

THE PHILIPPINES IN WAR AND IN PEACE.

Luzon Method of Salt Making.

John T. McCutcheon, Philippine correspondent of the Chicago Record, writes as follows: It is very difficult, even here in Manila, to get a comprehensive idea of "the situation in the Philippines." The most we know is that our troops are scattered over every province in Luzon, as well as in the chief cities of the other islands, and that in Luzon alone there are 216 separate garrisons holding cities and villages and strategic points in the twenty-seven provinces of the island.

The Filipino method of warfare has changed from their old, defiant methods to a new and more insidious one, that is as much if not more to be feared.

Long before Tarlac was taken Aguinaldo realized that his troops could not stand against ours. Even a force numerically much stronger could be driven at will by comparatively small American forces. This was where discipline, morale and esprit du corps combined to make the smaller force vastly superior to the larger one, because the latter lacked these elements.

Soon after this discovery, which he seems to have been long in making, he heard that the United States was going to increase the Philippine army to about 65,000, a force that could annihilate him if he contested its advance or will. He then issued, along in October, a proclamation advising many of his followers to return to their homes, hide their rifles and await a call at some future time. Others of his followers were held under arms and directed to begin a guerrilla warfare in the territory held by the Americans at that time, or to be held by them later on.

That proclamation, which was undoubtedly forced by the vigorous campaign inaugurated at the time by Generals MacArthur, Lawton, Wheaton and Young, marked the end of organized resistance on a large scale. It will be remembered that Tarlac was taken without a shot, and that our troops occupied in turn all the provinces of the north with fewer than a dozen fights of any consequence. From that time on it became a foot race after the demoralized bands that were leaving the Tarlac lowlands. There was no established capital, no machinery of government, no grand army and half the cabinet surrendered or were captured.

Officially the revolution was crushed.



SPANISH-FILIPINO MESTIZA GIRLS.

but General Concepcion, Aguinaldo's chief of staff, uttered a dissenting opinion which, as since proved, was prophetic.

"You think it is over, but it isn't. You have now disrupted the army and scattered it far and wide. You have some of the leaders in prison and your troops occupy the whole north country. But how many rifles have you captured? When you've got the arms, then and only then, will the revolution be over."

They have a curious custom at the Filipino balls. All the girls sit in a row on one side of the room and all the men on the other. When a man wants to dance he goes over across the dead line, selects his girl, and, after dancing, delivers her back to her chair. He returns to his own side. There is no chance for any flirtation.

The Filipino girls are not flirtations. On great occasions they always seem to be overwhelmed with a sense of rigid propriety. There are no soft brown eyes coyly glancing, or little hands gently pressing. When Miss Filipino treats the stately national quadrille or whirls lightly to the string measures of a quick-played waltz she dedicates her thoughts and soul to grace and symmetry and completely forgets those dainty little coquetries which every maiden is entitled by ancient decree to use.



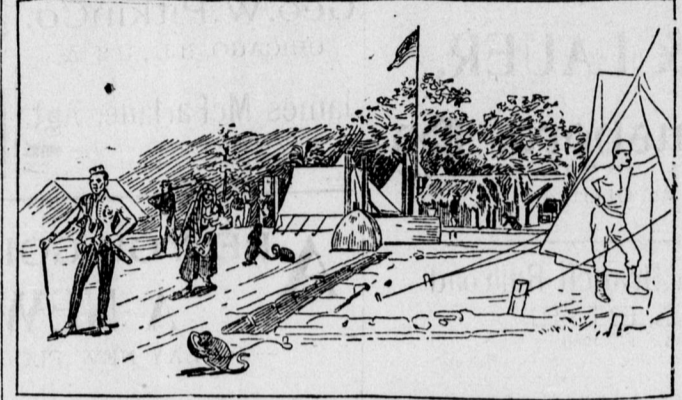
BUNGAO, SULU ARCHIPELAGO, THE MOST SOUTHERLY POSSESSION OF THE UNITED STATES.

There was an extemporized supper. All the girls sat at one end of the table and all the men at the other. All the chairs at the man end were taken when I went in to the feast.

and, contrary to all precedents, I was consigned to the heart of the enemy's country.

On each side was a mestiza. Across the table was a row of dark girls who were evidently overwhelmed by the radical departure from an old custom, and I suspect that I figured prominently as the subject of many of their whispered Visayan remarks. By exhibiting industry in passing things I finally won their friendship and restored confidence.

Everybody has his own salt-maker, so the Ilocanos and Pangasinans of Northern Luzon believe, and they follow out the theory in practice, for



TENTS AND SOLDIER-MADE HUTS OF THE AMERICAN GARRISON AT BUNGAO SULU, OUR SOUTHERNMOST POSSESSION IN THE PHILIPPINES.

nearly every family living on the coast of the great Lingayen Gulf manufactures salt for home consumption, and sells the surplus to the villages of the interior.

In one settlement near Dagupan the occupation reaches the dignity of an industry, and an entire village is engaged in crystallizing the salt out of the earth. The process is the exceed-



SALT MAKING IN NORTHERN LUZON.

ingly simple one of scraping the salt-soaked land of the low coast country with a wooden harrow and allowing the sun to evaporate the moisture until the ground takes on a condition of dry powder. This almost impalpable dust is scraped up in baskets and packed into a narrow bamboo splint-woven trough, some six feet long, plastered with clay. Water is then poured upon the dry salt earth by the jarful, and leaches through, passing out by a small tube at the bottom. The clear water with salt in solution is then boiled down until it crystallizes in an iron kettle built in the top of a clay oven, as seen in the



A FILIPINO BAMBOO BAND.

foreground of the picture, which is reproduced from Harper's Weekly.

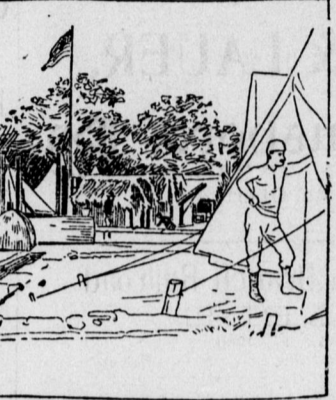
In the south, among the Tagalogs of Cavite province, the process varies somewhat. Every family living on the coast has its own salt-ponds, which, skirted by beautiful bamboo clumps and great mango-trees, make very picturesque artificial lakes. These ponds are shallow basins, sometimes more than an acre in extent, walled in with a low mud dike, and provided with an entrance sluice, through which the

The salt water of the ocean is allowed to come in till it reaches just to the tops of these circular beds, soaking them through and through. The sun does the rest of the work by rapidly evaporating the moisture from them, and the salt appears as a white efflorescence at the surface, to be carefully scraped off by the owner. In this way they become practically self-feeding salt-machines, though the output of salt per diem from each bed is very small.

The native music of the Philippine Islanders, according to Harper's Weekly, is rendered almost exclusively on home-made instruments. These are built of bamboo, the big horns having but one note each, while the reed (at the left in the picture) carries the air.

A Hint to Any Man.

Education is seldom the controlling factor in success. What! Must we belittle education after all our furore



A View of Panama.

about the value of education? By no means. The secret of success is a man's disposition. The man who is willing to do and able to take responsibilities will beat him who is unwilling or unable. The man who has the disposition to lift the burden of trivial matters from his superior's consideration is the man who will be looked for when promotions are to be made. The question is not, Have you done your duty? but, Do you rise to greater responsibilities? The opportunities for rising to greater responsibilities are ever present.—The Manufacturer.

A View of Panama.

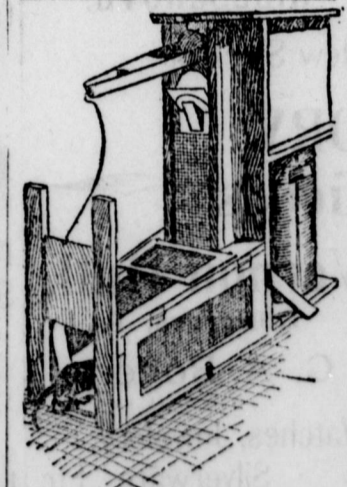
With its ancient walls and fortifications, its tall buildings of gloomy gray and roofs of red tile, Panama has an oriental appearance as viewed from the harbor, and the shapely architecture of the twin spires of the cathedral adds much to the beauty of the scene. The fortifications are feeble and crumbling, but are picturesque. The sea walls which have resisted the incessant surf for more than two centuries are covered with barnacles and moss. The cafes which overlook the water seem cool and comfortable from the bay, but are filled with the all-pervading smell which the nostrils of a newcomer resent, but the acclimated foreigners and natives have long ago ceased to perceive.—Chicago Record.

INVENTS A SELF-ACTING TRAP.

S. Ruckersburg Thinks He Can Make Rats Annihilate Themselves.

A Milwaukee avenue inventor thinks he has solved the problem of how to induce rats and mice to exterminate themselves and assist in the annihilation of those that come after them. He is S. Ruckersburg, and his annihilator is a self-acting trap.

The first night the trap is in action it is tightly closed and loaded with a table d'hôte dinner. The second night the hearts of the hungry rodents are made glad by the sight of an open door at one end. As it advances the rat's weight overbalances a sheet-



THE SELF-ACTING RAT TRAP.

iron false door, the door falls with a click and his ratship is doomed. Inspection discloses but one way of escape—a boxlike flue—and this he accepts. Once again an automatic door closes. The way leads into a large funnel. The rat walks on until the funnel tips and it is precipitated into a can of water. The tipping of the funnel raises the door to the first entrance and things are in readiness for the next adventurer. In four nights 113 rats were captured and disposed of in one of the big clubhouses.—Chicago Record.

"I know that a great many people do not like my business," said the chimney-sweep; "but it suits me." After the due acknowledgment of the courteous smiles of his audience, he went up the flue.—Baltimore American.

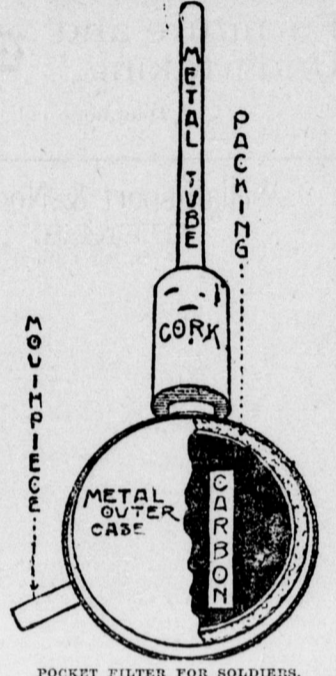
CLEAR WATER FOR SOLDIERS.

A Pocket Filter Designed For Use in Warfare.

Below is a sketch of the Hamilton pocket filter, after the name of the patentee, says the London Mail. The Bushmen's Corps, of whom every man was a specially selected volunteer, trained to all the hardships of Australian up-country life, was supplied with 500 of these little filters.

Leading medical authorities of Australia, where the evils of drinking bad water and the difficulty of obtaining good are most apparent, pronounce this to be the best filter known to them. Inside the flat white metal box a carbon disc that has been chemically treated is fixed. By an ingenious arrangement this can at any time be removed and boiled, when it is again ready as a preventive of such awful scourges among soldiers—enteric and dysentery.

As witness of its value, it may be noted that not a single man in the Bushmen's Corps is reported to have died of disease while in South Africa. The long tube is for insertion in the receptacle containing the water, while



POCKET FILTER FOR SOLDIERS.

to the shorter tube may be attached a flexible pipe through which the purified liquid may be drawn.

The great advantages of the Hamilton filter are its shape and lightness. In aluminum the entire thing could be made to weigh less than two ounces. The invention, which is both durable and cheap, should commend itself to the military authorities, and all interested in our soldiers.

Heavy Shoes.

A woman who is a victim of the big shoe habit says that when she took a trip West a few weeks ago she wore her "comfortable," heavy-soled, rubber-heeled calfskins. In the sleeping car she gave orders to the porter to black them. As her berth was the first one from the little chicken-coop place in which the porter attends to his odd jobs, she had no difficulty in overhearing a little conversation that took place between him and two of the men passengers.

"They call 'em golf shoes, don't they?" the porter remarked.

"I guess so," replied one of the men. "They're just strong-minded shoes. The women are getting sensible. High time, too."

"Look lak they made out o' cowhide," the porter commented. "Lawd, look at them soles; 'bout four inches thick." "Must be a mighty big woman," put in the other passenger. "Bet she weighs 200 if she weighs a pound. I never saw such shoes in my life. Think she'd have to have derricks to lift them up with."

But the eavesdropper fell asleep right there. In the morning three pairs of eyes looked curiously at her feet and then took in a slender little 103-pound figure. She said it was really very amusing.

The "Teleplastic."

Two engineers of Berlin have recently invented an apparatus which transmits to a distance the relief of a figure, either living or inanimate; the apparatus has received the name of "teleplastic." The relief may be received in full size, or may be enlarged or diminished at will, being quite exact. The transmitter consists of a frame containing a great number of metal rods placed side by side and movable back and forth. The receiver is a similar apparatus, in which the rods are moved by a series of electromagnets, when a relief is pressed against the rods of the transmitter a series of contacts is established which cause the receiver to produce the relief by means of its rods, whose movement corresponds exactly to that of the transmitter. It is expected that this apparatus will render service especially in the pursuit of criminals, as it will give an exact reproduction of his features.—Scientific American.

Man May Lift Himself.

Human evolution is not likely to make flight practicable by means of the vertical screw. Lord Rayleigh calculates that to support his own weight a man, working at the average power to be maintained for eight hours a day, would require a screw about 300 feet in diameter, and it would be necessary that this screw itself should have no weight and should be workable without loss from friction.

Persia first grew the cherry, the plum and the peach.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: Children of a King—The Royal House of Jesus, and the Sun, the Moon, the Stars and All Nature Are Its Heritage—Cross Its Heraldic Sign.

(Copyright 1900.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage who, during his journey homeward has seen much of royal and imperial splendors, in passing through the capitals of Europe, shows that there is no higher dignity nor more illustrious station than those which the Christian has as a child of God; text, Judges viii, 18: "Each one resembled the children of a king." Zebah and Zalmunna had been off to battle, and when they came back they were asked what kind of people they had seen. They answered that the people had a royal appearance; each one resembled the children of a king. "A description of people is not extinct. There are still many who have this appearance. Indeed, they are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Though now in exile, they shall yet come to their thrones. There are family names that stand for wealth, or patriotism, or intelligence. The name of Washington among us will always represent patriotism. The family of the Medici stood as the representative of letters. The family of the Rothschilds is significant of wealth, the loss of \$40,000,000 in 1848 putting them to no inconvenience, and within a few years they have loaned Russia \$12,000,000; Naples, \$25,000,000; Austria, \$40,000,000, and England, \$200,000,000, and the stroke of their pens has shaken the room desks of Great Britain are houses whose names are intertwined with the history of their respective nations symbolic of imperial authority.

But I preach of a family more potential, more rich and more extensive—the royal house of Jesus, of whom the whole family in heaven and on earth is named. We are blood relations by the relationship of the cross; all of us are the children of the King. First, I speak of our family name. When we see a descendant of some one greatly elevated in the last century, we look at him with profound interest. To have had conquerors, kings or princes in the ancestral line gives lustre to the family name. In our line was a King and Conqueror. The Star in the East with baton of light waved up the eternal arches of Great Britain are houses whose names are intertwined with the history of their respective nations symbolic of imperial authority.

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ing eyes and burning brain and wasted vitality! Light for the dim glow of childhood and for the dim glow of the octogenarian! Light for queen's coronet and for sewing girl's needle! Let there be light! Whose morning is this? My morning. Your morning. Our Father gave us the sunrise and hung it on the sky in loops of fire. It is the heirloom of our family. And so the night. It is the full moon. The mists from shore to shore gleam like shattered mirrors, and the ocean under her glance comes up with great tides, panning upon the beach, mingling, as it were, foam and fire. The poor man blesses God for throwing such a cheap light through the broken window pane into his cabin, and to the sick it seems a light from the other shore which bounds this great deep of human woe and woe. If the sun seem like a song full and poured from brazen instruments that fill heaven and earth with great harmonies, the moon is plaintive and mild, standing beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet voice of praise, while the stars listen and the moon never closes, ever guarding the sickle that all night long this pale watcher of the sky bends over the weary, heartsick, slumbering earth. Whose is this black framed, black tasseled picture of the night? It is the heirloom of our family. Ours the grandeur of the spring, the crystals of the snow, the coral of the beach, the odors of the garden, the harmonies of the air.

You cannot see a large estate in one morning. You must take several walks around it. The family property of this our house of Jesus is so great that we must take several walks to get any idea of its extent. Let the first walk be around this earth. All these valleys, the harvests that wave in them, and the cattle that pasture there—all these mountains, and the precious things hidden beneath them, and the crown of glacier ice cast at the feet of the alpine hurricane—all these lakes, these islands, these continents, are ours. In the second walk go among the street lamps of heaven, and see stretching out on every side the brightness of worlds. For us they shine. For us they sang at a Saviour's nativity. For us they will wheel into line, and with their flaming torches add to the splendor of our triumph on the day for which all other days were made. In the third walk, go around the eternal city. As we come near it, hark to the rush of its chariots and the wedding peal of its great towers. The bell of heaven has struck 12. It is high noon. We look off upon the chaplets which never fade, the eyes that never sleep, the temples that never close, the loved ones that never part, the procession that never halts, the trees that never wither, the walls that never can be captured, the sun that never sets, until we can no longer gaze, and we hide our eyes and exclaim: "Eyes that never close, ears that never enter into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him!" As these tides of glory rise we have to retreat and hold fast lest we be swept off and drowned in the emotions of gladness and thanksgiving and triumph.

Almost every family looks back to a homestead—some country place where you grew up. You sat on the doorstep. You heard the footsteps of the rain on the garret roof. You swung on the gate. You ransacked the barn. You waded into the brook. You thrashed the orchard for apples, and the neighboring woods for nuts, and everything around the old homestead is of interest to you. I tell you of the old homestead of eternity. "In My Father's house are many mansions." When we talk of mansions we think of Chatsworth and its park, nine miles in circumference, and its conservatory that astonishes the world; its galleries of art, that contain the triumphs of Chantrey, Canova and Thorwaldsen; of the kings and the queens who have walked its marble halls, or flying over the heather, have hunted the grouse. But all the dwelling places of dukes and princes and queens are as nothing to the family mansion that is already awaiting our arrival. The hand of the Lord Jesus lifted the pillars and swung the doors, and a planted the angels walk there, and the good of all ages. The poorest man in that house is a millionaire, and the lowliest a king, and the tamest wild he speaks in an anthem, and the shortest life an eternity.

It took a Legion of angels to Chatsworth a covering for the wonderful flower Victoria regia, five feet in diameter. But our lily of the valley shall need no shelter from the blast, and in the open gardens of God shall put forth its full bloom, and all heaven shall come to look at it, and its aroma shall fill as though the cherubim had swung before the throne a thousand censurs. I have not seen it yet. I am in a foreign land. But my Father is waiting for me to come home. I have brothers and sisters there. In the Bible I have letters from them, telling me what a fine place it is. It matters not much to me whether I am rich or poor, or whether the world hates me or loves me, or whether I go by land or by sea, if only I may lift my eyes at last on the family mansion. It is not a frail house, built in a month, soon to crumble, but an old mansion, which stands as firm as the day it was built. Its walls are covered with the ivy of many ages, and the urns at the gateway are a bloom with the century plants of eternity. The Queen of Sheba hath walked its hall, and Esther, and Marie Antoinette and Lady Huntingdon and Cecil, and Jeremy Taylor, and Samuel Rutherford and John Milton, and the widow who gave two mites, and the poor men from the hospital—these last two perhaps outshining all the kings and queens of eternity.

What ransacking of hands! What embracing! What coming together of lip to lip! What tears of joy! You say, "I thought there were no tears in heaven." There must be, for the Bible says that "God shall wipe them away," and if there were no tears, they would overflow the desert away. They cannot be tears of grief or tears of disappointment. They must be tears of gladness. Christ will come and say: "What! Child of heaven, is it too much for thee? Dost thou break down under the gladness of this reunion? Then I will help thee. And, with His arm around us and the other arm around our loved ones, He shall hold us up in the eternal jubilee.

While I speak some of you with broken hearts can hardly hold your peace. You feel as if you would speak out and say: "Oh, blessed day! speed on. Toward thee I press with blistered feet over the desert way. My eyes fail for their weeping. I faint from listening for feet that will not come, and the sound of voices that will not speak. Speed on, oh day of reunion!" And then, Lord Jesus, be not angry with me if after I have kissed the blessed feet, I turn around to gather up the long lost measures of my heart. Oh! be not angry with me. One look at Be there were heaven. But all these reunions are heaven encircling heaven, heaven overtopping heaven, heaven commingling with heaven.

I was at Mount Vernon, and went into the dining room in which our first President entertained the prominent men of this and other lands. It was a very interesting spot. But, oh, the banqueting hall of the family mansion of which I speak! Spread the table, spread it wide, for a great multitude are to sit at it. From the tree by the river gather the twelve manner of fruits for that table. Take the clusters from the heavenly vineyards, and press them into the golden tankards for that table. Oh, the basket carry to the bread of which, if a man eat, he shall never hunger. Take all the shot-torn flags of earthly conquest and entwine them among the arches. Let David come with his harp, and Gabriel with his trumpet, and Miriam with the tambourine, for the praise and the home, and the captive are free, and the Father hath invited the mighty of heaven and the redeemed of earth to come and dine!