

NEBRASKA CITY TO MANILA AND RETURN.

[CONTINUED FROM AUGUST 30.]

Since that December evening I have seen other men in dangerous places, but none who could compare with him, as he stood there watching his foes, not a muscle quivering, as if in a twinkling he had been turned to stone.

It was a thrilling sight. Every moment I expected to witness the opening shot and to see one of the gang pitch forward upon the floor; to hear the provost guard come running over the stone pavement, but at the critical moment one of the negroes tried to step behind the door and in doing so slipped and fell. It was the signal of defeat, and that crowd of ruffians, who, but a few minutes before, had done so much loud talking, fell over one another in trying to get through the open doorway. It was a most comical sight to see a dozen men made panicky by one. Their rout was complete and some did not stop until they were safely around the nearest corner, while the man with the yellow stripes sat down in a chair, leaned his head on the bar, and was silent.

The holidays were drawing near. Manila was no place to spend Christmas, as everything was under martial law, and to be caught out after 8 p. m. meant a heavy fine or detention in the walled city. At the foot of the Bridge of Spain lay moored the steamer Esmeralda, a small craft of about four thousand tons burden. Upon her smoke stack was painted in black letters C. P. I found out she was soon to leave for China, and in a moment I had decided. To Hong Kong I would go.

I went to the company's office and called for a ticket. "Where are your papers?" was the first question asked. I handed the agent some letters I had with me. "These are no good," he said. "Go to the captain of the port, and get a permit to leave Manila."

After waiting for hours in the rear of a long line of Chinamen, I managed to catch that officer when he was not engaged. Again I showed my letters. He glanced at them, looked me over very calmly, filled out several blanks and gave them to me saying, "Before you leave the islands, these must be signed by some commissioned officer." After spending another day I managed to find a lieutenant who was kind enough to put his name to them.

Then I hurried back to the ticket office with my great bunch of permits, to be politely informed that the Esmeralda had already sailed.

I am afraid that I said something unprintable in the doorway of that oriental building, in regard to Uncle Sam and the rights of American citizens in the Philippines. The agent no doubt heard

me for he came up and said "We have a freighter that starts for Hong Kong this evening. I can sell you a cabin ticket on her for forty dollars, but I don't suppose you will find her berth accommodations extra." I wanted to go very much, and this was the last boat before Christmas, so I bought the billet and they were kind enough to charge me two dollars and a half more before I could take my valise aboard.

Farewell to Manila.

It was about 8 p. m. when the Salvadora dropped down the Pasig river and out into the green, with her bow pointing to the north. I watched the lights from the city until they went out in the night. Then going below I looked at my room. It was a little miserable hole with two bunks. The light came in through a small round window, which I did not dare to open for fear of being drenched by the spray. I opened my valise, for there was something in it I could enjoy, viz., three books that I had purchased for the trip. I was counting on a splendid time sitting on the after deck deep in Conan Doyle's famous tales of Sherlock Holmes. Then there was Laura Jean Libby's story of Daisy Brooks, and another called "Broken Hearts" from the Spanish. Little did I dream that in less than twenty-four hours I would wish that Conan Doyle had never been born, that Daisy Brooks had swallowed a tablespoon and died in her infancy, or that the author of "Broken Hearts" had met his fate at San Fabian.

But I went to sleep that night feeling supremely happy, with these words running through my mind: Hi nan, Kowloon, Canton, Hong Kong, and so I dozed off to dream sweet dreams of new lands, strange people and Chinese junks.

The next morning I was called by the cabin boy, a dark little Filipino, who brought me a cup of tea, which I drank before dressing. This is somewhat like the fashion of the American cowboy which permits the lighting of a cigarette before rising.

At nine o'clock breakfast was announced and a royal one it was, every dish being delicious within itself, while above the table, suspended by short pieces of wire, hung bunches of ripe bananas and mangoes. I don't believe I ever ate such a good meal and at the same time such a big one in my life before. Then going on deck in the cool sea breeze, with the indispensable cigar, life seemed complete.

The idea of seasickness never entered my mind. Had I not traveled from San Francisco to Manila without the slightest touch of it? And the idea of getting sick on this short journey of a thousand miles, why, the idea was absurd.

But here in the China sea I was to meet the monster in his rankest form, and to come out much wiser and with

pity, yes, very deep pity, for the seasick mortal who wishes he could die and cannot, who prays the ship might go down and it does not, anything, any way, only some way.

I had not been on deck many minutes before I began to feel dizzy. I started to go below, but, somehow, reached the ship's side, and there, in the face of the flying spray, I uttered volumes of intense agony. I don't know how many there were, perhaps fifteen or twenty, but I am certain of one thing; they were not bound volumes. Then I went to my berth and groaned. There I lay while the long hours went by. I summoned up all the things I had done in my life, the good and the bad, and came to the conclusion that I could just as well die then as any time, but I wanted the end to hasten.

The next morning I managed to crawl up the ladder and take my tea on deck, but the tea became restless and wished to mingle with the sea. I could not object, and lying upon the main hatch, with ten thousand conflicting emotions tearing the inner man asunder, I prayed again that the old freighter would take her final plunge. The strangest part of it all was that I wanted everyone to be either dead or seasick, captain and crew. I hated the Chinese cook and the cabin boy. I remember that after noon we passed Hi Nan and I managed to get one glance at the island, then went down in a pile of agony.

When I went above the fourth morning I was still very weak, but the pain had gone. A heavy fog lay over the water and I noticed the ship was not running over half her ordinary speed. Through the mist I could see great hills of yellow soil extending all about us.

Hong Kong.

Then I saw a little boat beating in our direction. She came alongside, a rope was thrown and a man swung himself aboard. He was a pilot and taking the wheel he changed the ship's course and it gradually slowed down. I could see we were among many vessels.

Then came a gust of wind, the sun peeped over the hills and the fog rolled away. Before us lay a great harbor with merchant ships and men of war floating the flags of all powerful nations, Chinese junks and sam pans without number. Along the shore men were running pulling little queer buggies by hand, while the city in the background appeared as if it had been cut from the mountain side. I looked away across the harbor. A great battleship was putting out to sea, and a crowd of sailors were gathering on her bridge and then the notes of the Star Spangled Banner drifted o'er the morning air. The sun flashed gold across her bow and this is what I read: "Oregon." The "reveille" gun boomed from the mountain side. "God Save the Queen" and "Father-