

ON TO MANILA

an illustrated, true and concise history of the
Philippine Campaign

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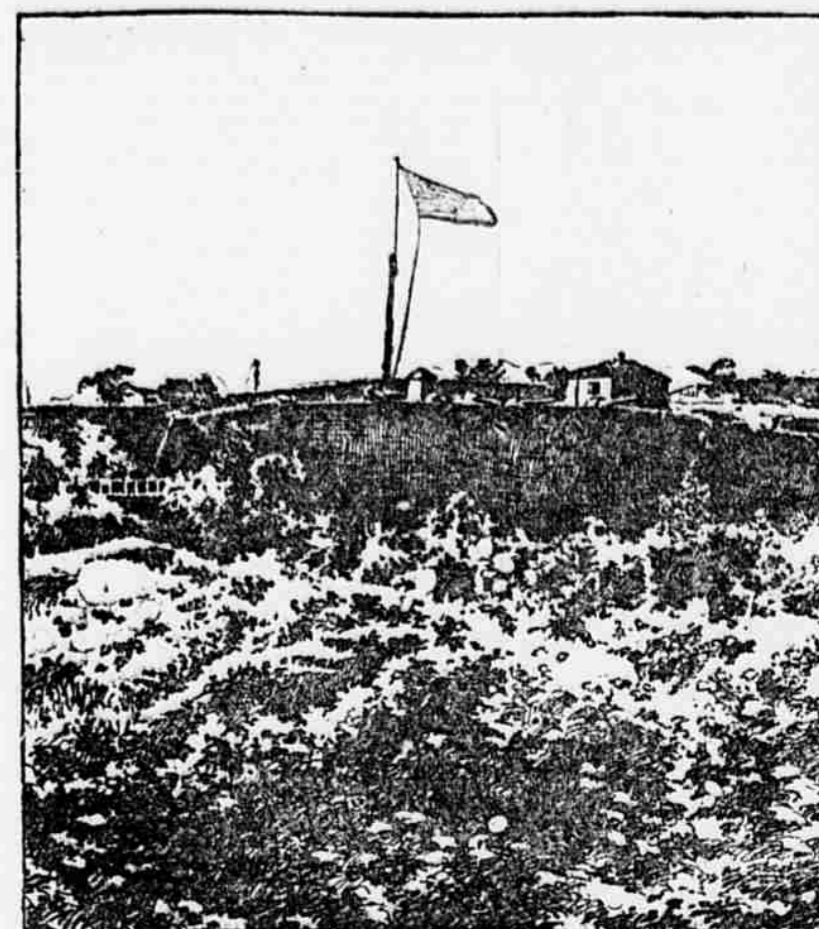
Illustrations taken at the time by Douglas White, the war correspondent of the San Francisco Examiner.



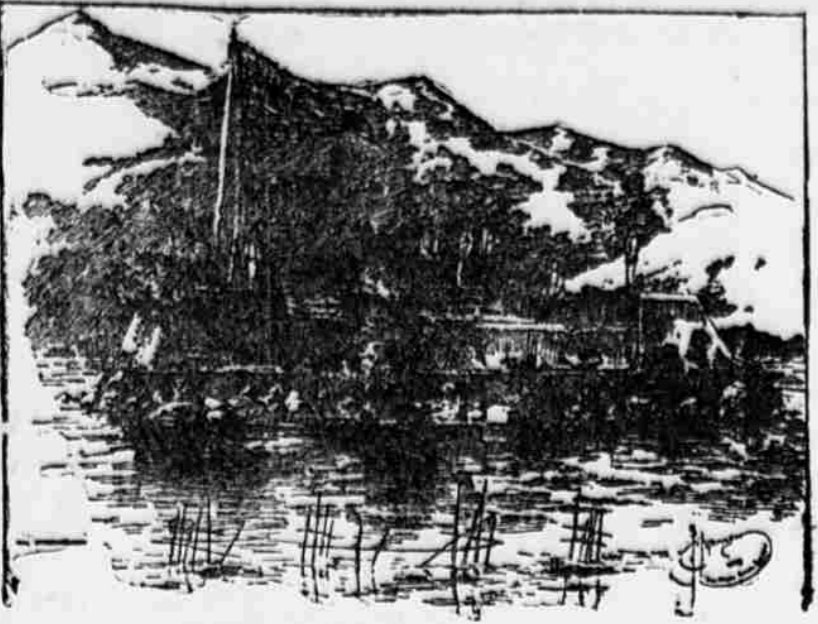
The Old Bell at Sumaya, Idrone Islands, cast in 1680. Reproduced from an illustration in "On to Manila."

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Raising "Old Glory" at Fort Santa Cruz, Idrone Islands. Reproduced from an illustration in "On to Manila."



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AFTER THE FACT.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

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"This is first-class," said Miss Parley in a warning tone.
"If you're third, miss," replied the man with the clumsy bag, blundering into the compartment, "you'd better hop out quick."
The 8:36 p. m. started, and having put his bag in the corner, he turned, leaning half of his body out of the window and holding his bowler hat with one hand. Miss Parley, well dressed in furs, with a demure bonnet appropriate to her age and manner, glanced through the window at the face and shivered.
"He's lost it," remarked the man, turning to her and looking out again, swore softly at the rushing wind. When the train had said good-bye to the Chislehurst houses and had entered into the tunnel he brought himself in and stumped back to the corner, where he sat near to the awkwardly filled bag, half covering it with his coat.
"I never had a pal yet," he said, as the train went clamorously, "what I could trust."
"I beg your pardon," said Miss Parley with courtesy.
"I say," he repeated, raising his voice, "that I never yet come across the man what I could say to 'You're as good as what I am.' There isn't a single one of 'em but what's got some fault."
"Few of us here below are perfect," said Miss Parley sententiously. "Sin comes natural to us poor mortals, and—"
"I can't 'elp your troubles," interrupted the man. "What I want is a bit of your assistance."
"I am strongly opposed," said the middle-aged lady, with great decision, "to indiscriminate charity. I will give you a note to the secretary of the—"
"I know your sort," he remarked acutely. "Give away every bloomin' thing except gifts. Find out what poor people want and see they don't get it. Ho, yes! I've met crowds like you. Fortunately I don't want your 'elp, as you understand it. All I want is a bit of common courtesy."
"I trust," she said, politely, "that I am not wanting in that."
"I 'ope, too, that you're pretty well supplied." The train came out of the tunnel into the open evening mist, and the clouds disappeared from the windows. "See this yer bag?"
Miss Parley adjusted her pince-nez and inspected it. It was an old bag, with a leather handle at each hand, the contents bulged it unevenly; the surface bore some European labels which it seemed might have been removed from other luggage, for they did not stick with confidence.
"I trust," said Miss Parley, with caution, "I must confess that I do see that bag."
"Ah," remarked the man, ironically, "now I can tell I'm dealing with a smart person. Now I know that I can rely on you for doing what I want you to do in a 'ighly intelligent manner. Are you going to Charing Cross?"
"I am," replied Miss Parley.
"Thought so. Got no luggage, 'ave you?"
"I am only going to a meeting," explained Miss Parley, stroking the fur of her muff, "and naturally I have no luggage."
"I'm not blamin' of you," said the man generously. "It makes your work all the easier. This bag contains—Are you fond of kids?"
"I adore children."
"Very well, then," he said, with a relieved air. "This bag contains presents for my youngsters."
"Have you many children?"
"Four of 'em," said the man.
"How charming!"
"You ain't seen 'em," he said grimly, "Be

that as it may, this bag contains presents for 'em. I've got to get out at Waterloo."
"Waterloo," said Miss Parley, "is the station before you get to Charing Cross."
"You do know something," remarked the man admiringly. He took off his neckerchief and fixed on a collar, high and rather white. The change altered his appearance greatly. "I've got to get out at Waterloo; you're going to Charing Cross. Now, do you mind leaving this bag for me in the cloak room there under—say your name and a number." Miss Parley contracted her forehead momentarily and pursued her lips. "Otherwise," he went on, earnestly and pathetically, "otherwise six little 'eads 'll lay 'emselvs down on their white pillers to-night, crying 'emselvs to sleep; six little 'eads, all curly ones, 'll be full of sorrow and gramin' of teeth; six little 'eads 'll—"
"For the sake of the dear little children," said Miss Parley, "I will do as you wish. Here is my card; I'll put a number upon it. What number shall I write?"
"Put ten sixty-six," he said, leaning across the aisle, "that's good old blooming Wellington won the battle of Waterloo."
"Ten sixty-six," she repeated as she wrote. "There, my man! You can send for it with that card, and the dear little children will not be disappointed."
"Bless their 'earts," he said, taking the card.
When the train rattled presently across the bridge into Cannon street, the man gave a very fair imitation of paternal feeling. He dabbed at his eyes with a white speckled blue handkerchief; he shook his head pathetically. As the train backed out of the station he lifted the heavy bag to the side where Miss Parley was sitting.
"Any slight expenses, miss, that you might be put to—"
"Don't mention that, my man. For the sake of the dear little ones I would take almost any amount."
"I'll be called for about 11 p. m.," he said, "by a woman friend. In fact," he added, with a burst of frankness, "the woman I'm engaged to, if you must know."
"But the children—"
"Oh," he said readily, "I'm an adjective widower."
Miss Parley trembled a little; the man muttered to himself a reproach for his carelessness of speech. The train slowed up at Waterloo and he opened the door and put his head out. Instantly he turned, and rushing toward the other door, and growling an earnest warning to her, partly jumped and partly fell out on the ballast. Miss Parley looked out as she pulled this door to, and saw him hobbling cautiously in the dusk by the side of the train.
"I thought," she said with great shrewdness, "that he was not really first-class."
Then Miss Parley took out her plump purse and prepared to do something of an extremely ingenious nature; extracted from the purse six bright shillings; loosened with some difficulty as the train went once more across the Thames, the straps that held the lumpy bag together, opened the bag and slipped the silver coins within. At that same moment she screamed.
"Good gracious!" exclaimed Miss Parley, affrightedly.
She made all haste with fingers that trembled to refasten the straps, and had scarcely done this when the train arrived at Charing Cross; there an active young porter who knew her by sight jumped in, shouldered the heavy bag and was trotting along the platform before Miss Parley had time to recover her breath.

"Four-wheeler, lady?" asked the alert porter, over her shoulder.
"No, no," she panted, hastening after him.
"Right you are, lady," he said, cheerfully. "You want to leave it in the cloak room?"
It occurred to Miss Parley's heated, perturbed mind that this perhaps would be the most convenient course to pursue.
To summon the chief inspector, to become the center of a suspicious, critical ring of passengers, to explain that she had accepted the care of a bag containing, as the momentary glance had assured, silver goods of value that had evidently been stolen, this was really more than she could bear. Mr. Moringham would be here, too, in a few minutes; for it was near to 7:30. Mr. Moringham, who was a serious-minded stockholder of Cophthall court, neither young nor middle-aged, but betwixt the two, who had wooed Miss Parley with great respect for years, and had, for hobby, the restraint of crime and a general view of life that was in tune with that of Miss Parley. Mr. Moringham was no man for such an emergency as this; he would only reprove her gently for having taken such grave responsibilities. A disclosure meant police court proceedings. Old Bailey attendance—
"Ere we are lady!"
"Going to take a ticket for it?" asked the man on the other side of the counter.
"I'll leave it," she said, determinedly.

"In my name and the number, ten sixty-six."
"Bit lumpy, miss," said the cloakroom man.
"It has—it has something heavy inside," she stammered.
"Ah," remarked the cloak room man, as he affixed a label, "that accounts for it."
Mr. Moringham brought news that the night was fine, that the hall was but the distance of three minutes' walk, that things were looking ominous in the east, that the only way to keep peace was to be prepared for war. Having recited off these statements with indiscreet haste, and thus exhausted his evening's stock, Moringham appeared to find himself on arrival at the hall, so to speak, beached and unable to move in conversation until the tide returned with some similar remarks. They found seats on the crowded platform, neither in the mood for talk. Miss Parley checked a sigh now and again as she looked at the strange men and women who filled the body of the hall. They were mainly criminals, or, at any rate, affected to be so for the purpose of this meeting, and Miss Parley felt that, strictly speaking, her place was among them. Mr. Moringham, content to be near the lady of his heart, content also to see in his hat the notes of a speech which he felt contained some thoughts that came near in his opinion to being epigrams, sat with folded arms and

did not observe Miss Parley's preoccupation of thought.
"Excuse me," she said presently. The chairman and the principal speaker, a judge, were coming on to the platform; the hall rose to its feet and cheered as though the dearest wish of its life was at length being gratified. "I wish to speak to the police inspector."
"Can I take a message, Jane?" asked Mr. Moringham.
"No," said Miss Parley with brusqueness. "Please stay where you are."
The inspector, seeing Miss Parley's attitude of appeal, met her half way on the platform. The hall, amused at this, and having finished its applause, called on the inspector to lock her up. She was a well known character, shouted the hall humorously, and a perfect terror in the lane. Take her off to Bow, begged the hall, and if she became violent, why, give her the good old frog's march.
"I wish to ask you," said Miss Parley, in a low voice, unconscious of the badinage, "what is the sentence usually given for—"
"Murder?" prompted the inspector.
"No, no. For what do you call it?"
"Oh," said the inspector, "you mean shoplifting, madam."
"I mean nothing of the kind," she replied

with asperity. "I mean receiving goods—"
"Well knowing the same to be stolen," said the inspector gibbly. He passed his hand over his chin. "Let me see now, madam, what shall we say for the average? What do you say to three years?"
Miss Parley went blindly back to her seat as the chairman rose to introduce the judge to the meeting, a proceeding that was in some part superfluous. Three years! One, two, three; she had never before thought of three as a large number. There seemed a way out of the difficulty, and this was fortunate; but it made one tremble to think that one should be ever within sight of a fate so terrible. The obvious exit was never to allude to the incident to any one. That dreadful man would send for it; the bag would thus disappear; no one need know the part that she had taken in the affair. The old judge was getting on with his speech, with an occasional joke of moderate strength that made the hall roar with ecstatic appreciation, and Miss Parley nerve herself to push aside the terrifying thoughts that oppressed her, with partial success, partial failure. A deplorable old hag sat in the front row below, interrupting the proceedings now and again by demanding cheers for herself; the pleasing thought occurred to Miss Parley that she might never learn of the crime she had later life, but that she might finish in the type of the dreadful woman who was just then shouting, "Hooray for Patsy Maguire!" Pursuing this cheerful vein, Miss Parley succeeded, as the old judge resumed his seat, fearful at his own affecting peroration, in accepting with fair equanimity a sentence of penal servitude for life.
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goodness! the train was moving at last, moving away from the bag.
"After the wording slightly this time," suggested Moringham. He walked along with the train. "Make it less—"
"Stand away, sir; stand away!"
The alert young porter, scarlet-faced and excited, pushed Moringham aside, opened the door, jerked from his shoulder the large lumpy bag down into the center of the compartment, closed the door again.
"You'd a' forgot it, lady," he gasped breathlessly, "if it 'adn't been for me."
There was no escaping it. Miss Parley would have lifted it up and dropped it out of the window, but it was too heavy. At Chislehurst she stepped down briskly, closing the door, and the guard discovering the bag, sent it after her to the cab by two men. As she drove home she could, by closing her eyes, see everything. Capture of the burglar, his full confession, the bag traced, a preposterous explanation on her part that would be accepted by nobody. She would bury the bag at the end of her lawn that night. It would be impossible to guess, feeling that it remained in the house.
"I'm so sorry, miss," said the maid, meeting her in the hall.
"What have you broken now, Lambert?"
"Nothing broke, miss," said the maid regretfully. "Won't be nothin' left to break if we go on like this."
"Will you give the man come help with the heavy bag?"
The two lugged it into the hall.
"As I was saying, miss—"
"Get me a spade, Lambert, and go off to bed, quickly. Has cook gone?"
"Miss, you must please listen. There's been a burglary, and the best of your beautiful plate's gone, and—"
"Lambert," cried Miss Parley with sudden excitement, "help me to undo these straps!"
"Why," said the maid with great relief as she took the contents, "all the same, my opinion is—how hardy they've packed 'em—my opinion is that there ought to be no 'ouse without a man in it."
Miss Parley glanced thoughtfully at herself in a slip of mirror.
"I think perhaps you're right, Lambert. I shan't want a spade now. I'll write a letter instead."



shake yo' cho' late feet, Amandy, I ain't got no cane or nothin'. Yo's got no fine dress.
All I ask yo', dear Amandy, Give yo' self a shake, Jos' let's walk for love of walkin', We don't want no cake.

A CAKELESS CAKE WALK.
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