

would have been safer, as "mishaps" usually brought American punishment on the place. Here the inhabitants had little to lose. However the local President received me well enough, and after supper I turned in and soon fell asleep.

I was awakened by the clanging of a church bell. In the Philippines it is the custom to hold mass at midnight on Christmas eve. Once awake I determined to attend mass.

Not having undressed, I was soon ready. Outside I met several natives, and together we went across the little plaza to the church.

The inside was lighted by candles and about 100 natives were kneeling there, services having already begun. The little priest was no Latin scholar, so he spoke in Spanish. Thus I understood him, and became interested in his simple words. A choir of native girls sang, and the service altogether was rather impressive for its simplicity.

For this reason I had not turned my head when I heard the muffled steps of many feet behind me, and the thud of numerous metallic bodies against the stone floor. It was long afterward when I turned, and started nervously at what I saw. Behind me, stretched from wall to wall, knelt a company of insurgent soldiers, their heads uncovered and bowed, their guns before them on the floor.

All religious emotions left me at once, and I thought only of getting out of the side door and reaching my horse. Quietly, slowly I edged my way over to that small door. No one heeded me, although all must have known by my khaki uniform that I

was one of the hated Yankees.

Finally, just as the services ended, I reached the door, and bolted out into the darkness.

I ran toward the President's house, but my haste to reach my horse made me incautious, and at every few steps I stumbled.

Suddenly I fell over a stone wall. For a space I lay on the ground stunned by my fall. I arose at last stiffly and much dazed. I must have reached the President's house by a round-about way, for I was only conscious of seeing it before me as if it had come to me. The room I had slept in was lighted, as I had left it, by a small lamp. I had left my saddle bags there, so ran up stairs to get them.

At the table sat a young native in an insurgent Lieutenant's uniform. I turned quickly and at the foot of the stairs stood an armed soldier. Realizing my helplessness I walked in. The insurgent officer arose, but appeared to feel no surprise at seeing me.

"Christmas greeting, friend," he said calmly. "What is the matter with your head?"

I raised my hand to my forehead and found it bleeding. Meanwhile the insurgent seated himself, I did likewise. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a handkerchief. This he gave to me and even knotted it after I had passed it around my head. I now felt firmly convinced that I was a prisoner.

The officer and I fell into conversation, but apparently by mutual consent, made no mention of the war, nor my present situation.

To my surprise he did not ask for