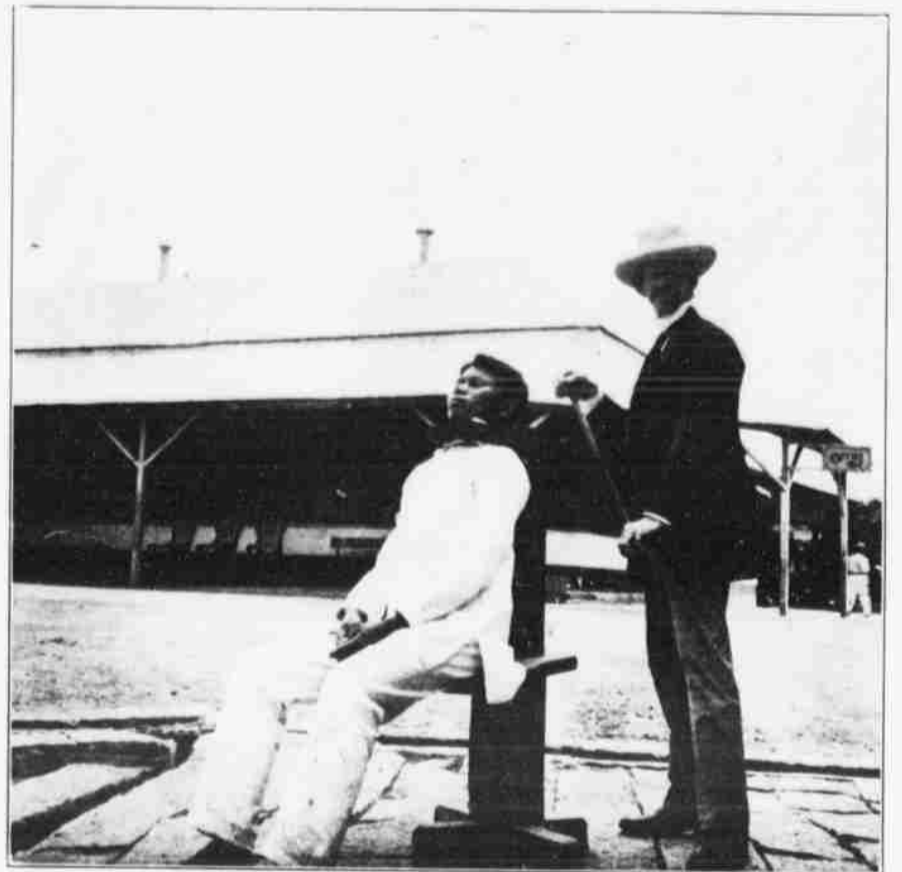


Uncle Sam's Pirates in the Orient



WHERE THE PRISONERS SLEEP IN BILIBID PRISON.



GARROTE OF BILIBID, WITH MR. CARPENTER AS EXECUTIONER.

(Copyright, 1902, by Frank G. Carpenter.)
WASHINGTON, April 24.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—I call them Uncle Sam's pirates because they now live under the American flag. I refer to the brigands, banditti and thieves of our Asiatic possessions. They are to be found in one shape or another in all parts of the islands and even in Manila itself. We have there a good corps of native policemen and thousands of soldiers with clubs and revolvers, but nevertheless robberies occur every day and the counterfeiters make false money so fast that you have to ring every dollar to see whether it is silver or not.

Manila has not only land thieves but water thieves. Think of an American city containing more than 300,000 people in which there are professional pirates. The place is cut up by canals, the Pasig river flows through it, and its waterways are as thickly crowded with boats as those of Canton. A short time ago it was found that these parts of the city were infested by an organized band of thieves and pickpockets who made the boats their headquarters and went out to prey upon the people. They robbed the houses and black-mailed their brothers upon the boats. An additional force has been added to the water police to keep them in check, and both harbor and canals are now being patrolled on the lookout for pirates.

A few weeks ago one of the government launches passed a large boat on the River Pasig in almost the heart of the city. In it was a native who waved his hand for assistance. The launch stopped and it was found that the man had been attacked by pirates, who had stolen the tobacco, sugar and coconuts which he was carrying into Manila.

On another boat the natives were seen to be greatly excited. The officials stopped and were told that there was nothing wrong. They saw, however, that several ropes were tied to the bamboo outriggers of the native craft and caught hold of them and pulled them in. At the other end of each rope they found a Mauser rifle and later on discovered that of the men on the boat four were pirates. They were robbing the boat when the government launch came up and had threatened the owners with death if they informed upon them.

It is this fear on the part of the natives that makes it difficult to break up piracy. The criminals are so organized that their friends will take revenge upon informers. They blackmail the boatmen and carry on their smuggling under the very eyes of our soldiers.

Pirates of Mindanao.

The worst place for pirates, however, is in the southern part of the archipelago. The Moros have been pirates for ages and they have had their pirate settlements in Palawan, Mindanao and the Sulu islands. The sultan himself is a professional pirate, who is only restrained by the fear of our government. There is one pirate chief in northeastern Mindanao who until very recently has been sailing along the coast and collecting tribute from the villages at the mouth of a cannon. Shortly before our troops came into Mati he entered that harbor and sent word to the merchants that he must have a certain sum of money at once or he would blow up the town. The presidente was a Spanish ex-lieutenant, as brave as a lion. He had several small howitzers, which he lined up on the shore, and then sent back his reply, telling the pirate to fire and be hanged, but that if he did the howitzers would send his vessels to the bottom of the bay.

This presidente was in charge of the port when General Bates called, and General Bates gave him an American flag. He accepted it, saying that he would use it at all times except when that pirate appeared.

"Then," said he, "I will raise a black flag above it, just like that used by the pirate. This means, 'We will fight to the death and give no quarter.'"

The pirate vessels of the Moros have ravaged the southern coasts of our possessions for more than 200 years. In times past they attacked all the towns near the shore and enslaved many people. Old Datto Utto, who lives near Cottabato, has been a famous pirate in his day, and Datto Piang and others would now be running their pirate junks if no restraint were put upon their actions.

Crime Among the Moros.

In my travels among the Moros I found them a peaceable people. They have good order, because every man carries a knife, and an insult might cause one to lose his head. They have little regard for life. Death is one of their punishments for theft. While General Bates was in Sulu one of the Moros stole a knife belonging to his party and the datto who ruled there wondered why our soldiers did not cut off the thief's head.

Shortly after this the transport Warren called at Jolo with a party of Americans on board. The sultan came down to visit them and upon leaving found that his best cane had mysteriously disappeared. The stick was set with jewels, and the sultan complained. Had the thief been caught alone in his territory he would probably have been killed.

Last October eight men were cut to mince-meat in the Sulus because they had stolen 10 cents' worth of fish. The thieves were Moros from a neighboring island, who had robbed the fish traps. They were captured and a trial was held. Before it was over one of the Sulu Moros accused one of the defendants of being a thief. The accused at once drew his kris and started for his accuser, upon which the friends of the latter rushed in and grabbed the eight strangers. They tied their hands behind them and chopped them in pieces. When the American soldiers arrived the bodies were still bleeding and there was not a spot as large as your hand on any of them that had not been cut. While the soldiers were looking on other Moros came up and tested the edges of their knives by chopping into the human flesh.

I remember a presidente whom I met at Zamboanga. We rode about together looking over his town and I chatted with him about himself and his work. He made no bones of telling me how he had killed his predecessor. He was in charge of the town when our soldiers attacked it, and was supposed to be associated with a Filipino general in its defense. He called this general to him, pretending he wanted a conference and when he came gave a sign to his own soldiers to shoot him. This they did. He rather laughed as he showed me how he had killed his associate, and was evidently proud of his action. The fact that he had lied did not cause a blush, and this is so with the majority of our little brown cousins.

Philippine Liars.

The Filipino has received his moral ideas from the Spaniard, and neither thinks anything of lying to gain his end. The most of them believe that it is only through fear that people tell the truth. I remember a story of Captain Howland's describing his experiences with the insurgents. At one time he came upon a party of Filipinos whom he supposed to be insurgents out for supplies. He asked them if this was not the case. They replied that they had been insurgents, but they were now tired of fighting and wanted to surrender. Captain Howland asked one of the natives who he knew was friendly to us whether he thought the men were telling the truth. The native replied:

"How can you tell whether they tell the

truth or not until you castigate them? The Spaniards always castigated us when they wanted to get the truth. Give them a good thrashing and you will be sure to learn what they really think. Any Filipino will tell a lie until he is castigated."

Captain Howland, however, did not feel like taking the responsibility of ordering each man fifty lashes upon his bare back, and he let them go.

An enormous amount of thieving prevails in the country districts of Luzon and the other large islands. The mountains are infested with bandits, who make raids upon the planters. Many of the insurgents have joined these bands, and they now rob Americans and natives alike. The planters of Negros have recently formed a union to protect themselves against such brigandage. They have made up lists of all the men of the island and have recorded opposite each man's name his character. They are trying to keep a record of every man's doings, as it is believed that many of the brigands spend part of their time under the guise of respectable citizens.

There are many banditti in Mindoro. They have existed there for years, the Spaniards



FILIPINO POLICEMAN.

never attempting to break up their settlements. Dean Worcester mentions a Negroes bandit named Martin who was a fiend incarnate. He took children and tore them to pieces, and the natives, so it is said, believed that he feasted on the livers of his victims.

Land of Guerrillas.

The hills of Luzon seem to be made for banditti. There is no country where guerrilla warfare can be carried on more successfully. You are seldom far from the mountains, and the valleys are filled with clumps of bamboos. The American Indians had nothing like the opportunities that the Filipinos have in their warfare with us. Indeed, I doubt if our Indians could have been conquered if their country had been similar to the Philippines. There are places for ambush within every few miles. The rice fields are interspersed with swamps and there are many thickets in which the robbers can hide. There are bamboo clumps everywhere and many places where the ground rises in hillocks topped with thick grass, in which a man can lie concealed and wait for his prey.

There are nothing but trails through the mountains and travelers often have to cut their own paths through them. The woods

are so bound together with long lianas that they form a perfect mass of matted vegetation through which one must cut his way. The lowlands are unstable at certain times of the year and in the rainy season they are impassable for horses or carriages.

The insurgents have of late worked chiefly through ambushes. They assault only small parties, killing from three to six at a time. This class of warfare will last until good roads are made. Then the country can be patrolled by police on horseback and the robbers hunted to their lairs in the mountains. At present there are practically no roads on some of the islands. Mindoro has none, Jolo none outside of the town of Jolo, and in Mindanao the only roads are about the chief ports. The sultan lives at Malbum, on one side of the island, and the city of Jolo, where the Americans are stationed, is on the opposite side. When the sultan crosses the island he comes on horseback by a bridge path. A road will probably be made between these two towns.

Visit to Bilibid.

While in Manila I visited the chief penitentiary of our Asiatic possessions. It is known as Bilibid prison. It was full at the time we took possession and hundreds of men were imprisoned against whom no crimes were charged on the record. Many did not know why they had been incarcerated and they had been there for years awaiting trial. All were in chains. Some had heavy irons fastened to their ankles. The prison was filthy; its walls were then covered with decayed vegetation. As I went through the penitentiary I was shown the irons which had been taken off these men. Some of them weighed many pounds and they must have worn into the flesh. I was shown the garroting instrument used in capital cases and I paid one of the prisoners 25 cents to put his neck in the collar while I held the screw to get a photograph of just how it was done.

The prisoner sat on a bench with his hands and feet tied so that he could not move. His back rested against a post and his neck was inside a collar of brass, which could be so tightened by a turn of the screw that it could be broken or mashed to a jelly. Indeed, if the executioner wished, the neck might be cut from the shoulders by means of the screw. Death comes, I am told, instantaneously, for one turn will break the spinal cord. During executions the Spaniards shrouded the heads of the victims and it was at the waving of the sword of the chief prison official that the crank was turned which brought instant death.

Bilibid of Today.

Bilibid is now an American penitentiary and the garrote and all cruel punishments are done away with. The superintendent of the prison is an American soldier, who has put it into the best of sanitary conditions. It is today as clean as any prison of the United States; its walls have been scraped and whitewashed, the irons knocked off the inmates and most of them put to work.

I found the prisoners engaged in all kinds of labor. Some were making baskets and chairs, others were working on the roads and others were busy as carpenters making bedsteads, tables and other kinds of furniture. One man was cutting at a lathe turned by a flywheel manipulated by two Filipinos; another was carving and others were making trinkets which are sold to visitors. Each man gets a percentage of what his product sells for, amounting, among the best workmen, to about \$2 per month. In addition to this every prisoner is given 5 cents a week to buy his cigarettes, for smoking is allowed in the prison.

I went through the quarters where the men stay at night. They are long halls,

lined on each side with sloping tables or shelves as high as your knee. The tables are each about six feet wide and eight feet in length, but they are so joined that they make long shelves running from one end of the room to the other. Upon each table three or four men sleep at night. They have no mattresses and no pillows and only such bedclothing as they bring in themselves.

What the Prisoners Eat.

Back of the tables are tin pans, each of which looks just like the top of a four-gallon bucket. Every prisoner has two of these; they are his only eating utensils. He has no knife, fork nor spoon, but eats with his fingers. The meals consist of rice and a stew of vegetables and fish. The prisoners are fed by contract, and it costs about 3 cents of our money a day to supply the food of one man. Notwithstanding this low rate they seem healthy and contented, and they are, I am told, well satisfied with their rations. They drink only water, and each prisoner has for this purpose a canteen consisting of a bamboo tube about two feet in length.

The daily life of the prisoners is as follows: They are called at 5:30 a. m. and counted. After this they have breakfast and clean up the grounds. At 7 o'clock they begin their regular work and continue at it from then on till 11:30. At 12 all squat down for dinner and after that take a siesta until 2. From 2 until 5:30 they are again at their work. Then comes supper, and then a parade, at which the prison band plays the "Star Spangled Banner" and the convicts salute the United States flag. After this the prisoners are marched back to their cells and locked up for the night.

(Continued on Seventh Page.)

A good looking horse and poor looking harness is the worst kind of a combination.

Eureka Harness Oil

not only makes the harness and the horse look better, but makes the leather soft and pliable, puts it in condition to last—twice as long as it ordinarily would.

Sold everywhere in case—all sizes. Made by

STANDARD OIL CO.

Give Your Horse a Chance!

F. M. RUSSELL,
 HAS 200 ELECTRIC FIXTURES.
 RESIDENCE
 CLINIC
 ECCLESIASTICAL.
 Phone 503, Omaha

Old laces repaired and cleaned—Dry cleaning of fine garments a specialty.

Twin City Dye Works
 Phone 1521. 319 South 15th Street, Omaha, Neb.