

experiment station down here on the edge of the equator. There is no richer soil in the world than that about Zamboanga and the method of handling it should be tested at once. It will produce excellent coffee and in all probability cotton, tobacco and sugar. It is not far from the tea zone of India and Ceylon, and it may be that the hills of this great island of Mindanao will be some day covered with plantations of coffee and tea. The climate is very similar to that of Java and Ceylon and the soil fully as rich.

All kinds of tropical fruits can be grown. In the market today I picked up some green leaves and, wondering what they might be, began to chew them. They burnt my lips and I found that they were from the cinnamon tree, which grows wild in the forests. The bananas here have a flavor such as

roofs are made of tents. They are elevated about three feet from the ground and are by no means uncomfortable.

I find the soldiers well satisfied with their lot. They are excellent men, coming chiefly from Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, with a few from Pennsylvania and Tennessee.

**Under Martial Law.**  
Zamboanga, like most of the Philippine towns, is under martial law. The Moros are not allowed to bring their knives into the city and no one can be on the streets after dark without giving an account of himself. There are sentinels posted on every block and all night long these sentinels call out the hours. They awakened me with every call during my first night or so here. The man under the regimental headquarters had a voice like the traditional bull of Bashan.

men and boys who wish to try their knives on human flesh. This is the case not only with the lower classes, but with the best. One of the datus or princes of Basilan, just the other day, ordered six men to be killed. After the execution he came to the place and chopped into one of the dead bodies with his barong, saying as he did so to some of our soldiers who were standing by: "I do it merely to try my knife."

The Spaniards have never really conquered the Moros. They have subdued them again and again, only to find themselves with another war on their hands. The Moros were here at the time the Spaniards first came. They are not the aborigines, but are supposed to be the descendants of the Dyaks of Borneo, who invaded this part of the world centuries ago. The Spaniards did not attempt to conquer them until about 100 years after Columbus discovered America. At that time a Portuguese, who had made a fortune in the Philippines, proposed to the king of Spain to make an expedition to Mindanao to subdue the Moros. He was allowed to do so and the result was that his head was cloven in two by one of these terrible knives. Shortly after this the Moros became famous as pirates. They organized fleets and for more than 200 years were the terror of the seas of this part of the world. They attacked every peopled island, sacked the villages and churches and killed the people. During the present century their war junkies came into the harbor of Manila and there are white persons yet living in the Philippines who have been Moro slaves. This did not stop until 1860, when eighteen steam gunboats were sent out from Spain and this part of Zamboanga made the center of operations. Since then there have been wars, but piracy has to a large extent stopped, although there is a chief now in the upper part of the eastern end of the island who goes about in his large levying contributions from the towns on the shore at the mouth of his cannon.

men with tapeworms. In a certain way Conkling had a sense of humor and could turn a joke if the opportunity came his way. He used to make the Paletaffan Senator David Davis the butt for banter. Davis was an inveterate compromiser and composer of strife, and Conkling alluded to him in debate as "the largest wholesale and retail dealer in political soothing syrup in the world."

William M. Evarts possessed a fund of merry humor, the wit for quick and skillful repartee, and there was seldom a malice in his passages. "Probably the most of Mr. Evarts' most widely known," says Mr. Ingalls, "concerns the apocryphal feat told of George Washington in 'jerking' a silver dollar across the Rappahannock. Aside from the unlikelihood that the thrifty George would throw a silver dollar over the river when a pebble would have done as well, the distance was so great that the skeptics were incredulous, and another legend seemed on the verge of being destroyed when Mr. Evarts came to the rescue with the suggestion that 'a dollar went much further in those days than now.' And this explanation is so simple and so satisfactory that the wonder is it occurred to no one before."

"Among the guests at a dinner to Daniel Webster in New York was Dr. Benjamin Bandreth, the inventor of a celebrated pill known by his name. Mr. Evarts united these two great men in a volunteer toast to 'Daniel Webster and Benjamin Bandreth, the pillars of the constitution.'"



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you will not find in those of Cuba or Porto Rico. There are many varieties, especially of white, yellow and green. The green banana has a yellow flesh and its flavor is delicious. Then there is the durian, a fruit which smells like Limberger cheese, but which is so delicious that you eat it, disregarding the odor. The mangostin is another delicious fruit and in addition there are oranges and lemons, the breadfruits and the papaya, nearly all of which grow wild.

On these farms Uncle Sam should make some experiments in cattle raising. This is one of the chief stock regions of the Philippines, but the animals are small and no attention has been paid to breeding. The cattle look somewhat like Jerseys, but here and there you see a trace of a hump on the back. They are said to be a cross between the Indian and the Australian cattle. They seldom dress more than 250 pounds, but they are so scarce that cows bring more than \$15 or \$20 gold apiece and bullocks more. The cattle are chiefly owned by the Moros, who ask all kinds of prices and usually take much less than they ask. The animals are all grass fed and the meat is excellent. The cattle are raised chiefly for beef all over the Philippines, although in some islands, such as Panay, they are employed as carriage and draft animals. The natives, as a rule, use no butter and outside of the towns but little milk. The result is that there are but few good milk cows, although it is believed that such could be bred.

**Now the Time for Exploration.**  
Not only the Agricultural department, but also the geological survey and the Smithsonian Institution, should send parties to the Philippines in the near future. The islands, as I have said, have not been explored and a scientific investigation should be made of them at the earliest moment. The scientists should be here at the present time, when there are plenty of soldiers to protect them and when they can easily get a guard to accompany them to any place they wish to go. This will make them safe from the savages of the mountains and will enable them to undertake journeys which, in the times of an ordinary force, might be dangerous to say the least.

This is especially so in Mindanao, where the land, as I have said, belongs almost entirely to the government.

I am living with the soldiers here at Zamboanga and I suppose the average man will pity me as he reads this. He can save his pity for himself. With a good mosquito netting to protect one at night you can get along as comfortably here as at any other army post that the United States owns. The regimental headquarters building, where I am staying, was built by the Spanish officials. It is a big two-story house, covering perhaps a quarter of an acre, with balconies ten feet wide running around it, all shielded from the rays of the sun by oyster-shell windows. The house is floored with mahogany boards, some of which are two feet wide and twenty feet long. Its ceilings are from fifteen to twenty feet high. It is right on the beach and it is a stiff sea breeze which blows through it all day and all night. In the morning and evening we go out and take a bath in the sea and I assure you that at this time of the year the weather is quite as pleasant as that of any of our middle states in June and July. We have an excellent mess, presided over by Major McMahon, one of the features of the breakfast being a glass of cocoanut milk fresh from the trees in the yard. There are other good quarters in different parts of the city, but so far some of the lower officers have not been able to get houses and they have put up sheds of bamboo and canvas on the parade ground not far from headquarters. These huts have floors and walls of bamboo, but their



GROUP OF MORO MAIDENS.

He was No. 4 and I could hear his heavy tones ringing out upon the night air. "No. 4! One o'clock! All is well!" This sound would hardly die away before No. 5 would break out in a shrill treble: "No. 5! One o'clock! All is well," and then No. 6 would go it on another key, and so on until No. 12 and even the unlucky No. 13. One night I heard the successive hours from 10 until 5 called, with numerous commands to halt between time and warnings to the passerby to stand up and be recognized. This calling of the hours is done at all of the posts of this part of the world and the utmost vigilance is kept to guard against surprise.

The soldiers do well to keep their eyes open, for although these people are now at peace with us and we call them brothers, they are of such a nature that the least indiscretion might make them break out into war. They caused the Spaniards more trouble than any other of the Philippine races. They are different from the others in their manners, customs and religion and the handling of them is one of the most delicate problems Uncle Sam has to solve. It is, I believe, a more difficult one than that of the Indian or the negro. It will not be a question of making the Moros American citizens so much as keeping them from bringing about a state of anarchy and bloodshed. The questions of religious fanaticism are here added to those of barbarism, for the Moros, although they are Mohammedans, are little better than savages.

Their houses are thatched huts and their only manufactures are weapons of war in the shape of lances, spears and most terrible swords. They carry knives called barongs, which are a sort of a cross between a sword and a meat ax, but which are so sharp that I am able to shave the hairs from the back of my hand with any one of them. They have knives, or short swords, the blades of which wind in and out like a snake; these they use for disembowling their enemies. They have also campilans, the wide blades of which come to your waist when the points rest on the ground and which are chiefly used for beheading.

There are Moros who are said to be able to cleave a man from crown to waist at one stroke. A favorite cut is through the shoulder, taking off the head, neck and one-half the chest, including the arm. They sometimes hamstring their victims before killing them, and in the case of executions a common method is to tie the man's hands behind him and then behead him with one blow of the knife. After a person is killed he is often chopped to mince-meat by the

been established at all the ports of Mindanao. The Thirty-first infantry was the first to arrive and it is scattered along the south and east coast. The Fortieth has garrisoned the ports of the north, but still more soldiers are needed. The Spaniards had to keep a large force on the island and they have erected barracks and forts in many places.

The fort here covers about an acre of ground. It has walls twenty feet high and quarters enough to accommodate a large number of men. In one of its walls an image of the Virgin has been carved and below this is a lamp, which it is said has been burning for more than 200 years. It is known as the Virgin of the Fort and the Visayan or Christian inhabitants of Zamboanga go out regularly and kneel on the ground before it to pray. There is a story told of how a ghostly-sheeted woman appeared one night to one of the soldiers on guard and announced herself as the Virgin, saying she would watch over her people, and how the next morning this figure was found miraculously carved upon the wall.

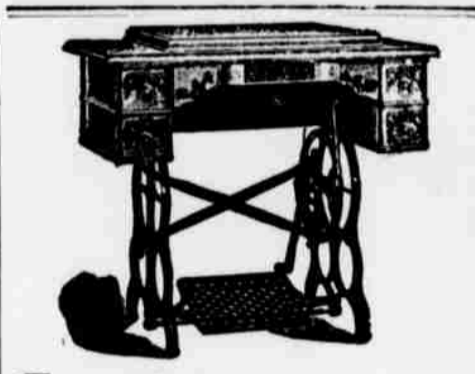
FRANK G. CARPENTER.

**Anecdotes of Public Men**

In a recent contribution to the press former Senator Ingalls of Kansas relates a number of stories of public men, illustrating their wit and repartee. The brightest of the lot, in his opinion, was the Byronic quotation fired at the head of the late Congressman Holman. Holman was known as the watchdog of the treasury and he was particularly vigilant in watching for and objecting to amendments to the appropriation bills which carried benefits to private parties. On one occasion an amendment was offered in which a near relative of Holman's was much interested. The familiar "I object" was not heard and the amendment went through with his support, whereupon a member sitting near loudly quoted:

"'Tis sweet to hear the honest watchdog's bark. Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home."

Mr. Ingalls says that Senator Conkling hated the newspaper men and the newspaper men hated Conkling. When he arose to speak in the senate the correspondents shut their notebooks and left the gallery. This studied insult used to make him flush, but he gave no other sign. It was Conkling, says Mr. Ingalls, who held that the only persons in the world authorized to use the first person plural "we" were editors and



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