after his own ideas, and in January, 1816, he began its construction, and finished it the same year. The fort was built of solid rock, with walls twenty feet thick and twelve feet high, three hundred and fifty feet square, with embrasures for cannon, about forty of which were mounted. It was a good fortification, and in 1820 the king moved his seat of government to Honolulu, which has ever since been the capital. It was in 1820, also, that the first American missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Thurston, settled on the island and began their work of Christianizing and



Annexion Ceremonies at the Capitol Building, Honolulu, August 12, 1898
United States Marines in the Foreground

educating the savages and weaning them from their idol-worships and superstitions. They were given permission to stay one year, but at the end of that time they had made such progress in their work, and had so endeared themselves to the natives, that they were given liberty to stay as long as they chose.

With the advent of civilization on the islands the government was changed from an absolute to a constitutional monarchy, and, after Kaméhaméha I., increasingly liberal constitutions were granted by succeeding kings and the government became quite equitable. Kalakaua I. was the last king of the islands, and died in San Francisco, January 20, 1891, while making a visit to this country. His body was taken to Honolulu for burial, and lay in state in the throne-room of the palace for several days previous to interment. Kalakaua was not of the royal line of kings, that line having ended with Kaméhaméha V., who was succeeded by Lunalilo. Lunalilo was elected by the legislature, and died after a reign of only one year. At the time of his election Kalakaua was also an aspirant to the throne, and felt his defeat very keenly. After Lunalilo's death Kalakaua again strove for kingship, and came very near suffering defeat at the hands of a woman—Dowager Queen Emma, widow of Kaméhaméha V. She was one of the most estimable of the royal family, and was, moreover, a very beautiful and

accomplished woman. She had much English blood in her veins, was educated in England and the United States, and was very highly cultured, amiable and beloved by the nation. But sentiment seemed to declare that a woman could not fill the throne occupied for many generations by the wise Kaméhaméhas, and so the people elected Kalakaua in haste, repenting at leisure. Kalakaua was not a model monarch; he was a "sport," and was always surrounded and influenced by the sporting element. He kept a large bevy of hula-dancers (who performed before him in a nude condition), and was a patron of vice in various forms. Citizens' committees were kept constantly busy preventing him from signing bills detrimental to the welfare of the nation and its citizens. Especially was it necessary for great pressure to be brought to bear before he could be persuaded not to sign the bill granting a franchise to the Louisiana Lottery Company. He was a "merry monarch," but a very inefficient and unsatisfactory one, and the troubled little nation heaved a sigh of relief when death in a foreign land finally relieved them of his pernicious rule.

Upon the death of Kalakaua his sister, Lydia Liliuokalani Dominis, who was the wife of Mr. John O. Dominis, an Englishman, ascended the throne. She had been educated by American missionaries, and it was thought that friends of morality, justice and good government would certainly

have a friend in her; but she soon undeceived them. At the time it was said that she was under English influence, which was then very hostile to American interests in the islands. However that may be, the least that can be said against her is that she was vacillating, hysterical and filled with unreasoning prejudice against the missionaries and all moral agencies. She possessed her brother's ideas of government, and, in addition, had a large fund of will-power and stubbornness of her own. The citizens' committees could do nothing with her. Kalakaua's pet idea had always been to turn to an unlimited monarchy. He had never succeeded in getting it, but his sister boldly announced that a new constitution to that end would soon be promulgated. Soon after the vindictive outbursts and excitement caused by this announcement the queen aroused the anger of the people still further by signing bills permitting the opium trade and giving the Louisiana Lottery Company (which had just been driven out of the United States) right to operate in Hawaii. Later on (in 1893) when she attempted to fulfill her promise and force her cabinet to sign a new constitution giving her absolute authority and power, the rage and terror of the people knew no bounds. They rose in rebellion, dethroned the queen, and established a provisional government under the supervision of a Committee of Public Safety—"until terms of annexation to the United States of America should be agreed upon." An annexation commission was sent to the United States to urge the matter upon the attention of Congress and the President. More or less sentiment in favor of the idea was quickly established in this country, and Benjamin Harrison, then President of the United States, was openly in favor of it. He drew up a treaty of annexation and sent it to the Senate, February 15, 1893, but before it could be disposed of his term of office expired, and his



Old Hawaiian Idol



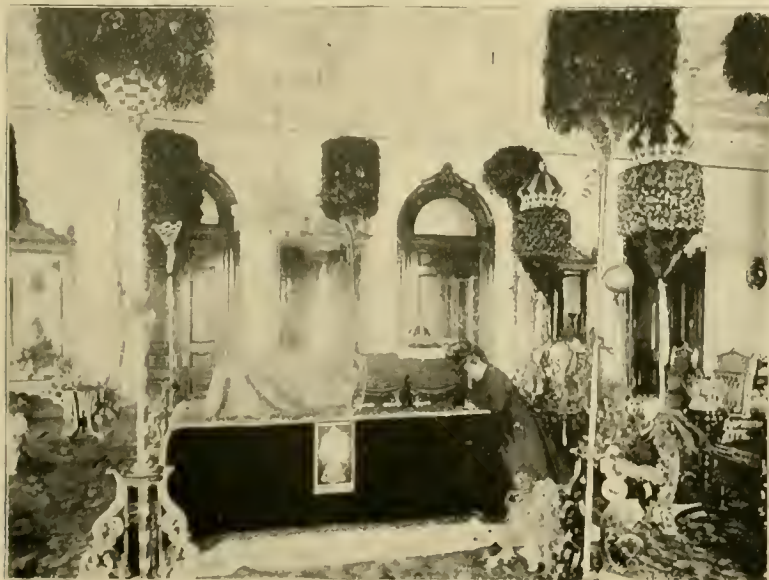
Cook's Monument, Island of Hawaii

successor in office, Grover Cleveland, withdrew the measure from senatorial consideration immediately upon his succession to office. President Cleveland also, seven days after his inauguration, sent a special representative, Colonel James H. Blount, of Georgia, to investigate matters on the island; and he, having decided that Liliuokalani had been unjustly deposed, made overtures tendering the good offices of the administration in restoring her to power. But when Mr. Blount ascertained, and informed the President, that the ex-queen would not forego her intention of cutting off the heads and confiscating the property of all who had assisted in dethroning her (many of whom were Americans) as soon as she was restored to power, the generous project had to be abandoned.

The ex-queen was afterward arrested for complicity in a plot to overthrow the government and blow up the government buildings, but her friends eventually secured her release from custody. Others implicated in the plot were not so lucky, and were surprised to find that a government formed on such short notice had power to quell insurrections and imprison the participants.

Seeing that there was no hope of immediate annexation, on June 4, 1894, a republic was formed in the islands, with Sanford B. Dole, son of an American missionary, as president.

While sentiment in the islands has been strongly in favor of annexation for years, there has always been opposition in the United States, and it was not until the late war with Spain made their importance as a base of operations in the Pacific so evident that congressional opposition was overcome. Although a treaty of annexation submitted to the Senate by President McKinley in June, 1897, failed of ratification, the same body a year later adopted a joint resolution of annexation, which was signed by the President July 7, 1898. On August 12, 1898, the United States flag replaced the Hawaiian over the government buildings in Honolulu, and the government officers took the oath of



Body of King Kalakaua Lying In State in Throne-room of Palace, Honolulu



Queen Liliuokalani



Dowager Queen Emma

allegiance to the United States. The present officials will continue to administer the present laws until a form of government has been decided upon by our Congress. President McKinley appointed a commission of five to investigate the conditions on the islands and recommend to Congress such legislation as they deem advisable concerning their future government. Thus, though still under their own laws, the islands are now a possession of the United States, and soldiers and war-vessels are regularly stationed there.

One of the facts most worthy of consideration in this connection is that the people of the islands have satisfied their own greatest desire in agitating and advocating the question of annexation until they have finally been rewarded by the fact. It was not necessary to overcome opposition in the islands—there was none; but the Congress of the United States was less quick to see the advantages to be

attained and act accordingly. However, now that the turmoil is over, it is pleasing to know that of our new territories—direct or indirect fruits of our late controversy with Spain—at least one of them does not need to be completely overturned, renovated, fumigated and perhaps chastised—in fact, turned squarely around and started in the direction of a new destiny, with new constitutional and economic principles—in order that it may some time work out a prosperity and social development that shall be compatible with twentieth-century Americanism. The Hawaiian Islands are already American, and are as ready to be governed as any state or territory of the Union proper.

The Hawaiian Islands are in exactly the same latitude as Cuba, but their climate is more equable and pleasant. The



Catholic Church, Honolulu



Native Christian Church, Honolulu

seasons do not run to such extremes as in Cuba, the wet season being less marked and a moderate rainfall occurring throughout the year. In fact, the climate is the most delightful in the world—a perpetual, balmy summer-time, resplendent in tropical sunshine and cooled by ocean breezes from all sides. This delightful climate, together with the unrivaled scenery, the unlimited fertility of the soil, the luxuriant and varied vegetation, and the fact that there are no poisonous reptiles or insects and only one or two poisonous plants, renders this enchanting Eden fitly named in its sobriquet of "Paradise of the Pacific."

Many erroneous notions exist regarding the distance of the islands from this country, the prevailing idea being that they are located in the corner of the earth most remote from our shores. While it is true that the islands lie some distance from San Francisco—a trifle more than two thousand miles—yet they are twice as far from any other continent. They lie about one third of the distance across the Pacific Ocean



Falls on the Kakapepe River



Pali Pass, at the Head of Nuuanu

from this country to Asia. Routes to the East Indies necessarily pass by their very doors. They are in a direct line from this country to the Philippines, marking about one third of the distance. From San Francisco to Honolulu is about the same distance as from San Francisco to Pittsburg, or Key West, or Havana in Cuba, while the Klondike region and South America are both considerably farther away. Thus, from a geographical standpoint, it is but natural that the islands should have been absorbed by the United States, and the world had for some years previous to its annexation looked upon it as a settled fact.

There are fifteen islands in the group, the eight inhabited ones having an area of 6,740 square miles—about one sixth that of Ohio. The population is very much mixed, there being Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese and many other nationalities represented, besides American, English and native Hawaiians. A remarkable fact is that



Camp Otis, on the Fair-grounds, Honolulu—Diamond Head in Distance



View of Central Part of Honolulu

is everywhere you go, and will be found occupying most of the clerical positions in the government offices. He is, however, a failure at the head of a business, not seeming to have the foresight, judgment and executive ability necessary. But as a clerk or assistant he is faithful, industrious and may be implicitly trusted, while as an inter-island sailor he is indispensable. He assimilates knowledge very readily, and is capable of being transformed from a prancing pagan into a creditable member of society in a remarkably short time. Many of the best professional men of Hawaii are *Kanakas*. No other race in the short space of one hundred years ever has or can show such remarkable progress in civilization as the Hawaiians. The change is due to the American missionaries, and yet there are agnostics in the islands to-day who declare that the natives are worse off than they were before they were civilized.

It is related of King Kaméhaméha V. that he was one day talking to one of these opposers of morality, when the latter



Nuuanu Avenue, Honolulu



Fire Department Engine-house, Honolulu

the population of native Hawaiians has decreased from 200,000 in 1778 to 31,019 in 1897, at which time the total population of the islands was only 109,020.

The present race of native Hawaiians—more commonly called *Kanakas*—occupy a unique position among the other races on the islands, and are by far the most interesting. They are a simple, kind-hearted race, entirely different from the American Indian, possessing none of his revengeful spirit or treachery. The friendship of a *Kanaka* may be relied upon once it is gained, and the gaining of it is the easiest thing in the world. He is of a social disposition, and his genial smile and honest face create friends wherever he goes. He finds his avocation in every sphere of life in the islands, and is met constantly. He is a painter, a carpenter, a machinist, a blacksmith, an engineer, an editor, a cowboy, a clerk, a bookkeeper, a teamster, a planter, a teacher, a preacher—in fact, he

asked if things were not in a worse condition generally than they were before the missionaries came. The king answered:

"Why, sir, you have done three things since you came into my presence which, but for the missionaries, would have cost you your life."

"What are they?" asked the agnostic, in astonishment.

"First, you walked into my presence instead of crawling on your hands and knees. You next crossed my shadow, and then you sat down in my presence, any one of which offenses would have once resulted in your immediate decapitation."

Needless to say no more criticisms were offered. The missionaries did not stop at saving souls. They brought influences to bear which secured to the natives freedom from oppression and the right to exercise personal liberty in the pursuit of happiness.

Honolulu, the capital and chief commercial city, is situated on the southern coast of the island of Oahu, on an excellent harbor. The city has a population of about thirty thousand, and its suburbs extend for some distance up Nuuanu valley.

Honolulu is very much American. A stranger visiting the city can easily imagine that he is still in the United States, as all the local features of a thriving American city are in evidence. The English language prevails, and American manners and customs take precedence over all others. The city has electric-lights and a good system of waterworks, together with a well-equipped fire department. The telephone system is the most complete in the world, nearly every house in the town having "connection;" and this is true throughout the islands. In Honolulu no one thinks of going from one room to another to consult a clock; they will call up "central" and ask the time of day. The street-car service is quite good, there being, besides the service within the city, an inter-urban line connecting the city with Waykiki, a famous bathing beach—the Long Branch or Saratoga of Hawaii—which is four miles up the coast from Honolulu. A railroad around the island is also being built, thirty miles of which are already completed.

Throughout the islands are stage-routes, carrying mail and passengers, very similar to the ones used on the western frontiers of the United States before the railroads were built. The drivers of these stage-coaches usually combine the duties of stage-driver, postmaster and route-manager, and also cheerfully assume the role of guide-book and information-bureau for the enlightenment and satisfaction of curious passengers and tourists. Most of the houses along the stage-routes

have boxes on a post in front for the reception of mail matter, but where there is no box the driver tosses the mail down onto the ground, giving notice thereof by a blast on his bugle, and drives on. In case anyone is met on the road who is expecting mail by that stage, the bags are opened, and if there is



Home for Indigent, Honolulu



Music Hall, Honolulu



Honolulu Hotel



Masonic Temple, Honolulu

anything for them they receive it then and there. This constitutes the Hawaiian system of free mail delivery.

Newspapers are printed in Honolulu in the English, Hawaiian, Portuguese, Japanese and Chinese languages; steamships from San

Francisco are frequent, and, in spite of their distance from the continent, the islands are kept in close touch with the rest of the world. American "push" and ingenuity have brought all this about, and wherever enterprise, capital, executive ability, thrift and directing energy are in evidence, there is found the American. He it is who has brought the islands to commercial importance and made Honolulu a modern city instead of merely a tropical trading-point.

Affairs of the United States, domestic and foreign, are watched with as much interest in Honolulu as in New York. An instance of the intense American spirit of the people is shown in the fact that for several years the

presidential elections of the United States have been held, "just for fun," in the islands on the same day as in this country itself. At the last election Mr. McKinley received a majority of several thousand votes over Mr. Bryan.

The first object which attracts the attention of a traveler landing at Honolulu is the Royal Palace—now the executive building. This handsome structure is built on an elevation back some distance from the water-front, yet not in the midst of the city. Its commanding height and imposing architecture arrest the eye at once. It is located in the midst of beautiful grounds, surrounded by carefully trimmed trees and artistically arranged shrubbery.

School and church facilities in Honolulu are thoroughly up to the standard of American cities of the same size. Princess Ruth's palace, a very large and beautiful mansion, not unlike the executive building in appearance, is now utilized as the Honolulu high school, and all the other school-buildings are commodious and handsome. Handsome churches are numerous, and many of them are very large and imposing—highly ornate within and appropriately so without, and surrounded with horticultural effects which would be wonderful if produced by another soil and climate.



Looking Up Nuanu Street, Honolulu

The Catholics first came to the islands in 1827, but as the American missionaries were already there, the stout old king refused to permit them to land, declaring that one religion was as much as his people could take care of. However, Catholicism has since been established, and has one of the most handsome edifices in Honolulu. It is said that the Catholics and Protestants dwell together in greater harmony in Honolulu than anywhere else in the world, even the clergy fraternizing to a considerable extent.

Among other buildings of modern architecture may be mentioned the Bishop Archaeological Museum (containing a very complete collection of archaeological specimens pertaining to the islands), Music Hall, Masonic Temple, Home for the Indigent, Honolulu Hotel, and many others. But it is in the residence portions of the city that the beauties resulting from the judicious combination of handsome architecture and luxuriant veg-



Bishop Museum and Archaeological Institute, Honolulu



Princess Ruth's Palace—Now Honolulu High School

etation are most strikingly noticeable; and here, again, Americanism is evident. The houses are set well back from the street, and are reached by trim walks flanked with a wealth of trees, shrubbery and flowers, exhibiting a harmony and variety of color which compels admiration, being, perhaps, unequaled anywhere else in the world. The houses themselves are usually neither grand nor imposing, though always neat and pretty and generally of good size. But it is the natural beauty with which they are surrounded that attracts, while the seemingly unlimited variety constantly brings fresh surprises to one unaccustomed to vegetation so profuse and prolific. Rubber-trees, banyans, bamboos, litchees, papaias, avocados, mangoes, gaudy baugainvilleas, prolific plumeria, night-blooming cereus, gay crotons, magnolias, oleanders, and numberless others, all growing in harmonious profusion in one dooryard, with the great Royal Palm towering over all, is no uncommon spectacle, while oranges, bananas, dates and figs grow rank and luscious everywhere. Great pride is taken in these lawns and dooryards, and as no time has to be spent in inducing plants to grow, all the more time is given to harmonious arrangement and the securing of artistic effects. Among other fruits, apples have been introduced, and the Hawaiian soil and climate have evolved a variety unknown and not to be produced in any other part of the world. The skin is very thin and the fruit is mellow and very juicy, with a most delicious flavor. They cannot be exported, however, for the fruit decays within four days after becoming ripe.

Honolulu is a city of elegant comfort, bustling enterprise and generous hospitality. The native Hawaiians are naturally kind-



Queen's Hospital Lane, Honolulu

hearted and mild in disposition, and strangers are always heartily welcomed and entertained throughout the islands. There is no place in the world where persons or property are safer from molestation or danger of any sort, as thievery and other crimes are very seldom perpetrated. Begging is entirely unknown.

Most of the natives throughout the islands live in frame houses, but a few of the original grass huts are still to be seen. The huts and the art of making them are preserved more as a curiosity than for purposes of utility. Some of them are quite picturesque, and by using grasses of various colors the natives sometimes construct huts which have a really artistic appearance.

Some of the native characteristics in dress (in modified forms) are in common use, notable among which is the divided skirt for the use of equestriennes. It is a very sensible and becoming garment, is used almost exclusively on the islands, and is a mode of dress reform which might be adopted by the women of the United States without loss of dignity or grace. The late eminent American lady journalist Kate Field, who died in Honolulu, became quite favorably impressed with this costume during the time she passed on the islands, and adopted it to the exclusion of the conventional riding-skirt. Horseback-riding is much indulged in, and large cavalcades of women in these costumes are frequently met taking their daily ride. Bright-colored fancy cloths are usually used in making the garment, and the more elaborate and expensive ones are made very wide—or perhaps "full" is the proper word; they stream out behind when the horse is going rapidly, so that a side view displays nothing but the head and shoulders of the animal, the remainder being completely hidden under the undulating, fluttering folds of the voluminous costume.

A white linen suit and broad Panama hat is the usual dress of the gentlemen, but all kinds of cool clothes are worn. If one is a native, is poor and does not intend to appear on the street, one may then even find a breech-clout a sufficiency of clothing.

Commerce and social intercourse between the islands are very extensive. Several local steamship companies have complete lines of boats which run continuously on schedule time between the islands, with regular stopping-places.

Besides these, many of the wealthier residents have handsome yachts or launches, and there are excursions along the coast continually, to say nothing of the native boats, which swarm everywhere. Thus the straits between the islands are constantly alive with craft.

This inter-island traffic is one of the most fascinating phases of life in the islands, rendered so, doubtless, by the constant danger to those engaged in it. Here the *Kanaka* proves his worth. The sea is his great text-book, his one theme of ecstasy, his field of manly sport, and his grave. Prior to civilization it was his god, and it has done more to develop his latent energies, bravery, hardihood, skill and endurance than any other element or influence he has ever encountered. In the sea the *Kanaka* is in his element, and the dangerous inter-island navigation and commerce is accomplished by him under difficulties that would disconcert most seamen to the point of abandoning the project. Some of the landings are particularly dangerous. At one place on the island of Hawaii a village is built on the top of a cliff, and passengers are hoisted with a huge crane to which a chair is attached, and swung two hundred feet in the air to the top of the cliff. Departing travelers are lowered by the same means to the boat, and thence rowed out to the ship in the harbor.

All native Hawaiians are nearly amphibious, and in their small canoes, with light outrigger to preserve their equilibrium, will brave a sea that would swamp many a stancher craft in the hands of less skilful seamen. Often when a wreck occurs on the coast and the sea runs so high that a life-boat cannot be gotten off, the natives will swim out to it, and if any of the ship's boats are still sound, they will almost certainly bring some of the crew safely to shore through a sea which no white seaman would attempt to brave. Surf-riding was formerly the chief sport of the natives, but has fallen somewhat into neglect. The feat is performed on a carefully prepared slab of wood, rounded on one end, and consists in gaining and



Hawaiian Riding-costume for Women



Date-palm



A Group of Flower-venders On a Street in Honolulu

retaining such a position on one of the immense waves rolling in to shore as to be carried with fearful velocity toward the beach. The more skilful of the surf-riders are still frequently seen standing erect, with arms folded, on their little planks, while rushing with terrific speed on the crest of some monster wave, which finally breaks with a roar and sends its burden scooting over the smooth water toward the sands of the beach. Promiscuous bathing is indulged in by all ages and sexes, and although sharks are numerous, the natives

are seldom caught. They always know when a shark is in the harbor, and act accordingly. But even should they be surprised by the unexpected approach of one of the monsters, they are by no means apt to perish. They will float calmly on the surface and gaze down into the clear water at his sharkship, watching his every move. At the moment he rushes and turns on his side to grasp his prey the *Kanaka* dives, and the great jaws come together with nothing between them. This is repeated until help comes. Usually, when a



A Group of Kalakaua's Hula-girls Enjoying a Picnic on the Beach

shark is known to be present, the native goes into the water armed with a piece of iron about sixteen inches long and sharpened at both ends. If the shark appears, he will not only be cheated of his prey, but in all probability will be seriously wounded, and perhaps killed. It is said that some of the most daring of the natives will wait until the shark turns on his side and opens his mouth, and will then place the iron perpendicularly between his jaws, so that they are propped open. The Hawaiians are very successful deep-sea fishermen, often going in their frail canoes out of sight of land.

Like most of the Pacific islands, the Hawaiian group is of volcanic origin and formation, and the volcanoes, active and extinct, are one of the sights visited by tourists at the present time. The volcano of Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii, is perhaps the most active at the present time, some of its craters being best viewed from a distance. It is also the largest active volcano in the world. Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, on the same island, are each much larger than Kilauea, and have been very destructive in the past. The volcano oftenest visited by tourists is the Punch Bowl (extinct),



Hula-dancers in Their Costumes of Grass and Flowers



Residence of Princess Kapiolani, Honolulu

not far from Honolulu, and from which a beautiful view of the city and surrounding country is obtained. Down the coast on the other side of Honolulu is Diamond Head, also an extinct volcano, very much resembling the rock of Gibraltar. In fact, these two mountains (Punch Bowl and Diamond Head), if fortified, could protect Honolulu from the navies of the world, and would render the place as impregnable as any Gibraltar was ever supposed to be.

It is evident that in ages past the islands must have been little more than a molten mass. Lava formations in all kinds of peculiar shapes abound. Near the base of Mauna Loa the "flow" is estimated to be nearly a hundred feet thick, and lies in great corrugated and twisted masses, resembling a lot of huge mummified serpents. In some places great fissures have opened in the lava, and are bridged for the convenience of tourists. Sometimes a "waterfall" was formed by the lava running over a precipice, where it still hangs in great columns and pendants. At one place a perfect arch, thirty feet



Group of Pupils—Honolulu School for Boys



Camp McKinley and Camp Otis, Island of Oahu—Honolulu and Harbor in the Distance On the Right
 Camp McKinley in the Foreground Among the Trees, Camp Otis in the Open Ground Beyond

high, was formed, and at another an immense vase was left standing when the rest of the formation gave way to some force of nature. Nature has since contributed to the effect by planting trees, flowers and ferns on the top of the vase, where they seem to thrive quite well.

The ancient Hawaiians had many superstitions, and worshiped many gods. One of the most powerful of their divinities was Pele, the goddess of fire. She was supposed to have her abode in the fiery crater of Kilauea, and eruptions were supposed to result from her displeasure at some act or omission of the people. So, when the volcano became unusually boisterous, the king would hastily order a number of persons to be delivered



Native Grass Hut



A Native Feast—Note Poi Bowl in Center

to the priests of Pele, who would bind them and throw them into the crater to appease the anger of the irritable goddess. It was supposed to be certain death for any one to approach the crater without first sacrificing to Pele by throwing into the fiery abyss a handful of the berries which grow near the top. It was also certain death for any one except a priestess of Pele to eat any of these berries. This superstition continued until a certain princess of the islands, who had led a life of debauchery and licentiousness, became converted by the American missionaries. She decided to preserve her people from the sacrifices to Pele. Accordingly, she started up the mountain, followed by a large crowd of frightened people, who were sure she was going to her doom. Near the top she was met by a priestess, who forbade



Native Boatmen, Near Diamond Head

her to proceed further under penalty of death at the hands of Pele. The princess declared she did not fear Pele; that Jehovah was her only God, and to prove it she began to eat of the tabooed berries. Amidst the terror of the people she advanced and hurled rocks into the crater, calling upon Pele to come out and fight, and informing her that she was eating up all her berries. As the goddess made no demonstration she was considered vanquished, and no further sacrifices were made, although there are still some Pele priestesses who cling to their belief and worship the fiery goddess.

The lava seems to have brought with it from the bowels of the earth elements of wonderful fertility, increasing the productivity of the soil to a degree that surpasses belief. Everything grows



Surf-rider
Diamond Head in Distance

rank and prolific under conditions of soil that would seem to forbid growth at all. American hothouses petted with scientific mixtures and fertilizers have never produced the equal of the vegetation that springs from the lava-rocks in Hawaii.

The great staple product is sugar, some of the plantations, it is claimed, being the largest in the world. The product is handled in the most scientific manner. On the larger plantations portable railroads are laid through the immense cane-fields, and the cane hauled to the mill by the train-load, the tracks being shifted to various parts of the fields as desired. The machinery in the mills and refineries is of the most improved American make, and most of the product, amounting to fifteen million dollars annually, is sent to the United States.

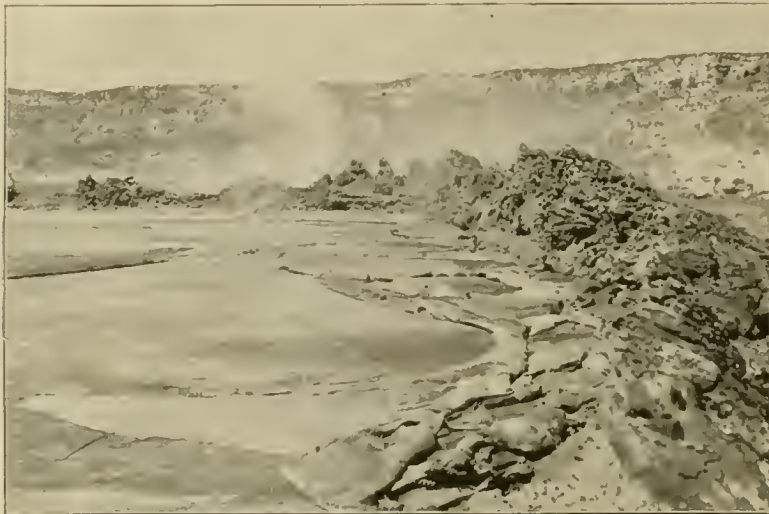


An Old Native and His Hut



Bridge Over Waialea River—Native Canoe in Foreground

In fact, over ninety per cent of the entire commerce of the islands, both exports and imports, is with this country. Sugar-cane was growing wild on the islands at the time of their discovery, and was prized by the natives as a very delectable article of diet. Sugar-making was first attempted in a rude way by the Chinese, and afterward developed by American capitalists. The plantations are very extensive, worth on an average at least half a million of dollars. Systems of irrigation are in use on some of them, the water being procured from inexhaustible artesian wells. It is pumped into great stand-pipes or reservoirs, and thence piped to various parts of the plantations. It can easily be imagined that no small engineering ability is necessary to successfully pipe water for miles in every direction from a certain point, but it is successfully done in Hawaii.



Crater of Kalauea—Largest Active Volcano in the World

Coffee culture is rapidly becoming one of the leading industries, and does remarkably well with very little attention. Much of the land adapted to coffee-raising is covered with a thick crust of lava, and the usual method of planting is to drill a hole through the crust and poke a "cutting," or small tree, down into the soil. It will grow and thrive, become a large tree, and bear abundant fruit without any further attention whatever.

Animals were very scarce when civilization first began on the islands. The only animal which the natives attempted to turn to any account was the hog. They were raised in a semi-wild condition, and whenever a native contemplated a feast at some future time, he would go out and chase a hog into an inclosure, to be fattened for the occasion. The only wild animals worthy of note are wild hogs, wild cattle and wild dogs, any one of which it is dangerous to meet under certain circumstances. Domestic animals of all kinds have become very plentiful since thrift and enterprise have become established features of life in the islands. Cattle, hogs, sheep and poultry are raised extensively, while horses are

much more highly considered than in the United States, and are used much more extensively. Every *Kanaka* has a pony, which he rides everywhere—scrambling up steep hills and sliding precipitately

Mr. Claus Spreckles, the great sugar king, was an intimate friend of King Kalakaua, and had often loaned him sums of money. It was his influence and financial weight alone that prevented Kalakaua from signing the opium and lottery bills during his reign; and if there is any one on the island who possesses the unlimited hatred of Liliuokalani, it is this same genial and level-headed Mr. Claus Spreckles.

After sugar the most important product is rice, which is raised principally by the Chinese. Chinamen and horses seem never to understand each other, or have any ideas in common; in fact, they are entirely antagonistic. As a consequence the Chinaman does his farming with the aid of an ox, both of them wading knee-deep in the rice-fields, and mutually manipulating a cultivator which is not unlike an overgrown American garden-rake, or the implement famed in conjunction with Whittier's Maud Muller in her labors in the sunshiny American hay-field.



Bridge Over Chasm in Lava

at the desired destination with both pony and rider in a cheerful mood, each seeming to take it as a matter of course that the pony shall do the scrambling and sliding and the *Kanaka* shall hang on, even over obstacles which an American, for his own neck's sake, would much rather trust his own legs to surmount.

Some of the small uninhabited islands have been purchased outright from the government by capitalists, and remain unpeopled save for the inmates of one ranch-house, the remainder being grazing-ground for immense herds of cattle. No herding is necessary, the sea being the only limit of territory, and the ranch-house and inmates are there merely to prevent lawless mariners from replenishing their ships' larders with fresh beef. In the valleys of the larger islands, also, are large ranches, the cattle being herded by *Kanakas*, who fairly rival our own Texas cow-boys, being expert horsemen, unrivaled in the use of the lasso.



Lava Flow on Mauna Loa

Sheep are raised in much the same manner as cattle, some flocks having an island all to themselves, and the wool industry has grown to large proportions, the quality produced being equal to the finest Australian product.

On the island of Kauai is an ostrich-farm, which was established as an experiment, and has succeeded so well that it will no doubt become an important industry. The enterprise did not have an auspicious or encouraging start. The promoters were a man and his wife, who had had some experience in ostrich-farming, and knew the profits that might be expected if the business could be made to succeed. They purchased a picturesque valley on Kauai, shut off from the rest of the island by mountains and surrounded on two sides by the sea. Five large ostriches were brought to the "farm" as a starter, and were let loose to become acquainted with their new home. The very first day two of the stupid birds walked off a precipice into the sea. A boat was quickly launched and one of them safely rescued, but the last seen of the other one he was majestically mounting the waves and heading for Australia. However, this did not discourage the starters of the enterprise, and to-day their



Rainbow Falls, Near Hilo, Island of Hawaii



Lava Flow of 1881—Volcano of Kilauea, Hawaii

business is in a flourishing condition, and is conducted on a large scale. The greatest obstacle to ostrich-farming is the stupidity of the birds themselves. As an example, if one of them from any cause becomes alarmed, he is liable to run around and around an inclosure until he drops dead from exhaustion—unless he finds a place where he can stick his head in the sand and imagine he is hidden.

Laysan Island, the most westerly of the group, is small, uninhabited and desolate, but is interesting from the fact that it is a sea-bird hatchery. Here sea-birds congregate by the million, until they cover the ground completely for miles. Being worthless for food and their feathers of no account, they remain unmolested, and are so tame that they may be picked up in the hand. In fact, they become so familiar that it is necessary to carry a stick to prevent them from "nipping" one's limbs through his trousers—an operation which is quite

annoying, as their beaks are very strong. Sometimes their eggs are gathered in wheelbarrows, loaded on cars and transferred to a ship, thence sent across the ocean for the manufacture of commercial albumen; but owing to the distance this is not very profitable. The only thing which makes the island of value is the great beds of guano, which product is shipped in large quantities. There is one small house, in which the manager and two or three Japanese servants live for about six months of the year. Aside from the countless varieties of sea-birds, there are some land species on this island which are found nowhere else in the world. Captain Clark, of Honolulu, once decided that this island would be an excellent place to raise swine. He imported a herd, and the rapid increase without any attendant expense promised to soon make the enterprising captain an opulent capitalist. But one unlucky day, when the manager and his attendants



Lava Cascade, Near the Foot of Mauna Loa



Railroad Running Through a Sugar-cane Field

no leper ever being permitted to approach it, although it is in the very midst of the islands is discovered to be a leper, he or she is immediately transported to



A Pineapple Ranch, Near Honolulu

facial disfigurements. One of the most common effects is elongation of the lobes of the ears. These sometimes become so long as to be constantly in the way and a great nuisance, interfering with the



Some of the Rice-fields On the Island of Maui

were absent from the island, Pirate Pease, at that time a famous south-sea buccaner with a price on his head, landed on the island, butchered every hog, salted down the pork in the hold of his ship, and blithely sailed away, leaving his compliments in a note nailed to the door of the house.

The island of Molokai, twenty-five miles southeast of Oahu, is the home of the lepers. Leprosy was discovered on the islands in 1853, and soon began to spread. As a means of preserving the whole group from contamination a settlement was established for them on Molokai, on a peninsula cut off from the rest of the island by mountains. Here they live, no one being allowed to visit them, and they are permitted the freedom of only the peninsula. Twice a year the Board of Health from Honolulu makes a tour of inspection, accompanied by such as may wish to call on friends or relatives among the lepers. There is a house on Molokai which is reserved for the reception of guests, of their village. When any person on one of the islands is discovered to be a leper, he or she is immediately transported to Molokai. They usually go willingly enough, being anxious to preserve their friends and relatives from contagion, and many of them openly declare they are glad to be relieved from labor and supported by the government. It is said on the islands that the disease can be contracted only by inoculation; but as a slight scratch on the flesh will accomplish this, it is none the less easily acquired. Often it is not transmitted from parents to children. Therefore, if a child born on Molokai shows no signs of the disease at five years of age, he is removed to another island, and if the disease does not appear after a certain number of years, no further restraint is placed upon him. Yet some of his children or grandchildren may be born lepers and forced to go to Molokai. There is one woman on Molokai who has buried two leper-husbands and is yet "clean." Leprosy assumes various forms. In some instances it works principally on the extremities, the fingers and toes dropping off and the whole body finally becoming affected. In other cases the disease shows itself in the chief pleasure of the lepers—that of galloping over the peninsula on their horses. In such instance an operation is usually resorted to, and it is said that the removal of the parts causes no pain whatever and affords great relief. There are doctors and men of nearly all ordinary professions on Molokai, having unfortunately contracted leprosy at some period of their life and been forced to shut themselves off from the world and dwell apart with others similarly afflicted. There are also several missionaries on the island who have voluntarily become lepers and dwell among them for the sole purpose of Christianizing them. Such Christian fortitude is truly wonderful.

The island of Hawaii is the largest of the group, being nearly equal in area to all the others combined. It is a perfect wonderland of unusual sights, where nature seems to have run to excess in a determination to surpass all her previous efforts at sublime scenery and startling phenomena. There a traveler may stand in a beautiful verdure-

clad valley and find himself surrounded by the most opposite and antagonistic elements in their climaxes of action— on one side the towering heights of Mauna Loa, covered with perpetual snows; on the other the smoking peak of Kilauea, glowing with everlasting fire. The fierceness of the eruptions from Kilauea may be judged from the fact that when most active the flames may be seen one hundred miles out to sea, while at Hilo, forty miles away, the people read newspapers easily by the glow. Near the summit is a house, called the "Volcano House," where tourists stop and where guides may be procured to conduct them to points from which they may view without danger the interior of the great crater—a burning, boiling, seething, smoking mass of molten rock, with fierce flames playing over the surface, which is constantly agitated by explosions and puffs of steam, showing the tremendous forces struggling for liberation in the bowels of the earth. This crater is nearly a mile in circumference and is very appropriately called the lake of fire by the natives. Nearly all the grandeur and magnificent scenery of the other islands are magnified and reproduced on Hawaii. The most fertile and productive valleys, clothed with a mass of living green, and forests so dense as to be impassable, are found within a few hours' travel of the great lava-flows, where all is barren, desolate



Cocoonut-tree



Hauling Sugar-cane to Mill



Hanapepe Valley, Island of Kauai



Papaya-tree

and silent, huge, fantastic shapes rising against the sky and twisting under the feet, with not a sign of life anywhere save a great vulture wheeling slowly over the carcass of a horse, which has died for want of water. The trails across these bleak wastes are lined with the skeletons of animals which have so perished.

But Hawaii has a soil unsurpassed by any of the other islands, and is the leader in the production of coffee, many of the plantations having forty to sixty thousand trees. The island is also noted for its cocoanuts. Off the north coast there is a little islet which is literally covered with cocoanut-trees, which produce an enormous quantity. It is said that the nuts lie so thickly on the ground that one cannot walk without stepping on them. Sometimes they drop from the trees and roll down the beach, the tide comes and they float to the mainland, where they are eagerly gathered by the natives on the alert for them.

On the southeastern coast of the island is situated Hilo, the second town in size on the islands. It is the capital of the island of Hawaii, and was the residence of King Kaméhaméha I, before his conquest of the remainder of the group.



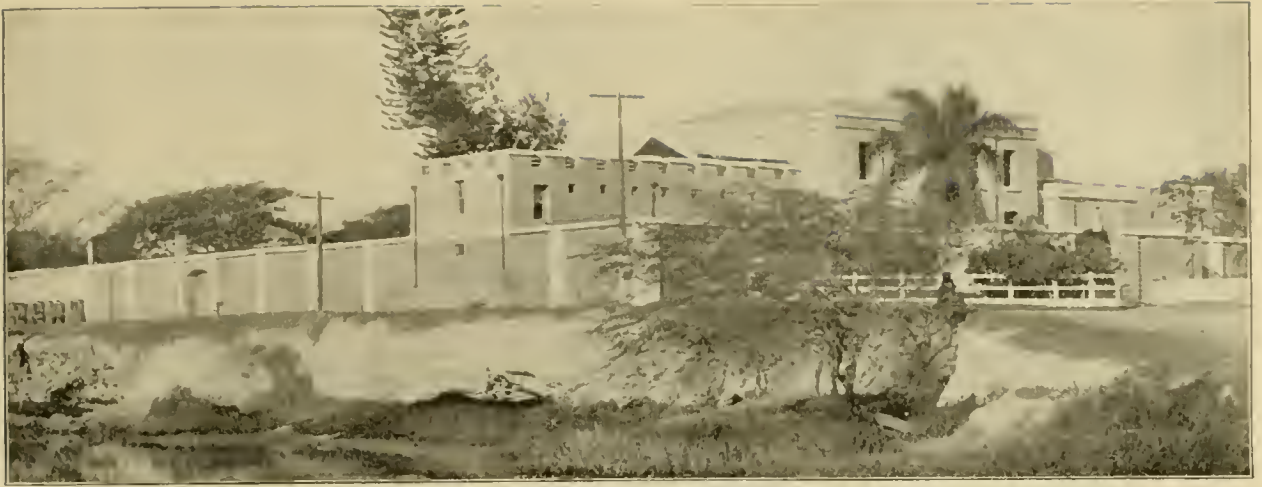
Sea-gulls on Layson Island

The Hilo of to-day has a population of five thousand, is a marvel of picturesque beauty, and is also of considerable commercial importance, being the principal port for the coffee and cocoanut trade. The court-house, the post-office and the custom-house are the principal public buildings, and the churches and school-houses are handsome structures and well supported and attended. As in the other islands, the

system of compulsory education is very strict, even written excuse from the child's parents not releasing him from the clutch of the ever-watchful and vigilant truant-officer. A written permission from the teacher is the only thing that will protect him from being seized anywhere in the island during that part of the year when the schools are in session, regardless of the nature of his excuses or explanations.



Gathering Sea-birds' Eggs on Layson Island



Oahu Prison, in Honolulu

One of the most interesting and magnificent bits of scenery near Hilo is Rainbow Falls, so called because rainbows in all their brilliant colorings are constantly playing in and out, among, over and around the mass of mist at the foot of the fall.

While American civilization has taken precedence over all other modes of life in the islands, there are yet some traces of the barbarism of by-gone days. In some places the hula-dances are still indulged. These dances were formerly the chief amusement of the kings, the last king, Kalakaua, taking great delight in them. The dance is performed by young women and girls in a nearly or quite nude condition, generally bedecked with flowers, and consists of a voluptuous twisting and bending of the body, the feet having very little to do with it. Another relic of savagery is the national dish of the Hawaiians and their method of eating it—particularly the latter. The food itself is called *poi*, and is made from the roots of the taro, a water-plant, which is raised in small fields or "patches," surrounded by an embankment of sod to keep the water at a certain depth. The method of preparing the food is quite simple. The bulbous roots are first washed and scraped clean, then cooked till they are soft. Then they are crushed and ground and set away to ferment. Finally enough water is mixed with the mass to make it a thick, sticky paste, and it is then *poi*, ready to be eaten. The method of eating it is also charmingly simple, and would please an American as little as the sour paste would tickle his palate. A large, round bowl—sometimes as big as a bushel basket—is placed in the center of the table, which is a mat spread on the ground. The family and visitors gather around and proceed to eat with the tools provided by nature. The first two fingers of the right hand are poked into the sticky mass, given an artistic twist, and then conveyed with undulating gyrations to the mouth, where the adhering *poi* is sucked off. It is not considered good form to use more than two fingers or to make the journeys from the bowl to the mouth too rapidly; and it is the height of vulgarity to use both hands, as it is thought to indicate a desire to secure more than one's share of the delicacy. However, it is looked upon as an act of gallantry for a young man who may be sitting near his lady-love at the feast to "help" her by scooping out a large handful of the stuff and placing it in her lap—when she has one. But in spite of all the incongruities surrounding it *poi* is a very healthful and nutritious food, being both strengthening and fattening, and is an excellent diet for invalids (if they can



A Group of Lepers, on Molokai Island



Royal Palms



A Japanese Country Home, Hawaiian Islands



A Lava Arch, Island of Hawaii

hand-clasps and oft-repeated *alohas* (good-bys), makes a very different impression upon a cordially entertained stranger than the formal leave-takings of modern society. Any member of a family leaving home for an absence of more than ordinary length is also decorated in this manner. Every departing ocean-steamer carries away great quantities of flowers—notably on the persons of Hawaiian youths and girls going to the United States to pursue various branches of higher education.

Scarcely an industry or enterprise that has been attempted in these islands has failed to reward its promoters, and although civilization has been busy for a hundred years, yet the development of their natural resources is only fairly begun. Not one fourth of the land available for the production of sugar, coffee, rice, etc., is under cultivation, and half of the present population lives almost entirely without work. Five times the present number of people could easily be supported, and the commerce of the islands increased in like proportion.

And yet it should not be inferred that the Hawaii of to-day is a haven where indolence is welcomed and supported in luxury without labor. The Masonic and Odd Fellows' societies in Honolulu have recently issued letters of warning to their brethren in this country, charging them not to put too much confidence in the fabulous stories in the newspapers regarding the ease and luxury and cheapness of living in Hawaii; for

“stomach” it), being easily digested and wholesome. It is said that in times past *poi* was the main factor in the unprogressiveness of the *Kanaka*. Why should he work when he needed absolutely nothing for his sustenance save his little taro-patch? The country *Kanaka* of to-day likewise lives a care-free existence. An hour's labor each day will keep his taro-patch free from weeds and in a thriving condition. He can vary his diet with fish or clams from the sea, and can stroll into the forest back of his hut and pick oranges, bananas, dates, figs, strawberries, breadfruit and papaia to his heart's content. Since he is no longer slave to a king, and is responsible to nobody, time actually hangs heavily on his hands. He sometimes jogs slowly to town on his pony and spends the day lounging about the boat-landing. Otherwise he will spend his day lying flat on his back on the grass under a

shade-tree in dreamy reverie, with nothing to do but remove his mind from all worldly affairs. Sometimes he rides his pony into the forest and returns bedecked with flowers of brilliant hues. He need have no thought for the morrow, for it will be the same as to-day. He strives for the maximum of comfort each day as it passes, and looks not to the future. He needs not to provide for winter—to lay in coal or purchase an overcoat—for winter never invades his balmy, slumbrous, luxurious, voluptuous south-land. He contentedly basks in the warmth of Nature's smile, and gives a smile in return. The only events of importance in his life are the instances in which he is invited to attend a *luau*, or *poi* feast, by some neighbor, or when he invites in return. These native feasts are marvels of sociability—a very outpouring of the spirit of hospitality and unrestrained jollity. The utmost good-will and freedom prevail, every one jabbars, slings *poi*, and shakes his fat sides in unrestrained glee and enjoyment. The feasts are usually partnership affairs, one family furnishing *poi*, another pork, another fish, another fruit, etc. They are models of generous hospitality and true friendliness, even though they do not conform strictly to American notions of table decorum. Who shall say which is better, hypocritical decorum without true friendliness, or real friendship exhibited without a cloak of decorum to cover natural good feeling? The feasts used to be followed by hula-dances, but the moral status of the natives has improved to an extent that seldom prompts them to such indulgences at present, and nude dancing is now prohibited by law. A beautiful custom among the Hawaiians is that of decorating departing guests with wreaths and garlands of flowers. This is always done, and, mingled



Entrance to President Dole's Residence, Honolulu

while the reports of the resources and productiveness of the islands are strictly true (it would be difficult, indeed, to exaggerate them), there is no lack of men to perform what labor there is to be performed in the present undeveloped condition of things; and to one who has not acquired a taste for *poi* it is a tough proposition to be landed penniless in a country where flour is five dollars a hundred, and other articles of American diet priced in proportion. For it must be remembered that Hawaii is not a manufacturing country, and finished products must be brought from San Francisco or elsewhere. "Development" is the great cry of the people of Hawaii; and so, while it offers wonderful opportunities for investment of capital, it is a good place for penniless adventurers to stay away from.

On this page is a portrait of a modern Hawaiian lady. She is Miss Cleghorn, formerly Princess Kaiulani, and was the heir-apparent to the throne of Hawaii previous to the overthrow of the monarchy. Miss Cleghorn visited this country in 1894, in behalf of the monarchy, and was received by the best families of the land. While the expedition under General Merritt was en route to the Philippine Islands, and during the fêtes and rejoicing incident to their brief stop at Honolulu, Miss Cleghorn became betrothed to Captain Bradlee Strong, son of ex-Mayor Strong, of New York City, who was with the expedition as a member of General Merritt's staff. Miss Cleghorn is a very beautiful and highly accomplished young lady, having been educated in the greatest intellectual centers of the world.

Civilization and Christianity have nearly succeeded in banishing all traces of barbarism from the islands, although the hula-dances are still indulged in some sections—mostly for the diversion of tourists having depraved minds. These exhibitions, however, are daily becoming more scarce, and, as previously stated, nude dancing is now a crime under the law. Many religious denominations flourish in Honolulu, and the free school and compulsory education system is much more rigidly enforced than in the United States. The social, moral and educational status of the Honolulu of to-day can easily shame many a pretentious American city. To be sure, there are all classes of society, but every person is definitely known to be either for or against the principles of morality and decency, and is treated accordingly. The greatest obstacle to the civilizing of the islands has always been, not the natives themselves, but devotees of debauchery from other countries, who much preferred to preserve the islands



Miss Cleghorn, Formerly Princess Kaiulani
Fiancee of Captain Bradlee Strong, United States Army

for their own spoliation to having them wrested from their grasp by the influences of Christianity and education. The term "missionary" is sneeringly applied by the rough foreign element in Hawaii to all citizens lending their influence to purposes of morality and righteous government, and the contest between the two factions in times past has been very bitter. The natives themselves were not inclined to ruffianism or immorality, but they were easily led and influenced. The opponents of the "missionaries" were also the supporters of the royalty, have hated the republic since its inception, and have never ceased to hope that they would some time be able to overthrow it. But now that the islands are under the protection of the United States, their last hope is gone, and they will be compelled to become law-abiding citizens or take the consequences.

While as yet the future form of government in the islands is largely a conjecture, they will probably become a territory of the United States, with government and officers similar to our other territories, embracing legislative, judicial and executive functions.

The hearty co-operation of the best citizens of the islands may be relied upon in any efforts tending to their welfare and the establishment of a stable government, and with honest administration of affairs, a thorough development of resources and a continuation of the benign influences of Christianity and education. Columbia may not only be proud of her island acquisition, but will receive a handsome revenue annually from Hawaii, land of sunshine and flowers.



Hawaiian Girls in Holiday Attire



President William McKinley



Secretary of War Russell A. Alger



Secretary of the Navy John D. Long



Major-General Nelson A. Miles



Major-General William R. Shafter



Major-General Wesley Merritt



Consul-General Fitzhugh Lee



General Maximo Gomez, of Cuban Army



General Calixto Garcia, of Cuban Army



Major-General Joseph Wheeler



Major-General Joseph C. Breckinridge



Brigadier-General Wallace F. Randolph



Major-General J. Warren Keifer



Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, of the Yale



Brigadier-General Daniel W. Flagler



Naval Constructor Richmond P. Hobson



Colonel Leonard Wood, of the Rough Riders



Commander Wainwright, of the Gloucester



Major-General Butler and His Staff at Headquarters, Camp Alger, Virginia



Troops Leaving Washington for the South
The Washington Monument Can Be Seen in the Distance

THE ARMY

Scenes and Incidents at the Various Camps



THE campaign of the United States land forces against Spain was divided practically into three parts: First, the mustering and assembling of the troops at camps convenient to points of embarkation in this country; second, the invasion of Cuba and the campaign proper on Cuban soil; third, the various movements subsequent to the signing of the protocol—namely, embarkation from Cuba, landing in the United States, camp life previous to being mustered out of service, etc.

On April 23, 1898, President McKinley issued a call for one hundred and twenty-five thousand volunteers to serve for two years unless sooner mustered out. Each state responded with her required quota, and the work of recruiting, examining, mustering in and assigning to companies and regiments was soon under way all over the nation. Camps of assembly were established at various points in the South, from which the troops were forwarded to the camps of embarkation at Tampa and Key West, Florida, a few being also embarked from other Southern ports.

Many of the most interesting scenes attendant on the war were enacted during these times of preparation and mobilization, demonstrating the willingness and promptness with which the sons of the nation—which makes no pretensions of being warlike—rally to her support at the first intimation

that their services may be needed, and showing that an inborn love of freedom and hatred of oppression are the only essentials to the raising of great armies in a country where even a martial spirit does not apparently exist, but where patriotic sentiment and inspiration are imbibed with every breath of air.

During this period of uncertainty, when none could tell whether the war would be short and farcical, or a long and bloody struggle in which thousands would lose their lives, each state and nearly every community had its quota of serio-comic scenes and incidents contingent on "the boys" taking leave of home and its surroundings for the purpose of fighting under "Old Glory."

Stout and grizzled veterans of other wars proudly wrung the hands of their sons as they boarded the trains, admonishing them to "fight as their fathers fought." Bands played, the Grand Army of the Republic marched in serious procession, "the boys" on the trains gave voice to choking cheers (as much for the purpose of reassuring themselves as anybody else), and cracked jokes and laughed with their friends and each other in order to prevent the indulgence of a less sturdy emotion; bells rang, trains started, and the weeping of the mothers, sisters and sweethearts reached a hysterical climax, after which they walked slowly homeward with doleful faces, trembling lips and red and puffy noses, giving



A Scene at Lytle, Georgia, During the Mobilization of Troops in the South

the "cut direct" to such of their young masculine friends as had decided to "stay at home and tend to business."

On the journey to the Southern camps the trains bearing the soldier-boys were surrounded at every stopping-place by an enthusiastic, howling mob, who not only shook hands with the soldiers, but furnished them with refreshments, and even gave them presents of money. All doubts regarding the unity of sentiment in the North and South were set at rest by the attitude of the South during this war, and it has been truthfully said that the war with Spain has done more to

soothe and banish lingering animosities between the two sections than could have been accomplished in any other way.

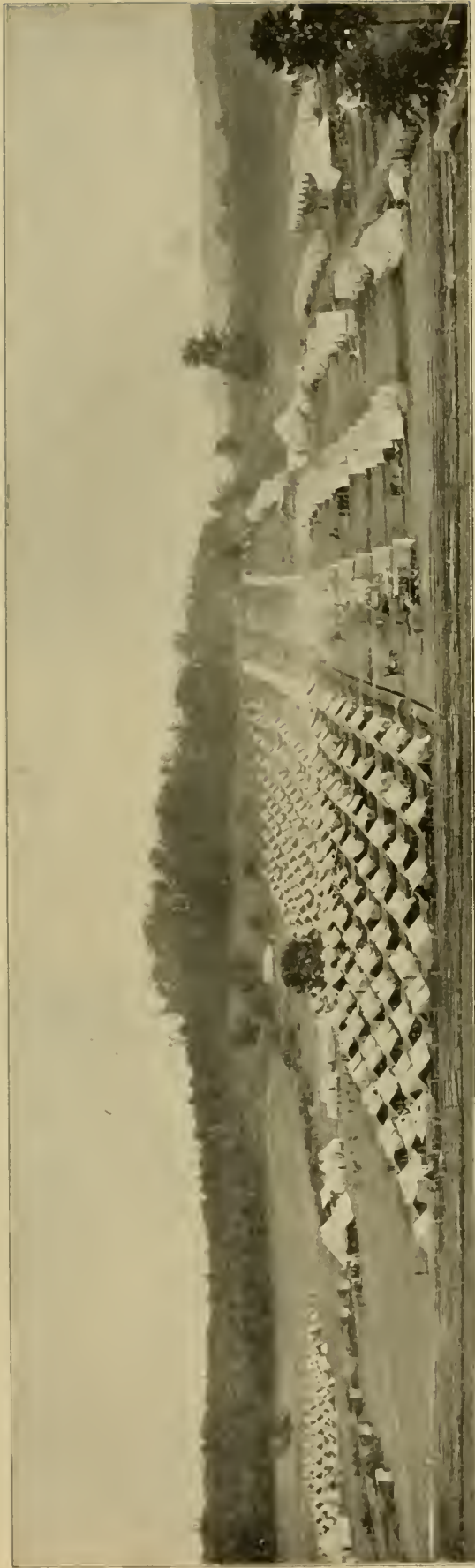
At Somerset, Kentucky, while the whole population of the village surrounded the train which was bearing the First Ohio Regiment southward, and gave vent to their enthusiasm by cheer after cheer, two old gray-haired fellows stood in the doors of their cabins a short distance away, each frantically waving a



The Rough Riders' Mascot



Lieutenant-Colonel John Jacob Astor, at Camp Alger



Tents of the Tenth Ohio and Thirty-fifth Michigan Regiments, at Camp Meade, Pennsylvania



Baggage-train of the Thirty-fourth Michigan Arriving at Camp Alger, Virginia



Mess in the Camp of the Second Missouri Volunteers

flag and cheering in a shrill falsetto. One of them was waving the Stars and Stripes; the other, who had but one arm, flourished the tattered flag under which he had lost his other member—the Confederate stars and bars.

At nearly all the stations there was a tremendous demand for "soldier buttons," and had the boys yielded to all the requests of the young women who sought to add to their button collections, they would have been obliged to fasten their clothes with nails in "Weary Willie" fashion, and would have had nothing but the memory of bewitching smiles to recompense them for the loss of their buttons.

One young woman at Somerset had advanced business ideas not possessed by most of her sex. She had beautiful, clustering anburn hair, sparkling eyes, rosy lips, a charming smile, a dimple in her chin, and ten packages of cigarettes. She was after buttons, and she brought all the before-mentioned forces to bear, one at a time, in the order named, in the pursuit of her object. When all else failed, a package of cigarettes was almost sure to secure the coveted button. When the train finally pulled out she had a dozen or more buttons, while some of her companions had not a single one. At Winfield, Tennessee, a shy, rosy-cheeked little mountain



Blacksmith-shop in the Camp of the Second Nebraska Volunteers



Company A, Ninth Ohio (Colored) Volunteers, at Camp Alger, Virginia

maiden walked slowly along by the side of the train, eagerly scanning the boys' faces. Finally she seemed to see a face that suited her, and stepping up to the open car-window, she blushing handed a large bouquet of pretty wild flowers to Sergeant Crandall, of Company H. Then she retreated in

confusion and stood several feet away fingering her gingham dress, but evidently still watching the sergeant. When he finally found a note concealed among the flowers and began to unfold it, her rout was complete, and she fled precipitately to the shelter of the ladies' waiting-room. The



A Company Kitchen and Cooks, at Camp Alger, Virginia



Guard-house of the Sixty-fifth New York, at Camp Alger, Virginia

note read: "Dear, brave soldiers, I am glad you are going to fight for our country." (Signed Nancy Jones, Winfield, Tennessee.)

Among the many strange scenes occurring in the South during the preparations for war, the following is related by a Mississippi man who was in New Orleans at the time:

"There was a regiment of Southern volunteers expected to pass through the city, and it seemed as if the whole population, men, women and children, had turned out to see 'em go through. In a way it was a pretty sad experience to the old-timers who remembered the war; sad because it brought back the memory of the privations and heartaches and terror of those days. When the first company appeared in their United States army uniform it might have been the signal for a wave of bitterness. But it wasn't. The crowd cheered the officers, cheered

the flag, and cheered the ranks. That wasn't the strangest part of it, though. Most of the men, as I say, wore the regular army uniform. A few of them were not fully equipped, having been ordered out in a hurry, but the general effect was all right. Suddenly, however, a company came along, and, upon my soul (I rubbed my eyes and looked twice to see if I wasn't dreaming), every man of them wore an old Confederate uniform! The crowd was as if every man in it had been struck dumb. Then, in a second, it broke into a yell that made the buildings rock. It seems that the company hadn't been able to get regular army uniforms before they started, so they had begged and borrowed a lot of old Confederate ones and come right along. They didn't mean to be going back to old prejudices in doing that. I don't know that I can explain it, but



Camp Kitchen of the First District of Columbia Regiment, at Camp Alger



A Court-martial at Camp Alger, Virginia

instead of going back they were bringing the past forward. They meant to make it plain that the old rebel uniform had become as loyal as the blue. And I think it was a fine thing to see them there, boys in

blue and boys in the gray; not simply fraternizing in reunions and making long speeches to say that the past is past, but tramping side by side, to fight shoulder to shoulder under the same flag and for the same country."



A Blacksmith-shop at Camp Alger, Virginia—Shoeing a Cavalry-horse



Reveille Roll-call at Half-past Five in the Morning—Company F of the First Connecticut, at Camp Alger, Virginia

74 Many of the volunteers had not been accustomed to early rising, and were roused from slumber only by the notes of the bugle or the beat of the drum summoning them to roll-call. Note the proud bearing of those who have been able to bring their packets with them, as compared with the hang-dog expression of those who have been compelled to appear *en deshabille*. The only persons in the ranks who seem to be completely dressed are the drummer-boy and the bugler, who were the cause of the trouble.



Guard-mount of the Seventh Illinois, at Camp Alger, Virginia

An Illinois man who had listened to the telling of the above story said, "You saw something of the war, did you?"

"I served four years in a Mississippi regiment," answered the story-teller.

A newspaper man chimed in with his experience:

"I don't think I ever realized that the war was over as I did the day the Seventy-first left Camp Black. I stood on the ridge waiting for the troops to come by; and when the band passed, what do you suppose it was playing? 'Dixie, as sure as you're born! Well, sir, it made a thrill run through me. To have a Northern regiment starting off to a real war to the tune which used to be the war-cry of their enemies well, say, you know you couldn't talk much about prejudice in the face of a thing like that!"

While the volunteers were going into camp at Chickamauga the following good story, which illustrates the democratic notions of most of the officers, was related of Colonel John Jacob Astor by a newspaper correspondent:

"War and its preparations recognize neither rank nor station in many of the queer phases incident to soldiering. A comical illustration was afforded on the evening train bringing from the camp officers, privates, camp-followers and others, who return to Chickamauga to spend the night in the city. A lively scramble to get aboard occurs when the train pulls into Battlefield Station, and in this pell-mell rush for seats no time is taken for selection of any particular coach, and it often happens that the well-worn smoker, dusty and travel-stained, will carry one raised on a private-car diet, and

a first-class coach will carry the quintessence of depraved colored humanity. General H. V. Boynton and Engineer Betts to-night struck the smoker, and were fortunate in obtaining two seats facing each other. In a moment the overflow from the other coaches surged into the car. In a seat opposite were two officers, and in a seat ahead were two newsboys of the yellowest stripe, and facing them was a captain of infantry, accompanied by a handsome and stylishly gowned lady. To the rear of the General and Colonel six gum-chewing negroesses filed into one seat. Separated from them by the back of a seat only was Colonel John Jacob Astor, accompanied by a fellow-officer. Colonel Astor, whose unassuming and thoroughly democratic manner since his arrival here has sent the stock of New York's 'four hundred' away above par, was not the least disconcerted by the strange company in which he found himself. As he 'sized up' the contingent ahead of him a smile overspread his features, and he remarked audibly, 'Rather warm riding for the girls.' His remark, intended for his companion, was taken as personal consideration by one of the party, who turned her head and opened conversation with the multi-millionaire, and he stood his ground like a soldier, exchanging a few words affably before resuming the reading of a newspaper which he had in his hand."

Camp life, as it proved to be, was doubtless a revelation and unquestionably a disappointment to many of the young volunteers who had enlisted with their minds filled with visions of generals' straps, and who had labored under the delusion that



Wagon-train of the Fifth Missouri Volunteers Arriving at Camp Alger, Virginia



Firing a Battery Salute at Van Cortlandt Park, New York

a camp of mobilization is a place where soldiers stand around and pose in graceful attitudes, have their pictures taken in their natty uniforms, and valiantly wait for chances to become heroes. Instead of these things they found that they had to get up earlier in the morning than they were accustomed to doing, and do the

most disagreeable kind of hard work throughout most of the hot, dusty day. The blistering heat, the swarming flies, the hot sand in the camp street, the insects, the damp dews on all clothing and camp paraphernalia each morning—all these things were very different from the natural conditions they had supposed must surround



A Group of Mess-mates at Camp Alger—Each One for Himself



Vaccinating for the Prevention of Yellow Fever, at Camp Alger, Virginia

a valiant soldier in camp. Then he had to chop fire-wood, pare potatoes and slice bacon, and there was scarcely a moment in the day when he was in fit condition to look soldier-like in a picture. He sadly reflected that there is nothing particularly inspiring about a man with a dirty shirt tied around his waist by the sleeves, and the tail serving for an apron while he stands by a pump and washes tin plates, cups and iron-handled knives and forks. During the only part of the day when it was cool enough to be comfortable he had to march out and drill up and down, up and down, and be told not to carry his gun as though it was a ham, and to throw out his chest, but not his stomach, and to pull in his chin, and not to swing his arms as he marched, and a lot of other things that he had not entertained in his visions. Then every few days he had to mount guard and pace up and down on his beat, hour after hour, until he was relieved. It was all very different from what he had supposed it would be, but he usually took it philosophically, and would not have "backed out" if afforded the opportunity.

A lady who was visiting General Shafter's camp at Tampa asked a soldier how he liked sleeping on the ground and roughing it generally. He replied:

"Oh, sleeping on the ground is all right. We have blankets, most of us, and there's not so much roughing as you'd think. Besides, we don't mind it when it's for our own country. Mother felt it badly when I came away, but she's all right now; and in her last letter she told me, now that I am a



Guarding the Water Supply at Camp Alger, Virginia



Major-General Graham Receiving a Visit from Governor Hastings, at Camp Meade, Pennsylvania

soldier, to act like a soldier. Our company has not had one boy in the guard-house as yet. There was one chap that came near to going to the state penitentiary for two years. He fell asleep when he was doing sentry. He was only a country lad, and had never handled a gun or stayed up late until that night. He was a sort of pal of mine, because the other boys grieved him for being a country boy, and he used to come to me for protection. He was scared nearly to death when he was taken before the colonel and found he had perpetrated an almost unpardonable crime in sleeping while on duty. The colonel let him off this time, only giving him a good talking to and lots of advice and warnings for the future. If we had been in Cuba instead of Florida, he would have been taken out and shot."

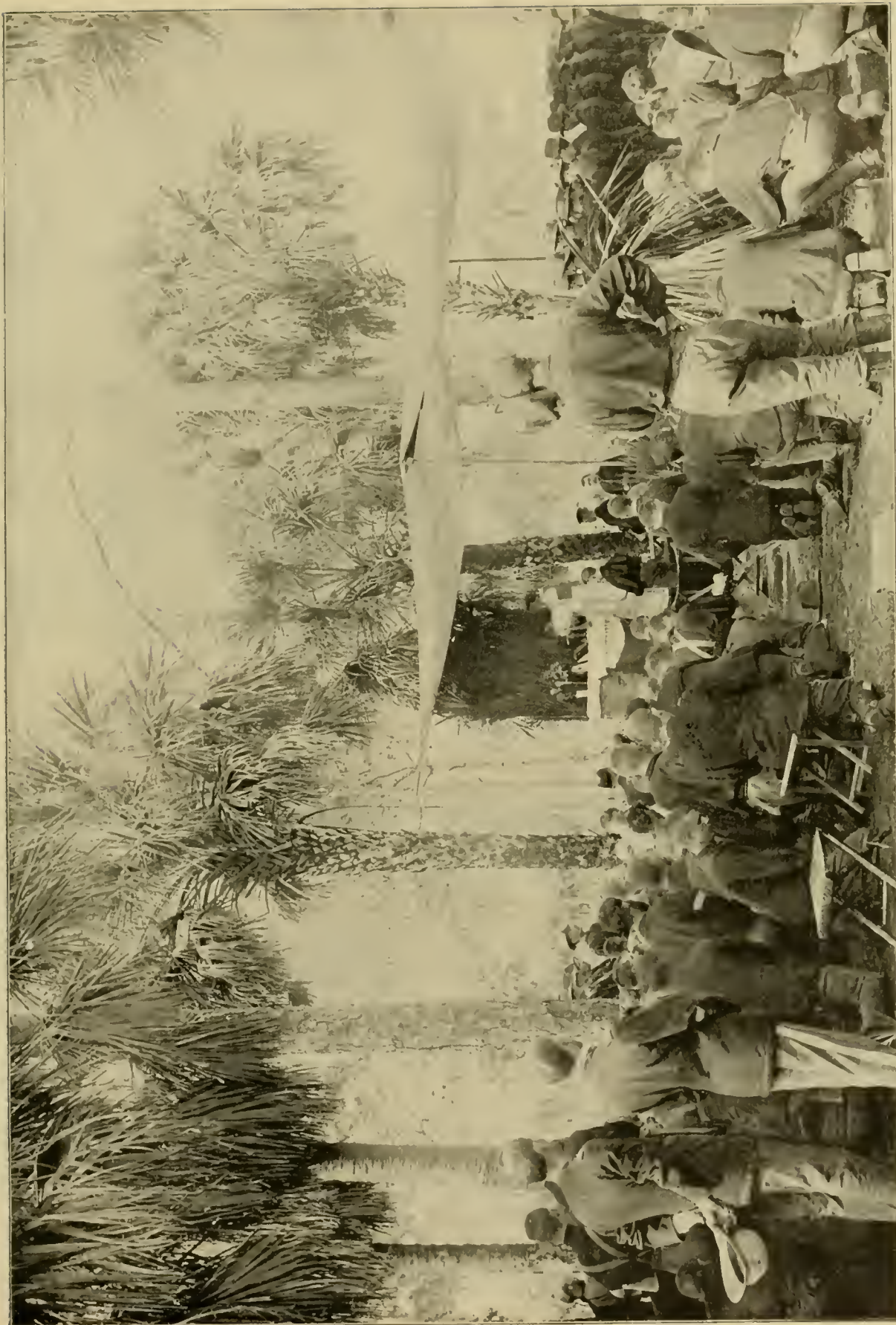
The young soldier told this story in a simple, matter-of-fact way, not seeming to realize that it embraced anything unusual at all.

A young officer, upon being questioned by the same lady regarding his opinion of camp life, replied:

"It ain't no picnic. I thought it was when I first came, but I'm getting that notion drove out of me now mighty fast. If it wasn't for the baskets of good things our folks send along I don't know what some of us boys'd do. There's hardly a day but what some of the fellows get boxes and baskets of stuff from their mothers or best girls,

and whoever gets it always 'divies' with the rest, and we're gradually getting used to army fare and learning what to expect. I couldn't eat rations at all at first, but I'm getting over that now, and I guess fat bacon and hard-tack are not so bad after all. Of course, the good victuals from home help us out and give us a chance to kind of 'ease off,' instead of quitting one sort of fare for another all at once. But I guess that after awhile we'll all get so that we really like our rations — what you might call an 'acquired taste,' I suppose."

The colored soldiers in camp, especially the regulars, received a great deal of admiration. They were nearly all great, stalwart fellows, above the usual height and weight, and were commonly called the "Black Giants." It will be remembered that these are the men who distinguished themselves by assisting the Rough Riders at an opportune time in the charge up San Juan hill, and if one wanted to stir up a rumpus in the camp of the Rough Riders all that was necessary was to say something disparaging of the colored fighters. Some of the colored volunteers did not present as soldierly an appearance as the regulars, but they were none the less picturesque and dignified, strutting about the camp in a manner imitable only by a negro in a uniform. They were apt scholars, too, and every little detail of discipline was carried out by them with a solemnity that was amusing though highly commendable.



Thirty-second Michigan Volunteers at Mass in the Camp at Tampa, Florida—Father Kelly Officiating



General Miles and Staff Visiting General Wheeler, at Tampa, Florida

A correspondent of a New York paper gives this account of his visit to the camp of a colored regiment in Georgia: "As I approached the camp a raw recruit on guard halted me. 'What yer want?' he asked. I replied that I wished

to make some photographs. He hesitated, and stammered. 'Wa'al, I specs yer better see de cap'n.' Then he turned to a comrade who was standing a few yards from him and yelled, 'Hyee, dar, Jim, go tell Cap'n Mularks to come yere!'



Colonel Melvin Grigsby and Brigade Staff, First Cavalry Brigade, First Army Corps



Wreck of the Train Carrying the First Missouri to Camp Alger, Virginia

"The captain came, invited me in, and quietly gave the sentinel the proper instructions in regard to the calling of the corporal. As I left the camp a man was detailed to see me across the lines and prevent the zealous but untaught sentinel from injuring me. The sentinel that we met this time boldly challenged, and the conversation which followed was this:

"'Halt!'

"'Ain't I done halted?'

"'Who comes dere?'

"'Russ Wade.'

"'Whut comp'ny yer b'long ter?'

"'Comp'ny G, Cap'n Mularks.'

"'Who's dat widger?'

"'De photograph drawer, pass by de order of de corporal.'

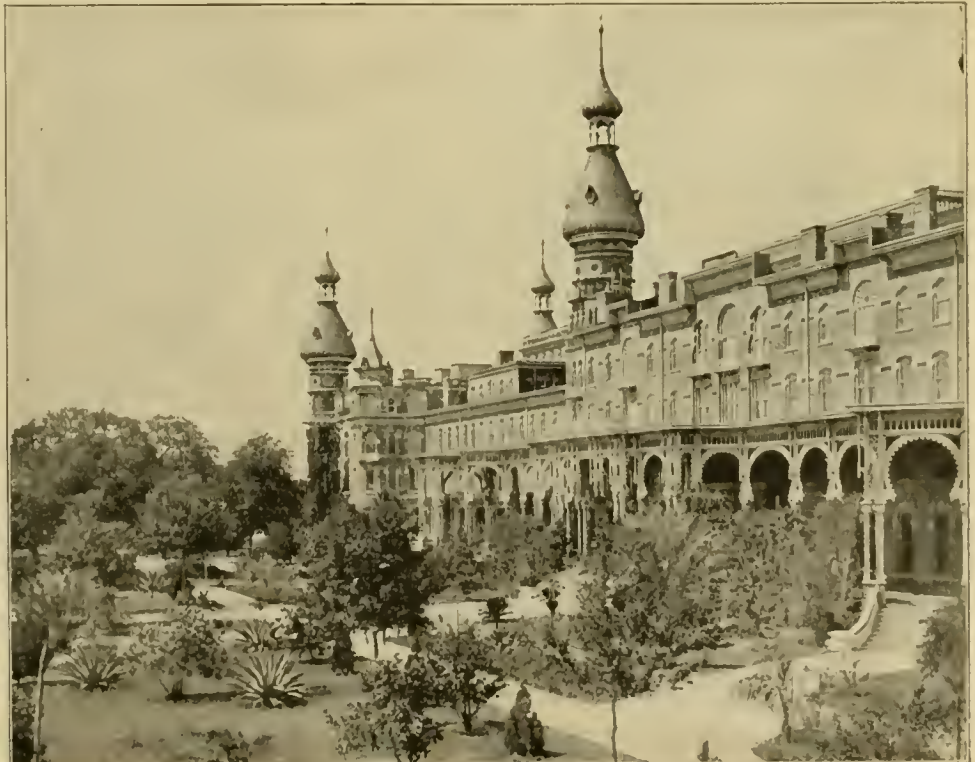
"'Pass, Comp'ny G and photograph drawer; you are recanized by yer fren!'

"My guide learned from this what to do, and when we passed another sentinel, at the field hospital, he immediately said:

"'Comp'ny G, corporal and photograph drawer, pass by order Cap'n Mularks.'"

Influences both good and bad had their places in the camps, and were supported by those favorable to them. Many regiments had their "canteen" which is simply the army name for saloon—and the proprietors of some of these places made a considerable sum of money. Some of them, however, were owned by the entire regiment, the capital for starting the enterprise being raised by assessment, and the profits, outside of the bar-keeper's salary, reverting to the "stockholders" as

a "dividend." Often these "canteens" were more than the name implied, selling all sorts of supplies aside from "wet goods," and thus being a great convenience and benefit. While the boys of course knew better than to allow themselves to become intoxicated in a military camp and while waiting the opportunity for military duty, still the amount of liquor they consumed was not small, and it is questionable if any of them were better soldiers thereafter. The generally accepted opinion among intelligent people is that alcohol is more or less damaging to the human system; and there are a great many people who would like to know what construction the government would prefer to have placed on its conduct in permitting the open sale of harmful stimulants to its soldiers, or what good reason it can give for not suppressing an evil that is demoralizing, to say the least.



Tampa Bay Hotel—Headquarters of the United States Army at Tampa, Florida



The Regimental Band of the Third Missouri, at Camp Alger, Virginia

But moral agencies were likewise at work in the camps, and did not fail to accomplish in some measure their designs. Chief among these was the Young Men's Christian Association. This practical and businesslike moral agency did not limit its ministrations to the distribution of tracts or the preaching of sermons. They erected a large tent in the camp, provided places and materials for writing letters, and supplied newspapers and other reading matter to the soldiers. It is said that some of the soldiers declared they would as soon get along without the commissary department as without the Young Men's Christian Association. Many of the commissioned officers stood firmly with the association in its work and gave them valuable assistance. An instance is shown in the fact that General Boynton publicly

stated that he considered the Young Men's Christian Association the very best thing in the whole camp, while General Lee went still further and requested the War Department to provide for the sending of the Young Men's Christian Association to Cuba with the rest of the army.

Scenes subsequent to the war were not less interesting than those preceding. Although hostilities were suspended on August 12th, and most of the army in Cuba was returned to the United States, mustering out was a slow process, and the gallant soldier boys had another taste of camp life which was even less enjoyable than the first. The novelty had worn off, and they knew exactly what it meant to be a soldier and fight in a strange land. The glamour which had at first surrounded the thought had vanished and everything



The Boys of the Signal Corps at Mess, at Camp Alger, Virginia



General Fred Grant in His Tent, Consulting With Major Glasford, of the Signal Corps



A Regimental Carpenter-shop, at Camp Alger, Virginia



Acrobatic Diversion, at Camp Alger, Virginia

was decidedly realistic and uncomfortable. To make matters worse, there was disease to contend against. Lying in the trenches around Santiago in the pouring rains and fierce suns was a trying experience for the boys who had been raised in the cold Northern states, and yellow fever found ready access to the ranks. Hospital accommodations were necessarily limited, and medical attendance was scarce. The Red Cross Society did valiant service, but many a brave boy in blue reached the shores of his native land only to die from disease and neglect. Such occurrences caused a great deal of agitation in the public mind, and many officers and departmental executives were charged through the press with official incompetence and neglect. An official investigation was inaugurated, but it was very hard to locate the blame, and but little ever resulted from the effort to do so.

But in spite of discomforts and privations the soldier boys did not mope or despair, and few of them did any grumbling. The Rough Riders in their camp (Wickoff) at Montauk Point, Long Island, were as frisky as a lot of boys let out of school for recess. It was difficult to think that these rollicking, happy-go-lucky young fellows were the same who, with stern, set faces, had thrilled the world by their desperate charge up San Juan hill in Cuba. The regiment was composed mostly of what would ordinarily be considered the most opposite types of American manhood—cowboys from the plains and society men from New York—but in their uniforms no one could tell which was which. Previous to



Bathing Cavalry-horses in Chickamauga Creek, Chickamauga, Tennessee



Officers' Mess at Camp Alger, Virginia

the war it had been freely intimated that cow-boys and dudes wouldn't fraternize and that there would be continual trouble in the regiment; and therein everybody was mistaken, and it became evident that aside from the outer veneer applied by surroundings American manhood is the same everywhere, and that first-class fighting stock is found in the counting-

room, in the factory, on the farm, or astride a bucking broncho on the Western plains. Those who had predicted that the New-Yorkers would irritate the Westerners by their superior airs, and that the Westerners would aggravate the New-Yorkers by their "wild and woolly" propensities, stood aghast when they beheld former New York "chappies"



The Barber-shop of the Thirty-second Michigan, at Camp Alger, Virginia



Governor Voorhees and the First New Jersey, at Camp Alger, Virginia

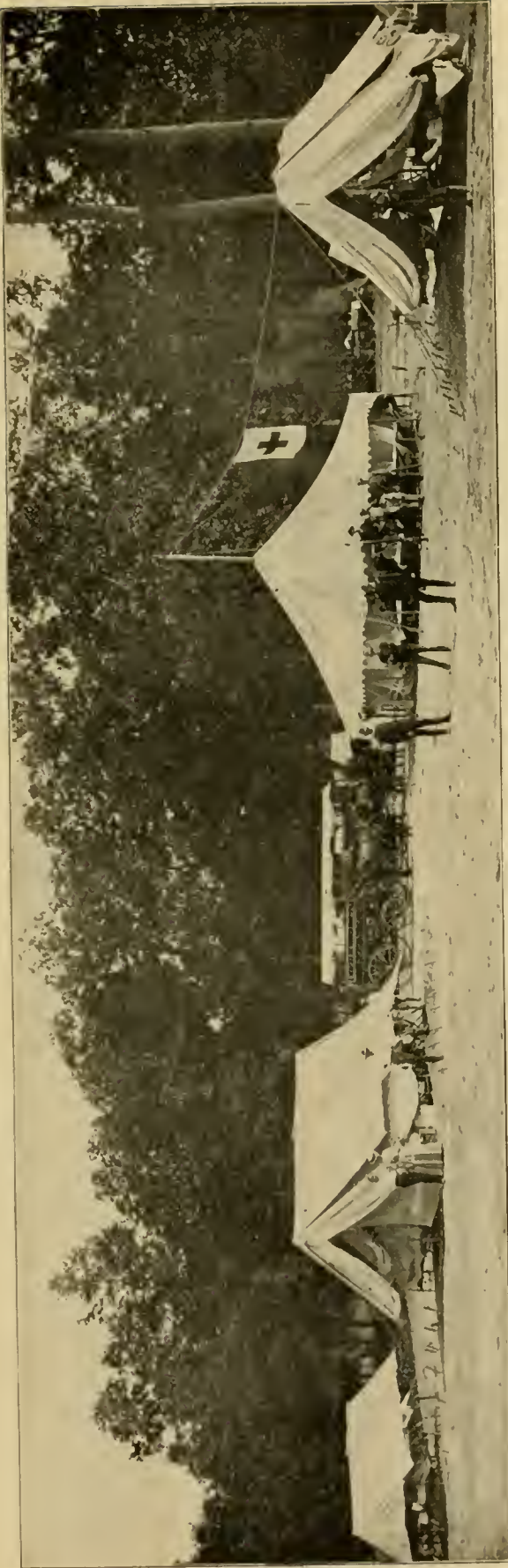
Governor Voorhees in the Center, in Shirt-sleeves

astride of wildly leaping broncho ponies, swinging their hats and yelling like Comanches while leading a contingent of Westerners in some harum-scarum piece of deviltry of which their New York friends "would never have believed them capable, don't you know." It was no less astounding to find men from New Mexico and Wyoming who were evidently not entirely ignorant of society and its usages, and who, when engaged in conversation, showed evidence of a large amount of education and refinement. It is not exaggerating to assert that the war has done nearly as much toward making the East and West understand each other as it has toward banishing animosity between the North and South.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, of the Rough Riders, mingled with his men at Montauk, and, figuratively speaking, watched them out of the corner of his eye with apparent calm, but actually not without considerable misgivings. He saw these robust, healthy fellows from the West becoming restless under a restraint to which they had never been accustomed; he saw those nervy dudes from New York going to excesses in the enjoyment of what they considered their first and last emancipation from high collars and society's forms; he saw the whole crowd fidgeting and fuming about the camp, looking for an outlet for surplus energy and spirits. They made life a burden to all other regiments near them. The mere suggestion of any wild prank was enough to insure its execution. If nothing else offered they would accuse one of their own

number of some trivial offense, and his punishment was immediate and certain, tossing in a blanket being the most common form. They were becoming more unruly every day, and yet there wasn't a really bad character in the lot. They were simply so full of energy and animal spirits that they had to work it off somehow. But Roosevelt saw how it would terminate unless it was checked in some way, and so he announced that he would make a speech. Nothing could suit the men better than to hear Teddy talk, and they were all on hand at the stated time. They didn't know what they were going to hear, but they soon found out. Their leader quietly reviewed the campaign in Cuba, mentioned the prominent part they had taken in it, and referred to the honor and gratitude the nation was ready to bestow upon them. Then he gently requested them not to spoil, by their outlandish pranks in camp, the reputation so dearly won on the field of battle. They listened to him soberly, and after that they thought more and did less, and before they disbanded they made "Teddy's Rough Riders" a permanent organization, for the honor of which every member stands ready to sacrifice any worldly advantage or condition.

President McKinley, with Vice-President Hobart and a small party of friends, visited Camp Wikoff and made a round of the hospital tents, presumably for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not the stories of neglect and incompetence with which the newspapers were teeming had any foundation in fact. He was escorted through



The Regimental Hospital of the First Illinois Cavalry



Governor Pingree Visiting the Thirty-second Michigan
The Governor in the Center, with White Vest



Company M, First Rhode Island Volunteers, at Camp Alger, Virginia

the camp by Major-General Joseph Wheeler, spending a greater portion of his time in investigating the sanitary conditions and observing to what extent the sick and wounded soldiers were cared for. The President seemed very well satisfied with the results of his visit, and although he openly expressed no conclusive opinion, it is not to be supposed that he did not reach definite conclusions in his own mind as to whether or not medical attendance and hospital facilities in the camp were as good as could reasonably be expected under the circumstances.

Visitors to Camp Wilcox were elaborately entertained by stories of the war glibly told by the Rough Riders. Their doughty colonel's speech had limited their actions, but he could not limit their vivid and fantastic imaginations nor curb their powers of loquacity. Their chief amusement, aside from parlooming chickens and other provender from other regiments, was spinning yarns to country visitors to the camp and seeing their eyes bulge with wonder.

"What wuz th' tightest fix you wuz in?" asked one countryman of a big fellow the hue of whose yellow uniform and sandy complexion beautifully blended.

"At San Juan," responded the Rough Rider, "I had mislaid the rest of the troops somewhere and was tryin' t' hunt 'em when I came onto a bunch ov seven 'Spaniels,' all armed to the eyebrows. As soon as they seen me they separated an' surrounded me. I was scared from bangs t' boots, but I determined t' die game. So I ups with my gun an' aims at the lieutenant in charge. I pulled th' trigger, an' my hand wabbled so that that bullet went all around th' circle an' killed four ov th' Spaniels and wounded three others. Then I lit out."

Said another Terror: "In th' hottest part of th' battle of San Juan hill I was ridin' my pet horse, Pete. Pete's trained in all kinds ov monkey business, an' every time he seen a cannon-ball or a bullet comin' our way he'd jest hump hisself, buck, chuck me inter the air, an' then lay down quick as a wink, an' let the shot pass atween us.

"Purty soon th' bullets came so quick that they looked like a long ramrod, they wuz so clus t'gether. Pete seed it an' he gev a mighty buck. I went up, an' as I passed th' limb ov a tree I grabbed it, pulled myself in an' hid behind th' trunk. Pete looked

up at me disgusted-like, as if to say, 'I didn't know yu had enny white blood in yer veins!' an' instid ov layin' down stooed stock still an' wuz shot clean through by one ov them concalynation ov bullets. It wuz twict as long as he wuz, an' I bruk ther ends off an' found they wuz single bullets strung t'gether.

"That reminds me," said another, "of how thick th' bullets wuz that day. I had mother's Bible in my pocket, an' suddenly I felt something strike it. There was a same bullet eleven times that day, and every time I fired it it struck another bullet comin' my way, and kerching! it came back to mother's Bible."

"Show 'em th' bullet, Mike," said a comrade. Mike produced a flattened bullet, and his auditors viewed it with awe.

When asked to show the Bible Mike said that it had been shot so often it was all shot away but a big hole, which he had framed and sent home.

A brawny Rough Rider called Silas told how he'd had the best milk-punch he ever drank, at the El Caney rumpus. Said he:

"I had a small flask of rock and rye, which I always carried in my pocket to guard against throat trouble. In the thick of the fight I took out the bottle, uncorked it, and was about taking a drink when the bottle was smashed, and I swallowed about a quart of as good milk-punch as I ever surrounded."

"How d'y' count fur that?" asked a countryman. "The same bullet that struck my bottle had hit a cow that stood in front of me!"

said Silas, without moving an eyelash of remorse.

"Wuz enny ov you fellers wounded?" asked one of the congregation. "That's th' strangest part ov all," said the first relator. "'Goin' up San Juan hill us six fellers wuz marchin' in Indian file. I wuz in front, Silas wuz just behind me, an' then came th' others. Suddenly I felt a twinge on my left arm.

"'I'm hit!' I sings out.

"'So'm I!' yells Silas.

"'So'm I!' howls th' four others in turn.



The Frolicsome Rough Riders at Camp Wikoff, Montauk Point, Long Island—a Toss-up

"B' jinks, the same bullet had winged every mother's kiyoodle ov us. Show up, fellers!"

Six tawny left arms were bared, and just above each elbow was a scar—a vaccination-mark.

While the American people can become very enthusiastic in the prosecution of a just war, they are none the less jubilant over the return of honorable peace. After the protocol had been signed and measures looking to permanent peace were well under way, nothing short of public jubilation could satisfy the American sense of satisfaction at the outcome. The cities of Chicago, New York and Philadelphia each planned and prepared a great "peace jubilee," besides which there were many similar demonstrations on a smaller scale by minor cities. Inclement weather in both Chicago and New York disappointed the hopes of the promoters of the celebrations in those places, it seeming that Nature had resolved not to favor either of those rival cities above

the other. However, in Philadelphia, the "City of Brotherly Love," when the week of the grand demonstration came the weather was all that could be desired. The city was gorgeously decorated for the event, a great triumphal arch and court of honor were erected opposite the City Hall, and arrangements were made for grand pageants and parades. President and Mrs. McKinley were present, as were other public men and prominent officials from cities and states other than Pennsylvania. The military parade was one of the grandest spectacles which has ever occurred in this country. President McKinley, in speaking of it afterward, took occasion to say: "It was a pageant the like of which I do not believe has been seen in this country since the close of the great Civil War, when the army of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan and the navy of Dupont, Dahlgren and Porter gave the grand review in the capital city of the nation." The Philadelphia demonstration was not only a military



A View of Camp Wikoff, Montauk Point, Long Island



Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, of the Rough Riders
Inaugurated Governor of New York State in January, 1899

and civic parade, but a naval review as well. In the Delaware River in front of the city were the Texas, the New Orleans, the Columbia, the Marblehead, the torpedo-boat Winslow (upon which Ensign Bagley lost his life), the famous fighting Gloucester (formerly J. Pierpont Morgan's pleasure-yacht Corsair), and many other craft whose records are interesting and whose officers were assigned to places of honor in the grand military parade which followed the naval review by Secretary Long.

Major-General Miles, commander of the United States Army, started the parade and occupied a position at its head. When the time for the start arrived the General surprised those near him by merely glancing up and down the formation for a moment, then at his watch, and finally saying, simply, "Let 'er go." And she went.

When the General, riding at the very head of the procession, reached the Union League Club, where President McKinley was seated next to the Secretary of War and Generals Shafter and Chaffee, besides several members of the Cabinet, high officials of the War Department and foreign officers from Great Britain, Russia and Japan, he wheeled his spirited roan charger about and saluted the chief of the army and navy with the point of his sword. The President gravely returned the salute with a bow. At the flash of the sword a mighty roar went up from the thousands of people packed on the grand-stand and along the street, and the cheer was taken up from block to block, until it had traveled along the entire length of the parade. Even more tumultuous was the cheering that greeted Major-General Wheeler, in a black slouch hat and black cape, sitting a full-bred black charger like the ideal cavalry leader that he is. He was greeted with vociferous acclamations, such as "You are a fighter, old Joel!" or "You are the stuff, you old rebel!" But the old general, bowed down by

the recent death of his favorite son, never moved a muscle, not even when the President of the nation arose from his seat and waved his hat at him. General Wheeler's chosen escort, the Rough Riders, was led by Adjutant Keyes, of the First Volunteer Cavalry. It was a mere handful of men, on sorry mounts and without accoutrements, but the incessant cheering that arose all along the line, to be taken up finally by President McKinley himself, was enough surely to warm the heart of every one of those men shivering in their stained fatigue uniforms of cheap yellow duck.

The first organization in line was the Twenty-first United States Infantry, which, while on the firing-line at Santiago, sang "The Star-spangled Banner" in a way that depressed the Spanish heart. Behind them came four troops of the Tenth Cavalry, colored—the men who fought beside the Rough Riders in the first battle of the advance on Santiago, and earned the hearty respect of every white man who has the possibilities of a soldier in him. The reception they got was more enthusiastic and spontaneous than fell to the lot of any other command in the long line of march. After another detachment of artillery, consisting of Light Battery F of the Fifth Artillery, came a rear-guard of regular cavalry, six hundred mounted troopers of the gallant Third, who distinguished themselves at El Caney, in Cuba.

Between the regulars and the volunteers marched the navy brigade, preceded by Commodore Philip and Captains Evans and Jewell of the Texas, Iowa and Columbia, with the other commanders of war-ships in the harbor, all in carriages. Captain Sigsbee, who commanded, rode a gray horse, which proved so restive an animal that the gallant captain found difficulty in returning the President's salute.

As the last of the Jack Tars swept by with arms at port a mighty noise went up, and through a mass of fluttering white handkerchiefs and flags came a tally-ho with the heroes of the sunken Merrimac. There were shrill screams of "Hobson, Hobson!" and a slight young man in civilian's clothes was



Taking Sick Soldiers from an Ambulance-wagon



The President Meets a Sister of Charity at Camp Wikoff

seen to bow right and left, lifting his derby hat, while once more the President joyously waved his hat as he recognized a hero of the nation.

The seven thousand volunteers from Camp Meade, Pennsylvania, commanded by General Graham, made an imposing appearance as they marched by. Among them were the colored Ninth Ohio, led by colored officers, and of Pennsylvania troops the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Ninth, Twelfth, Sixteenth, Nineteenth and Twentieth Regiments of the line, besides the old State Fencibles and Second City Troopers. The comic element was furnished by the Two Hundred and First, of New York, with a seven-foot drum-major whose acrobatic feats with the baton were such that even the President laughed heartily when he beheld the agile antics of the man.

Impressiveness was given to the parade by the contingent of grizzled old veterans of the Civil War, who marched three thousand strong. A pathetic hush, followed by a ringing cheer, greeted these bent old heroes as they marched by, proudly holding their faded and bullet-scarred battle-flags aloft and returning cheer for cheer. When they paused before the grand-stand, grouped their tattered flags and dipped them in a unanimous salute to the chief of the nation, President McKinley involuntarily rose from his seat and respectfully, almost reverently, with bared head, returned the salute of his old comrades-in-arms, and the flag under which, with them, he had fought to preserve the nation from severance.

National and racial societies of many countries of Europe followed, and there was a strong Chinese contingent that bore a banner inscribed "We Helped Dewey." (Quite a number of Chinese servants of the Pacific fleet did effective service in the powder divisions of our ships in the Manila fight.) One of the most significant and suggestive features of the parade were groups of real Hawaiians and Filipinos, who rode on floats designed to represent the resources and development of their respective countries, and who bore themselves in a manner which plainly showed that they appreciated their own and their countries' importance and the interest which they created.

Two men were lacking to make the list of newly discovered heroes complete and the celebration as great as it might have been. And it seemed as though the lack was felt by everybody, and that the absent heroes occupied a place in everybody's thoughts. President McKinley himself named one of them when he remarked, "I wish George Dewey was here. It all seems incomplete without him." The crowd named the other absent one, and as the Rough Riders marched by kept the air filled with cries of "Where's Teddy?" And all Americans are ready to admit that any triumphal gathering in this country commemorative of deeds of valor on sea or land is incomplete without these two picturesque and thoroughly American figures, who occupy so large a place in our history and in the hearts of the American people.

A literary New-Yorker who was present not only coincided with every one else in expressing a feeling of regret for the absence of Dewey and "Teddy," but allowed his thoughts to go still further, and exclaimed, "But most of all there is need of a Rudyard Kipling to sing another 'Recessional' to our peans of peace lest we, too, forget—lest we forget."

While the United States honors her sons who are worthy, and while all true citizens seem anxious to bestow "honor where honor is due," yet the above emotionally expressed sentiment may not be without foundation. In this age heroes do not create the furor in the world that they once did. The world is larger than of yore, and competition has even entered into the catalogue of desperate valor and heroic action. The world has heroes to spare, and so it is not strange that some should wish to erect a lasting tablet of memory—"lest we forget." But deeper thought dispels the fear, for "though we may forget the singer we cannot forget the song;" and though the personal acts which have won a people's plaudits may become dim in the memory of



Four Red Cross Nurses—the First to Go to Cuba



Triumphal Arch Erected in Philadelphia for Her Great Peace Jubilee

future generations, their results will be seen in the composition of world-wide society and civilization; though the now familiar portraits may in some future age fail to be recognized, they will grace a page of history wherein is chronicled the



Philadelphia's Triumphal Arch and Court of Honor Illuminated by Electricity

story of a war the like of which the world never saw before—a war prosecuted without hatred, malice or desire for revenge or gain; a war absolutely noble, strictly unselfish, and almost deific in its objective attitude. It is creditable for a nation to fight in its own defense; and yet dogs do no less. A conflict for the establishment of simple justice is always commendable; but how much more so is a positive loosening of the chains of torturous oppression which have bound another people, unhappy and helpless. In our war with Spain persecution has been throttled, the starving have been fed, the naked clothed, and great countries which for centuries have lain dormant under the bans of cruelty and bigotry have been thrown open to the influences of progress and enlightenment. By the result the world is made better, happier, and bestows her blessing upon those who have executed the seemingly divine edict. The world remembers, and therefore we shall not—cannot—forget.

And what justification for her acts is it within Spain's power to submit to a critical world? For ages she has antagonized development and enlightenment, temporal or spiritual, and it is but fitting that she should sink to oblivion in the pit which she in malice dug for others. She is her own victim—a theological bankrupt. The natural home of the Inquisition, her bigotry made her cruel, her ignorance increased her bigotry; the former owner of half the world, she now sits amid the ruins of her vanished grandeur, broken, impoverished. There is no honor in whipping Spain; but joy is the result of duty done.



General Wheeler Escorting the President and Vice-President Through Camp Wikoff



Section of the Grand Street Parade at Philadelphia's Peace Jubilee



Rear-Admiral George Dewey



Rear-Admiral Winfield S. Schley



Rear-Admiral William T. Sampson



Captain Philip, of the Texas



Captain Pillsbury, of the Vesuvius



Commander F. W. Dickens



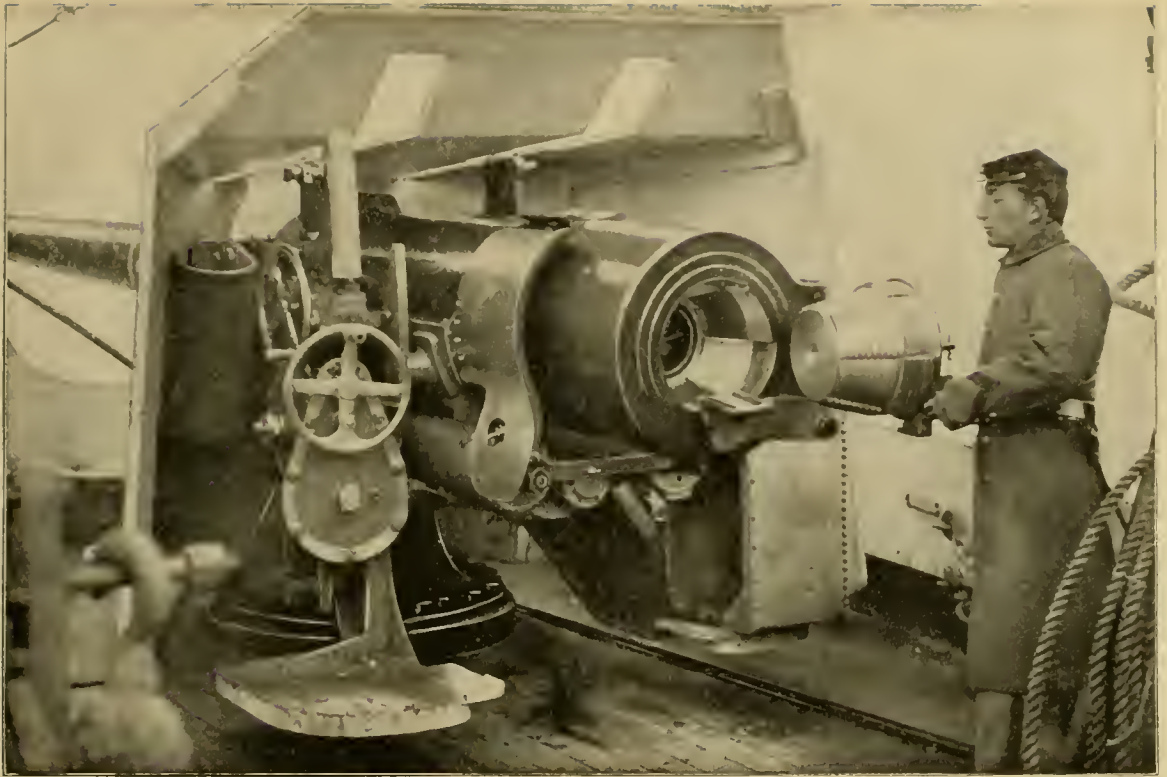
Rear-Admiral C. S. Norton



Rear-Admiral J. G. Walker



Rear-Admiral Montgomery Sicard



One of the Five-inch Guns On the New Orleans

THE NAVY

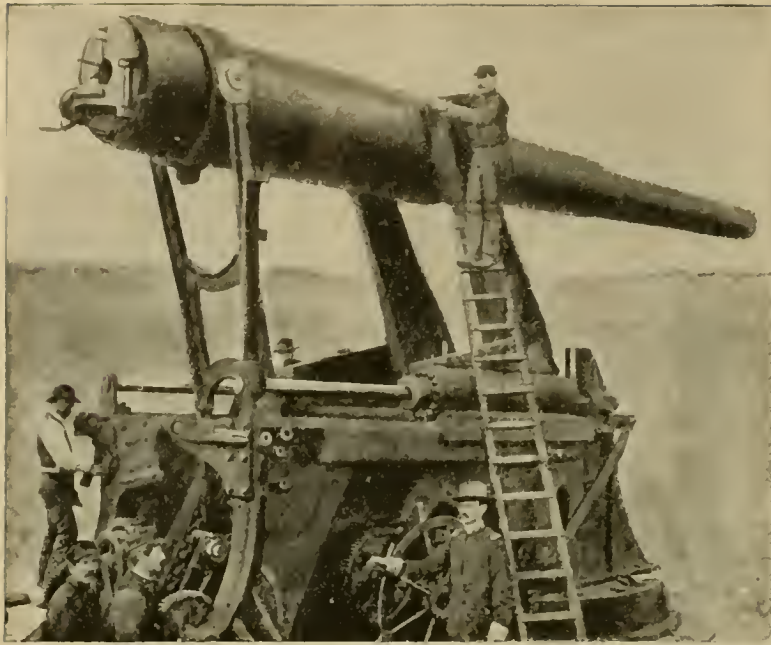
Facts and Incidents Concerning Our Ships and Seamen

AT the time when diplomatic relations between the United States and Spain began to assume a serious aspect, or, to speak more definitely, about the time the world was horrified by the destruction of the battleship *Maine* in Havana harbor, and soon after our President had been basely maligned in a letter written by the Spanish minister, Señor Enrique Dupuy DeLome, the United States navy was, to the average American as well as to most foreigners, a very indefinite proposition. In fact, the general impression prevailed that we had no navy worth mentioning; and many congressmen had gained popularity with their constituents by strenuously opposing propositions for appropriations for the enlargement of the navy, declaring that we had no real use for a first-class navy; that our strength lay in defensive power, etc., seemingly forgetful of the fact that we had a Monroe Doctrine to support, as well as thousands of miles of our own coast to look after. Whenever the newspapers chronicled the building of a three-million-dollar battleship or an expensive cruiser, it was immediately followed by vituperative criticism, and the declaration from various quarters that such expenditures were an unjust drain upon the people and resources of the country. It was a favorite

assertion that the ships were of no account save to serve as palatial touring craft for lazy and overfed naval officers. It is comforting to think that during all these years—while Peace smiled benignly on our land—Providence or unuttered official wisdom in some quarter succeeded in keeping our naval affairs in the hands of men who knew that they worked to a purpose and not in vain, and who, in spite of all the grumblings of disgruntled newspapers and small-caliber politicians, were able, at the proper moment in the hour of need, to draw aside the curtain and show to a wondering nation a navy worthy of their pride and confidence: not the



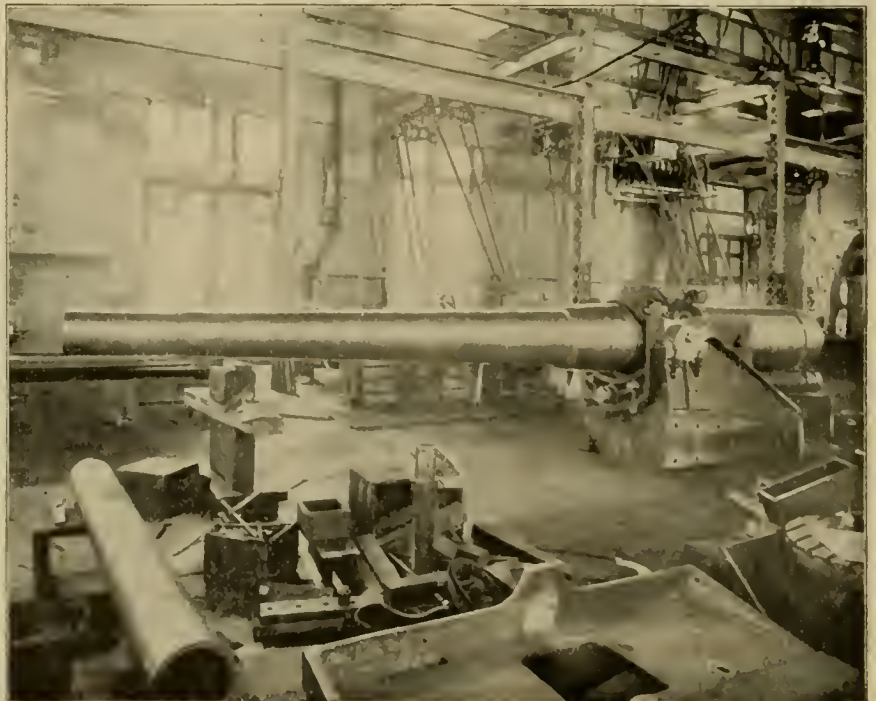
Gun-drill and Distribution of Arms on Board the Newark



One of the Huge Disappearing Coast-defense Guns at Sandy Hook, New York

The battleship Oregon, which was on the Pacific coast, was ordered to Key West by way of Cape Horn. Leaving San Francisco March 19th, she arrived at Jupiter Inlet, Florida, on May 24th, covering a distance of over thirteen thousand miles without a mishap, and played an important part in the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet. At the first intimation of hostilities the North Atlantic Fleet, under the command of Admiral Montgomery Sicard, was ordered into Southern waters, and anchored at Key West, Florida. When the declaration of war came this fleet, now commanded by Acting-Admiral William T. Sampson, was ordered to establish a blockade of Havana and other ports on the northern coast of Cuba—from Cardenas to Bahia Honda—and Cienfuegos on the south coast. Later Admiral Sampson, taking the more heavily armed and armored war-vessels of the blockading fleet, bombarded the fortifications of San Juan, Porto Rico, thoroughly testing their capacity for defense. As soon as it became known that the Spanish Cape Verde Fleet was in West Indian waters, supposedly for the purpose of raising the blockade and relieving the Spanish forces in Cuba with supplies and ammunition, and perhaps bombarding some American coast cities, Commodore W. S. Schley, commanding the Flying Squadron, was ordered from Hampton Roads to West Indian waters to cooperate with Admiral Sampson in intercepting and destroying this fleet, which was blockaded in the narrow-necked harbor of Santiago, in the southeastern part of Cuba, and destroyed while attempting to escape, Sunday, July 3, 1898.

When war opened the Asiatic Squadron, under command of Commodore George Dewey, had been sent to the Philippine Islands with orders to capture or destroy the Spanish fleet located there. Every American school-boy now knows "what Dewey did," and how thoroughly he carried out his orders. Previous to the battle of Manila our naval strength was an untried factor of our defensive equipment, and the nation anxiously awaited the outcome of the trial. Dewey had cut the cables in order to prevent Spanish communication, and dispatches were slow in coming. A sigh of relief went up over the land when news of the almost incredible victory arrived, and as the details of the great battle were received a grateful nation went wild with enthusiastic joy. A vote of thanks and a rear-admiral's commission were presented to Commodore Dewey by Congress, and popular sentiment bubbled over and filled the newspapers with song and alleged poetry, of which the following is a fair sample:



In the Washington Navy-yard—a Thirteen-inch Gun Nearing Completion

largest navy in the world, but second to none in equipment or discipline; not the most ships, but the best ships; not the greatest number of guns, but the most powerful and of latest pattern. A navy whose officers are gentlemen and statesmen, capable of meeting the boasted navies of Europe in the most intricate maneuvers of warfare, or of successfully adjusting a nation's rights through the devious paths of diplomatic argument. Men who selected their calling from choice, were educated and trained for it, and have won advancement through industry and valor, and not through partisan favoritism or hereditary good fortune. A navy manned by the best seamen in the world, and by gunners whom, it is said, the Spaniards afterward declared could hit a ten-cent piece ten miles away.

And so, when the war-clouds began to lower our navy was much sooner prepared for service than were the land forces. At that time the navy was divided into many squadrons and scattered in various localities over the world. We had a squadron in the Atlantic Ocean, a Pacific Squadron, an Asiatic Squadron, at Hong Kong, besides vessels at other places about the globe which took no part in the war.



Religious Services On Board the Texas, Conducted by Chaplain Jones

Oh, dewy was the morning upon that first of May,
 And Dewey was the Admiral down in Manila Bay;
 And dewy were the Regent's eyes—those royal eyes of
 blue—

And do we feel discouraged? I do not think we do!

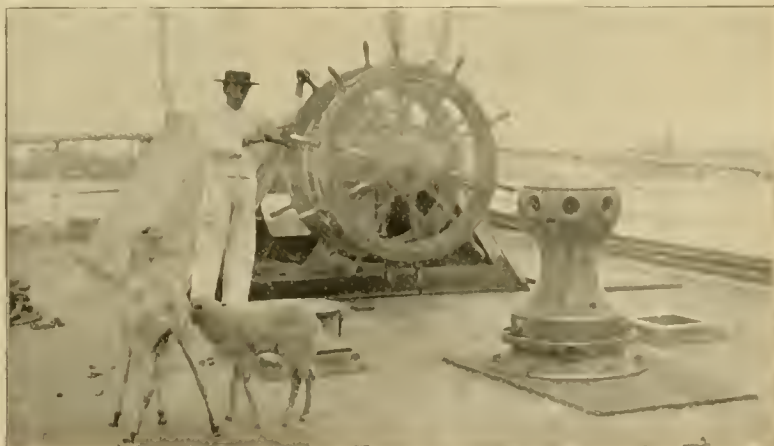
The acts performed by each branch and even each ship of the United States navy assuming a part in the struggle is now known to the world, to say nothing of the various demonstrations of personal bravery among officers and men which have received their just meed of praise and substantial reward.

The United States naval victories may be accounted for largely on the same basis as those on land—the individual superiority of each American over each Spaniard. Previous to the battle of Manila the valor of American seamen was held in very light esteem by Europeans. They pretty generally admitted that the Americans were good seamen, but declared that they were merely a lot of traders; furthermore, that their ships were manned by descendants from European nations—a mongrel set, who could have no great interest in America, and who would not risk their lives fighting against the valorous Spaniards, but would in all probability desert the ships as soon as the first gun was fired. An evidence of the opinion held by the Spaniards is shown by the following, taken from the proclamation which Captain-General Augusti, of the Philippines, promulgated as soon as he received the word from Hong Kong that Dewey was coming:

"The North American people, constituted of all social excrescences, have exhausted our patience and provoked war by their perfidious machinations, their acts of treachery, their outrages against the laws of nations and international conventions. The struggle will be short and decisive. [How well he prophesied!] The god of victories will give us one as brilliant and complete as the righteousness and justice of our cause demand. Spain, which counts upon the sympathies of all nations, will emerge triumphant from this new test, humiliating and blasting the hopes of the adventurers from



"Mr. Riley," the Mascot of the Texas



Two of the Mascots of the Buffalo—a Pair of Brazilian Sheep



Spinning a Yarn—Scene On One of Our Old-fashioned War-ships

her vessels have been relegated to the junk-pile. Fortunately for us, large smoke-stacks and the petty pride of the Yankees cannot frighten us, especially when we know through themselves that all the chief officers of the navy, mostly very old, have to contend with men working on board ship merely for wages. They fight, calculating in dollars the amount of courage they will be expected to display in battle."

Shortly after the doughty Lieutenant wrote the above a considerable number of war-ships were indeed relegated to the naval junk-pile, but, strange to say, none of them had ever sailed under the Stars and Stripes. From the mast of each, as she went down, was lowered the blood and gold of Spain.

European statesmen cautiously withheld their opinions until after the battle. When the outcome became officially known, William, the august and egotistic, of the house of Hohenzollern in Germany, excitedly twisted his mustaches, and exclaimed:

"There is evidently something besides smartness and commercialism in the Yankee blood. Those fellows at Cavite have fought like veterans!"

It is true that many—in fact, the greater part of the crews of all American war-vessels are young men—often mere boys—who in the late war were for the first time under fire. But boys, especially those with good Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins, often shame their elders when it comes to a matter of cool courage or desperate daring. It is said that Wellington, at the battle of Waterloo, was greatly worried because most of the officers in whom he was obliged to place dependence were mere striplings. He feared lest they should become demoralized under the fearful onslaughts of Napoleon's legions; but after the battle, in speaking of the conduct of these English "boys," he exclaimed: "Why, those young scamps stood to their positions and fought the battle as though they were playing cricket at Eton!" Such a statement

those United States that, without cohesion, without history, offer only infamous traditions and ungrateful spectacles in her chambers, in which appear insolence, defamation, cowardice and cynicism. Her squadron, manned by foreigners, possessing neither instruction nor discipline, is preparing to come to this archipelago, with ruffianly intention, robbing us of all that means life, honor and liberty, and pretending to be inspired by a courage of which they are incapable."

To which the Archbishop added: "Christians, defend your faith against heretics who raise an insuperable barrier to immortal souls, enslave the people, abolish crosses from cemeteries, forbid pastors to perform baptism, matrimony or funeral rites, or to administer consolation or grant absolution."

Lieutenant A. de Caula, of the Spanish navy, previous to the declaration of war, contributed an article to the *Illustrated Spanish-American*, in which he expressed the following opinion:

"As the United States has no traditions at all in her naval history, it will surprise no one if, in the near future, we hear that all



The Mascot of the Iowa Has a Fondness for Tobacco Smoke



Aiming a Six-inch Gun On the Newark—Lieutenant Bernadou Conducting Drill

would likewise be very apt and appropriate concerning the behavior of the "young scamps" who coolly fought on the American vessels, and administered, so calmly and methodically, a well-deserved thrashing to the haughty and arrogant but undisciplined Spaniards.

The discipline on an American war-ship is marvelous, reaching a far greater state of perfection than in the army. Some of the American naval officers are very strict disciplinarians, and take great pride in the "spick and span" condition of their ships and the excellent showing of their men on drill. Dewey is one of these; Sampson is another; Sigsbee is another. And yet all are kind-hearted men and heartily honored and respected by their crews. It is said that about the only offense Dewey will not forgive is a lie, and the midshipman who tries to palm off anything but the truth on him is sure to meet trouble. An old salt who was with him while his ship was stationed in the Mediterranean tells the following story illustrative of this trait:

"One of the petty officers went ashore at Gibraltar, got mixed up with some soldiers in the canteen, and came off to the ship paralyzed. He went before Dewey at the mast next morning and gave him the 'two beers and sunstruck' yarn.

"'You're lying, my man,' said Dewey. 'You were very drunk. I myself heard you aft in my cabin. I will not have my men lie to me. I don't expect to find total abstinence in a man-o'-war's crew; but I do expect them to tell me the truth, and I am going to have them tell me the truth. Had you told me candidly that you took the drop too much on your liberty, you'd have been forward by this time, for you at least returned to the ship. For lying you get ten days in irons. Let me have the truth hereafter. I am told you are a good seaman. A good seaman has no business lying.'

"After that there were few men aboard who didn't throw themselves on the mercy of the court when they waltzed up to the stick before Dewey, and none ever lost anything by it. One Christmas day in Genoa harbor the men entitled to shore liberty lined up at ten o'clock in the morning to answer muster before taking the running-boats for the shore. There were about forty of us who were quarantined aboard for having raised Cain ashore in Nice a few weeks before. Our quarantine was for three months,



"Captain-General Blanco," the Mascot of the Oregon



"Yankee," the Mascot of the St. Paul

and it wasn't half run out on this Christmas day. Dewey stood at the break of the poop, with his hands on his hips, watching the liberty party line up. 'Us fellows that couldn't go were standing around the gangway, smoking our pipes, and looking pretty 'down in the mouth,' I guess. The big liberty party—there were a couple of hundred in the batch—finally got away, and the ship was practically deserted except for us quarantined fellows. Dewey watched us for awhile out of the corner of his eye, while we leaned over the side and watched the running-boats going toward the shore. Dewey went up on the poop and walked up and down, chewing his mustache, and every once in awhile shooting a look at us men up forward. Finally he walked down the poop and straight forward among us.

"You boys hop into your mustering-clothes and go on off to the beach. I'll let you have a couple of running-boats

envied him his ability. Schley himself abhors profanity, being somewhat religiously inclined. One day as he was going the rounds of the ship he found a young officer who was attempting to conduct a gun-drill; but the whole proceedings had been stopped because the breech-block of the piece had somehow become wedged fast and could not be moved. One after another of the men tried it, and each gave it up and stepped back, muttering things that they knew it would not do for Schley to hear. Schley himself was in a good humor that morning, and thought he would just show his men how the thing should be done. They stepped back respectfully as he moved up and took hold of the breech-block. For five minutes he struggled with it, without accomplishing anything, though a gunner's mate could have fixed it in a moment. Finally he stepped back, panting, red in the face, and gazing at the gun with a stern expression



View of the Wrecked Battleship Maine as She Lay in Havana Harbor During the Subsequent Investigation

when they return. Come back with the other men when you get ready, and don't raise any more trouble on shore than you can help.'

"There wasn't a man in the gang that didn't want to hug little Dewey for that, and we gave him a 'cheer ship' that made the deck-chains rattle. We all got marked in the log as 'clean and sober,' too, when we got back to the ship, for we weren't going to do any funny business on Dewey after the way he'd treated us."

Admiral Schley is also a strict disciplinarian, but, like Dewey, is not above unbending a little if occasion requires. It is related of him that when he was simply a captain he often took occasion to remonstrate with one particular member of his crew, named Johnson, for his blood-curdling profanity. When it came to cuss-words Johnson was in a class by himself, and the rest of the crew stood in awe and

on his face that showed that he was anathematizing it in his mind. Finally he whirled on the men and blurted out, "Send for Johnson." Johnson was simply a seaman, and knew nothing about guns; but nevertheless he was sent for. He appeared before Schley, gave a hitch to his trousers, saluted and awaited orders. "Fix that gun, Johnson," said Schley, in a strained voice and with a wild look in his eyes. Johnson looked at the gun doubtfully, then walked up and gave the breech-block a yank. It did not budge, so he stepped back, spat on his hands, took hold of it, and began to tug and strain, but all to no purpose. He worked faithfully for about two minutes, skinned his knuckles, tore his blouse, but otherwise accomplished nothing. Then he stepped back a few feet, shoved his cap on the back part of his head, took a full breath, and began to say things to that gun. For some moments he kept the air blue. He went



Mascot of the Buffalo—a Brazilian Marmoset

through his entire vocabulary forward, and then he performed the feat backward. Then he see-sawed through it, picking out the most expressive words and making combinations that seemed to rip chunks out of the air. It was the most picturesque exhibition Johnson had ever given, and the crew stood awe-struck. As soon as Johnson began his speech Schley's face began to clear. It was evident that Johnson was expressing his sentiments exactly. His face became more and more calm, until he looked positively happy. Then, as Johnson showed no intention of quitting, he stepped up to him and said,



One of the Rapid-fire Guns of the New Orleans

"I guess that will do, Johnson; you may go forward." Then he handed him a cigar from his pocket, and strolled away toward his cabin.

Seamen are notably superstitious. Nearly every war-ship has its mascot—a pet animal of some sort—and the jackies take as tender care of these dumb companions as they do of themselves; and should a member of the crew kill one



Wreck of the Battleship Maine—View Amidships, Showing the Upheaval of Armor-plate and the Destruction Wrought



The Boys of St. John's Home Visiting the Brooklyn Navy-yard

of them, they would fully expect to meet as stern a retribution as that which befell the "Ancient Mariner," who shot the albatross with his crossbow. Probably the most independent mascot in the navy is that of the Iowa. He is a pugnacious



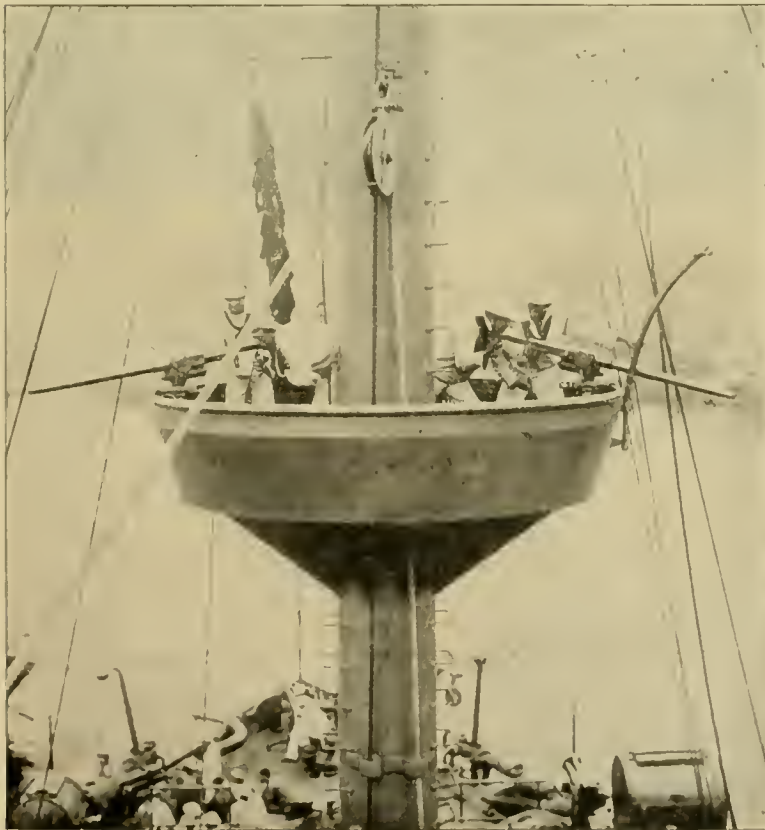
A Fencing-bout by Two Crack Swordsmen of the Newark

billy-goat, who does not in the least resemble his brethren of the alleys. No diet of tin cans and old rubber shoes for him! When meal-time comes he knows the way to the window of the cook's galley, and he goes and demands his dinner. If it is not forthcoming in what he considers a reasonable length of time, he will rear on his hind legs, put his head in the window, making threatening motions, and shaking his whiskers fiercely. His coat is as clean and soft and sleek as a well-groomed horse, and he never assumes the disreputable leanness of his land relatives, for the men keep him continually munching fruit and other dainties. Through association with the sailors he has acquired many of their habits, chief among which is a liking for tobacco smoke. As he cannot smoke without assistance, he has a way of compelling the sailors to share their pipes with him. It is said that the sound of a match scratching anywhere will bring Billy pellmell for his whiff of the pipe.

When the cruiser Buffalo was purchased from Brazil (in whose navy she was the Nietheroy) there were three mascots on board: two Brazilian sheep and a Brazilian marmoset—a tiny South American monkey, the smallest species in existence. The latter had been on the vessel for years, and was "one of the crew" during the Brazilian war, when the vessel was actively engaged. This nimble little animal is remarkably intelligent, the men claiming that he understands every order that is issued on board the ship. When "general quarters" is sounded he scampers to his retreat near the hatchway and conceals himself. The other two mascots of the Buffalo—the sheep previously mentioned—are rather timid, and will allow themselves to be petted by only a favored few of the crew, to whom they have taken a liking. They make their home under the steel covering erected over the steering-gear as a protection from shells.



On the Indiana—a Piece of Light Armor Perforated by Spanish Shells



In the "Fighting-top" of the Olympia, Admiral Dewey's Flag-ship

"Yankee," the mascot of the St. Paul, is a frisky little fise-dog of the most diminutive type. In spite of his smallness he has a large stock of courage, and occupies a large place in the hearts of the sailors. When the St. Paul was attacked by the Spanish torpedo-boat destroyer Terror, and the St. Paul's guns were busy repulsing her assailant and filling the air with crashing sound, Yankee ran excitedly about the deck, barking like mad, apparently eager to lend his moral support to his friends, if nothing more.

The mascot of the Oregon is one of the spoils of war—a pig, taken from the Spanish Cristobal Colon after its destruction by the American fleet. The sailors have named him "Captain-General Blanco," and they say he is about the most respectable Spaniard they saw during the war. He is rapidly becoming civilized, and takes to American ways quite readily. His greatest delight is to have his back scratched, and he follows the men about the deck, hoping some one will bestow this mark of favorable recognition upon him.

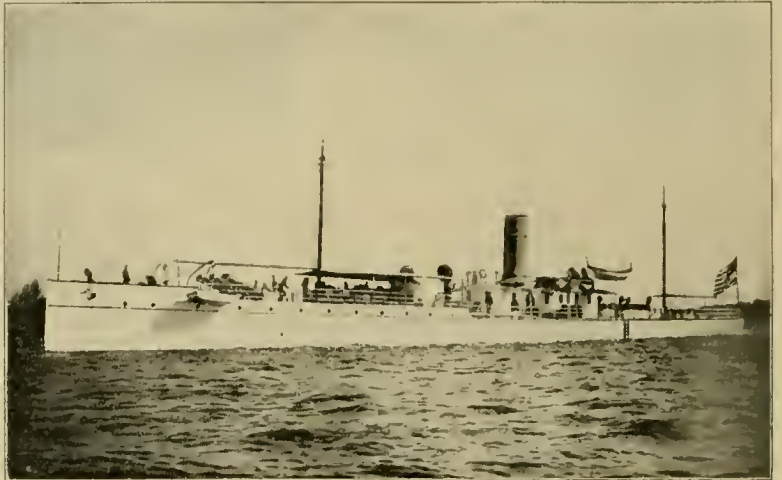
May 1st and July 3d have become red-letter days in the history of the United States navy. These dates mark the days upon which the most remarkable battles in modern history were fought and won by our navy. Both battles occurred on Sunday, and in each instance the Spaniards fired the first shot. In this connection it may be of interest to quote the words of pious Captain (now Commodore)



Second-class Battleship Maine
Blown Up in Havana Harbor, February 15, 1898

at the time of the battle, and as to ships, number of men and guns, the two fleets were more evenly matched than is generally supposed. It was practically ship against ship, with the factor of speed in favor of the Spanish vessels, which could easily outstrip most of those of the Americans. While the American Texas, Brooklyn, Oregon, Indiana and Iowa annihilated the Spanish Oquendo, Maria Teresa, Cristobal Colon, Vizcaya and torpedo-boat Furor, our little pleasure-yacht, the Gloucester, looked after the other Spanish destroyer, Pluton.

The number of guns on the Spanish ships exceeded those on the American vessels by one. The *National Zeitung*, a German newspaper, claimed that the Spaniards "were decimated by the superior quick-firing guns of the Americans." This is nonsense, for the Spaniards had forty-six quick-firing guns in their main batteries, while the Americans had but eighteen. It was the gunners, not the guns, that won the battle, and it is now generally believed that had the crews changed ships the Americans would have won even quicker than they did. Rapid-fire guns are good, but rapid-fire gunners are more essential, and were what the Spaniards lacked. While the American fire was so rapid and accurate that it fairly smothered the Spaniards, the Spanish fire was never rapid and was always wild and inefficient. One of the Spanish officers afterward said that they had been instructed to disable the Texas, if possible, as she was considered by them to be the most dangerous of the American vessels. "But," he continued, with an air of perplexity, "we found that they were all equally dangerous, and that, after all was said and done, it was four ships against four, and one of these, the Brooklyn, was much more lightly armored and gunned than any of ours."



Dynamite Cruiser Vesuvius
The Only Vessel of Its Kind in the World



Unprotected Steel Cruiser Marblehead

Philip, of the Texas. After the destruction of Cervera's fleet, at Santiago, he said: "The Spaniards fired the first shot and got licked. As far back as history goes, in the days of Joshua, at Manila, here, everywhere, the man who fires the first shot of a battle on the Sabbath is sure of defeat. These Spaniards are a Godless race, and their cause is an unrighteous one; that accounts for our easy victories."

There may be considerable truth in this, but the generally accepted cause of the Spanish defeat is their inability to cope with the Americans as marksmen. The Spaniards claim that in the battle at Santiago they were entirely outclassed as to ships and guns, but facts and figures do not coincide with this statement. Of course, the American force was about three times stronger than the Spanish, simply because one American is worth three or more Spaniards under any sort of circumstances. But this is a fact that was not generally admitted

A further mention of the part the Brooklyn took is given in the account of Captain Eulate, of the Vizcaya. He said:

"The entire squadron was ordered to devote the fire of their guns to the cruiser Brooklyn, because it was believed that she was the only ship in the American squadron that was speedy enough to catch us. As we came out of the harbor my ship was the second in line, and I saw immediately that the flag-ship, the Maria Teresa, was getting a terrible baptism of fire. It was frightful! The Texas and the Brooklyn were just riddling her, and in fifteen minutes she was on fire and headed for the beach. The Iowa and Oregon were firing on the Oquendo, behind me, and as yet I had not been badly

hit. The Brooklyn was a half mile nearer to us than any other ship, and I determined to try to ram her, so that the Colon and Oquendo could get away. She was a good mark, and I thought I would surely get her. But she was evidently watching us, and she turned about, made a short circle, and came at our port side so that I thought she would ram us. I moved in toward the shore to avoid her, and then I saw the Oquendo had been beached, her steam-pipes having been severed by a shell. The maneuver of the Brooklyn was beautiful. We opened on her with all our big guns, but she returned our fire with terrible effect. The Oregon also hit us several times, but the Brooklyn's broadside crashing into our superstructure demoralized and terrified the men. We worked all our guns at her at one time, and I don't see how she escaped us. She simply drove us in to shore, at one time fighting us at one thousand one hundred yards. One shell went the entire length of the gun-deck, killing half the men there and wounding nearly all the rest. A shell from the Oregon hit the superstructure; it was then that I was wounded, and knowing we could not get away I struck the flag and headed for the beach. We were badly on fire, and when the men who were alive started to swim ashore the Cubans on the



Protected Steel Cruiser Boston



Double-turret Monitor Terror

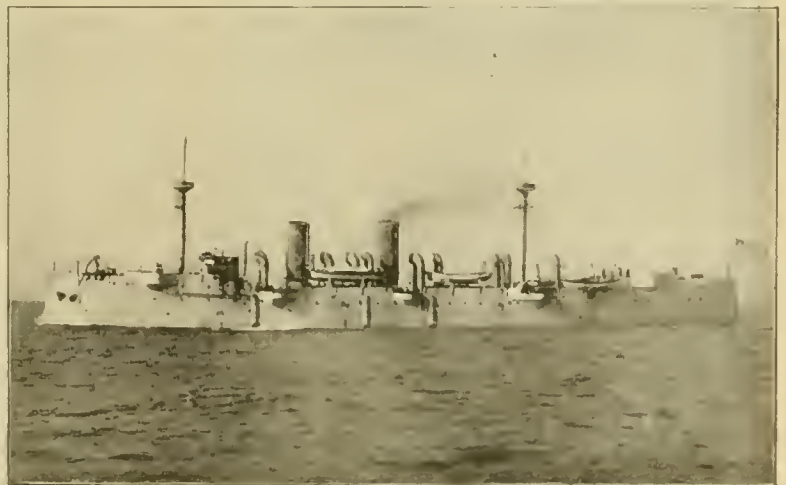
she could not escape and mercifully ordered them to withhold their fire. When she finally headed for the beach and ran up the white flag she was completely surrounded, the Texas, Oregon and Brooklyn stopping their engines only a few hundred yards distant, while the New York and Vixen came panting up in time to see the finish. As the boat-load of Americans drew alongside of the Spanish ship the Spanish sailors leaned over the rail and yelled "Bravo, Americano!" which the Americans returned with "Bravo, Spaniards!" The American ships held a regular Fourth of July celebration for an hour or more in that little cove under the frowning cliffs of Cuba. The men yelled themselves hoarse cheering each other, the captains complimented each other through the megaphones, and the Oregon even got out her band and sent the notes of "The Star-Spangled Banner" ringing over the water.

As Commodore Schley returned from the Colon he shouted to Captain Philip, of the Texas, "Hi, Captain, loan me your chaplain for awhile to help bury poor Ellis!" Captain Philip replied that his chaplain was sick and could not leave, whereupon Schley said, "All right; I'll get Evans." Then as his boat moved away he continued, "We had a daisy fight, didn't we, Jack?" And "Jack" answered, "We did."

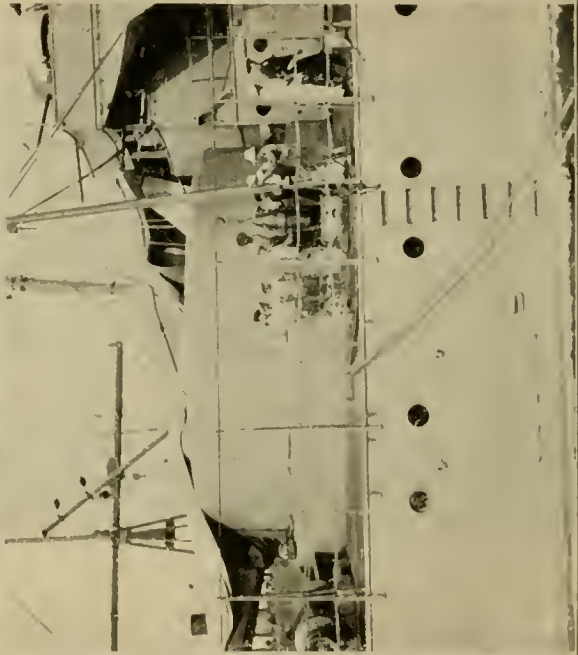
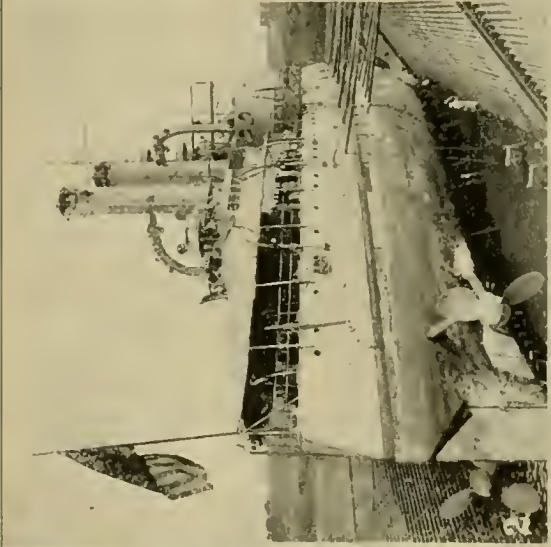
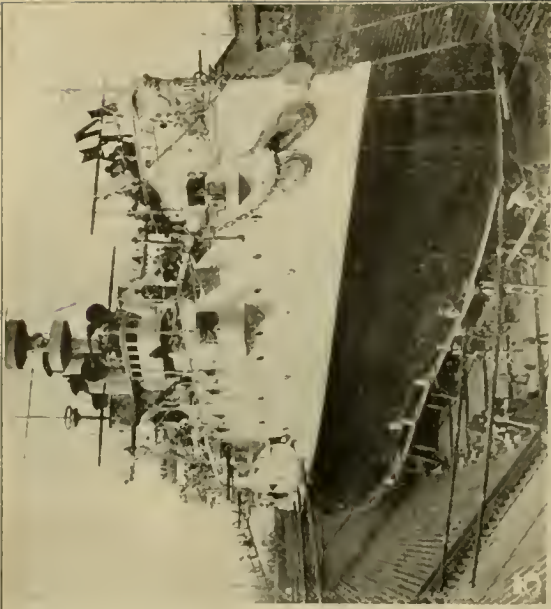
beach began to shoot at us with rifles until the Americans came and stopped them. The Brooklyn prevented me from getting away, for I had a two-mile start of the Oregon and could have beaten her out. My orders were to try to sink the Brooklyn, and I did my best to carry them out. I had no idea her battery could be so terrible."

Only one American seaman lost his life in the battle of Santiago—Chief Yeoman Ellis, of the Brooklyn. He was standing on the upper superstructure when a shell from the Cristobal Colon passed over and struck him fairly, taking off his head.

The last Spanish ship to surrender, the Cristobal Colon, was the least injured of any of them, and had but three men killed and thirteen wounded. But she was crippled to such an extent that she could not escape, the Brooklyn and Oregon heading her off completely. At this time the Americans could have completely shattered her with shot, but Commodore Schley evidently saw that



Protected Steel Cruiser Baltimore



Some of Our War-ships Undergoing Repairs, Etc.

1. Painting the Hull of the New York. The Picture also Shows One of the Great Propellers, 2. The Iowa in Dry-dock. 3. The New York in Dry-dock. 4. Scraping the Bottom of the Iowa.
5. Lowering Thirteen-inch Shells Into the Ammunition-rooms of the Oregon. 6. Repairing the Oregon's Nose.



View On the Pasig River, in the Upper Part of the City of Manila

THE PHILIPPINES

The El Dorado of the Orient—America's Eastern Possessions



THE Philippine Islands (discovered by Magellan, in 1521) lie southeast of the continent of Asia, in latitude $4^{\circ} 40'$ to 20° north, and longitude $116^{\circ} 40'$ to $126^{\circ} 30'$ east from Greenwich, their latitude being thus the same as that of Central America. They stretch north and south for a distance of nearly one thousand miles, and lie about six hundred miles from the southeastern coast of China, while the island of Borneo is much nearer on the southwest. There are only ten or twelve islands of noteworthy size, although the Sulu group, together with numberless other small islands, makes the total number upward of twelve hundred, with a total area of about 115,000 square miles, or nearly equal to that of the states of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana combined.

The island of Luzon, lying farthest to the north, with an area about equal to that of Ohio, is of more importance than the remainder of the entire group. The next in size is Mindanao, in the south. Between these two large islands lie the smaller ones—Samar, Leyte, Mindoro, Panay, Palawan, Negros, Cebu, Bohol and Masbate, besides multitudes of still smaller islands.

The group was named after King Philip II., the oppressor of Holland in the sixteenth century, and the husband of bloody Queen Mary of England.

All of the islands are of volcanic origin and structure, some of them still having active volcanoes upon them. They are subject to earthquakes, terrific storms, enormous rainfall, fierce heat—in fact, in the Philippines all of Nature's elements seem to run to extremes and vie with each other in producing unusual and startling phenomena. Yet the climate, withal, is pleasant and moderately healthful.

The volcano of Albay, in the southeastern part of the island of Luzon, has in the past been very active and destructive. In 1814 a terrible eruption destroyed twelve thousand people and many villages, and in 1867 a repetition

of the catastrophe occurred. In 1876 this same mountain was the scene of one of the terrific storms peculiar to the region, resulting in immense loss of life and property. Earthquakes are frequent and oftentimes violent. In 1874 they were of daily occurrence, and in 1880 the loss of property from this cause was very large.

The climate is thoroughly tropical, having three seasons—cold, wet and hot—the thermometer ranging from a mean temperature of 72° during the cold season (November to February) to an average of 87° during the hot season, which lasts from March to June. It is in the latter part of the hot season that the terrific thunder-storms for which the islands are noted usually occur. During the wet season (July to October) the rainfall is enormous, a heavy down-pour occurring every day.

For over three centuries the Philippines have remained uninterruptedly in Spain's possession, notwithstanding many insurrections, which were always brought about and led, as in Cuba, not by descendants of the original natives, but by those of Spanish descent born in the islands. The wars thus inaugurated, however, were usually quite easily quelled, owing to the ignorance of military tactics and lack of arms among the insurgents, their principal weapon being the long, heavy knife, or *kris*, carried by all Malays, a weapon not dissimilar to the Cuban *machete*, which did such effective work during the various wars in Cuba. Not until 1897 was an insurrection inaugurated in the Philippines which really promised to embarrass Spanish sovereignty in the islands. The leader of the insurgent forces was the well-educated and subtle Aguinaldo, who, in spite of all Spain could do, was gradually drawing closer the lines of his victorious army about the flower of Spain's chivalry, when the mother-country, conceiving her gold to be mightier than her sword—skilled in oppression, but unable to cope with real warfare—in November, 1897, offered Aguinaldo and his generals four hundred thousand dollars cash in hand if they



Puerta Espana Bridge Across the Pasig River, Manila

less than ten thousand, while most of the races of Europe, especially the Latin, are totally without representation. But the Spaniards, in spite of the smallness of their numbers, controlled the government, and with the aid of the church managed to keep the islands in a state of subservient ignorance.

Manila, the capital, as well as the principal commercial city and seaport of the islands, is situated on the western coast of the island of Luzon, on a beautiful land-locked bay over one hundred miles in circumference, constituting one of the finest harbors in the world. The population of the city, with its suburbs, is over three hundred thousand—a mixture of Spanish, Malay, Chinese and other nationalities, with the preponderance largely in favor of the Malays, and the Chinese holding second place. But there are few pure bloods of any race, most of the native-born inhabitants being a mixture of two or three races—notably the *mestizos*, who are half Chinese or Spanish, and the other half Malay or what-not, and in Manila the common saying is, "Lucky is he who knows his own father." But Manila is not a city of many nationalities, there being practically no races represented outside those mentioned, except an occasional German or Englishman, or, more seldom still, an American. The city is in two parts, Old Manila and New Manila. The old city is of massive structure,

and is surrounded by a triangular wall. It is situated on the south side of the River Pasig, extending from the bay about one mile up the river, and from the river about one mile down the bay. The city walls are of massive masonry, and are (or were) surrounded by a moat, and well supplied with draw-bridges. However, that side of the wall along the river is at present nearly demolished, and the river is spanned by many bridges in order to give easy access to New Manila, which is built on the north side of the river. Many interesting buildings of ancient architecture, as well as many unpleasant odors from the unwashed inhabitants, are inclosed within the walls of the old city. The old Cathedral is a grand structure, said to have cost a million of dollars. It was bereft of its main steeple during the earthquakes of 1880, which gives it a discouraged and half-hearted air of solemnity. But its two remaining steeples still "point the wanderer upward," and the interior arrangements and decorations are none the less beautiful and impressive. This

would leave the islands. The offer was accepted on condition that certain administrative reforms be introduced into the government. The promise was made, but, like most of Spain's promises, it was not kept, and at the time of Dewey's conquest of the islands Aguinaldo had returned from the continent, and was again at the head of his insurgent forces in the interior.

The entire population of the archipelago is estimated to be fifteen millions, it being impossible to ascertain exactly on account of so many of the islands being practically unexplored in the interior. The population is principally Malayan and mixed races, with a few of the original inhabitants—a sort of dwarfish negro called *negrito*—still remaining. There are many Chinese and half-castes, or *mestizos*, the Chinese somehow getting into the islands in spite of all restrictions and immigration laws. There are very few Europeans, even the Spaniards numbering



Interior of a Big Hemp-pressing Establishment, Manila



The Great Cathedral in Manila

Most of the Spanish inhabitants of Manila live in the old city; in fact, no one but a Spaniard could be content to live in these narrow, dirty haunts of squalor and filth, where all is somber, damp, gloomy and pestilential. But it probably reminds the Spaniards of their abodes in "dear old Castile," and they loll in the sun and roll their cigarettes in drowsy indifference all day long.

The river between the old and the new cities is spanned by a multitude of bridges, some of them, notably the Puente de España, being elaborate and even artistic examples of modern construction, while others are little, old, wabby affairs, built on floats on the pontoon plan. It takes considerable self-assurance to cross one of these narrow, swaying bridges for the first time, and the stranger usually picks his path very carefully, keeping directly in the center of the walk. Crossing the Pasig from the old city into the new is almost like emerging from the catacombs into daylight. Here are the custom-houses, quays lined with ocean steamships loading and unloading great cargoes, the rattle of vehicles, the hum of universal traffic - a general air of busy life and commerce prevalent on all sides. It is the modern city of buyers and sellers - the foreign business community of Manila. Like the old city, New Manila proper forms a triangle about one mile each way in the corner of the river and bay, but its suburbs extend several miles up the river. Back from the water-front are hundreds of narrow streets, lined with shops, where the Chinese, in spite of all opposition, continue to prosper and control most of the provincial trade. The real business center of the new city is at the junction of the Puente de España with the principal street, the Escolta, which is as well lined with shops and bazars and as busy with hurrying life as a State street or a Broadway. In Old Manila the church rules, but in New Manila commerce and the state take charge of things and give evidence of a spirit of enterprise and progress. No dwellings are mixed with the business portion of the New Manila. It is a modern city, with the business in the center, and

church is built largely of steel, and is an unusual piece of architecture, inasmuch as its various parts were made in Spain and brought to Manila by ship, where they were united in the construction of the edifice. There are also many smaller churches, convents and convent schools in Old Manila, and the old city hall, army barracks, market-places and quaint little shops are quite interesting relics of antiquity.

The residence portion of Old Manila is not uninteresting. While a spacious front yard is an American's hobby, it is a Spaniard's delight to build his house clear out to the sidewalk - upon it if the laws of the municipality permit. And as Old Manila was founded and built by the Spaniards, it is a mass of thick-walled, squatty houses facing on narrow streets. Very often the upper story of a house projects out over the street, and a sort of portable bay-window is also attached to the lower story on fine days, compelling the pedestrian to go into the street in order to get past. Even there he is not safe, for the large upper windows are used as a convenient point of vantage from which to throw slops and refuse into the street, and one does not know at what moment he may be treated, without preliminary warning, to a violent and disagreeably odoriferous shower-bath.

The old city is the headquarters of the church, and these narrow streets are almost constantly being traversed by religious processions, for in Manila Catholicism seems to have rites and traditions which are strange to it in other places, and either a feast or a fast, a procession, or a day of seclusion and abstinence, is continually on the tapis. No religion outside of the Roman Catholic has been tolerated in the Philippines, and Protestant missionaries have been repeatedly warned to stay away from the islands.



One of the Big Hemp-pressing Establishments of Manila



One of the Bridges Across the River Pasig Connecting Old and New Manila

the dwellings arranged around the outer edge in attractive suburbs. Many beautiful residences and villas are seen here, owned largely by wealthy Chinese and *mestizos*. The palace of the Governor-General is situated two miles up the river from the custom-house, and is a spacious mansion, surrounded, or rather enveloped, in a maze of tropical verdure.

The primitive methods of life of all degrees in the Philippines are amazing. From the free-and-easy manner of living adopted by all classes one would suppose that there are no natural contingencies or circumstantial extremes to be provided for or guarded against; and the supposition would be nearly correct. The climate is always the same—that is, it is always summer, with nothing to warrant the wearing of any clothing other than the customary white linen suit the year round. The natives, indeed, wear even less, appearing as they choose, minus either the one or the other of the two garments which constitute the suit.

Some of the women dress very richly. On feast-days or special occasions (of which there are several every month) it is not uncommon to see women emerge from the little *nipa* huts wearing garments which cost small fortunes. A native woman's *pina* handkerchief alone frequently costs one hundred dollars or more. Some of the *mestizo* women in particular wear clothes which the daughter of an American millionaire could scarcely purchase without being charged with extravagant folly.

The native houses are of thatch, or *nipa* fiber, which is very airy and comfortable; but woe to the whole colony if a spark from a cigar catches in the thatch of one of them, for they burn like tinder. It is said these conflagrations are not always accidental. Dealers in thatch have to make a living somehow, and when the *nipa* market becomes sluggish a fire may usually be safely foretold.

Therefore, conflagrations occur at pretty regular intervals, and when some time has passed without a fire, the natives are sometimes heard making wagers as to the length of time that will elapse before the next one, and in what part of the city it will occur. The loss of his house is not a very momentous affair to the Filipino, for he does not construct an expensive abode, nor does he usually have much that is of value inside.

In case of a conflagration the first to be rescued is the fighting-cock, one of which is possessed by every Filipino family. Cock-fighting is the national sport, and the natives more highly prize a good game-cock than almost anything else, frequently losing everything they possess in wagers laid on their favorites, or winning in the same degree from their unlucky neighbors. In the latter case it is not uncommon to see a native going home from a cock-fight with his warrior rooster under one arm, and lugging a hat or sack full of silver on the other; for Mexican silver dollars constitute the only currency of the islands, and all payments are made in these bulky pieces. They are too heavy to lug around in the pockets of fragile linen suits, so no one thinks of paying for anything at the time of purchasing, but simply signs an I. O. U. Collectors come around at the end of the month, and if the amount to be collected is large, they usually bring a man with a sack or a wheelbarrow to carry away the coin.

Tiling was formerly much used for roofs in Manila, but there is now a law against it. It was found that when typhoons occurred deaths usually resulted from the air being filled with pieces of tile, which would go sailing up the street until stopped by coming in contact with somebody; or in case of earthquakes, the tile would drop on the heads of the people it was supposed to shelter, severely injuring them, often with fatal results. The roofs now are



A Native Filipino Woman

nearly all of tin or galvanized iron, except the native houses, which are of thatch. Tin roofs are not so picturesque as tile, but they are a great deal more conducive to longevity, and in that respect only are they better. The heavy tropical storms usually manage to rip the tin from a roof on three sides, leaving the other side secure to act as a staff from which this great tin banner may be joyously flouted in the wind and banged against the house, while the inmates disconsolably watch the more delectable danger, that of being maimed by flying tiles, or deafened by the clatter of tons of resounding tin; for during a heavy storm the noise made by all these roofs throughout the city is worse than any mental conception of a pandemonium. Glass is not used in the windows of the houses, for it would not stand the wear and tear of the elements. Instead, pieces of shell are used, cut into little squares, one window sometimes having as many as one hundred pieces in it. These windows are not entirely transparent, and one cannot see through them, but nevertheless they let in plenty of light of a good quality, softening the blinding glare of the sun and filling the room with a soft radiance, in which are mingled all the colors of the rainbow, acquired from the many-tinted shells. But the main consideration is that they are very strong, and do not often give way to the wind, rain and hail, as glass would.

The typhoons of the Philippines are something frightful. When one of them approaches, all things, animate and inanimate, seem to realize the immensity of the pending demonstration. Sea-birds fly restlessly from place to place, seemingly unable to find a haven of sufficient security; fish



Main Street in the Business Quarter of New Manila

leap from the water in their excitement, and fall limply back, while the mercury in the barometer dances up and down as though in delight at the approach of its king; oxen bellow and flee to shelter, dogs whine and growl and crawl under the houses, cats ruffle their fur and shrink into corners, and rats and other small animals scurry to their burrows; the day becomes dim, the sky being overcast with a livid yellow haze; the breeze dies away entirely, and all is wrapped in silence, seemingly waiting for the expected catastrophe. The storm comes slowly, its full strength being preceded by gusts of dust-laden air. The wind moves in a great circle with fearful velocity, and the circle itself moves leisurely forward, sometimes not more than ten miles an hour. Thus, if the typhoon comes from the north, the first direction of the wind will be from east to west; then there will be a lull, showing that the center of the circle has arrived and the storm is half over; then another fierce blow, the direction being from west to east; the wind gradually dies away, and the sun bursts forth and shines on a waste of desolation and ruin. Outside the center of the storm there is no pause in the wind. Thus, if one is on the eastern edge of a storm traveling south, the wind will first be from the northeast, gradually shifting to north and northwest, while on the western edge of the storm the wind comes first from the southeast, then from the south, and finally from southwest, although the whole storm is traveling from north to south.

Manila has one of the best observatories of its kind in the world, from which warnings of coming typhoons are frequently given out two or three days in advance by means of signal flags. Delicate instruments are also mounted in the observatory, which detect the slightest vibration under ground, and give warning of threatened earthquakes. As most of the typhoons which infest this region of the earth originate in the island of Luzon, accurate note is taken of their direction and speed, and telegraphic warnings are sent to the Chinese coast, the island of Formosa, and all points in the China Sea, thus giving them ample time to prepare for their unwelcome visitor.

There are six daily so-called newspapers in Manila, which have always devoted the major portion of their space to official dispatches from Madrid and to



Girls of the Wealthy Mestizo Class, Manila



A Group of Natives in a Philippine Village

insignificant local affairs. The news of the world does not appear in them, and the inhabitants must depend for real information upon the weekly mail-steamer from Hong Kong. Therefore, what is news in Manila is ancient history to the rest of the world. Since the official dispatches from Madrid have failed, it is a question worthy of conjecture as to how the Manila editors are filling their papers; but it is safe to say that the first live Yankee journalist who sets up his establishment there will cause a remarkable stir by printing actual news, and will doubtless be loudly denounced by his contemporaries for his inelegant energy and realistic strength of purpose.

The musical talent of the native Filipinos is phenomenal, considering that it cannot be explained where the gift originated. All nations near them are notably unmusical, yet it is a common thing for uneducated, half-clad natives to perform really artistic

and oftentimes classic music on piano, violin or harp. Next to his game-cock, the Filipino prizes his piano, and frequently an instrument fit to grace the parlor of a mansion will be found occupying nearly half of one of the little *nipa* houses. On the Luneta, the fashionable drive and promenade where Manila society airs itself each afternoon, the Artillery Band, composed of natives, gives a concert daily. Their music is seldom equaled by bands in Caucasian countries, they playing the popular airs of the day and age, as well as the immortal music of the masters. It is said that Aguinaldo, the insurgent leader, nearly rivals Paderewski in his performances, and thinks nothing of it.

The Chinese probably occupy a more important position in the social and commercial aspect of the islands than any other race, Spaniards not excepted. Not only are they usually wealthy and the leaders in trade, but many of them are quite well educated, which is the exception among the general populace. Chinese public readers frequently occupy stands at the street-corners, where they read for a consideration. Their charges are very low, and a crowd of illiterate Filipinos securing an obsolete foreign newspaper frequently make up a "collection" and have it read from beginning to end. These readers were also used by the Spanish officials in the promulgation of official manifestos or edicts, a street-corner reading giving much more thorough publicity in some quarters than could be secured by posting the notice. Chinese barbers are numerous on the principal streets, each carrying his tools and chair with him, ready to set up shop anywhere on the shady side of the street and give a customer a shave or hair-cut.

Although the Chinaman is not very favorably considered in this country, it cannot be denied that in the Philippines he has done himself proud, and by actual comparison has proved himself a more valuable cosmopolitan than the Spaniard, for he is at least energetic, and develops and creates wealth wherever he goes. It is true that his morality is not all that could be desired, but in this, also, he is head and shoulders above the Spaniard, for while he practises polygamy and has wives among the native women aside from his Chinese wife, he is as much attached to his half-breed, or *mestizo*, children as to those of purely Chinese origin. He takes care of them, educates them, and they become respected citizens and are usually well-to-do. The Spaniard also practises polygamy, but he despises his mongrel children, and when he departs for Spain they are left to provide for themselves as best they can. They are usually beautiful in face and form, but the stigma of society is upon them, and the boys generally become gamblers and ruffians, while the girls eventually become identified with the already too large horde of Manila Magdalens.

The natural resources of the Philippine Islands are so numerous and pronounced as to defy description. In the first place, the soil is fertile to a marvelous degree, producing vegetation so dense and in such a short time as to seem positively magical to a European. A field deserted for one year will become a thick mass of vegetation; the next year it is an impassable jungle. There is no bare ground except on the tops of the active volcanos. The very rocks and cliffs along the shore are covered with moss and trailing vines. The sprouting-time is so short that one scarcely has time to breathe between planting and cultivation. In a large field men are frequently seen cultivating one side of a field, whose verdure gradually becomes less pronounced toward the center, while on the further side are men finishing the planting of the same crop. The Chinese small gardeners raise seven to ten crops a year on their little farms. The Chinese are also the principal raisers of rice, which is the staple food for a large portion of the population. It is said that an Englishman once leased one of the large rice-farms, paying in advance and confidently expecting to make his fortune. But before one crop was harvested he became disgusted and threw up his contract. The cultivation of rice is certainly not a pleasant occupation, although the Chinamen and their faithful helpers, the *carabaos*, or native buifalo-ox, do not seem to mind it in the least. They go slowly along



Philippine Native with Wooden Harrow and Carabao



The Lumber Industry in the Philippine Islands—Native Hauling Timber with Carabao

through the flooded rice-fields, sometimes up to their knees in water, sometimes up to their necks, apparently as unconcerned as though on dry land. The cultivating is done among the roots of the plant simply by stirring them with a sort of wooden harrow, which has teeth about two feet long. This implement the *carabao* patiently drags through the water and mud, while the Chinaman at the rear lazily follows and steers it between the rows. An enterprising American firm once conceived the idea that the Philippines would furnish a market for irrigation machinery, but upon seeing a photograph of a rice-field under cultivation they immediately changed their minds.

The great staple product which makes the Philippines of importance to the rest of the world is manila-hemp, from the fiber of which ropes and cables are made, and also manila-paper. Some of the finer grades are even woven into suitable fabrics for wearing-apparel, many articles of which are said to be very beautiful and expensive. The primitive methods still used in the hemp industry are worthy of note. Scarcely any machinery is used, a few rude wooden appliances of native manufacture and a clumsy carving-knife serving the purpose of rendering into commercial form the world's supply of manila-fiber.

The hemp-plant is, contrary to the general impression, a good-sized tree, very much resembling the banana-tree. The strippings from the trees are first hung out in the sun to dry, and are then pulled under a heavy knife on a block to separate the fiber from the pulp. Each operator can clean only about twenty-five pounds a day in this way, and is paid about two cents a pound. This cleaning is done on the mountains where the hemp grows, each cleaner carrying his little machine from place to place as necessary. The cleaned fiber is taken down the mountain slopes and sold to the hemp-pressing establishments, where it is pressed into large bales much the same as cotton in this country. The annual output of manila-fiber is about eight hundred thousand bales, or two hundred million pounds. From this some idea can be gathered of the number of men who are engaged in cleaning fiber on the slopes of the mountains at the rate of twenty-five pounds a day. It is safe to say that Americans will not long inhabit the islands until some less primitive means of cleaning the fiber will be evolved by Yankee ingenuity and inventiveness.

Other important productions and exports are sugar, tobacco, coffee, cocoa and rice. Some of the sugar plantations are very large, frequently exceeding one thousand acres. Most of them are monastic property and are leased to Chinamen, who are said



A Cock-fight in the Suburbs of Manila



Native Washerwomen, Philippine Islands

ferred to the cigar, although, as above intimated, something like two hundred million of the latter are consumed. They are smoked exclusively by the Spaniards, and many natives have a partiality for them. Most foreigners, however, smoke cigars, some of the inveterates consuming twenty or more big black fellows a day. Philippine smokers are not as extravagant as are those in the United States, and any one would be considered very foolish to pay five cents for a single cigar. The usual thing is the three-for-a-cent cigar, which is about the same quality as the three-for-a-quarter variety in the United States. If one wishes to be really aristocratic he may pay two cents each for his cigars, securing the same kind that cost twenty-five cents in America. There is only one grade of cigars above this, and these, the "Incomparables," are so choice that but few smokers are acquainted with them, and they are rarely seen outside of Manila. They are made of specially selected tobacco, the finest produced, and each cigar is wrapped neatly in tin-foil. They are packed in rosewood boxes, tied with Spanish ribbon, and are considered a rare delicacy, selling at the extortionate price of five cents each. No one except the very wealthiest of the officials smoke them, the poorer people being obliged to content themselves with the grades usually appreciated by American railroad magnates and bondholders.

Country life in the Philippines is very simple. No elaborate description of it can be written, for there is nothing to describe. The natives simply live—indolently, sleepily, contentedly; their principal occupations are smoking cigarettes and attending cock-fights. They live in little thatched houses, and get along quite nicely with the assistance of one or two *carabaos*. These faithful animals are to the Philippines what the camel is to Arabia. Aside from performing all field labor on the farms they are ridden as horses are in this country, and are used in all kinds of hauling. Many of the Philippine ox-carts are not carts at all, but sleds, with runners like any other sled. Hitched to one of these the *carabao* moves slowly and patiently along, dragging a load that would tax the strength of an ordinary team of horses.

Of course, the above applies only to the poor and ignorant class of farmers, for many of the wealthy Chinese merchants and others of Manila own farms which are by no means primitive or uninter-

to be more successful than Europeans. There is no limit to the possibilities of sugar culture in the Philippines, both soil and climate being perfectly adapted to it. Of course, the commercial conditions at present surrounding the sugar trade, and the great advancement of the beet-sugar industry in Germany and the United States, somewhat handicap the development of the cane-sugar industry; but so far as natural conditions are concerned even Cuba does not surpass the island of Luzon as a favorable location for great *ingenios*.

Coffee has been raised in these islands for nearly a hundred years, but not until thirty or forty years after its introduction were any large plantations established. To-day the trade does not amount to much, although the quality produced is very fine and the crop is sure. The world has evidently become accustomed to buying its coffee elsewhere, and consequently the industry in the Philippines does not expand.

The tobacco industry has had the same obstacles to contend with in the Philippines as in Cuba, the Spanish government having controlled the trade as a monopoly for its own benefit since 1781. Although there were no restrictions as to the amount of tobacco any one might raise, the government was the only buyer, set its own price, and paid when it got ready, often being three or four years behind. Besides this, certain very fine qualities of the leaf can be produced only in certain districts, and in those districts the peasants were compelled to devote themselves largely to tobacco culture, even though the profit would have been greater on some other crop. Some qualities of Philippine tobacco are equal to Cuba's finest. Nearly three hundred million cigars are manufactured annually, about one third of them being exported. In the Philippines every one smokes, the cigarette being pre-



A Wealthy Chinese Merchant of Manila

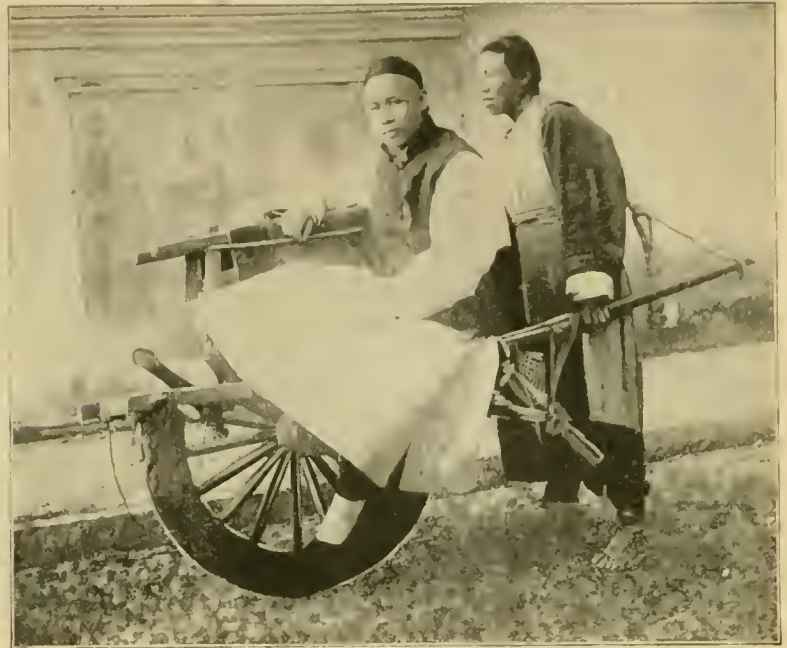
esting. There are beautiful parks, with snug villas in the center, and ornamentation is carried to great excess in architectural trimmings and horticultural effects. In this latter particular it is difficult to outdo nature, for in the Philippines it is flowers, flowers, everywhere and without end. Plants which are highly prized and carefully cultivated in this country grow as weeds in the gardens of Manila. The geranium grows to be a healthy bush, exceeded in size by the heliotrope, which is often five or six feet high and twelve feet in circumference. Rose-bushes grow to enormous proportions, but the production of good buds and blossoms requires careful training. Everywhere one goes there are flowers—in masses, in bouquets two feet in diameter, in baskets, in vases, on the dinner-table, peeping in at windows, climbing dead walls, dropping on the grass and covering the lawn with color in spots—here red, there blue, yonder yellow, purple, white, crimson, and so on *ad infinitum*, until the eyes become tired with the variety and the senses dulled to the beauty of it all.

The ponies of the Philippines are worthy of mention. They are very small, but exceedingly tough, and remarkably swift for their size. They are owned in the towns, where they are the only carriage animals; and they are also the motive power for Manila's street-railway—the tram-cars. To see fifteen or twenty people climbing into one of these big boxes, it seems as though the scrawny little animal in front would be totally unable to move his great burden. But he starts cheerfully off, and the car, with all its human freight, goes merrily on. It seems impossible to load one of the cars beyond his capacity to pull it, and the only thing which conquers him is a strong head-wind. Then he gives up in despair, and traffic is suspended. There is a jockey club in Manila which gives very good races, and under proper management and breeding these little ponies show wonderful speed.

During Spanish sovereignty the methods of raising revenue for the crown and for the support of officials was very simple. First the amount desired was decided upon; then it was divided pro rata among the various neighborhoods and settlements, and the wealthiest man in each settlement was appointed collector, or *cabeza de barangay*, and the government troubled itself no more about the tax, but when the time came simply collected the amount from the unlucky *cabeza de barangay*. If he found it impossible to collect the amount assessed to his district from his neighbors, why, that was his own affair, and the government had nothing to do with it. Very often wealthy planters were reduced to complete beggary by this system. It is such policies as this that have caused Spain to be cordially hated in her own colonies, and have given her rebellions to contend against in all her possessions.



Chinese Engaged in the Oil Trade in the Philippines



A Private Carriage in the Philippine Islands

Not the least important of the productions of the Philippines is their timber. There is scarcely a soft-wood tree in the islands, while the forests are full of ebony, ironwood, teak, etc., besides the more common and less valuable varieties. There is an ant—the great white ant—in the islands, which destroys the timbers in buildings, making it unsafe and unprofitable to construct frame houses. Consequently, if one's worldly station raises him above the *nipa* dwelling, he usually builds his house of brick or stone, and, if he can afford it, the rafters of iron. But the floors are of hard native wood, ironwood being perhaps the most common, while ebony is often used in the houses of the wealthy. These woods are susceptible of a beautiful polish, and are rubbed with banana-peel and greasy rags until they shine like polished ivory. The excellence of a housewife is judged by the condition of her floor, which her lord and master carefully inspects every month to see if the ants have begun their inroads.

Speaking of insects, the Philippines have more than their share of them. And not only insects, but every pestiferous branch of the animal kingdom is well represented. Nowhere else are rats and mice so large and bold. The former have been known to consume all but the soles of a pair of shoes in a single night, compelling their owner to appear at breakfast barefooted. Cats lose their courage and prowess when turned loose in an infested house, and "house-snakes" are used instead. These reptiles live in the garret or the thatch roof of the house, and have become practically one of the domestic animals of the Philippines. They often grow to a



An Execution by Garrote in Manila

length of fifteen feet or more and a diameter of six inches, but they are perfectly harmless, and no one thinks of killing them. In fact, no establishment is complete without a pair of them. Moreover, they perform their function thoroughly, being expert rat and mice catchers, and their unobtrusive presence is much preferable to that of the rodents. Frequently a pair of house-snakes will take up their abode in the roof of a house without the inmates being aware of it, the first intimation they have of the fact being the thumping, scurrying and squealing incident to the vigorous midnight campaigns of the reptiles. The natives often bring these snakes to town for sale, carrying them coiled around bamboo poles, to which their heads are tied. But not all of the serpent life of the Philippines is so harmless as are these house-snakes. In the forest is the great

python, and in the streams are many species of water-snakes, nearly all of which are venomous. The python often grows twenty to thirty feet long and a foot or more in diameter, and when in a bad humor does not hesitate to attack a man as well as large beasts. His method of attack is original and interesting. He simply makes a catapult of himself, with his great head as the projectile. With his sinuous method of locomotion he can easily approach within a few feet of his prey. Then he draws back his head and four or five feet of his body, and launches it at his victim, using the rest of his body as a propelling force. As the parts thus projected will weigh fifty pounds or more, and as the blow is delivered with great speed and the quickness of lightning, it is usually sufficient to knock any animal off its feet, and often breaks bones or causes insensibility. The advantage is followed up immediately by the great reptile, which, though not venomous, is a terribly powerful constrictor, and before there is a possibility of

the victim recovering from the blow if only stunned, he is enwrapped in the folds of the python, and his fate is sealed.

The streams and lakes in the islands are infested with a very large and ferocious variety of crocodile, and bathing in some waters is a hazardous diversion, and not to be attempted by the foreigner without a native guide. These crocodiles, however, have learned to respect destructive man, and do not molest him unless other prey is scarce or when they are disturbed in their chosen pools.

Lizards—great big ones—are numerous everywhere, and may be frequently seen crawling on the walls and ceilings of houses, where they do effective service in the extermination of flies and other insects. There are also numberless spiders (some of them three or four inches in diameter), scorpions, centipeds, and hosts of other insects and reptiles



A Filipino Farmer with Carabao and Wooden Plow

which are not only repulsive to the sight, but which, should they drop on any part of the person, cause great welts and blotches on the skin, which sometimes result in more serious complications. Beds have to be surrounded with a strong screen in order that the sleeper may be sure of finding his couch unshared by strange and unwelcome bed-fellows when he awakens, and his clothing must be placed out of reach of the rats if he desires it to be in a condition suitable for a modest and self-respecting gentleman to wear the next morning.

Many conflicting reports have been circulated as to the healthfulness of these islands, some claiming that they are a veritable pest-house, and others that they are reasonably healthful. The tourist in Manila will have a difficult time in settling the matter to his own satisfaction. If he asks a native, he will receive the assurance that Manila is one of the most healthful cities in the world, although he himself can see the utter lack of sanitary precaution everywhere. The moat around the wall of the old city is filled with dirty water and reeking filth of every age, sex and previous condition of servitude. The aggregate refuse of the entire city eventually finds its way either to this moat or the waters of the bay or the Pasig River.

On warm days the stench from the moat is frightful, and insect life hovers over it in clouds. The Spaniards claimed they were afraid to clean this ditch for fear the pestilential gases released by agitation of the mass would cause an epidemic. In spite of all these evidences of conditions conducive to disease the visitor will be mystified by the fact that he hears of no great amount of sickness or death. His doubts will be set at rest, however, when some fine morning he comes face to face with a gentleman on the street bearing unmistakable signs of the presence of malignant disease, or sees a woman on the tram-car with a



Criminals in the Stocks, Manila

baby in her arms, the little one's face covered with the red blotches of smallpox. No one thinks anything of such occurrences—and that is the secret of it all. The people are so used to the disease that they pay about as much attention to it as Americans do to a slight cold. People die of smallpox or cholera every day and no one thinks anything of it, and the daily number of deaths has to reach a very large figure before the fact is worthy of casual mention in the newspapers. A suggestion to quarantine a house where smallpox was known to exist would be scoffed at as nonsensical and unnecessarily severe. And so the best and only thing for a stranger in Manila is to guard as best he can against contagion, use care in his diet, and keep himself well fortified with quinine.

The Philippine women, as a rule, are much more interesting than the men, owing, to a great extent, to their being more energetic, more observant and more able to assimilate the manners and customs of Europeans. The mixing of blood in the Philippines seems to have caused retrogression in some of the attributes of the animal man, while his vivacious helpmate has correspondingly profited and her perceptive and acquisitive faculties been augmented, to say nothing of the time-honored assumption of the traits of loquacity and curiosity which she is supposed to possess everywhere, and which she certainly exhibits in Manila. The traits of character exhibited by the men are either Spanish, Malay, Chinese, or just simply pagan; but no one knows what to expect from the women. They are of all sorts, and yet they look more or less alike, as though they were all sisters. Some are undeniably, pretty especially the Spanish *mestizos*, who



A Street-corner Refreshment-booth, Manila



A Chinese Public Reader in Manila

have the fine features of the Castilian and the smooth, tawny skin, handsome eyes and supple grace of the Malay. Among the ladies of society in Manila there are constant surprises for the unwary traveler. While one lady may astonish him by her exhibition of education and refinement, the next intellectual-faced beauty may vex him with her incongruous simplicity, ignorance and social awkwardness; he may be merely pleased by the simple, gentle womanliness of one, and entirely shocked by the reckless, disreputable abandon and garrulousness of the next, while still another will captivate his fancy with her dazzling beauty and demure winsomeness. And yet all of these women are on a plane of equality and move in the same society. The explanation probably lies in the fact that there are no social laws in Manila. Worldly station and social position are nowhere so closely allied, and personal attributes are absolutely unimportant. After all, Manila society but echoes fragments of the society of other parts of the world, and each member closely studies the particular foreigner who may happen to be under her surveillance, and thinks that she is inspecting a sample of the society of the whole world, and that when she pleases him she can please all. What a pity that they could not all have taken their cues from the same foreigner!

The countrywoman is a model of housewifely perfection, and frequently the burden of rearing and providing for the family rests more on her shoulders than on those of her lord and master, to whom she is obedient, affectionate and faithful. She prepares the food, keeps her house in order and performs all her other household duties in addition to sometimes assisting her husband in his farm-work. On wash-day she puts the soiled garments of the family in a large basket, hoists it on top of her head and goes to the bank of a stream. There she finds a smooth rock or boulder, which she places in the edge of the water. Then she takes the garments, one at a time, souses them in the water, and mauls the rock with them until they are clean. It would seem that this method would be destructive to clothes, but it is said that it is not nearly so much so as an American steam-laundry. Moreover, the Philippine laundrymen who do all their work by this process return

their customers' garments thoroughly clean, artistically starched, ironed, polished, pressed, and delicately scented with some agreeable native herb, all for about one fifth the price an American would demand for washing them with machinery, and perhaps sending them home pretty badly torn, and often not as thoroughly clean as one would like them.

In Manila there are enough strange every-day street scenes to keep the tourist busy for a month, and he will not really see every phase of life there unless he arises early some morning and observes hustling native enterprise and commercialism "getting a move on itself" at the first glimmer of day. Human necessities are much the same in Manila as elsewhere, but methods of supplying them are different. In the cities of the United States dawn is heralded by the clatter of a multitude of vehicles on the streets; in Manila it is yelling natives everywhere. Instead of the milk-wagon there is a native with two or three large, deep earthen vessels suspended from a yoke across his shoulders. Kerosene-oil is delivered in the same way, the trade being handled mostly by the Chinese. Instead of grocery delivery-wagons a coolie and a wheelbarrow are utilized, and thus the expense of a driver is avoided, for the coolie acts as solicitor, horse, driver and collector all in one; and, furthermore, it is said to be cheaper to keep a coolie than a horse.

One of the most interesting of the mercantile enterprises of Manila are the cafés, or refreshment-booths, in the poor quarters of the city. They are usually conducted by Chinamen; and while the fare furnished is neither very delectable nor

in great variety, there is plenty of it, and one is allowed to eat all he wishes from the entire bill of fare for the sum of five cents; or he may dine *à la carte*, paying one cent a dish for stewed grasshoppers and the same for a large chunk of soggy bread, seed-cake or self-assertive cheese. The principal liquid refreshment is chocolate, which is made very thick, and eaten by digging it out of the cup with a piece of bread.

Although the code of morals in the Philippines is very loose, still crime is punishable as in other places. But the crime must embrace actual physical injury or financial loss, or it will not be recognized as a crime. Mere violations of the laws of social probity or individual morality are not considered worthy of notice. The beauty of all this is that "scandal"



A Carabao and Native Boy, Manila

is a word the meaning of which is almost unknown, though scandalous acts are common enough. Theft is punished by terms in prison, or by being placed in the stocks. Murder receives capital punishment by means of the old Spanish method of execution, the *garrote*. This instrument consists of a brass or iron collar made in two pieces, the front part opening on a hinge, the back part being fastened to an upright post by means of a large screw, with handles similar to an auger, working through the post. At a convenient distance below the collar a board seat is fastened to the post, on which the prisoner sits. On reaching the place of execution the victim is placed in position, his shoulders covered with a cloak, his body is fastened to the post by means of ropes passing around the waist, and the metal collar is closed and fastened around his neck. This is followed by Catholic rites, performed by priests, after which the chief prison official gives the signal for the execution. The screw-handle is given a sudden turn half around by the executioner, forcing the point into the spine at its juncture with the brain, snapping the spinal cord, and causing instantaneous death.

The second city in size and importance in the Philippines is Hoilo, about three hundred miles by steamer south of Manila. It is the capital of a province of the same name and of the island of Panay. There is good steamship service between Manila and Hoilo, the trip being made in thirty-six hours and accommodations on the boats being very good. This part of the archipelago is quite densely populated, the city and province of Hoilo having over five hundred thousand people.

Hoilo is the principal port of the sugar trade of the islands, and also does a large export business in hemp, timber, coffee, tobacco and mother-of-pearl. Of sugar over three hundred million pounds are exported annually. However, not all of the sugar exported from the city is raised on Panay, much of it being brought in small craft from the rich plantations on Negros and other islands near by. The sugar industry has not increased in late years, owing to the competition of beet-sugar; but the quantity and quality of tobacco are both on the increase. The tobacco is mostly sent to Manila, where it is judiciously mixed with the superior Luzon leaf and made into cheap cigars. The cultivation of rice has within recent years been introduced and developed by enterprising Chinamen, and has proved a success.

Under the rule of Spain it is the same old story of a country rich in nature's gifts being retarded in development by misgovernment. Like other places subject to Spanish domination enormous taxes and imports were levied on merchants

—chiefly *mestizos* and Chinamen—and planters, to enrich the officials of church and state.

In appearance Hoilo is very unprepossessing, and were it not for its background and surroundings of magnificent natural scenery the place would be decidedly uninviting to the tourist. The streets are entirely unpaved, and during the dry season are covered with dust ankle-deep, which the wet season quickly changes, the mud being about a foot deep. There is a small public square, profusely overgrown with weeds and flowers, and the streets are of good width and regularly laid out. There is a great, barn-like church on the square, and a court-house which looks small and dirty by comparison. A stranger visiting in the city would find poor hotel accommodations, there being but one, and that poorly conducted. Restaurants (or *cafés*), too, are few and of a very low order. But some of the other buildings on the square are among the best in the entire archipelago; they are built of stone and brick and have corrugated iron roofs fastened to the masonry by iron rods. Taking into consideration the disadvantages of location, and the fact that the city has been built upon an ancient marsh, it is quite a healthful place. The harbor is well protected, making it an excellent haven for ships during the fierce tropical storms. While the island of Panay, which lies near Luzon, is frequently visited by typhoons, earthquakes are almost entirely unknown.

Cebu, on the island of the same name, is the third city of the Philippines, and is a close rival of Hoilo in size and commercial importance. It is the greatest hemp port in the islands, shipping not only the product of Cebu, but that of Leyte, Mindanac, Camiguin



A Family of Moros from the Interior



Native Filipino Women

and Bohol. Its export of sugar is also considerable, amounting to about twenty thousand tons annually. The population of the island is about six hundred thousand, and at one time the city of Cebu was the seat of government of the archipelago, and was an exceedingly lively place, socially and politically. This is all changed now, and the only activity is that of commerce. The city is situated upon an arm of the sea, making an excellent harbor and a safe anchorage. It is a well-constructed city, most of the buildings being above the ordinary, and the streets wide and pleasant. The old government buildings are now fallen into decay, the iniquitous old convent is little more than a relic, although still in use, and the whole mass is covered with ivy and moss. Out in the harbor of Cebu is the historic little island of Magton, where Magellan, the famous navigator who, in March, 1521, discovered the islands, met his death in a skirmish.

In Cebu is the only known colony of Chinese Catholics. They embraced that religion through the influence of one of their number, a wealthy merchant named Wong, of whom the following story is told: One night when Wong was counting his money he heard a noise behind him, and, turning about, saw five brawny robbers. Each one had a murderous-looking *kris* in his hand, and they had smeared their foreheads with blood, signifying that they would neither ask nor give quarter. Wong was entirely unarmed and at the mercy of the murderers, when suddenly the good St. Nicholas appeared and told him he would save him provided he would quit worshipping Confucius and become a decent Catholic. Wong, having a sound business head, immediately accepted the proposition, whereupon St. Nicholas waved his hands, the five robbers fell in a swoon, and the shrewd Wong promptly secured one of their *kris*es and cut all their throats. Wong kept his word, became a Catholic, built a church to St. Nicholas, and persuaded many of his associates to also embrace that faith. However, an astute Spanish critic has remarked that, inasmuch as Wong never produced the bodies of the robbers, and as Catholics are the only ones having real liberty in the islands, that fact may have had something to do with Wong's change of heart. Nevertheless the church to St. Nicholas is a very handsome structure.

While the Philippines had for three hundred years been under Spanish sovereignty, there are even yet savage tribes in the interior of many of the islands, who know nothing about Spain or her authority. The large island of Mindanao has never been subdued, although Spain has sacrificed thousands of her soldiers in the attempt. A favorite way of fighting the Moros is to make up an expedition of criminals from the prisons, arm them thoroughly, and land them in a savage part of the island. Spain is thus relieved of the expense of taking care of the prisoners, and some of the savages are also quite sure to be attended to. There are a few villages along the coast of this island which are strongly fortified, but nevertheless the Moros make raids and kill many people, besides destroying and carrying away a great deal of property.

Whatever may be said of the Chinaman's unprogressiveness, it is nevertheless true that whenever he has chosen to

make his abode in a land inhabited by a less intelligent and an unprogressive people he has endeavored to inculcate in that people the habit of industry. Chinese influence is strong in the Philippines, and to the Chinaman is largely due the industrial progress that has been made by the natives. Notwithstanding the burdensome taxes that were imposed on everything they produced, the natives have become quite industrious. Chief among their products are cloths of different kinds and weaves and shell-work in various forms. They had also acquired some ability in the manufacture of hemp products—chiefly the making of rope—years previous to Spanish conquest of the islands.

As has been stated, the fertility of the soil almost surpasses belief, flowers and fruits being produced in greatest abundance and of the finest quality. Of the latter the mango is most important of the native products. The banana here grows to its greatest perfection, there being nearly sixty distinct varieties. There are different varieties of papaws, oranges, pomelos, lemons, limes, citron, figs, guavas, pineapples, coconuts, tamarinds, grapes, breadfruit, etc., besides a variety of fruits peculiar to the islands.

It may also bear repetition to say that the forest wealth of the Philippines surpasses that of any country of like area, there being a practically inexhaustible supply of fine woods; yet this immense forest wealth has yielded very little income in the past. Now, however, there is every reason to believe that under the changed conditions which will result from the relinquishment of control by the Spanish, and the establishment of a good government, the timber industry will be one of first importance.

While it has been plainly evident for centuries that the Philippines are rich in minerals, yet the Spanish government persistently refused to develop them; and not only would not do it, but prohibited any one else from so doing. Gold has been found on all the larger islands and considerable of the precious metal has been secretly mined. Silver has also been found, though not to the same extent as gold. Iron of an excellent quality was successfully mined for a time until the mines were closed by the government. Although coal is imported in large quantities, at great expense, it is evident that with proper development the islands would more than supply the local demand. Besides

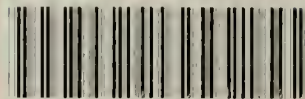
these minerals quicksilver, tin, platinum and copper, also sulphur, arsenic, petroleum, lignite, plumbago, borax, and granite, marble and other stones are found.

Nature has been particularly lavish in the Philippines, with their rich agricultural, mineral and timber lands. Under proper conditions the islands are capable of wonderful development in all branches of industry, and would comfortably support a population six times as large as at present. The natives have proven beyond a doubt their susceptibility to civilization and progress, and could be raised to a much higher plane in a few years. With the islands freed from the retarding, even retrograding, misgovernment of Spain, and the establishment of a kindly and progressive form of government and civilizing influences, they will become one of the world's great centers of wealth.



A Milk-vender in Manila

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