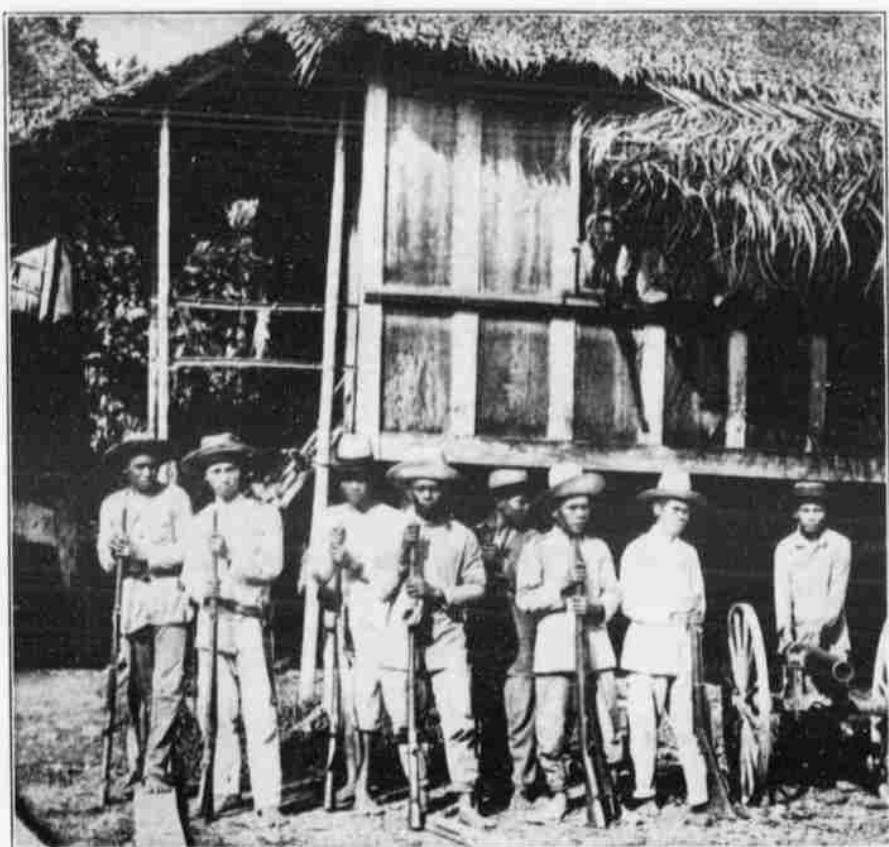
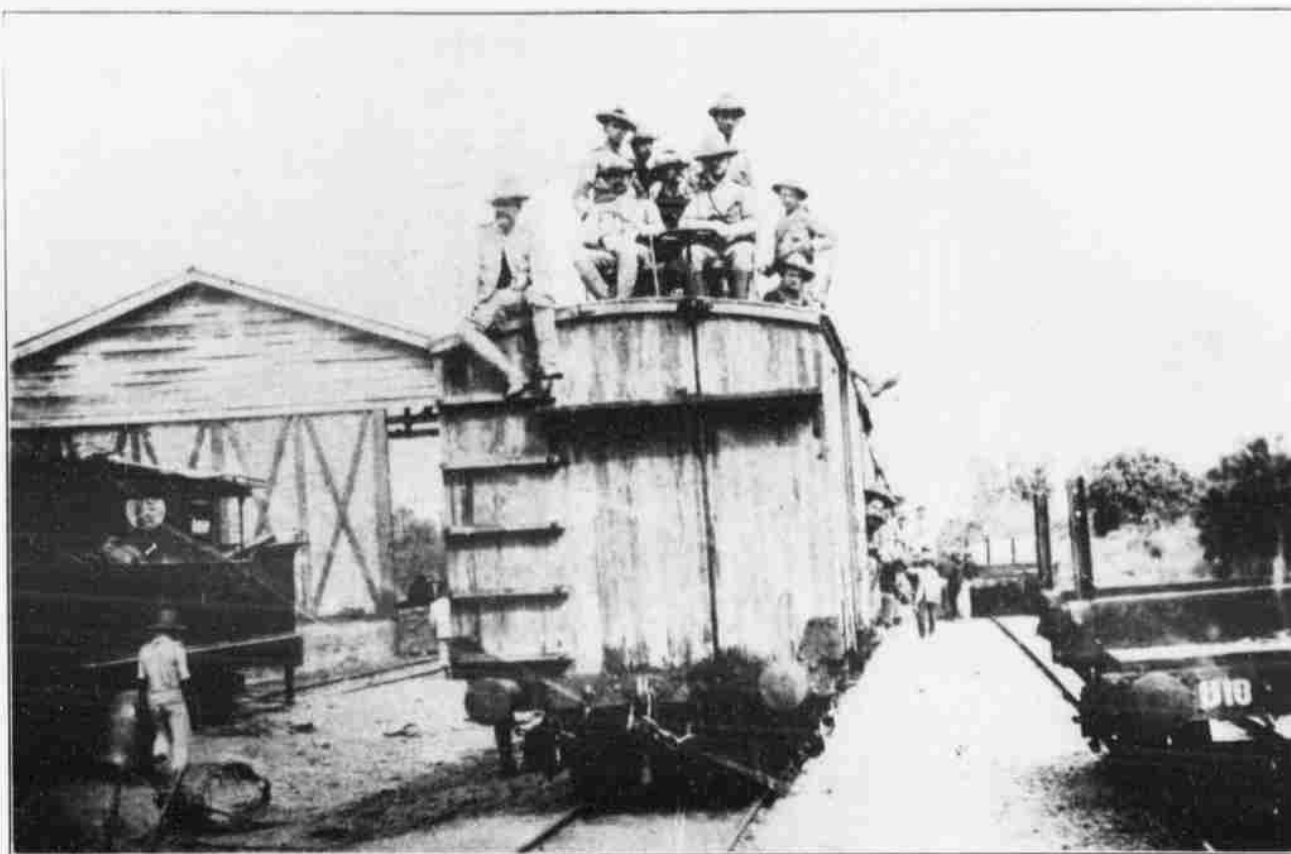


# Stories of Individual Bravery in the Philippines



FILIPINOS WAITING FOR THE AMERICANS TO COME.



FIRST TRAIN THROUGH A HOSTILE COUNTRY—GENERAL MACARTHUR AND STAFF ON TOP.

(Copyright, 1902, by Frank G. Carpenter.)  
**W**ASHINGTON, May 8.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—I want to give you some stories of army life in the Philippines. The country is full of them. Every soldier has his adventures and there are thousands of unknown heroes whose deeds deserve credit. In other wars the acts of bravery are connected with great engagements, when, under the enthusiasm incited by battle, men march to the cannon's mouth. In the Philippines no man knows when his life is safe. Day and night, week in and week out, the year through, the soldiers who are in the field are subject to ambush. There is not a hundred acres in the whole of Luzon which has not a hiding place for a murderous Filipino. The pickets are sometimes lassoed and killed before they can speak. A party with a bullock train is always liable to be shot at and looted, and a terrible uncertainty fills the air. Amid all this our men laugh and joke. They have their sports, play ball and toss one another in blankets, going bravely on with their lives in their hands. The tension is too great for some and they grow insane, as you will see from the many such cases on the sick list, but the great majority have fought their way along, doing their duty with the full knowledge that if they be so murdered they will be merely marked as missing, and go down to history unhonored and unsung.

## Narrow Escape on Mount Arayat.

Have you ever heard of Sergeant Peterson and Private Norval of the Twelfth United States regulars? I venture not. I found these two at Angeles in a cathedral which had been turned into a hospital. They had been brought in by troops a few days before, having been rescued from the Philippines on Mount Arayat. They were scarred with holes, their wounds were yet unhealed and in them still were about half a dozen Filipino bullets. I sat beside them on their couches as they told me the story of their ambush. They had started out to take a bullock train from Mabalocot and had been ambushed. A large band of Filipinos had shot at them and then attacked them with bolos. Norval received five bolo cuts. He told me he did not feel the knives as they sank into his flesh and it was only from the blood which flowed down his back and chest that he knew he had been so badly chopped up.

Wounded as they were the Filipinos dragged them across the country to Mount Arayat. There they found other prisoners and a large body of Filipinos. They were half starved and persecuted during their stay. They were guarded by men who thrust the guns into their faces and threatened to shoot them, and at last, when our soldiers appeared, they were put on their knees between them and the Filipinos. Said Sergeant Peterson to me:

"The place where we were was almost inaccessible, but Lieutenant Schenk led his colored troops right up the mountains under the fire of the Filipino guns. He fought his way step by step, and at last the Filipinos saw that they were bound to be taken, and they decided to flee. At that time their general detailed nine men to shoot the prisoners. We were placed on our knees and the general himself ordered the firing. We all dropped. I was hit, but not seriously. I pretended to be dead, however, not daring to raise my head for fear they might know that I was still alive. They fired again and again and I received another ball in my leg, but I kept my head down.

"After awhile I heard the sound of running, and in about twenty minutes I raised up and looked about me. The enemy was not in sight, so I rolled along to another man who had been shot. He had been cut with a bolo over the right eye and had a bullet through his lungs. He begged us

to kill him, but I could not do that, and I laid beside him for awhile and talked with him.

"Later on I rolled down into the bushes and then I heard voices. I called out and a negro soldier came to me. I was never so glad to see anyone in my life. The soldier gave me some whisky and carried me to Schenk's troops, who brought me here. Two of our party died that day and another a few days later."

## How Lieutenant Schenk Was Killed.

Lieutenant Schenk, who led the assault on Mount Arayat, was afterward killed in the neighborhood of Subig while scouting in advance of the telegraph corps. The wire had been cut at a stream and Schenk and his men had started to ford the stream when the Filipinos shot at them from the bamboos, killing Lieutenant Schenk and three privates and wounding five others. One of the wounded men escaped by hiding in the bushes. He says he saw the Filipinos go to our men lying on the ground and lift their eyelids to see if they were dead. One man cut a string from around the lieutenant's neck, to which was tied a cross and a medallion. He put both in his pocket and went away. That medallion contained the pictures of Schenk's wife and baby. He had been married just before he went to the Philippines and he had never seen his little baby, whose picture was in the medallion.

The stories of soldiers whose lives have been saved by carrying Bibles in their left-breast pockets are numerous. The bullet of the enemy strikes them just over the heart, but always lodges somewhere between Genesis and Revelations.

There was one soldier in the Philippines whose life was saved by a poker deck, the bullet stopping at the ace of spades, and another curiously enough owes his present existence to a plug of tobacco. The latter was a sergeant of the Fortieth Infantry. It was at the battle of San Miguel. The soldiers were attacked by Filipinos with bolos and this sergeant received a terrible blow on the head. He had, however, a thick plug of tobacco inside his hat. The bolo cut clean through the plug and just grazed the skin. Had it not been that the plug was thick and the tobacco tough the man would surely have been killed.

There are numerous instances of nerve shown by our troops. I heard of them at every post. Every regiment has produced them by the score. One soldier, for instance, was shot through the lungs, and when brought to the surgeon he was at once told that death was sure and that nothing could be done. Said the surgeon who examined him:

"I am very sorry for you, my boy. You have but a few moments to live. What are your last wishes?"

"I want a smoke," was the reply. "Give me a cigarette."

One was given him. He smoked it to the end and dropped dead with the stub in his mouth.

## Little War of His Own.

The Filipinos do not know what to make of our soldiers. Their method of warfare has been to fight and run, but the American soldier goes right on. Some of our men are ready to attack a whole army alone, and this is especially so of those who are addicted to liquor. Near Calococan one soldier got on a jug and started out from his regiment to charge a camp of insurgents. He left the camp whistling "Marching Through Georgia," and sat down within a long distance of the Filipino sentinels and shot at them until he had emptied his cartridge belt.

In the meantime the officers of his regiment could not locate the firing. They were about to send out a scouting party, when the man came back staggering a little, but whistling "See the Conquering Hero Comes." He was put in the guard house thirty days for his temerity.

It was at this same place, Calococan, that the new regiments were frequently stationed upon their arrival at Manila. One night the soldiers reported that the enemy were making a march upon them, and that they had seen a line of lights hundreds of feet long. The officers ordered the men into the trenches ready to attack the advancing army. No enemy came, however, and the next day it was found that the



GENERAL ARTHUR MACARTHUR.

lights were those of some innocent Filipinos who were out catching the frogs and shell fish brought forth by the recent rains.

## Filipino Atrocities.

I now and then see statements of the cruelties perpetrated by our troops on the innocent Filipinos. Some such statements may be true, but the majority are false, and under the provocations which the men have suffered it is a wonder they are at all temperate. No one can appreciate the sufferings of our soldiers. Men have been cut to pieces with bolos. They have been tied to and deceived in every possible way. One case I remember on the island of Panay. It was a priest, who enticed three of our privates into the hands of the enemy. The privates were drunk or they would not have been caught. The Filipinos tied them to stakes and built a fire at their feet. After they had roasted the feet the Filipinos used their bolos to cut strips of flesh from the bodies of their victims. They cut at them again and again, avoiding the vital spots, and then scared the flesh with red hot irons.

During my stay in Manila Lieutenant Wynne of the marine corps captured six Cavite cutthroats who were murdering children by drowning them in Manila bay. The villains would tie the hands of the little ones behind their backs and cast them thus bound into the water.

One of the Filipino generals was a half-breed Chinese named Paua, who committed all sorts of atrocities on women and children. His soldiers once attacked a poor woman and her daughter in the province of Albay and demanded money of them. They had none and by this General Paua's order they were stripped and burned with red-hot irons. After this they were tied inside the house, which was then fired and they were burned in the flames.

I might fill this paper with stories of the lying schemes of the Filipinos to entice our men into ambush. I have room for but one. This relates to General Jake Smith, who made the cage of railroad irons near Bautista and filled it with Filipinos. The insurgents knew of the bravery of Smith and they were anxious to capture him. They persuaded the president of the town to get up a grand ball and have Smith attend, expecting to bolt him on his way home. The daring officer learned of the plot. He went to the ball and found there fifty guests, including the most prominent men and most beautiful señoritas of the district. He played the violin for several of the dances and later on tripped the light fantastic toe with the prettiest of our brown-skinned cousins. He left the ball about 3 o'clock in the morning and with his troops captured the kidnappers and then put them in his railroad jail.

In that same region I heard many stories of the antics of Bell and his daring troops. The Filipinos did not know what to make of them. They were ready to fight at any odds and under all circumstances. One of the great surprises was at the river at Porac. Our troops were pursuing the insurgents when they came to the stream. The enemy was out in sight and the company, laying their guns on the bank, stripped to the skin and rushed into the water for a swim. The insurgents, who were hiding in the bamboos, came forth and attacked them. Whereupon the naked men rushed out and grabbed their guns, swam the river and made for the Filipinos, yelling as though they were demons. I am told the brown men became ashy from fear. They fled over rice fields and through the bamboos, followed by our soldiers, who traveled rapidly unimpeded by clothes. They did not regard the wire grass and the thorns, though they cut deep into their skins. Some of the Filipinos were chased as much as three miles and the soldiers came back scratched and bleeding, but with captives in front of their bayonets.

## How Cold Water Cured a Liar.

Speaking of Filipino lying, it has been very common among the insurgents when their guns were demanded. They would use the weapons one day and then hide them in a clump of bamboo or sink them in a stream and come out and pretend to be the friends of the Americans. To us all Filipinos look the same, and we have again and again treated our foes as friends to our sorrow. I remember an instance which happened near Calumpit. A band of Filipinos attacked some of our Macabebes and killed most of them. The next day the soldiers were sent out to find the dead and capture the murderers. When they came to the spot there was no sign of insurgents and the dead had been buried. On the very place where the fight had been they found a lonely Filipino plowing with a water buffalo. One of the Macabebes who had escaped recognized the man and said he was the chief of the attacking party of the day before. The plowman denied the charge and claimed that he was "Mucho Amigo."

The Macabebe insisted, whereupon the lieutenant commanding the company applied drastic measures. He had the man taken to a creek nearby. His feet were strapped together, his hands tied behind his back and a rope put around his neck. He was then dropped down into the water. He floated a while by kicking, but soon sank. A moment later he was dragged out and asked where the rifles were hidden. He pretended ignorance and was again thrown into the water. This time he swallowed about a gallon, but when he was dragged out he swore he knew nothing. He was again thrown in and again drawn out when his memory came to him. He promised everything to keep dry. He gave the names of the insurgents and took our soldiers to the very field where he had been plowing. He showed them where to dig

and they unearthed sixteen rifles and as many bolos from beneath the very furrows which he had been making. The rifles were wrapped in banana leaves and they lay about a foot below the surface. He was standing upon them when the soldiers came up.

## Filipino Loot.

Throughout the war in the Philippines the officers have done all they could to restrain the soldiers from looting and offenses of this nature have been few and far between. There is no soldier in the world who so respects the rights of others as the American. This was notably so in China, where the Russians, English and Germans extorted money in every possible way.

Nevertheless, at the beginning of the war quite a lot of treasure was found in Luzon. Money was discovered in the cellars and roofs of the Philippine houses, and it was dug from the yards. During my visit to General Fred Grant at Angeles I was taken down under the floor of the building in which he lived and shown a concealed treasure vault, which had been the treasure hiding place of the owners. It was then empty of jewels and money, but it may have been robbed by the insurgents.

General Wheaton's headquarters at San Fernando were in one of the finest houses north of Manila. The building had a ground floor of tiles and in some way or other the soldiers got the idea that there was money under the floor. I think it was before the general took possession. It was certainly without his knowledge that they dug up the tiled floor in the yard. They found nothing and left the house, having searched every part of it except the billiard room. Shortly after this the owner came back and got permission to remove his furniture. He did so and at the same time raised the floor of the billiard room and therefrom removed \$35,000 in money and \$15,000 worth of jewelry.

Captain Dodds of the Third cavalry captured \$75,000 worth of insurgent money at one time and turned it into the government. The money was being carried over the country in bullock carts.

Shortly after St. Thomas was captured a native came with a bullock cart to General MacArthur and asked if he could go into one of the houses for his valuables. The general consented and the man dug up \$80,000, which he had laid away in sugar jars under the floor.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

## His Fatal Error

Chicago News: "A woman is always ashamed of the puns she makes," remarked the masculine boarder who reads the comic almanacs.

"She is not," retorted the angular female, who frankly admits that she had seen twenty-three summers before her eyes grew tired. "A woman can make a better pun in less time than any specimen of your sex, all right enough."

"Oh, she can, eh?" said the m. b. "Well, just to boost your conceit along toward the dump, suppose you try to make a pun on horseshoe."

"Huh!" exclaimed the fair one. "If you talk till you are horseshoe couldn't sidetrack my opinion. So, there."

But the poor man had swallowed his knife and expired.

## Making the Most of It

Atlanta Constitution: "That diplomacy is a big one," said the old man, "an' cost a sight o' hard-earned money, but, long as you've done got it, we might's well utilize it fer all it's wuth. Take it back to 'em. Bill, to the college, an' ax 'em to paint in the left-hand corner that I do blacksmithin' cheap fer cash, an' they ain't none kin beat me shooin' of a Georgy mule, ef I does say it myself!"