little-known documents

Three Stories

FRANK R. STEWARD

INTRODUCTION BY JOHN GRUESSER AND GRETCHEN MURPHY

Introduction

THWARTED ROMANCES BETWEEN GARRISONED AMERICAN SOLDIERS AND YOUNG FILIPINAS, PROBLEMS OF TRANSLATION IN A MULTI-

lingual contact zone, and the precarious masculine authority of the imperial agent irresistibly drawn to the mysterious women who surround him—these are the subjects of Frank R. Steward's short fiction about the American military occupation of the Philippines. But Steward's perspective as an African American military officer complicates efforts to interpret such familiar colonial scenarios. The stories' formal experimentation makes them a significant discovery in the archives of empire.

The son of the prominent African Methodist Episcopal minister Theophilus Gould Steward, Frank Steward (1872–1931) was a classmate of W. E. B. DuBois at Harvard College and a graduate of Harvard Law School. Steward served in Cuba and the Philippines, where he attained the rank of captain in the Forty-Ninth Infantry and was appointed provost judge in the province of Laguna, responsible for keeping order during the American military occupation.[1] Following the war, three little-known stories by Steward were published in the leading black journal of the day, Boston's *Colored American Magazine* (*CAM*). These fictions attest to Steward's ambivalence about the American imperial enterprise and his awareness of the ambiguities and iniquities of his country's—and his own—presence in the Philippines.

"Pepe's Anting-Anting: A Tale of Laguna" and "'Starlik': A Tale of Laguna" feature a first-person narrator who, like Steward, serves as a captain in the volunteer troops occupying the Philippines. Surprisingly, Steward's tales of Laguna are silent on the race of their first-person narrator. Because the stories appeared in *CAM* under the byline "Captain Frank R. Steward," readers may have identified the fictional narrator with the author, and thus assumed that the racially unmarked narrator was black. In this case, leaving race unspecified may have reflected a wish Steward expressed elsewhere: that the African American soldier be seen as merely "a plain citizen of the republic" ("Colored Officers" 327).[2] However, one might also read the fictional captain as white, especially in the light of "The Men Who Prey," the third of Steward's short stories published in *CAM,* in which a white American

Professor of English at Kean University, JOHN GRUESSER has written and edited several books, including *Confluences: Postcolonialism, African American Literary Studies, and the Black Atlantic* (U of Georgia P, 2005). His current book projects are "The Empire Abroad and the Empire at Home: African American Literature and United States Expansion" and "Race, Gender, and Empire in American Detective Fiction." With Hanna Wallinger, he is preparing a scholarly edition of Sutton Griggs's *The Hindered Hand*.

GRETCHEN MURPHY, associate professor of English and women's and gender studies at the University of Texas, Austin, is the author of *Hemispheric Imaginings: The Monroe Doctrine and Narratives of U.S. Empire* (Duke UP, 2005) and *Shadowing the White Man's Burden: U.S. Imperialism and the Problem of the Color Line* (New York UP, 2010).

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captain, like Pinkerton in John Luther Long's novella "Madame Butterfly" (1899), loves and leaves a fragile Filipina maid.[3] The tales of Laguna feature similar gender inequities, leaving readers unsure if they are meant to admire the racially unmarked narrator as a heroic, masculine, and worldly expert wielding authority over inferior colonial subjects or reject him for his part in the sexual and colonial oppression suffered by those under his control.

This ambiguity in the narrator's characterization is heightened by the absence of racial markers. The racially unmarked narrator has seldom been used in African American fiction. Toni Morrison's decision not to disclose the race of the narrator of "Recitatif" (1983), a short story in which race is a central theme, still seems experimental.[4] Because Steward's stories use this experimental device, they raise formal questions about authorial identity and interpretation, as well as historical questions about an era characterized by white supremacy at home and colonialism abroad.[5] Reading Steward's fiction, we must ask what difference it would make to interpret his narrator as white or black and link this difference to the tensions experienced by African Americans who were torn between acting as agents of the new American empire and resisting its racial hierarchies.

By calling into question the narrator's authority over his subjects, the tales of Laguna, like the stories in Charles Chesnutt's *The Conjure Woman*, signify on American local-color writing. Steward's fiction adds a new wrinkle to typical regionalist depictions of encounters between cosmopolitan narrators and provincial, dialect-speaking locals. Titled after the fashion of local-color stories (which frequently bear subtitles such as "A Tale of Creole Life" or "A Tale of Wisconsin"), the tales of Laguna endow the captain with the authoritative, urbane first-person voice characteristic of the genre, but in doing so they invite readers to speculate on the limits of his linguistic authority. In all three stories, the protagonist speaks primarily with Filipinas who tell stories or share information in what he calls, in "'Starlik,'" a "broken patois of Tagalog, Spanish and English—a gibberish the Army of Occupation has brought about, a spoken tongue forever defying press or pen." But whether the captain's colonial and linguistic authority is propped up or undermined by his exchanges with local women remains, as in Chesnutt's conjure tales, a matter of interpretation. Extending the local-color form geographically from peripheral regions of the United States to the Philippines, Steward makes literal the colonizing subtext critics have identified in the writings of local colorists (Foote 1–14; Brodhead 197–209; Kaplan, "Nation").



Frank R. Steward. Photograph taken in 1898, during the Spanish-American War, when Steward was serving with the Eighth Volunteer Infantry. Library of Congress, Prints and Photographs Division.

Steward's preoccupation with language engages comparative ethnic studies and "Black (or Afro-) Orientalism" and turns the Orient into an imaginative field where African Americans' marginal citizenship can be explored (Jun; Mullen). The tales of Laguna hinge on whether young Filipinas can learn English, part of the larger question of whether these new colonial subjects can be Americanized. By emphasizing his captain's verbal competence in English and Spanish over the accented and pidgin English of the Filipinas, Steward departs from the developing tradition of African American dialect storytelling and presents a new ideal of (black) transnational and multilingual

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expertise. Whether we read Steward's narrator in the tales of Laguna as black or white, Steward, as their author, asserts the authority of black multilingual cosmopolitanism, but it is up to the reader to decide how to respond to this ideal. That this ideal is illustrated through its contrast with inarticulate, inassimilable, and ultimately tragic Filipinas only heightens the stories' ambivalence.

Read as responses to the divided loyalties of the African American imperialist, these stories also offer insight into risks taken by African American writers willing to challenge the morality of the empire abroad and confront its implications for the empire at home. Steward's stories appeared in *CAM* during Pauline Hopkins's tenure as the magazine's editor, and they may have contributed to her loss of this position.[6] In a letter Hopkins wrote in 1905 to the editor of the *Boston Guardian*, William Monroe Trotter, another of Steward's Harvard classmates, she reveals that she was stripped of her editorial duties and eventually fired for her resistance to the demands of the magazine's new financial backers to deemphasize literature, eliminate "anything which may create offense," and stop running controversial articles "ON THE FILIPINO" (243). On the one hand, as works of fiction that directly engage with the politically charged issue of the pacification of the Philippines, Steward's stories undoubtedly contributed to the editorial conflict. On the other hand, the efforts to marginalize Hopkins at *CAM*, culminating in her dismissal, in 1904, may explain why Steward saw published only two of what he may have envisioned as a longer series of tales of Laguna.

Beyond its relevance to the concerns of American literary studies, Steward's fiction has much to offer multilingual and cross-cultural studies of empire. Resembling in different ways Joseph Conrad's Malaysian stories, Long's "Madame Butterfly," and the Laguna-born José Rizal's *Noli me tangere* (on which Steward loosely bases "'Starlik'"), these stories provide an intriguing new entry point for the comparative study of what Ann Laura Stoler has called the sexual and domestic "intimacies of empire" (829). Featuring sexual liaisons between colonial officers and local women—tragic Filipinas with secret, miscegenated pasts—and the sexually charged but unstable authority of the colonial agent, Steward's writing resonates with the conventions of global imperial fiction. At the same time, it alters these conventions through its suggestive silence about race and Steward's ambivalent characterization of his American officers.

Steward never rebelled against the American colonizing mission in the concrete way that a handful of black deserters did. Nor did he remain in the Philippines, as over one thousand African American soldiers did when their regiments were sent home in 1902. Nevertheless, in three short stories published shortly after he returned from the islands, Steward raises subtle and unsettling questions about the American occupation specifically and about imperialism generally that speak to our own critical and historical moment.

Notes

1. For a short biography of Steward, see Logan.

2. The quotation appears in Frank R. Steward's essay "Colored Officers," which was printed as an appendix to his father's book *The Colored Regulars* (1904). Jennifer C. James, in her discussion of that book, attributes the phrase to the elder Steward (147–48), an oversight that underscores how obscure Frank R. Steward remains even among specialists of African American war literature.

3. *CAM* identifies the author of "The Men Who Prey" as "Capt. Frank R. Stewart," not "Capt. Frank R. Steward," the stated author of the tales of Laguna. However, stylistic and thematic similarities offer overwhelming evidence that the authors are the same: the setting in Laguna; the protagonist's rank; a character named Flora who chews buyo, is described as a hag, and works as a laundress; the liberal use of Spanish; and the casual and erotic interaction between American soldiers and Filipinas in a garrisoned town. *CAM* frequently altered contributors' names to create the appearance of a more varied range of contents, but this inconsistency in spelling seems to be a typographical error. Willard Gatewood corrects a similar misspelling of Steward's name when reprinting a letter that appeared in the *Washington Bee* attributed to "Frank R. Stuart, Captain, 49th US Volunteer Infantry," in which Steward, writing from the Philippines, describes his military service (Letter 296). Similarly, Robert Ewell Greene mislabels a photograph of Steward, calling him "Frank Rudolph Stewart" (151).

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4. The complexity of moving "beyond race" in African American writing is reflected in Gene Andrew Jarrett's anthology of black imaginative writing about white or racially unmarked characters, *African American Literature beyond Race: An Alternative Reader*.

5. Recent scholarship has explored how domestic racial tensions in the United States were sometimes woven into vexed discussions about civilization and democracy abroad. This scholarship demonstrates that the Spanish-American and Filipino-American Wars provoked questions about African American citizenship, loyalty, and authority, what Susan Gillman calls the "Negro Question of the Spanish American War," especially around the "flash point" of the figure of the African American soldier (102). While several critics have explored African American fictional responses to this conflict (James; Gillman; Kaplan, *Anarchy*; Payne), none consider Steward's short stories.

6. For the details of Hopkins's dismissal from *CAM*, see Brown 407–41; Knight; Wallinger 70–96.

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Pepe's Anting-Anting

A Tale of Laguna

CHATA KEPT THE CANTEEN NEXT DOOR TO THE commandancia. Here thrift and the soldiers' pay were the stay of white-haired, pockmarked Marcelino, her father. The dread paludissima had carried off the mother the year before.[1]

In the bestowal of her favors, Nature had been more than generous with this humble daughter of the "bosky"—an oval face of unmatched olive tint—the despair of the West;[2] a wealth of lustrous black hair, and the deep, dark, elusive eyes of the Malay ever in a furtive glow.

I first saw her perched upon an old bamboo settee in the window of her canteen and—winced. She was deftly rolling a cigarette, which, when finished to a nicety, she put in my hand with a smile. Over her corsetless bosom, her thin, low cut, jusi waist let show her plump, round neck and shoulders.[3] Beneath her stiff-ironed red skirt of English print, her bare ankles peeped out and shone in the sunlight.

I had a struggle to carry my eyes beyond her to examine the rows of boxes, bottles and cans, the little heaps of tobacco and dulce on shelves in the background. I stumbled forth a phrase-book greeting in the native vernacular. She opened wide her eyes in surprise and overwhelmed me in a flood of Tagalog. I beat hasty retreat to my readier Spanish and in that tongue braved out the dialogue.

"She was eager to learn English," she went on, "but English was so difficult; that wonderful language which was spelled one way and pronounced the other. And the letters had so many different sounds. Not so the Spanish. She did not have a good head—pobre me! She simply could never learn the English."

In my turn: "With the greatest pleasure would I teach her English, if she would only do me the great favor of teaching me Tagalog which I had much longing to learn." (My feeble vocabulary struggled hard to keep up the Spanish idiom.)

She started in at once, which might have caused me some amazement had I not already come to appreciate the simple-hearted nature of the Filipino señoritas.

She began pronouncing slowly: "Lala-qui."

"Man," I gave back promptly, the English equivalent. (My phrase-book was handy.)

"Mane," she repeated after me.

"Babaye," she continued.

"Woman," I answered.

"Woom'n," it was an effort for her.

Once more: "Mabuti."

"Good."

"Gud."

Again: "Masama."

"Bad."

"Bed," was what she made out of it.

Then I took the lead with "Liliganan" and added the meaning: "sweetheart."

"Swithet," she recited back and once inquired earnestly: "Que es swithet, senor?" (What is sweetheart?) There was just the faintest twinkle in her lowered eyes.

I turned away in time to catch Pepe's eyes full upon me: but only for an instant, then he went hastily up the commandancia steps.

Pepe was a scribiente at the presidencia and had loved Chata, so the hentes say, ever since she toddled along to the school of the first teaching in the low-roofed stone building on Calle Real, now the Post Commissary.[4] That was at least a dozen years ago. Pepe was now twenty-three, and had spent two years in college in Manila. His constancy had held out against all attractions of the gay capital, with its beautiful mestizas, and bailles, and promenades on the Luneta, and all else calculated to dizzy the head of the young Filipino from the provinces.[5] He had returned to his native town in the heart of the cocoanut country as ardently fond of Chata as when he had left.

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It was agreeable to mark Pepe's devotion. Whenever he could get away from the presidencia he hovered about Chata's canteen. In the frequent bailles at the convent Pepe was all a-beaming and a-bowing with Chata for partner to lead through the mazes of the regodon,[6] but erect and rigid-countenanced enough when Chata sped by in the waltz on the arms of an American lieutenant.

Sunday mornings, when Marcelino and Chata were on their way home from mass, Pepe kept three paces in their wake and respectfully followed them as an orderly follows his chief. On such occasions, Chata was arrayed all in black, from the black lace pannelo which fluttered over her head,[7] to the black stockings which the train of her black skirt, caught up at the side, let show. And the high heeled slippers she wore were black, too, but gold embroidered.

This little extravagance of Spanish politeness always attracted me—the serene unconcern of My Lady walking on before, the fine show of deference of the Page faithfully following.

"Capitan, poka tempo got matrimoning!" old Flora, the buyo-chewing hag of Calle Concepcion would occasionally bawl out to me when she caught me eyeing the pair;[8] and then she would hurry off homeward in no manner conscious of how her innocent speech had slain two languages.

One of Pepe's tasks was to head the long line of hombres who assembled every morning at the commandancia for passes. This man was going out in the sementera to work in the fields and asked that he be not molested by the American troops as he was a "pacific citizen";[9] another "citizen of good conduct" wished to go to Manila to make purchases for his tienda, and wanted safe conduct to travel along the roads; the youngest child of a third "pacifico" had died that day and there would be much noise at the wake that night, and it was begged that the patrol would not disturb them; and so on, all set forth on little slips of paper in the neat, angular hand of the scribiente and stamped with the seal of the presidencia. Pepe was at hand to give the commanding officer any needed information and in more doubtful or serious matters to have the presidente promptly summoned.

The K. O. liked Pepe;[10] liked him for his polite ways and his earnest speech, above all for his good sense, inasmuch as Pepe sought no part with the armed band of guerrillas who infested Mt. Banabao and annoyed our garrison by cutting the telegraph wires, attacking our convoys from ambush, shooting our mules and occasionally our men, when the details were small, and skulking off to their mountain hiding places upon the approach of our troops. To the colonel, these "patriots" Pepe used to call "locos," and grimace his disgust.

Even thirty years of incessant military activity, from chasing renegade Indians on our Western frontier to the charge at San Juan, with one bullet in his groin and another roaming somewhere in his right leg to reward his hardihood in gaining the Hill in advance of his regiment, could not make the veteran lieutenant-colonel all-knowing. It is no reproach now to say that the K. O. did not know Pepe—no, not until he saw him in the uniform of a lieutenant of insurrectos, stretched at full length on the hill overhanging the river Cacate with the deep black hole through his chest that the Krag drills, and then—then he let Pepe be buried as the rest of the "locos."[11]

I could not tell you the story but for old Flora, whose rickety shack on Calle Concepcion overlooks the commandancia yard; Flora, the laundress of the post, who, at regular intervals, took your clothes down to the river, and pounded them on a rack with a wooden club, and brought you back what was left of them and claimed two pesos.

Flora would not have known anything about the Thing but for little Feliciana, her daughter, whom she had let go to be a bata in Marcelino's household to work out a debt of

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thirty pesos which Chata had loaned to bury Flora's husband two months before.[12]

It was the bata who saw the Thing first, but she didn't know what it was. (The keen eyes of the bata see everything as she goes about sweeping the house, washing the dishes and boiling the rice.) It was about the size of the little catechism for the niñas in the school of the first teaching, but the backs were little squares of yellow silk and it hung to a silken string. It had leaves, too, like the catechism, but the pages were covered with funny marks and strange images.

The bata saw Chata making some of these funny marks. And Chata put the Thing in her bosom when she went to church. As they knelt before the Virgin, Chata took from her bosom the little book hung to the silken string that looked like the catechism for the niñas (the eyes of the bata are everywhere), and held it up to the Virgin for a moment, praying the while, and quickly thrust it back in her bosom.

The ears of the bata are sharp, too. So, when she was washing the big table in the canteen, and Pepe and Chata were in the corner on the long bench, these are some of the whispered things from Chata's lips that reached the child's ears: "Independencia . . . combatte . . . los Americanos." The bata saw Chata put in Pepe's hands the little yellow book on the silken string, and the fierce glare in Pepe's eyes made the bata afraid to look up any more from her work.

Knowing none of the meaning of these strange things she had seen and heard, Feliciana, the bata in Marcelino's household, told all to Flora, and Flora brought the tale to me.

When she came in I saw the hag was troubled and prepared myself to resist what I felt sure was coming—another "pide" to try to have released some one of her many "cousins" who seemed to have the habit of being always in the calaboose. I own to some surprise when she began:

"Capitan, you sabby este Pepe?"

I admitted knowing Pepe.

"No es gud, este Pepe! He mucho like combatte los Americanos! Pepe mucho insurrecto!" With body bent forward, this last Flora hissed in my ear. I was eager enough for her to go on.

Then the tale the bata had told her the hag began telling to me in her broken patois of Tagalog, Spanish and English—a gibberish the Army of Occupation has brought about, a spoken tongue forever defying press or pen.

As I learned how Chata had made for Pepe one of those little amulets, or charms, which the Filipino warriors wear to bring them immunity in battle, known as Anting-Anting,[13] that with such protection Pepe at Chata's urging was to go out (perhaps already gone) to join the "revolutionists," I could not help feeling the truth of the statement of the blunt old soldier lately come to command the division, who had declared that the entire Filipino population was at heart hostile to the Americans and that no people surpassed the Filipinos in dissembling. For no Filipino in all the pueblo had professed greater friendship for the Americans, or had denounced more fervently the foolhardiness of the "locos" campaigning in the bosky, than Pepe. As for Chata, her zeal to learn everything American had earned for her in the pueblo the contemptuous epithet of "American-ista."

From this reflection, I was aroused by Flora suddenly ceasing her talk, sinking to her knees and beginning to pray anxiously. Her face was pallid, and her quaking frame told that some sudden terror had seized her. I could not understand why the hag should take on so at Pepe's treachery. For a moment my amazement held me helpless, then, convinced that she had not told me all, I did my best to quiet her and bade her continue.

Thereupon Flora told how Chata had carried the Anting-Anting into church and dared to hold up in prayer the invention of the devil before the image of the Virgin. Such an affront to the blessed Virgin the hag was sure meant dire calamity. Quaking fear again

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laid hold of her as she told of the certain punishment doomed to fall upon the offenders.

"Es malo; mucho, mucho malo! Este Chata, este Pepe, loco! loco-o! loco-o-o!" her voice had grown shrill with terror, "Jesu, Maria, Jose!" and she made the sign of the cross thrice.

The piercing notes of officers' call abruptly hurried me off from the scene to the commandancia. Events were happening there rapidly enough. To begin with, the presidente had come early in the morning to tell the colonel that Pepe had gone to join the insurrectos the night before and to show in proof the note Pepe left informing the presidente of his purpose. Within an hour of the presidente's leaving the operator reported to the K. O. that the line was cut south of the post. This meant a hike for the troops and likely enough a scrap. Upon the heels of this, an old hombre came riding into post on a white horse and wanted to see the commandante at once. Then officers' call sounded.

The guerrilla chieftan, Banoag, whom the natives called "Maitim" because of his swarthiness,[14] had held a reunion the night before in the barrio of San Antonio to celebrate Pepe's accession. There were three hundred or more of them, so the old man thought, one hundred with rifles, the rest bolomen.[15] In the morning the horde cut the telegraph line to prevent any combined movement from the neighboring posts, and then ranged themselves on both sides of the Tiaon road in the thick brush on the hills overhanging the river Cacate. Upon their coming to San Antonio the cabeza of the barrio was made prisoner. But "Maitim," emboldened by much beno, got down from his horse, released the old man, bade him ride to the post and say to the commandante that the Filipinos were out there and would wait for the Americans. The old hombre on the white horse, the cabeza of the barrio of San Antonio, brought this word to the colonel, and it was after this that officers' call sounded.

* * * * * * * *

There were fourteen of the deluded whom the Krags stopped in their flight. Pepe was one of the first struck; flat on his back he lay, in the uniform of a lieutenant of insurrectos, and about his neck was hung the little yellow book tied to the silken string—the same that the bata saw—only the covers were now red with bloodstains. As I gazed upon the form of the dead scribiente there bore in upon me the vision of old Flora, and the hag's shrill terror, and the affront to the Virgin.

* * * * * * * *

"It's some dammed charm the poor fool wore," said the sergeant in charge, "but let the señorita have it." Chata's hands clutched eagerly the yellow amulet the sergeant permitted her to take from Pepe's neck.

Pepe's parientes buried him in the convent yard near the big wooden cross and close to the mound which bore the image of the Virgin. All the while old Flora stood by, telling her beads, murmuring her prayers and every now and then crossing herself.

The morning of the feast of San Miguel, which fell in the week following Pepe's burial, saw a little procession winding slowly up the walk in front of the church headed by a bier borne along by four stalwart hombres, followed by the town band piping away a dolorous air; in its train, a throng of black-clad, barefooted hombres, and pannelo-fluttering women and children. I was officer of the day. I had just left the guardhouse in the convent basement and reached the walk at the church door, where the procession had halted and lowered the bier awaiting the padre. I looked in on the shrouded occupant and was shocked to discover Chata. At that moment a gust of wind fluttered open the shroud, and Flora seized me violently by the arm.

"Look see! Capitan, look see!" I followed the hag's long finger, and saw about the dead girl's neck the silken string, and on her breast the little yellow book that looked to the bata like the catechism for the niñas in the school

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of the first teaching, but the corners were spattered with red and I knew Pepe's Anting-Anting. Surely the affront to the Virgin was now appeased!

When I looked up Flora had fallen to telling her beads, and praying and crossing herself.

The mourners thronged about the bier were groaning "pobrecita! pobrecita!" and lamenting that the dread paludissing had carried off another victim. But old Flora, the buyo-chewing hag of Calle Concepcion knew better.

So did I.

"Starlik"

A Tale of Laguna

FLORA HAD BROUGHT IN AND PUT AWAY THE week's washing, but showed no inclination to go. It was plain the hag was purposely staying.

I continued indolently scratching away on a blank sheet of paper on the table in front of me, and bided events.

Pretty soon, Flora shifted her cud of buyo (which she was never without) and adroitly squirted a stream of the red juice through a knot-hole in the hard wood floor. Her wooden-soled slippers clacked noisily as she drew nearer to where I was sitting. I knew then that she had something to tell. Her buyo-stained lips parted to show a hideous mouthful of ill-formed reddened teeth.

"Capitan dicen," thus she began, with the inevitable "they say," which is the gossip's unvarying language in every clime.

At first, the information she brought me seemed commonplace enough. I had some difficulty in restraining my impatience; but remembering her past services to us, I resolved to resign myself as good-naturedly as I could to her womanish prattle.

Grown accustomed by this time to Flora's lingo, a polyglot of English, Spanish and Tagalog, I succeeded in detaching her slender story out of the mass of meaningless matter which her halting and stumbling speech wove into the narrative, and mentally reduced it to about as follows:—

Tomaso de los Reyes (Flora had prefixed "Senor" and "Don" to his name, the latter an indication that the man had held municipal office in Spanish times), Senor Don Tomaso de los Reyes, formerly a resident of Lipa—a town some twenty miles distant from our station, and in the adjoining province, of Batangas,—had left Lipa to take up his residence in our pueblo. At this very moment he was in the barrio of San Nicolas, where he was the owner of many cocoanut trees and much land. He was coming into the pueblo in the morning. He owned a large coffee plantation in the Batangas province, which the constant operations of the troops did not permit him to work. He was very rich. He was cousin to Don Pedro, our local president.

For the life of me, I could not see anything unusual in all this. I knew that in the morning Don Pedro would "present" the man to the military authorities, and his pass and cedula would be duly examined. Moreover, as our town lay along a main highway, one of the old military roads of Spanish times, many Filipinos from other parts were constantly coming in and going out, and it was not at all strange that some of them came to stay. Why, under the circumstances, the hag should take time to tell me that a man who formerly resided in another town was going to live in our town, I will confess put me in a mood not altogether

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pleasant. I am sure I must have shown my annoyance when I interrupted Flora by bluntly asking if that were all she had to tell.

"No, Capitan," she answered respectfully. I was all attention now, wondering what morsel she had held back.

"Capitan," Flora continued, "este Don Tomaso got senorita, mucha bonita (pretty). Flora's "estes" (this), and "muchos" (much), did service everywhere.

"Esta Senorita," she went on, "mucho sabby Inglis (English). Esta mucho spik Inglis."

This last filled me with skepticism. I was loath to believe that out here in the bosky, among these Tagals, was one who had learned our Western tongue and could speak it. I recalled poor Chata's efforts to speak English. Consequently it was with some eagerness that I asked Flora the name of this English-speaking prodigy.

"Enriqueta," to my questions Flora replied, and continued, "pero (but), capitan, esta Enriqueta es (is) mucho starlik."

"Starlik, starlik," I repeated the word in the native vernacular for it was a new one to me, and tried hard to think of a meaning for it.

"You no sabby starlik, Capitan?"

"No, Flora."

"Starlik es so, capitan, so"—and the hag walked across the floor, switching her body in a manner which set me roaring with laughter. Her performance recalled to me how children in their play often deck themselves out in the clothes of their grown-up sisters, and set about aping the manners and carriage of their elders.

"Airish," I suggested, as the English equivalent of the native word. "Ayreesh" was the nearest Flora could come to it.

Promptly after guard mounting the next morning, Don Tomaso was presented by the *presidente*. His pass was signed by the colonel of the —st Infantry, in command at Lipa, and certified him to be a peaceful citizen of proved loyalty, and evidenced his purpose to reside in our town. His *cedula* set forth his age, height, color of hair, eyes, and other matters of personal description, which tallied fairly well with the appearance of the man.

Old Don Pedro, the *presidente*, who was a courtly Filipino, speaking Spanish fluently and correctly, expressed the pleasure he felt in having his cousin come to reside in the same town with him, and added his personal assurance of the loyalty of his relative. Thus far, not a word about Enriqueta. I was growing more skeptical than ever of Flora's report, when Don Pedro continued:

"Don Tomaso bids me to say that he is going to have a little fiesta tomorrow, for it is the birthday of his niece, who has come with him from Lipa, and begs the Senor commandante to honor his house by coming."

Enriqueta was the man's niece, I guessed at once; but strange, I thought it, that no mention was made of the girl's ability to speak English. In concealing her accomplishment, perhaps these Filipinos were planning a little surprise for me.

After the *presidente*, Don Tomaso for himself extended the invitation, and both pressed me for acceptance, their polite phrases, which I faintly remembered to have thumbed out of the pages of Knapp and Galdos,[16] when I was in for it at Harvard, sounding strangely out of tune in the mouths of these little brown-faced, white-pantalooned courtiers of the bosky.

It was four in the afternoon of the day following, when Don Tomaso bowed me entrance through the wide-swinging doors of his large frame house. My eyes went searching Enriqueta at once.

I knew I had made no mistake when I espied a tall, slender Filipina, whose brighter and clearer skin, well-shaped nose and chin, distinguished her from the rest. Her fine figure shone forth in a dress of glossy white; the low-cut bodice and short, wide-flowing sleeves revealing the superb shoulders and neck which one finds only in the bosky. At her throat a pendant of jewels glistened.

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Upon being introduced by Don Tomaso to Enriqueta (for it was she), I resolved to test the truth of what Flora had told me, and greeted her with,—

"I congratulate you, Miss, on your birthday, and wish you many happy ones in the years to come."

The little speech seemed wofully awkward. It was one of those helpless commonplaces forever first to stumble forth whenever we seek to play the grand.

"Thank you, sair"; the girl's modest reply settled all doubts. I liked the way in which she lisped out "sair."

"But how do you come to know English?" I began thus to catechise her.

"I have studied eet."

"Where?"

"Een Manila, when I was going to school thair I learned to read eet and speak eet, a little from my friend Amie, Meestair Knight's daughter, who ees the engineer at the electric light works. They are English people." Her pronunciation, so nearly perfect, surprised me.

"Your home was in Manila?" I queried.

"No, sair, my home was een Lipa. When the war broke out, I left school, and went back to my home een Lipa. Pretty soon the Filipinos brought some prisoners to Lipa, Americans they were. One of them, Louis, was allowed to come to our house to teach me English, so I learned more.

The American prisoners at Lipa I had known of before. They were taken during the fighting around Manila, in the early days of the insurrection in '99, when the American troops were confined in their operations to the narrow area within a few miles of the capital, and General Otis was assuring his countrymen, so the cables ran, that "he had the situation well in hand"—while in truth, Aguinaldo and the Filipino generals held about everything else. Indeed, the booming of Filipino guns, about a few miles away, could be plainly heard within the capital as late as January, 1900.

It was after this that General Schwan made his notable advance south and opened up the heart of Southern Luzon to American occupation, freeing Spanish prisoners, and American too, held captive in that part of Luzon, and forcing the Filipino army to scatter into so many little guerrilla bands. But this is not my story now.

I asked Enriqueta if she liked Lipa. Her face glowed with enthusiasm.

"Eet ees a beautiful city, capitan. Manila ees only a very little finair."

So, in truth, Lipa is famed to be the second city in all Luzon. I have heard some boast that not a few of the residences and buildings in Lipa cannot be surpassed even in Manila.

The strains of the regodon, the national dance of the Filipinos, and the presence of a dapper Filipino who had come to claim the hand of Enriqueta as partner, did not permit me to resume at once the conversation with her. I got one other opportunity to talk with her that afternoon. It was just before we went out to the table. Remembering that Don Tomaso was presented as her uncle, I ventured to ask after her father. The girl became strangely silent.

At once I suspected that her father was an adherent of the insurrection and was probably in the field campaigning. On the strength of this suspicion I went on to assure her that such a circumstance would not be taken against either her uncle or herself; that our authorities had been furnished with proof of Don Tomaso's loyalty; until something was shown other than the fact that her father was an insurrecto, neither herself nor Don Tomaso need fear being molested.

"My father ees no insurrecto," she was speaking very slowly, "if he were only *that,* I would not care. Eet ees much worse, capitan, he was—"

I was looking full in the girl's face as she spoke, and saw the tears gather and heard the sobs that choked off her speech. I knew enough not to harrow her further. It was a relief shared in by both of us when Don Pe-

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dro came to claim me for the table spread in the next room to the groaning point with the choices of viands.

A long time that night I lay awake in my quarters, trying to spell out the secret cause of Enriqueta's strange answer to my inquiry about her father, and to know the reason why she gave way to a grief so poignant at the mere mention of the name. I was resolved to penetrate the mystery. Less than twenty-four hours brought me the solution. It happened in this way:

The afternoon following the birthday feast, I saw Enriqueta cross the plaza in front of the convent and pass unheedingly down Calle Real, the main street of the town. As she came opposite to my window, I noticed that the dress she wore had no cola (the little train Filipino women wear to their dresses) and the sleeves of her bodice were long and clinging, after our fashion, not the wide, flowing sleeves of the natives. She looked neither to the right nor to the left, and there was a touch of ill-concealed haughtiness in her demeanor.

Maria, the Tagal wife of Tan-anco, the Chino Copras dealer,[17] stood in her doorway, by the side of Flora, and intently watched Enriqueta approaching. The clatter these women at once set up called out Patrocinia, the tailor's wife, and Modesta, from her near-by canteen. I could hear Flora's voice above all the rest. The hag bawled out after Enriqueta as she passed:

"Starlik! Starlik!"

Enriqueta did not even deign to turn her head, but went her way unmoved. This display of cool disdain, coupled with her daring offense in dress, only added fuel to the flames. The four Tagal women fairly shouted out their anger in a noisy chorus,

"Starlik! Starlik!! Starlik!!!"

And four pairs of Tagal eyes fastened their resentful gaze upon the girl until she passed out of sight.

Immediately afterwards, Flora came up to my quarters. The hag's anger had abated but little. I had seen the entire occurrence, but I asked her soothingly what the trouble was. Forthwith she exclaimed excitedly,—

"Esta Starlik," pointing in the direction Enriqueta had taken; "Esta Starlik, capitan, no like Filipinos. Esta mucho like be allesame Spanish. Esta pickaninny de frailes!"

Flora fairly hissed out the venomous phrase which revealed to me the mysterious cause of the girl's strange grief of yesterday. Enriqueta was the daughter of a hated friar!

The rest of the story came fast enough from the hag. It was an old story, which had come to me in painful iteration everywhere I had travelled in the Philippines. This time it was Father Sebastian, the Augustinian curate of an interior town in Batangas, with the comely Conception, sister to Don Tomaso as the victim of the holy man's lust. Now, stark and bare before us lies the real *question* of the Philippines. Throughout the islands, it is the cry of "los frailes" (the friars) "los frailes," which hardens the Filipinos' lament. It was the ill-starred presence of these holy orders which first kindled the Filipino revolt against the Spanish crown. The vast estates which these begowned men of God have amassed in these isles, show the dimensions of their avarice quite as strikingly as here and there the whitened faces among the populace have revealed the trail of their lust.

Never so many missions may go to the Vatican, and agreements innumerable may be entered into by Governor Taft and the Pope's delegate, but any agreement which does not contemplate the complete withdrawal of the holy orders from the unhappy isles will be merely dallying with a situation calling for heroic treatment. A cause which made a martyr of the lofty soul of the gifted author of "Noli me tangere," will not be defeated by a calculating compromise, be it dictated by the claims of expedience, however insistent.[18]

From that afternoon's incident which had revealed to me her unfortunate origin, Enriqueta became known throughout the pueblo by the name of Starlik. Everywhere, and on

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all sides, she was hailed by no other name. Even the "hentes" in the barrios took up the cry, and wherever the girl went, the name of Starlik was there to greet her.

If the truth were told, it was the annoyance which this hated appellation occasioned her, and the desire to escape from it, not the illness of an aged aunt, that brought Don Tomaso to headquarters, on an afternoon late in October, in quest of a pass to Manila for Enriqueta. At any rate, the pass was secured, and with the wagon train that left our station for Calamba the Monday following went Enriqueta, bound for Manila.

The last week in December, 1900, found me in Manila, awaiting transportation to San Fernando del Union, whither I had been ordered to proceed for duty in connection with the General Court-Martial assembled at that station. I was quartered in the old cuartel of the Spanish infantry, near the Bridge of Spain, and was putting in the time of my enforced stay at the capital in riding about the town, and renewing some of the acquaintances formed when our regiment was stationed near Manila, upon its arrival in the Philippines.

The afternoon of the day before Christmas I spent at the Santa Mesa Hospital, on the outskirts of Manila, visiting some of the sick of our regiment. It was dark when my quilez started back for the old Spanish infantry barracks.[19] As we came through the district called Sampaloc,[20] where the many lights, the thronging vehicles, crowded sidewalks and shouting cocheros betokened the domain of the half-world, my cochero, in his endeavor to penetrate the blockade of carriages which almost closed the street, found himself hopelessly pocketed, and my quilez came to an enforced standstill near the curb and opposite a house which bore upon it the number "9," brightly illumined.

From the window in front of the house, a woman leaned far out. She was engaged in a bantering conversation with a half-drunken soldier on the sidewalk beneath. I could not see the face of the woman, but a sudden lull in the din about me brought to my ears a lisp I had heard back in the little pueblo, in the heart of far-off Laguna. Then the head raised, the light from the lamp at the court shone directly upon it, and I saw one whom I had known in the bosky.

The woman was saying in tones insistent,—

"Come een, sair."

The eyes had grown a bit steely and the face a trifle bleary; for all that I knew Starlik.

In a moment the blockade opened, and my quilez went whirling on its way toward the Escolta.

The Men Who Prey

YOU KNOW THE GIDDY YOUTH WHO MAKES sport of the hearts of women; and the rake, with his mournful wake of passion-wrecked victims. Yet the hearts they break, and the souls they take, are of women who understand. But what will you say of the men who prey upon the brown children of the bosky?

A full six-footer he was, with well-knit body of fine proportions, and eyes of searching grey. A shaggy mass of sandy hair topped a head whose lines would compel at least two glances from an artist. The face was beardless. As I saw him striding about the little Laguna pueblo, a veritable giant among the diminutive hombres of the bosky, the years he had already lived seemed to me thirty and five.

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He sprang out of the Southwest. His ancestry numbered some comrades of Sam Houston in the days of Texan independence. Neither his town nor his county could contain his family fame. For among the Lanes had been a general and a judge, several congressmen and members of the State legislature perennially; and some other worthies, lineally or collaterally descended, who had maintained the family honor and reached heroic size, not in uniform, nor on the bench, nor in legislative halls, but in ways more turbulent, and after the manner approved by the best of Texan traditions. The records of these latter may be gathered from the admiring talk of denizens, from some vague findings at coroners' inquests, and the speechless testimony of a headboard here and there in local cemeteries. To this widely extended family fame Duncan Lane was born rightful heir.

The outbreak of the war with Spain brought to him a lieutenantcy in the —d U. S. Volunteer Cavalry. When the volunteers were organized in '99 to go to the Philippines, an opportune word from the senator of his state spoken at the War Department gained him the two-bars and a company in the ——— Infantry U. S. Volunteers.

"Now Fanny, there's no sense in taking on so. I'll be back surely in two years. We volunteers must all be out of the service by that time. Besides, if things get quiet I'll try to get you and Elsie over there. Might get killed, and my body left way to the other side of the world? Don't talk such gruesome talk, darling. I have too much to live for and to come back for to strike such a fate."

Six generations of Southern chivalry beamed through the softened gaze of the ardent captain as he tenderly embraced his young wife and five-year-old daughter. Then he resolutely closed the outer door, passed firmly down the walk, through the gate and latched it. He did not look up once at the weeping mother and child at the window.

He picked his way to the station through side streets, and away from main thoroughfares. He wanted to avoid meeting his acquaintances. He so hated good-byes, he told himself. The moisture in his eyes spoke otherwise.

"Fellows, Lane's back from San Antone, from that five days' leave he pulled off when all the rest of us failed to get away. Been saying good-bye to that dream of a wife of his, and the little one. I'll tell you if I were married and had a wife like Fanny Lane, you'd never catch me trying to find how far in all the world I could get away from her! No sir! No commission would ever tempt me to the Philippines!"

"Lane's all broke up over it. You can see he hates to go. But what is he to do? The regiment's got moving orders. He can't back out now. Look too much like showing the white feather. A Lane would never do that! Say, he's looking bad. Perhaps he'll feel better when we get on the transport."

"Those dark-eyed senoritas over there may help him over his grief," was the cynical suggestion of a youthful philosopher, with one bar to his straps.

The rest of the second battalion mess kept quiet and thought. Many of them were leaving wives and dear ones at home, and had not been able to get leave like Lane to say final good-bye, and they were not sure whether the fever or a Mauser might not prolong the separation indefinitely.

The ——— Infantry, U. S. Volunteers was landed at the foot of Anda Monument, as all other regiments newly arrived in the Philippines. It sweltered in dog tents three days on the Luneta and was paid off. Then it was joined to Lawton's column; afterwards to Schwan's Expeditionary Brigade. Upon the scattering of the Filipino army in Southern Luzon into guerrilla bands, the regiment was assigned to the garrisoning of various towns throughout the provinces of Laguna and Batangas. Captain Lane got a two-company post in the province of Laguna.

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The cascos dumped Lane's command off at Calamba; he had a three days' hike overland to his station. A gaping group of barefooted hombres, for the most part aged and fever-stricken, but still able to cry "amigo, amigo," quite lustily, and a ragged throng of women and children lined the walk in front of the convent and watched the "Americanos" come in. All the able-bodied men were in the hills with Malvar.[21] The better class of the female populace stayed within doors, and was content to peer at the troops from half open windows.

The soldiers were quartered in the convent; the officers selected their quarters from the abandoned houses in the town. Captain Lane chose for his headquarters the spacious home of a wealthy landed proprietor, who had fled the town and his abode for the hills and a major's commission among the insurgents. Lane had hardly got his belongings to his quarters when a rap on the outer door apprised him of a visitor.

"Come in!" he yelled vigorously. No answer. "Open that door, Rankin," he said to his striker, then busy with the captain's pack. When the door was opened, a Filipina entered noiselessly and without other ceremony:

"Capitan, got washing?"

Lane's answer was to order Rankin to turn over to the girl his soiled clothes. "I want those things to-morrow—manana. You sabby manana?"

"Si, Capitan, me saby manana, allesame toemoroe," responded the Filipina with alacrity.

The girl's quick intelligence surprised the captain. He was stooping down with his back to the door, engaged in unpacking his haversack when she came in, and had talked on thus far without turning his head. Now he stood up, turned about, and surveyed the Filipina intently.

Her unbraided hair hung in loose folds about her body, and almost trailed the floor. A short, bluish bodice covered her ample bosom. The skirt she wore was not long enough to hide entirely her unstockinged ankles. Her feet were stuck in heelless velvet slippers. She had put, carelessly, a sprig of sampaguitas in her hair.[22]

For almost a minute, Lane eyed her and spoke never a word. Then he went at her in the Spanish tongue, over which his Texan birth and rearing had given him more than fair control. From the manner in which his questions proceeded you would think the girl was under examination for some offense and you had already heard the stern preliminary: "Prisoner, stand up!"

"What is your name?"

"Jacinta."

"Where do you live?"

"San Ygnacio Street."

"What is your father's name?"

"Bernardo."

"Where is he?"

"Dead."

"And your mother?"

"Dead also."

"How long have you lived in this town?"

"I was born here."

"You are not married?" Here the stern manner relaxed a trifle.

"No, Capitan. I live with my aunt."

To the foregoing Jacinta had replied as modestly as she knew how, keeping her eyes upon the floor, not daring to encounter the bold countenance of the captain. When the last question was propounded, as to her being married, in a spirit of sudden boldness, Jacinta raised her head, looked full into the searching face of her inquisitor, and calmly gave her answer. Neither had more to say. And thereupon another dialogue ensued, one without words, proceeding from the hot grey eyes of the White to the shrinking dark eyes of the Brown.

"Fellers, d'ye catch onto the K. O's matrimoning? Ain't she a beaut?" observed No. 3 of the second relief, then at the guardhouse on the long bench, waiting turn to go on post.

"Bah, she ain't in it with the top-sergeant's spouse," broke in No. 2.

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"I think Reddy Merriman's senorita is a heap finer looking than either," interjected No. 1.

"Who is the commandante's matrimoning, anyway? I don't know her," asked No. 5.

"What! You don't know Hahucinta," volunteered No. 3, "the damsel who used to live in the third shack in the alley next to the corral, that the gugus call calyay saint-something-or-other? She used to live with her aunt, that damned old bugau (procuress), Maria. But she's got the swell shack now, right back of the K. O's quarters. She's got it rigged up in great style."

The corporal's command to the relief to "fall in" cut off further observations as to the merits of the commandante's matrimoning.

Lane's command had reached its station in Laguna in the month of October. It was well into the month of November when the wagon-train came from Calamba with the first mail, and this for the K. O.—a fleeting missive which had caught up with him after a three months' chase through towns and provinces in the bosky:—

"Dearest,—

"I know you are thinking of me because my mind has been on you all day. I had such a horrible dream of you last night. I dreamt that you were captured by those terrible savages over there, and they were keeping you captive, and threatening your life, and trying to force you to take one of those savages as wife and be one of them. But Oh! how nobly and bravely you refused this outrage! How tenderly you spoke of your wife and little one at home! Dearest, although it is only a dream, it has made me realize, what I knew all along, how strong and eternal is your love for me!

. . . .

"I am now much better. Doctor Ransome says baby is the biggest he's ever seen. To think that her father is not here to take her up in his big strong arms! . . . I know you will come home. What name shall we give baby? . . . If baby knew she would send you kisses too, as Elsie and I do.

"Lovingly,
"Fanny."

This fondest of fathers and most devoted of husbands, this captive among savages, who had nobly and bravely refused the favor of his captors, conditioned on the espousal of a despised savage maiden, sat him down at once and wrote an epistle brimming with love and tenderness and pride for the trusting mother and new-born babe at his Texan home. Then—then he went around to see the savage whose charms he had so "nobly," so "bravely" resisted.

The rise of Jacinta into the favor of the commandante aroused varying feelings among the hentes in the town. By those who designed to use her as intermediary to secure the release of relatives or friends from the calaboose, or to gain other favors from the Americanos, Jacinta was shown the greatest respect. She was hailed obsequiously as the "commandante's matrimoning." Other senoritas either rejoiced at or envied her good fortune. Some old hags, watching her footsteps heading regularly for the commandancia, mournfully shook their heads, and would hiss among themselves, "loco americanista!" The daughters from the big frame houses with the corrugated iron roofs, whispered to one another a word of shame when they saw Jacinta. Old Flora, the post laundress who had learned some broken words of English to join her gibberish of Spanish and Tagalog, used to say when she saw Jacinta:—

"Bimeby all dem soldados Americanos vamose Amerika. Jacinta no got matrimoning, poka tempo, hey!" The hag's mocking laugh after this bit of prophecy could be heard a street's length.

As for Jacinta herself, she continued to dream her dream—a dream of a big ship, a long journey, railroad cars swift-running, great cities, wonders and marvels without end in the land of the Americanos, and amid all a large

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house in the far-off country, numerous servants, and a husband so tall, so loving, so white.

When the movement began for the muster-out of the volunteers, the ——— Infantry was recalled in its turn from the towns of Laguna and Batangas, and assembled in Manila, there to take transport for San Francisco, the place of muster-out. Once more the regiment was encamped on the Luneta. After an anxious wait the transport "Thomas" arrived in the Bay, and was made ready for the troops. The joy of officers and men was without bounds. Homeward bound at last! The hard service was over, and they were to see relatives and friends again after the long absence. No wonder they marched to Anda Monument with springy step and leaping heart, in spite of the burning rays of a tropical sun. Happiest of all was Duncan Lane. Upon his return to Manila he had been greeted thus:—

"Dearest: I know you are to sail from Manila May 26, on the transport "Thomas." I got the news from the War Department through Senator P—. I just worried the senator so until he promised me he would find out when he went to Washington and wire me. Well, I got the message yesterday. Dearest, I will be in San Francisco with Elsie and Jacinta to greet you as soon as you get off the boat. Baby Jacinta, I so love the name you gave her, shall be first to kiss papa whom she has never seen.

"Lovingly,
"Fanny."

What boots it that a Filipino leaning against a post at the Anda wharf, swoons and falls in a heap just as the launch with the officers of the ——— Infantry pulls off for the transport? May days are fiercely hot in the tropics; even gugus are known to succumb sometimes.

Two native women standing by pick the girl up tenderly, summon a carromatta and take her to their home.[23] They lay her upon a bamboo couch, chafe her hands and ankles, and fan her gently. Pretty soon Jacinta's eyes open, and the pickaninnies standing by innocently cry out their joy, for they thought her dead.

The women gaze at Jacinta stretched upon the couch, with hair streaming, and eyes open but seeing not, and shake their heads with foreboding. Then one of them goes forth in great haste to Ermita and summons Isabel, the mid-wife.

Notes

Tekla Schell provided editorial assistance in preparing these explanatory notes.

1. *Paludissima* derives from the Spanish *paludismo*, for "malaria." Steward uses various idioms, corruptions, and nonstandard spelling, punctuation, and grammar. We have corrected obvious typesetting errors but have otherwise reproduced the stories as they originally appeared.

2. A *bosky* is a wooded area with an abundance of bushes.

3. *Jusi* is a traditional fabric in Filipino dress. The sheer, often heavily embroidered fabric is layered over an opaque undershirt.

4. By *scribiente* Steward probably means *escribiente*, Spanish for "clerk."

5. The Luneta is the largest national park in Manila. At the time of the story, it was the center of the United States government in the Philippines.

6. The correct spelling is *rigodon*; it is a quadrille-type dance brought to the Philippines by the Spanish and appropriated by the upper-class Filipinos. The dance is still associated with debutante or coming-out parties in the Philippines.

7. Steward probably means *pañuelo*, a type of shawl worn by Filipino women during this period.

8. *Buyo* is a type of betel-leaf chew.

9. A *sementera* is a rice paddy.

10. *K. O.* is slang for "commanding officer."

11. A krag is a type of rifle used by the United States Army during this period.

12. *Bata* is a Tagalog word meaning "youth" or "child."

13. A familiar element of Filipino traditions, *Anting-Antings* are talismans that appear in several American fictional works about the occupation of the Philippines. For example, in Charles E. Meyers's "The Anting-Anting of Maga," American passengers on a steamship to Singapore listen to a tale of "Oriental superstitions" from an American war correspondent, in which a Filipino's "charm" necklace turns out to contain a pirate treasure map. A collection of Filipino war stories by Sar-

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gent Kayme published in 1901 took its title, *Anting-Anting Stories and Other Strange Tales of the Filipinos*, from the charms, explaining that "[n]o more curious fetich can be found in the history of folk lore. A button, a coin, a bit of paper with unintelligible words scribbled upon it, a bone, a stone, a garment, anything, almost—often a thing of no intrinsic value—any of these can be imagined to protect its possessor from physical harm in battle" (Foreword).

14. *Maitim* means "black" in Tagalog and is also the name of a town in Laguna.

15. Considered to be fierce guerrilla fighters, *bolomen* were often armed with both bolos and rifles but sometimes had only bolos.

16. Professor William I. Knapp's frequently reprinted Spanish-language textbooks, including *A Grammar of the Modern Spanish Language As Now Written and Spoken in the Capital of Spain* (1882), were the standards during this period. The Spanish realist Benito Perez Galdos's novels, which often featured anticlerical themes, were also staples for American students of Spanish.

17. *Copra* is dried coconut meat used for livestock feed.

18. The author is José Rizal, a Philippine hero, nationalist, and martyr. The title of Rizal's novel was misprinted as "Noline Tangere" in the original printing of Steward's story. Steward shows his familiarity with the novel by rewriting one of its plotlines about a beautiful Filipina whose real father turns out to be a Spanish friar.

19. A *quilez* was a boxlike taxi pulled by a horse, with a door that opened to the rear.

20. Sampaloc was the first officially sanctioned red-light district of Manila; its growth corresponded with the American presence in the Philippines.

21. Miguel Malvar, a famous revolutionary general, leader of the Batangas Brigade.

22. The *sampaguita* is a species of jasmine that grows particularly well in Laguna. A small, white, delicate flower, it blooms at night and wilts within a day. Often used in political and religious ceremonies, the *sampaguita* was established as the national flower of the Philippines in 1934.

23. A *carromatta* is a covered, two-wheeled, horse-drawn taxi with room for two occupants.

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