

'The Missionary Arrives,' *Chicago Record*, July 8, 1899.

The afternoon sun was impaled on the highest peak of the western range. Already the timbered slopes showed the penciling of long shadows. To the east, beyond the squared rice fields of rank and watery greenness, the river sparkled. Winding its way lazily and indirectly, it was here and there lost among the cool sedges of the low clumps of trees so that it seemed to be fragments of mirror, strewn lengthwise of the valley.

The Kakyak house crowned the first uplift in the grand ascent. It was a long, low house, holding refuge in a garden of trees. The walls were of bamboo stalks woven rudely around wooden uprights. A thatched roof, thick and cushion-like, overhung the frail rectangle. It seemed to overtop the house and crown it beyond proportion, like a man's hat dropped jokingly on a small boy.

In front of the house--that is, to the east of it--a mat of laced rushes had been unrolled within the slanting outlines of the shade. Francisco Kakyak, aged 20, was squatted on this mat, resting forward on a guitar, which he brushed with his right hand. His brother Patricio sat near him, his feet underneath him and his toes pointed backward, boy fashion. Patricio was only 8 years old and his part of the musical performance was to watch and listen. The brothers were remarkably alike. Each was a glossy olive as to color, and each wore a white cotton shirt, open at the breast, and loose lower garments of blue drilling gathered with a puckering belt at the waist. The white cotton shirt fell outside of the trousers. The legs and feet were bare.

Francisco Kakyak and Patricio Kakyak were sons of Mr. Bulolo Kakyak, independent Tagalo, who was squatted just outside the doorway with his back comfortably propped against the bamboo wall. Bulolo Kakyak was about five feet and four inches tall and weighed not more than 120 pounds. The brown of his skin had begun to show the coppery burnish of age and there were white hairs in the light, sparse beard at each side of his chin. The hair on his head, however, was coal-black, wiry and straight, like that of his sons. His black eyes were pinched into a squint by the rising cheekbones. The sons had the same kind of eyes. All three of these male members of the Kakyak family had high heads which were flattened behind. The faces were likewise flattened, each nose being small and unobtrusive, so that the Kakyak head was very much in the shape of a mandarin orange set on edge.

Bulolo Kakyak, father of the two on the mat, wore the same boyish costume of unconfined shirt and flappy trousers. Beside him lay a wide hat of braided straw. He had lighted a long cigar of uneven rolling and was blowing the smoke upward, gazing at two small and fleecy clouds, deserted in mid-sky.

While Francisco Kakyak caressed the taught strings of his guitar and Patricio Kakyak knelt and listened and the father contemplated the sky through the haze of his cigar smoke, another member of the Kakyak family, on the end of the rug remote from the two brothers, trickled white rice through her fingers and blew away the dust and chaff. Eulalie Kakyak, or Miss Eulalie Kakyak as she might now be termed, lately having become a ward of the United States of America, was a doll of 18, as brown as a coffee berry. She had small, squinty eyes, like those of her father and brothers, and her hair was just as black and coarse as theirs, but it was smoothed back from the forehead with feminine

care. Her flat nose had been varied by a watchful Providence into an admirable pug, and the pug nose is never a blemish when worn by a girl of 18.

One of Eulalie's shoulders was carelessly exposed above a drooping white waist garment, which fitted loosely and was drawn within the confines of a skirt--a blue and white plaid print reaching somewhat below the knees. She was bare-legged and barefooted, but the small pair of sandals on the ground near her might have been hers.

Mrs. Kakyak was in the house, engaged with her domestic duties. She was not much larger than her daughter, and she wore the same style of cotton garments, so that when she came to the doorway to speak to Eulalie, a stranger seeing her standing there in her childish costume would have thought her a little girl who had become wrinkled and work-worn years before her time.

"Is supper about ready, Luneta?" asked Mr. Bulolo Kakyak, still gazing upward through the clouds of smoke.

"When it's ready I'll let you know," replied his wife, as she turned away.

Mr. Kakyak made no rejoinder. He had been married for twenty-three years.

Francisco sang softly, hovering over his guitar with his head down. Patricio forgot the music and looked up through the arching leaves of the palm trees, to where a bird with yellow plumage was circling above its nest. Eulalie arose from the mat with the bowl of rice in her arms and skillfully picked up the sandals with her toes. She went into the house with a shuffling walk. Bulolo Kakyak closed his eyes and feigned slumber. The sun dropped its last shattered rim behind the mountain crest and a curtain of shade was drawn swiftly across the valley. Inside the house could be heard the low voices of Eulalie and her mother. Francisco was singing a love song.

It was then that the missionary appeared.

Patricio was the first to hear him. The sound of hard sole leather grating on the pebbles of the path was not usual, and Patricio jumped up and looked down the slope toward the patch of tobacco. He saw a man come from between two of the tufted palm trees and begin the easy climb toward the house.

"Father!" exclaimed the boy, in a frightened whisper, "Look! Some one is coming,"

Mr. Kakyak opened his eyes and said: "Eh?" Francisco ceased playing and straightened back from his guitar. The stranger, ascending the hill rapidly, stood before them.

The missionary was quite unlike the missionary of fact or fiction. The missionary of all established literature had side whiskers and a long black coat. He carries a scriptural volume in one hand. His countenance is mournful. He expects to be cooked and eaten sooner or later.

The real missionary, who put his suitcase on the ground and preceded his speech by three quick and scrutinizing glances at the Kakyaks, was a tall young man with a red mustache, studious gray eyes and a rather large and protuberant nose, denoting power of

penetration. He wore coat and trousers of soft gray cloth, but no waistcoat. His trousers were supported by a yellow belt. His shirt was of the negligée pattern and his cravat was a short blue bow. He wore a straw hat.

"Good evening," he said, speaking briskly. "This is the home of Mr. Bulolo Kakyak, I believe. Which is Mr. Kakyak?"

"That's my name," said Mr. Kakyak, staring hard at the stranger.

"Well, Mr. Kakyak, permit me to introduce myself. My name is Washington Conner and I am an agent, or a missionary you might say, representing the United States of America. No doubt you and the members of your family are aware of the fact that you are now citizens of the biggest and grandest republic on earth. As a matter of fact you're not exactly citizens, but you are under our protecting care, and if you're not happy it's because you don't know a good thing when you see it."

"We have had reports of the war from our neighbors further up the valley," said Mr. Kakyak. "We knew that we were to be governed by a country somewhere on the other side of the ocean, but you are the first of these so --called Americans to come this way. We have heard of your soldiers pursuing the insurgents--"

"Rebels," corrected the missionary.

"Well, let us say my countrymen--pursuing them and shooting them, and we had hoped that no Americans would ever reach this valley. You see that our crops have not been destroyed or our houses burned--"

"The rebels did that," said the missionary.

"No matter who did it, it came with the war. I am afraid my poor countrymen were happier under Spanish rule. The Spanish fought the insur--the rebels, but they were poor shots and could not kill as many."

"If your countrymen are fighting the United States it is because they do not appreciate the blessings and advantages with which our government would endow this island," said Mr. Conner. "As soon as this war is over we are going to start in and civilize all those who haven't been killed. I may say that the rebel army is shattered and disorganized. More of our troops are on the way over to garrison the towns. This part of the island is already pacified. An abiding peace seems to be near at hand. Therefore the government which I have the honor to represent thinks it is time to begin the great work of benevolent assimilation. I am here to explain to you the merits of the philanthropic plan for making all of you just as civilized as I am."

With that, he sat on the edge of his suitcase and outlined his scheme.