

**'The Missionary Relents,' *Chicago Record*, July 29, 1899.**

On the morning of the second day after his arrival at the Kakyak home Washington Conner went back to the railway station' about four miles away, and brought up his heavy baggage. The large trunks filled a wagon, which was creakingly pulled by two downcast water buffaloes. When the wagon crawled the eminence through the avenue of palms and stopped in front of the Kakyak house the American missionary, who was straddling the topmost Saratoga, waved his hand at the Kakyak family and said: "My samples of civilization. Wait until you see what I have in these trunks."

"Do you need as many as that?" asked Mr. Bulolo Kakyak. "What in the world have you got in them?"

"You will learn in due time, Mr. Kakyak," said Conner. I have in these trunks a great many articles that will give you some idea of the civilization which it is your duty to adopt. Mrs. Kakyak and Eulalie will be particularly interested in the contents of that black trunk with the brass knobs on it."

"My, but isn't it large!" said the daughter.

"If you are going to be a civilized young woman, Eulalie, you must make up your mind to carry several large trunks with you when you travel. You can usually measure a person's moral and intellectual worth by the amount of luggage that he takes with him when he goes on a trip. For instance, the English tourist, who is acknowledged to be the most civilized being on earth, usually carries several hatboxes, a bundle of sticks and a portable bathtub in addition to his trunks and Gladstone bags."

As the missionary was talking he clambered down from his high perch and gave a sign to the native driver to begin the unloading of the trunks. Mr. Kakyak and his son Francisco helped the driver, while Mr. Conner stood by and nervously gave directions. After the trunks had been tumbled to the ground they were dragged, one by one, into the house. Conner promised to unpack the black trunk with the brass knobs and reveal to Mrs. Kakyak and Eulalie the interesting objects at which he had hinted.

"Mr. Kakyak, you and the boys may go to your work in the fields if you wish," said Conner. "My instruction for to-day will concern only Mrs. Kakyak and Eulalie. I want to exhibit to them the wearing apparel of our great republic and give them some idea of the costumes that they will be expected to wear when they have been assimilated."

Mr. Kakyak and the boys departed down the hill. Eulalie looked up at the tall missionary and her eyes sparkled with anticipation.

"Are the garments worn in your country so much different from ours?" she asked.

"Oh, decidedly so; decidedly so," replied Conner with a smile of superior wisdom, although he was secretly charmed by her naive manner. "Why, Eulalie, you are now a young lady, old enough to have callers of an evening and seriously think, now and then, of matrimony; yet I find you bareheaded and barelegged. A young lady should never be barelegged except at the seashore. And your skirt, I am compelled to say, is outrageously

short unless you intend to ride a bike."

"A bike?" inquired Mrs. Kakyak.

"Truly enough the island of Luzon is in a benighted state," said Conner, looking at Mrs. Kakyak and shaking his head. "Later on, Mrs. Kakyak, I will explain to you what a bike is. For the present I will confine my observations to the subject of wearing apparel. The criticism of Eulalie's costume will apply with equal force to the one which you are now wearing. In the United States. it would not be considered just the thing for a lady of 40 to----

"My age is 35," said Mrs. Kakyak, sharply, while Eulalie suppressed a smile.

"Well, of 35. then--I say it would hardly be considered the thing for her to appear in public places barelegged and proper with her garments hanging loosely about her person. And look at Eulalie there. Notice how carelessly she exposes one of her shoulders."

"I didn't know it was improper," said Eulalie in a shamed whisper, as she attempted to lift the loose folds of her waist over the little brown shoulder.

"It is improper, according to our idea," said Hr. Conner. "After you become civilized you may display both shoulders, but not one at a time. I say you may display both shoulders, but not at all times, understand?"

"Yes?" questioned Eulalie, greatly interested.

"You must never make a display of your bare shoulders except in the evening. That's one of the unchangeable laws of our higher civilization. If you were to appear in the morning in a costume which did not fully cover your shoulders you would be regarded as a shameless hussy and banished from polite circles for all time."

"But in the evening it is all right.' said Eulalie with a puzzled frown.

"In the evening it is more than all right--it is the only correct thing to do."

"Why so?" asked Eulalie.

"Yes; why should there be any difference?" chimed in Mrs. Kakyak.

"There are reasons, ladies," said Conner, "but I am not sure that they would appeal to your primitive understanding. Please don't expect me to tell the reason for anything. Suffice to say that according to the American code of etiquette it is not proper for a young girl to roam about in broad daylight with one of her shoulders uncovered. She ought to wait until nightfall. Otherwise she will be talked about. I have a shirt waist in the black trunk and I will see that Eulalie wears it hereafter. In the meantime I want to show Mrs. Kakyak something."

He disappeared into the house and they heard him unlocking a trunk and rattling the trays. Presently he came out, beaming at them and carrying in his left hand a large object

of indefinite shape, woven of rough straw, swathed in puckery ribbons of gay colors and surmounted by a supple feather of prodigious length.

"Look!" he exclaimed, holding it in front of Mrs. Kakyak.

"What is it?" she asked, wonderingly.

"A hat."

"A what?"

"A hat--hat."

"What is it for?"

"It is worn."

"Where?"

"In the United States of America.°

"I mean on what part of the person."

"On the head--on top of the head."

"Merciful Luna!" gasped Mrs. Kakyak.

"Look at the feather," said Eulalie, laughing gayly. "Why the feather?"

"The feather has a certain value as a decorative effect," said Conner.

"Has it?"

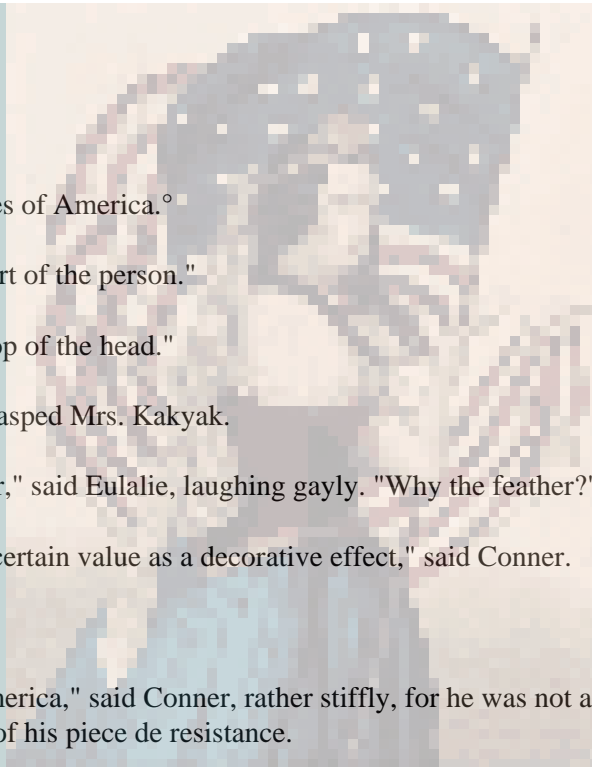
"We think so in America," said Conner, rather stiffly, for he was not at all pleased by their open ridicule of his piece de resistance.

"Imagine any woman wearing that on top of her head!" said Mrs. Kakyak, and both she and her daughter laughed aloud.

Conner fairly lost his temper.

"Ladies, it ill becomes you to laugh at a work of art which has been indorsed by the discriminating taste of our great republic," he said. "After 2,000 years of progress and evolution our branch of the Caucasian race has decided that this hat is the ultimate of propriety and elegance as an article of adornment for women. Why do you presume to make fun of it? What do you know about styles? Whether you like it or not, Mrs. Kakyak, you will be expected to wear it."

"Never!" said Mrs. Kakyak, firmly.



"If you are to become one of us you must wear this kind of hat," said Conner, meeting her stubborn gaze. "Now, why are you so contrary? I have, waiting for you in the house, a complete costume, including a corset, and I am sure that after you have worn it for an hour you will never return to the simple garb of the Tagalos."

"What is it that you have?" asked Eulalie; "a cor--what?"

"A corset--a stiff jacket that you put around your body and then lace very tightly so as to make your waist appear smaller than it really is."

"Barbarous!" said Eulalie.

"It must be horribly uncomfortable," said Mrs. Kakyak.

"And I don't see the use of it," added Eulalie. "I don't want my waist to seem any smaller than it really is."

"Not now, but you will--as soon as you begin to imbibe the spirit of our civilization," said Conner. "Now, Eulalie, be a good girl. Put on the garments I have brought for you. You might as well yield gracefully. We are determined to carry out our philanthropic plan of assimilation, and that involves, first of all, the adoption of American wearing apparel. We want to establish a demand for millinery and tailor-made dresses over here, so that trade may follow the flag. Take your mother into the house, Eulalie, and help her to put on the various articles of apparel in that top tray. Put on the corset first of all."

"Come mother, we might as well do it," said Eulalie. "You heard father promise Mr. Conner that we would obey him in everything."

"If we must, I suppose we must," said Mrs. Kakyak, spitefully.

They went into the house.

After nearly a half-hour Mrs. Kakyak came forth. The huge hat toppled on her head. The frightful clamping of her waist seemed to cause pain, for her face bore an expression in which grief, humiliation, anger and apprehension were clearly evident. The waist, with its tight sleeves, clung to the corset in many a wrinkle. The skirt stood out flaringly, Mrs. Kakyak's bare feet showed underneath.

She stood awkwardly with her feet wide apart and her arms thrown into angles, like a jointed automaton.

"oh, mother, you re a sight!" said Eulalie, who seemed undecided whether to laugh or cry.

"I--know it," said Mrs. Kakyak. "I can hardly breathe," "You'll become accustomed to it in a little while," said the missionary, soothingly.

"I--don't want to, said Mrs. Kakyak, resentfully. "I'm going--to take--these things off."

"Now, Mrs. Kakyak!" began Conner as she retreated into the house, "remember--

Eulalie laid her hand on his arm and stood before him.

"Please, Mr. Conner, don't be too hard on mother," she said, up at him with pleading in her dark eyes. "Please don't looking compel her to wear those ridiculous garments."

The missionary was embarrassed.

"Eulalie, I--I don't want to be harsh with you and your mother," he said, "but really, you know, you must learn to wear another sort of costume, now that you are subjects of the United States. The administration is very determined in regard to this matter of assimilation."

"Am I so hideous in this costume?" she asked, still with her hand on his arm.

Washington Conner looked down at the quizzical baby face, the tantalizing snub nose, the coils of glossy hair with the white flowers carelessly thrust into them, and the olive shoulder which lifted itself provokingly from the snowy waist. The landscape suddenly blurred and he feared that he would be unable to speak.

"I didn't say--I didn't mean that you were hideous," he replied, "I think you're nice."

"Then don't be so cross. Come, let us sit under the tree."

Gently she took him by the hand and Conner weakly yielded to her soft persuasions. He did no more missionary work that day, preferring to hear Eulalie sing Spanish love songs.

