

'Treachery,' Chicago Record, October 18, 1899.

The night was warm and Washington Conner, finding himself oppressed and uneasy in the confined air of the chamber that had been assigned to him, stealthily made his way out of the Kakyak house. In the valley all was calm and moonlight. The whole soft landscape lay so motionless before him it seemed an artificial panorama.

At one corner of the house he found a matting, which he unrolled within the shadow, so that when he reclined he might not have the moonlight in his eyes. Being soothed by the cooler air of outdoors he dozed away and had slept, he did not know how long, when he became conscious of the sound of voices. He opened his eyes and slowly recalled himself to the situation. At first he had thought he was back in the boarding house at Washington. With the full awakening he remembered that he was in Luzon, lying on a mat just outside the Kakyak house.

Two people not far away were talking in low tones. He listened and recognized the voice of Eulalie. The other voice was strange to him. He rolled over quite slowly, so as to make no noise, and cautiously peeked around the corner of the house. He saw Eulalie standing beside a man who was only a few inches taller than herself. The man wore a broad straw hat which shaded his face. His loose coat was drawn in at the waist line by a heavy belt. The trousers were short and the man was barefooted. In his left hand he trailed a stocky rifle, which Conner knew to be a Mauser. There was a rebel soldier, and Eulalie was in conference with the enemy!

"Oh, Josefo, do you really think there will be more fighting?" she asked.

"More than ever before," he replied. "The Americans are landing at Manila by shiploads. We hear that soon there will be 60,000 here. We cannot stand against them. They will crowd us into the jungle and before another rainy season comes we may be crushed or scattered."

"Mr. Conner says you ought to stop fighting and trust to the Americans."

"If I dared to suggest surrender I would be court-martialed and shot. I must go with my company and fight to the end. Does he suspect that I come here?"

"Oh, I don't think so. We do all we can to make him believe we are friendly and submissive. He has been very kind to me."

"Yes, but he is our enemy, remember that."

"He says he is our friend."

"Yes, and I, when I put on my white suit and go down to the city, then I am a friend to the Americans, but as soon as fighting begins I must go with the Tagalos. You know that. Every man must follow his own flag, right or wrong. I learned that from the American soldiers at Manila. You know they have a saying in America: 'My country, may it always be right, but right or wrong, my country.' You may think the Americans all right, Eulalie,

because Mr. Conner has been good to your family, but as long as the Americans are killing our people you must be loyal to Filipino cause, no matter what your private convictions may be. We hear from Aguinaldo that in America there are some people who believe that the Tagalos should be given a chance to govern themselves, but all such people are told that it is treason to offer encouragement to an enemy. And so, even if you think we would be better off if we laid down our arms and submitted to foreign rule, you must not say so until the war is over."

"Yes, you are right," said Eulalie, taking hold of his hand. "Mr. Conner has told us that we must be as much like the Americans as possible. If the Americans are loyal to their government, then I suppose we must be loyal to ours, even if we do think that terrible mistakes are being made."

"If you feel that mistakes are being made, say nothing about them. No matter what Aguinaldo does, take it for granted that he is the essence of wisdom and remember that carping criticism may hamper his plans. If you hear evil reports as to his financial operations, don't believe them. Any statesman is liable to be misunderstood when he begins to dabble in business transactions."

"Before you came I was about ready to declare my allegiance to the new rulers," said Eulalie, thoughtfully, "but since you have spoken thus I can see that it is my duty to remain loyal to my own people and the flag they have raised, although I firmly believe that the Americans are kind and humane and would give us a liberal government."

"Never tell what you believe. Remember that you are now living under a republic--the Filipino Republic. In a republic one must accept the verdict of the majority without question or protest. An overwhelming majority of our tribe is opposed to any foreign rule, so our duty is clear. We must continue to fight."

"I know, but did you come here to tell me this?"

"No I came to-night because I feared the influence of this white man. I want you to go with me."

"Go with you?"

"Yes, your brother Francisco is going. Your father would go, too, but he is getting old, and, besides, it is better that he should stay here to protect his little farm and grow rice to feed our troops, if we can hold out for another crop. As soon as we join the regiment we will be married by a Spanish priest we are holding captive. You can be of use with the regiment, cooking for us and nursing the wounded."

Eulalie hesitated for a moment, and then she said, "Well, I will go."

Washington Conner listened in breathless horror to these revelations.

So the Kakyak household, in spite of his patient teachings, was still a hotbed of treason! And Eulalie, whom he had regarded as a playful and innocent child, had been under the malign influence of the rebels all the time, and was now going away with one Josefo.

Josefo--what a name: Josefo--incarnation of all that he had taught her to shun and hate!

Never until that moment had he understood the diabolical treachery of the Tagalo mind. Now he began to perceive how and why these wiley and double-dealing people had been able to deceive even Gen. Otis and the peace commissioners. For two months these Kakyaks had smiled upon him and given apparent heed to his serious teachings, and now he learned that all the time they had been in active sympathy with their own countrymen. His brain fairly reeled at the mental contemplation of such infamy.

What was he to do? Eulalie and Francisco were about to join the rebels. Was it now his duty to prevent such a calamity?

Even as he watched the two from his sheltered hiding Francisco came out of the house and joined them. Josefo told Francisco that Eulalie had promised to go with them, and Francisco embraced his sister with great ardor. This action suggested a palpable duty to Josefo, who added a lingering kiss to his passionate embrace.

It may be needless to say that Washington Conner was infinitely distressed to see this beautiful little creature fondled by a bare-legged rebel.

Yet there were certain reasons why he should not cry a protest or make any attempt to frustrate the whole treasonable undertaking. In the first place, his instructions from the government had been to use kindly methods and not resort to force. He was present to inculcate certain morals and not to usurp the functions of the military,

In the second place, he was unarmed, whereas Josefo carried a Hauser rifle; therefore any attempt to interfere with Josefo's plans would have been ill-advised and possibly dangerous.

So he lay there in quiet, stunned and sick at heart, listening to Eulalie moving about so softly within the house, gathering her effects preparatory to the flight. Evidently she believed that Conner was still in his room and did not want him to be awakened. Then there was another purr of voices and Eulalie came out of the house, followed by her father and mother. The whole family was in the conspiracy. There could be no doubt of it.

The five walked a hundred yards or more and stopped for a final conference. Conner kept close to the wall and slipped back into his own room, where he gave himself up to bitter reflection.

On the steamer from Japan to 'Frisco Mr. Washington Conner, returning missionary, found an old college friend who had been traveling for pleasure.

The friend was interested in the new possessions.

"How about the Filipinos?" he asked, as they were taking their back-and-forth constitutional on the long deck the second day out.

"A very treacherous and unreliable people," replied Conner. "I labored hard with a family over there, but they deceived me all the time. They didn't want to be assimilated."

"So you gave it up?"

"I came away because I was disgusted with the situation, The daughter of the household, to whom I had given most of my time, skipped out with a rebel sweetheart one night. I didn't so much as know of his existence until the night of their departure. BY George, do you know some of those girls are very attractive?"

"Oh, no! That's why you gave up your mission, eh?"

"Not at all. You don't think I could have any serious for a brown girl, do you?"

"Why not, if you were going to further the cause of assimilation? It seems to me that if you had married her that would have been right in the line of your duty."

"Candidly, I will confess that when she went away with that oily scoundrel of a Josefo I was terribly cut up. It was preposterous and out of the question, I know, but I found great pleasure in her society. I thought she was artless and confiding. It seems that I was mistaken."

"I still infer that you gave up your whole undertaking because of one little Tagalo girl."

"No, I gave it up because I didn't want to be assimilated. I was wearing fewer clothes every week--gradually retrograding to the breech-clout. The indolence of the tropics got into my bones, and I didn't so much as attempt to get it out. I found the climate very enervating."

"Are the Filipinos capable of self-government?" asked the friend.

"Well, you know there isn't any country on earth that is ready to admit that any other country is capable of capacity. Now, I have known for years that the Mexicans are not self-government. Besides, it's pretty hard to fix a standard of capable of self-government, and yet Mexico manages to get along. All the students agree that our American cities have not shown a capacity for self-government and yet they do govern themselves after a fashion, assisted by the superior morals and intelligence of our state legislatures. I don't suppose that the best wisdom of Europe has ever come to an agreement that the people of the United States are fit to govern themselves, and yet we are pretty well satisfied with our condition. Inasmuch as it is customary to fix a high standard of intelligence and morals when judging of the capacity of some other country to administer its own government I suppose I am justified in saying that the Tagalos are not capable of self-government. Still, I would prefer not to give an explicit opinion until I land at 'Frisco and learn what are the present views of the administration."

"And the glorious work of benevolent assimilation?"

"That will be continued by the army. The army seems to have more influence with the native population."