

HARK TUSSLE WITH FILIPINO OUTLAWS

YOUNG VIRGINIAN BREAKS FUNSTON'S RECORD BY A BOLD DASH INTO THE JUNGLE



CAPT. CARY CROCKETT THE LATEST HERO



GOVERNOR MILLER THE AMERICAN EXILE

MANILA, Sept. 2.—(Special Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.)—The effort to stamp out banditism in the Philippines has produced a number of heroes whose exploits were fully equal to Funston's sensational feat of penetrating the jungle and capturing Aguinaldo in his lair. The last American to distinguish himself is Cary I. Crockett, a captain of constabulary. This young man is from Virginia and comes well by his fighting spirit, being a descendant of Davy Crockett, of Alamo fame. He came to the Philippines as a wagon master in General Lawton's division.

He has performed valiant service in a number of expeditions against the outlaws. On the last of these he was absent 11 months, during which time he "hiked" 2000 miles through the tangled fastnesses of Samar, the unruly island which the Spaniards never conquered, and which the Americans have not wholly succeeded in pacifying. About half of these Samaritans are fanatical desperadoes, and the question of their subjection is one of the problems which confronts the administration.

Young Crockett was sent into the country with a small detachment of constabulary to penetrate a district infested with hostiles. There are no roads in Samar, and when the troops are sent after these bandits the warning is spread by means of sentries who blow conch horns from the hilltops. By this means of signaling the news of the approach of an enemy, the alarm is echoed over the valleys for hundreds of miles in a few hours time.

Fierce Fight in Jungle.
Crockett and his men soon found themselves in a deserted country, but they held pluckily to the trail. The young American and his faithful native soldiers suffered every conceivable hardship. They waded in mud to their waists, were thrown into streams by capstans boats, and marched many weary days and weeks with wet feet. As a consequence half of the command were soon ill from fever and rheumatism. Only on three occasions were they able to corner the outlaws and force the fight. Once, when the command was separated, a force of 200 bandits surprised by a squad of 15 of the constabulary. At the time Crockett, with only 15 men, arrived to reinforce them, eight of the original 15 had been killed.

The fighting which took place on this occasion was of the most desperate character. The American was in the heart of the jungle, miles from the nearest Army post, his support consisting of only a small, worn-out, bedraggled force of Filipino soldiers. Yet the outlaws were finally repulsed, leaving 73 of their number dead on the field. Crockett did not lose a single man of his squad and 15 reinforcements who had saved the situation. That the plucky Virginian was in the thick of the fight is shown by the fact that he was shot and cut four times and grazed twice. He himself killed 11 of his antagonists. If he had fallen during the fight his men would have been annihilated.

Had to Eat Snakes.
Their greatest hardship came later. There was no doctor to treat their wounds, which they had to sew up with hemp. Before they could reach the coast their rations gave out and for 15 days they suffered terribly from the tortures



A CAPTURED LEADER OF FILIPINO OUTLAWS



A TYPE OF FILIPINO AGITATOR

of starvation. At first they tried to get along by eating roots and bark, and by making salt from sea water. Bats, hawks and lizards soon became acceptable food. They managed to exist for several days on the meat obtained from a shark and a devil-fish. Finally, when despairing, they encountered two large, 15-foot snakes, which they proceeded to kill and eat. Crockett eventually delivered his brave command through to the coast without losing a single man, except those killed in the fight. Although the expedition ended several months ago, Captain Crockett has not fully recovered from his wounds. He is considered one of the most dauntless men that ever went to the Philippines, and has been given a medal for his bravery.

Never Had a White Visitor.
These exiles are Governor Miller and his secretary, two constabulary officers, three school teachers, one customs in-

spector, and three discharged soldiers who have embarked in the lumber business. The only white women in the province are the wives of the Governor and the customs inspector. These two ladies live 150 miles apart. Governor Miller's capital is 100 miles from the nearest port of any other province in the Philippines, and is 275 miles from Manila. Although the Millers have been in Paragut three years they have never had a white visitor. The people of their islands know almost nothing about the ways of civilization, because the Spaniards made no attempt to occupy this portion of the archipelago when they were in possession here.

their energies to preying upon helpless members of their own race. The statement has been made that a white man could walk from one end of the islands to the other with perfect safety, and while there are a few localities, like Samar and Mindanao, that are unsafe, they are exceptions. A short time ago two prominent capitalists from America, who contemplate making railway investments here, were in the interior alone for weeks, entirely untroubled by the proposed route without being molested in any way. Yet since their arrival in Manila a band of outlaws shot up a village within three miles of the city limits.

Driven to Outlawry.
It is said that one of the noted bandit leaders who is now causing a great deal of trouble in one of the southern provinces was formerly an independent farmer who turned bandit because the local hemp buyer, continually cheated him out of the fruits of his toil. This farmer would carry his little crop on his back over mountain trails for miles, only to receive a few cents for it. He had to sell his crop at any price but the boss he was punished. As a consequence of such treatment he gave up trying to make a honest living and became a bandit. Every native who has visited the islands has heard of his exploits.

Cruel as the Turk.
The atrocities the desperadoes commit on these occasions are too horrible to describe. They dash through the streets murdering men, women and children alike. They visit special vengeance upon all who dare to aid the authorities in any way, cutting off their lips, gouging out their eyes, and perpetrating other barbarities too horrible to mention. When the constabulary is sent after them they take to the hills like arrant cowards and will never show fight until they are cornered in their lair. However, some of them who are religious fanatics sometimes give battle in the most foolish manner.

The report of Captain Crockett, relating to the expedition mentioned at the beginning of this article, cites a number of instances where the fanatics, armed with nothing more formidable than a sharpened corn knife, advanced boldly into the open and dashed toward his column. After these brave but foolish wretches were dispatched they were found to have paper charms upon their persons, which they implicitly believed rendered them invulnerable to injury. While the people of Manila are responding to the effort the Americans are making to introduce civilization, the greater portion of the inhabitants of the rest of the archipelago are still enshrouded in the ignorance and barbarism that marked

the lives of their forefathers. The independent rural natives are preyed upon by the bandits and their accomplices, the local bosses known as caciques, who laborers living on most of the great plantations are like so many serfs. The owners of these estates often treat their employees with heartless brutality.

Pitiful Plight of Serfs.
An American told me of one case which is typical. A man 42 years of age was sentenced to prison on the charge of having killed a carabao belonging to his master. This man was born on the plantation and had never been outside of its boundaries until he was brought into court to be tried on the trumped-up charge. He had never received a penny for the servitude of a lifetime, his only compensation being a supply of poor cotton clothing and a measure of rice. On account of his hardship and overwork his health had been undermined so that he was of no more use as a laborer, and his comrades were forced to swear that he had maliciously killed a carabao, which in reality had died of old age. Being of no further use to his master the latter had, without honor or pity, used the courts to get rid of him.

Slavery is generally brought about by a poor man becoming indebted to a plantation owner. No matter how trivial the sum may be, if the debtor enters the employ of the rich man in reality he is doomed. The master will see to it that the debt is never discharged. The debtor and his whole family will be forced to continue in the employ of the rich man until his servitude becomes permanent. Considering that there are millions of poor people who have been subjected to such humiliating and unfruitful toil for hundreds of years it is no wonder they are not enthusiastic about work, and that hundreds of them eventually find their way to the mountains to join the outlaw bands.

Ladronism Must Be Stopped.
It should be said once and for all that the continuation of brigandage in the Philippines cannot be charged to American mispolicy. The uprisings against the Government, are native quarrels. Although outlawry in the islands was undoubtedly conceived by abused natives who had no other way of avenging their wrongs, it has now become an inviting calling for shiftless dare-devils, who are abetted by unscrupulous men of power, some of whom are allowed to plunder the population, others because they have not the courage to resist its demands.

Where the American administration has erred has been in the exercise of too much patience and tolerance. Although this is true, the officials could hardly have done otherwise. Mr. McKinley's mild policy of pacification has to be thoroughly tried. That soft measures cannot suppress the outlaw, and his confederate the boss, is now understood. The strong arm of authority must restore the serf from bondage, and protect his life and property. There is no use to build and educate by day, if organized out-throats are allowed to burn and kill by night. Unless the American people can be reconciled to the drastic measures that will be necessary to wipe out ladronism, the success of American rule here will be hindered for years to come.

FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

WHY NEARLY ALL THE PRIZEFIGHTERS DIE POOR

Bob Fitzsimmons Tells a Lot of Facts, But He Can't Quite Explain the Cause.

THE story of George Dixon's defeat the other day brought me up with a round turn to take a look over the field of fighters who have gone to the bad, financially after winning all kinds of good, hard money in the prize ring, and I began to think back over the list of men I knew something of in one way or another who have come off no better. It's a funny thing, but the average fighter never has much more sense when it comes to handling money. I say the average, but I don't count myself in on the average by a whole lot, because I've got a neat little bundle and I am going to hang on to it. I'm plenty cagey enough for that.

It's an actual fact, though, that most of the fighters have gone off and have wound up in destitution at the end. Perhaps some of these college sharpshooters find a good living in figuring out things of that sort and writing yarns about them, but I can't tell what angle in a boxer's nature brings him down that way, but I can't and so I'll leave it to them. I've been looking up the records a bit of late, and the first instance I can remember off the bat, so to speak, is "Yankee" Sullivan.

Everybody remembers John "P. Clow, who was shot through the heart by a policeman at Denver in 1893. The policeman's name was F. C. Marshall, and the shooting occurred December 3. When they went through the dead man they found 15 cents, and that was everything he had in the world but his clothes, and yet he had cleaned up a good bit of money in his day.

There was John Morrissey, who gathered up more money than any other fighter of his time, not even excepting John L. Sullivan, and he died with 41 cents in actual cash on him. After Heenan put him down and out he went into the gambling game and opened up somewhere on Broadway, in New York. I've been told on good authority that at one time Morrissey was worth \$2,500,000, and that he was steeered by old Commodore Vanderbilt in some big real estate deals. After the Commodore passed away Morrissey hit the toboggan and passed on to let the police.

It's a fact, too, that his widow went to work in a collar factory up in Troy, N. Y., and worked for years at a dollar a day. They tell a lot of stories about Morrissey, and it has been said that he gave his wife \$20,000 worth of diamonds, and that she used to like to wear them all at once. Of course it's his history that Morrissey became State Senator of New York and later a Congressman, but it didn't make his fall any softer that I've heard. It was his fault, in a way, too, that Bill Fooks got his death in 1883. It's a long story to go into here, but Bill got mixed up in politics and double-crossed Morrissey some way. They were going to mix it up with the bare knuckles and they were going to meet on a dock. Each man was to have two friends, but Fooks showed up with 300, and the beating Morrissey got soured him for years. Of course he was going to get square, and he did it in February of the next year. A gang hopped him one night when he was in Stanwix Hall, on the Bowery, and Bill was shot. He lasted nine days, and he went over with the rest. It isn't necessary to mention that he had two dollars and a half when they looked him over.

George Fullam got his up in Manitoba a few years ago, while he was in the ring with an unknown. A local man had some heavy money on the unknown, and when the time came where George was going to hand his opponent his, the local man braided him with a bun-starter. I don't believe the case was ever looked into by the police.

Then there was John Sully, a cracker, Jack English fighter. He made a pot of money and after he left the ring got seated in Parliament, and then went in for racing and some dickering on the Exchange. He began to drop his cash as if he was catching cold, and towards the end, feared he was going to die in the workhouse. A lot of his old pals, however, saved him from that, and he died a pauper actually.

Ned O'Baldwin, a splendid fighter, who gave Jim Macoe a whole lot of trouble to put away—come to think of it, Jim never would meet him for the world's championship, after all—was shot in the back in New York by a loafer he had fed and taken care of for years. It was the merest accident that he didn't go to the potter's field. He was absolutely stone broke.