MAGELLAN CALLED THEM THEIVES, BUT WE WILL SAY "THE LADRONES."

Extraordinary People That We Picked Off the Spanish Map on Our Way to the Philippine Islands.

A few days ago we stopped over for a moment, picked the Ladrones off the map of Spanish possessions and added them to the United States. We've been too busy since to think whether or not we would keep them.

It was an exceedingly simple operation, polite and bloodless. The Charleston and the transports she was convoying sailed in to the harbor of Agana and fired a few shots at a crumbling old fort. The Spanish governor of the islands, hearing the guns and seeing the big ships, promptly put off in a boat with his governmental staff. They were jubilant at the prospect of unlimited food and "booze," and came over the side bowing and scraping. The governor with true Castilian flourishes regretted, in fact, was bowed to the earth with shame and remorse, that his unworthy self had not powder to return the salute of his excellency the most noble and esteemed Americano commander, but the islands and all that they contained were at his excellency's service. It seemed rather cruel after that to inform the polite governor that war existed between the United States and Spain, and that he and his suite were prisoners of war, but it had to be done, and the bountiful wardroom table and the supplies of the wine mess soon consoled the captives for the loss of their little island sovereignty. Then the hundred men composing the Spanish army in the Ladrones were gathered in, the American flag hoisted, an American resident appointed governor, and the Charleston and the transports sailed away, leaving a small guard of soldiers to keep order.

Magellan called the Ladrones the Isles of the Thieves (in Spanish, Las Islas de los Ladrones) when he discovered them in 1520, because of the natives' persistent pilfering, and though none they were rechristened the Marianne Islands in honor of Queen Maria Anna, who lived in the seventeenth century, the first name has stuck, and Ladrones has remained their title to this day.

Magellan and his men were almost dead from thirst and hunger when they landed on the islands, having been more than three months without sighting land or taking on food or water. But the natives, who had never before

AGANA THE PRINCIPAL TOWN OF THE LADRONES.

being needed in the absence of war, and the non-use of animal food.

Naturally in these circumstances, the development of the islanders in many ways was far below that of other South Sea natives, but they had a religion—much resembling the Shintoism of China—and observed its forms with great care, while their language was unusually strong and sonorous when compared with those of the other islands in the Pacific. The language now spoken is vastly different from that in use 300 old years ago, having suffered much change and deterioration since the time of Magellan, but according to some recently discovered records kept by a priest in the early days of the sixteenth century, several words in the language as it was were identical with the corresponding words in ancient Greek, "God" and "water" being conspicuous examples.

Marriage in the Ladrones.

The social life of the Ladrones is peculiar. Religious and feast days are numerous. Cock fighting, dancing and

fishing excursions are the favorite amusements. All marriages are preceded by two great balls or dances, termed fandangos in those islands, though the fandango proper is not often danced.

These dances are held at the homes of both the bride and groom on the eve of the marriage, and there is generally great rivalry between the two families, each striving to have more guests and get them drunker than the other. All who attend are invited immediately on arrival to partake of a bountiful feast of meats and wines and cakes and liquors and beer that is set out on a table in the anteroom, and every one is urged to stuff himself to repletion with food and drink.

A wild boar roasted whole is the usual piece de resistance, and next to toddy made of fermented cocoanut juice, and exceedingly dangerous, gin appears to be the favorite drink, though no liquor known to man that can be procured is left out of the list. Good form prescribes the wearing of a spotless white duck suit by every man who accepts an invitation to a Ladrone fandango but there is no specific rule with regard to the dress of the women. A traveler who has attended many such fandangos says, however, that their gowns are cut as decollete as possible, while the fervor of the climate makes the use of exceedingly diaphonous material imperative. As it is not convenient to dance barefooted, shoes are often worn, though toe slippers, which serve nearly the same purpose and are not so warm, are more common, but stockings are exceedingly rare. Both sexes smoke the evening through, whether dancing or not, big black Manila cigars being preferred to cigarettes, even by the women.

The women, by the way, who are nearly all dark, from their mixed blood, but almost invariably beautiful when young, are unusually graceful dancers and passionately fond of the amusement.

The eating and drinking and dancing generally last till midnight, after which there are games till sunup, when the party disperses, most of its members drunk, though rarely quarrelsome, and all dead tired after the amusements of the night. As the wedding never takes place till 2 in the morning, however, none go to rest since it would be a deadly insult for a guest at a fandango to be absent at the ceremony.

Washing Clothes.

It is performed in the church with much pomp. After it is over there is more eating and drinking till nightfall. Then: after continuous carousing for twenty-four hours, the guests may go home and rest from their merrymaking.

The foregoing applies to the marriages of the well-to-do of Spanish and partial Spanish blood only. When members of the poorer classes marry the festivities and ceremonies are much simpler and less expansive.

Paderewski's Daily Life.

Paderewski rises, as a rule, about ten o'clock on days when he does not give a concert or is traveling. On days when he is to play in the evening, he rises at one. By way of morning meal, he takes a cup of coffee or tea—nothing else, not even a roll or morsel of bread. He practices usually for five or six hours each day on a piano which he has sent to his room in the hotel as soon as he arrives in a city. When he has an afternoon concert he does not practice at all, however, and if the concert is an evening one he devotes only two or three hours to exercising on the keyboard. In order to strengthen his fingers he plays only five-finger exercises. Like a prize fighter who is training, this musical athlete devotes himself to a systematic course of gymnastics for strengthening all of the physical powers which are called into play by his performance at the piano. Those long, slender "piano" fingers are put through their paces until they acquire strength, flexibility, agility and staying power. More than this, his arms also have to be strengthened. For this purpose he employs an apparatus, which he designed and had made himself. What this is he knows, and nobody else.

received a visit from the outside world, not even from the many islands of the Pacific, were extremely hospitable and relieved the material wants of the Spaniards with the greatest liberality. Literally every wish of the visitors was gratified, and for a time Magellan believed he had discovered a race of people whose only impulses were good, and a great friendliness sprang up between his men and the natives.

They were made welcome on board all hours of the day and night, while the sailors from the ships were treated to all sorts of free entertainments on shore. So entirely cordial were the relations between visitors and hosts that no one thought of thievery, when all sorts of portable things began to disappear from the vessels, and, in fact, there is small cause for wonder at this,

IN LINE WITH HAWAII AND PHILIPPINES.

amazement of all, it was seen that he had stolen a heavy lance, about eighteen feet long. Its head had reflected the sunlight and brought about discovery. The concealment of the lance while the native was in the water was easily explained, but there was always a mystery about his method of getting it off the ship.

Later investigation showed all the natives to be of extraordinary skill as pilferers. They were as skillful as prestidigitateurs in the palming of small utensils, and were able to utilize the meagre loin cloth, forming their only garment, in a perfectly marvelous manner for the stowing away of what they had stolen. Moreover, they had remarkable control over their feet and could pick all sorts of articles up from the deck with their toes almost as expertly as with their hands. Magellan did all he could to teach them the meaning of "mine" and "thine," but without the smallest success. No

WOMEN OF THE LADRONES.

since the natives, like most South Sea aborigines, wore almost no clothing, and would, therefore, find it difficult to conceal any but the smallest articles about their persons. And being intensely superstitious, like all Spaniards of the sixteenth century, Magellan and his men concluded that the islands must be under the spell of the evil one; in short, that the devil was spiriting away axes and knives and even guns, in order to bring the expedition to naught.

Pilferers Detected.

This obtained the more credence because one of the expedition's avowed objects was the spreading of the gospel, as understood by the Spaniards, to the uttermost parts of the earth. The notion was accidentally proved false a little later, however, by Magellan himself when watching a native swim

ashore from the flagship of the squadron. As the swimmer glided through the water he encountered an unusually heavy wave, through which he dived with all the ease and grace of an amphibian. As he came out on the other side the admiral saw the gleam of a sharp metal point in the sun.

A boat being alongside, the swimmer was pursued and captured, when, to the

Happy Peaceful Islanders.

Leaving their propensity to steal aside, the islanders, as Magellan found them, were exceptionally moral and well-behaved, at least from the South Sea point of view. Murder was virtually unheard of. Fighting was extremely rare. And, as they knew no other people, tribe or nation, there were no wars.

Their lives were simple, but full of ease and sensual pleasure and their physical development was excellent, the men being straight and well-made, while, again from the South Sea point of view, the women were of an unusual comeliness, which added charm to their almost universal good nature. The government was essentially republican, almost a pure democracy, in fact, since, though they chose a few representative men to enforce their laws and regulations, they had no head man of any sort. That this had been the situation from time immemorial seems probable since their language originally contained no word equivalent to king or queen, prince, chief or lord. Speaking again, with the South Sea point of view in mind, the Ladrone islands were little else in the sixteenth century than a wave-girt earthly paradise. Nature unassisted furnished all the necessaries of life and almost all the luxuries of which the islanders had knowledge beside. All sorts of food were to be had for the gathering, since the eating of anything save fruits and vegetables had never been heard of. The shelter of a lifetime could be put up by a few hours of labor; the scanty clothing required by their simple conventionalities occupied little time in making; bright-hued shells for personal adornment were everywhere strewn upon the beach. No one had to spend time making killing tools of every kind, none

THE BROADWAY OF THE LADRON.

WHERE DAY BEGINS.

ALONG A LINE WEST OF THE PHILIPPINES.

Manila Sunday, Hong Kong Monday—One and the Same Twenty-four Hours. Puzzles Difficult of Solution Unless One Keeps a Firm Grip on Details.

(Special Letter.)

EVERY one knows when it is mid-day with us it is midnight at every place on diametrically the opposite side of the globe. In other words, the difference between our time and that of a place so situated is exactly 12 hours. Bombay is a place so situated —very nearly—with relation to Washington, D. C. The clocks of Bombay and those of Washington indicate the same hour, though in different halves of the day. Thus when it is 5 a. m. in Bombay it is 5 p. m. in Washington, and so on around the dial. Just now all eyes are turned upon Hong Kong and Manila, which are situated very nearly, but not quite half way around the globe, the distance being reckoned westward. The difference in time between Manila and Washington is 11 hours. When a Manila clock indicates 5 a. m. the time at Washington holds every hour, of course. To change Manila to Washington time, therefore, we must add 11 hours, treating the case as though the Manila clocks were that much slower. Thus, if we hear that a certain event took place at 10 a. m. at Manila, we can figure out at once that it was then 9 p. m. at Washington; if the event is said to have happened at 4 p. m., then it must have happened while congressmen were asleep, or should have been asleep, at 3 o'clock in the morning. By comparing "local time" with Wash-

WHERE THE DAYS BEGIN.

ington time, and allowing for the difference, any one can readily ascertain the difference between one's "local" time and Manila time.

Thus far the reckoning is easy. But now comes a very important question, which, unless it is answered correctly, may put us in error 24 hours as to the time of occurrence—how about the day of the month and week? This matter is not so simple as it may seem at first sight, for here we must make a "correction," and unless we are clearheaded we shall make mistakes sometimes. In fact, it makes a difference, which we must allow for, whether an even is dated in Manila time or in that of Hong Kong. For example, among the cablegrams first received by us relating to Commodore Dewey's victory in Manila bay, was one dated Hong Kong, May 2, announcing, though prematurely as it proved, the bombardment of Manila, supposed to be then taking place. The day was then Sunday, May 1, in Manila, but in Hong Kong it was Monday, though the actual difference in time between the two places is less than half an hour. What day was it, then, with us? The answer of this question depends upon the location of the "international date line." The fact is well known that there is somewhere in the Pacific ocean a mysterious line, upon crossing which one must make a change in his reckoning of time. If he crosses it from east to west a day must be dropped, if in the other direction a day must be repeated. This line is the 180th meridian of longitude east or west of "the prime meridian" of Greenwich. In other words, it is the meridian of longitude which lies half way round the globe from Greenwich. The days are named differently on the two sides of the line. When it is Sunday on the east side it is Monday on the west line. When it is Monday on the east side it is Tuesday on the west side, and so on through the week, and there is, of course, the same difference in the days of the month, the 1st of May, for instance, on the east side, being the 2d of May on the west side, and so on, though actually it is one and the same day.

The reason for this peculiar state of things is that this is the line at which, by common consent of the commercial nations, the day is considered to begin. It is not easy to make perfectly clear in a few words the necessity for such arrangement; but the mystery may be cleared up partially in this way:

Suppose a person, starting from Washington Sunday, were to travel around the earth in a westerly direction in some magic conveyance as rapidly as the sun in its course travels or seems to travel in the same

direction. He would accomplish the journey in twenty-four hours, and having started on Sunday, he might be pardoned if he supposed it to be Sunday all the way around—that is, he took no note of time—for the sun would remain above the horizon throughout the journey. Yet when he reached Washington at the end of 24 hours it would be Monday. He should have said to himself: "Thus far it has been Sunday; for the rest of the trip I will call the day Monday." Had he done this he would have come out all right. The 180th meridian is an excellent place for making this change, since it lies almost wholly in the ocean, where a double named day incommodes nobody.

Were this matter being treated here merely in a general way, no more need be said. But since we are speaking with a side glance at the Philippine islands, an important point must be added. Although the date line is commonly stated to be the 180th meridian of longitude, and is practically so regarded by navigators actually, as it is laid down on a chart, it does not follow this meridian, but it takes a long sweep to the west and curves around the Philippine islands, bringing them on its eastern side, notwithstanding that these islands lie some 60 degrees of longitude west of the theoretical date line.

This exceptional position of the Philippines with reference to this line is a matter to be borne in mind in dealing with Manila time. It is this position of the date line which causes an apparent difference of 24 hours between the time of Manila and that of Hong Kong, although the actual difference is less than half an hour.

To end with the practical bearing of the points here given, in figuring upon Manila time, as it will probably come to us frequently in telegrams, we must regard it as eleven hours slow

with reference to Washington time, as already stated and illustrated—must add eleven hours to the Manila time, even though it lands us in the succeeding day, as will be the case when an event has occurred at 1 p. m. Hong Kong time, on the contrary, must be treated as fast with reference to Washington time, about 12½ hours. Thus, if we learn from a certain event, the arrival of a ship, for instance, occurred at Hong Kong at the hour of noon on a certain day, we are to understand that it occurred when Washington clocks indicated 11:30 p. m. on the preceding day. A telegram announcing the event, if sent at once, would be received by us in the course of an hour or less, and but for the bit of headwork here laid out it would seem to reach us several hours before the event occurred.

COLOR SERGEANT SILVEY.

He is the man who raised the victorious stars and stripes over the ruins of Caimanera blockhouse, when 650 marines landed from the transport Panther on Friday week and seized the entrance to the bay of Guantanamo. For the first time, then, American soldiers landed in force on Cuban soil; for the first time, then, Old Glory waved in defiance of the Spaniard on the island they have desolated. Ser-

SERGT. SILVEY.

geant Silvey looks brave enough and handsome enough to be a major general. As he hoisted the flag the 650 marines dropped their carbines, their picks and shovels and, removing their hats, shouted a triumphant salutation.

A fisherman has plenty of leisure time in which to think out scaly stories.

Carrie
The Telegraph Girl
✕ ✕ ✕
A ROMANCE OF THE CHEROKEE STRIP.
By Captain Jack Crawford
"THE POET SCOUT."

(Continued.)

God bless her! And she called me Fred! Her heroism fanned yet brighter the flames of love in my heart, and I felt that her language indicated that she held me in more than ordinary regard.

Were I dealing with fiction I would write a lurid description of a desperate conflict between the sheriff's posse and the outlaws, but as I am dealing in actual experiences, and the story will, no doubt, be read by many acquainted with the facts, I must adhere closely to the lines of truth. The special stopped about a mile north of the station to allow the posse to disembark, and by advancing noiselessly, surround the depot and capture the robbers; but, alas, for the well-laid plan, the noise of the train was heard, and fearing a trap, the scoundrels, leaving me a parting curse, hastened from the office, mounted their horses, which had been secured near by, and made their escape before a shot was fired.

A few months later, while on leave of absence granted me from the handsome station given me in a beautiful Kansas town, a telegram was handed to me as I stood in the parlor of Mrs. Rankin's pretty cottage home in Arkansas City. I read it and handed it to the little woman dressed in bridal robes who stood at my side. Then the chief train dispatcher read it aloud to the assembled guests. It ran as follows:

Topeka, Kan., May 10, 18—
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Saunders, Arkansas City.

All the officials of the Santa Fe company join in warmest congratulations, with the sincere prayer that the new lives you to-day begin may never be shadowed by a cloud of care. While we regret the loss of the valued services our little heroine of Red Rock, we glean satisfaction from the fact that we will yet hold her husband, and will also feel that she, too, is a cherished member of the great Santa Fe family. May the sun of true happiness ever illumine your lives.
(Signed) R. B. GEMMELL,
Supt. of Telegraph.

"I am commissioned," added the dispatcher, "to place these two envelopes among the gifts from loving friends on this table. They bear slight tokens of appreciation of valuable services from the Santa Fe Company and from the Wells-Fargo Express Company."

There was an envelope addressed to Carrie, and one to myself. Each contained a crisp, new, uncreased $1,000 greenback.

HIS LIFE'S MISTAKE.

"Why did I never marry? Well, I'll tell you."

The little crowd of listeners looked interested as Col. Wiley, the handsome white haired bachelor, settled back in his chair, as if to more comfortably relate the story of his escape from matrimony.

"I was very much in love, but you would know that when I tell you that she was as fair and lovely a girl as these Virginia skies ever looked down upon. A true southerner, she was loyal to her state and was proud to say that her ancestors were among the F. F. V.'s.

"While a slender little creature, she was a splendid horsewoman, and knew every inch of our rugged mountain roads. Of course that was just before the war, and I was a young chap then.

"Her name was Lucy, a good, old-fashioned name that we southerners still cherish, and do not change to the more airy Lucile, as do our northern neighbors. It doesn't matter about her surname; you'd all recognize it were I to divulge, so I shall be silent concerning it.

"She was the daughter of the house and had two large brothers, who looked upon Lucy as a mere baby and guarded her quite as zealously. I first had to win their friendship before getting anywhere near being even a mere acquaintance with Lucy.

"When the war broke out both brothers were filled with the enthusiasm of the battlefield, and by constant allusions to their bravery, and adroit carefully worded remarks concerning their excellent appearance in the uniforms of the confederate gray, I soon won them completely over. As for Lucy, she regarded me with suspicion for some time, but suffice to say that when I marched away into the area and thunder of Shiloh a little golden curl, a locket enclosing the photograph of a pretty girl, and a Bible, her gifts, were snugly and carefully tucked away in the lining of my coat.

Lucy's brothers and I were enlisted in the same regiment, and in that way I frequently heard from her. Their father, a strong minded, stubborn, aristocratic old fellow, had positively forbidden an engagement or even communication of any sort. She was too young, he said, to have her mind turned topsy-turvy with love nonsense.

"She made no effort to disobey, but when she gave me the curl and locket and looked at me through tears that were just falling from her great blue eyes, I felt that in the battle of heaven I had not lost, and that in due course of time I'd claim the indemnity of war and call little Lucy my own.

"This blissful condition continued for six months or a year. Then came the usual uncertainties, suspicions and jealousies that so frequently disturb love's young dream and bring despair to youthful lovers.

"It was this way: Our first lieutenant was a dashing young officer, and handsome enough to be a young lion and so handsome that the privates soon dubbed him 'Master Prettyboy.' We were cleaning our muskets one day, preparatory to the morrow's fight, when Master Prettyboy came strolling along and paused near us, saying to Jim, Lucy's brother: 'I received a charming letter

from your sister today. She sent her love to you two boys and asked me to tell her how far you both ran on the first fight.'

"That night I went to Jim and asked him if the first lieutenant and his sister had been friends."

"They played together when babies,' he answered. 'She thinks a heap of him.'

"That was enough. From that hour my visions of sweet Lucy were blurred with the mist of insincerity and faithfulness. To be sure, we were not engaged, but we understood, and our eyes had asked and answered the questions which our lips were forbidden to ask.

"My love-life—as I then calls it—died one day when the first lieutenant, beaming and smiling, hailed Lucy's brother with: 'Congratulate me, old boy; she says she'll have me.'

"Well the war ended—as you all have perhaps heard ere this, although some of our mossbacks here in the mountains refuse to believe it. When Lee surrendered I was the superior officer of the handsome first-lieutenant, whom I hated and envied with equal passion. I came out of the army with a cruel wound in my shoulder, and it was months before I came back to this part of the country, where I had found and loved and won my pretty Lucy.

"The old-time scenes and associations (although the war had brought many grievous changes) seemed to open my emotions anew, and one Sunday I decided to go to her.

"I had gone perhaps half the way when I came to a switch, on which stood a dilapidated locomotive. An engineer and his assistant were endeavoring to polish its rusty wheels and bother. They were discussing the pride and cons of matrimony.

"There's no use in talkin',' said one; 'there's mighty little sincerity in women.'

"That's true,' reiterated the other. 'I went to the war engaged to the sweetest girl you ever clapped eyes on, but when I came back she was married to a cowardly cur that never saw the smoke of a musket.'

"So I was not the only one, I thought. I retraced my steps, boarded a train, and a month later was digging a gold mine in the Grand Canon of Colorado.

"Years later I was at the depot in Denver awaiting a train to take me back east, and was much surprised to find myself face to face with Lucy's brother Jim.

"That night we talked over old times as we smoked our cigars and let memory drift back to the exciting days

"I LOVE YOU, DEAR."

of '64. I thought of the dashing first lieutenant and casually asked:

"And whatever became of Prettyboy?'

"Why, didn't you know?' he replied. 'He married my sister Katherine—'

"Your—sister—Katherine?' I gasped. 'I—I never knew you had any sister but Lucy.'

"She's a half-sister. My father was married twice, and Katherine always lived with her grandparents. Say, by the way,' he added, 'we thought at one time that you were rather smitten with Lucy.'

"You can imagine my eagerness to reach once more I dear old Virginia. How beautiful the dusty old town looked as Jim and I sprang from the train and almost ran down the street toward my old home!

"Our footsteps sounded loud and drear as we walked across the porch and Jim opened the door. Jim tramped along the hall shouting and laughing and asking if the place were deserted.

"Then his mother, bent and gray and her once beautiful face furrowed with lines, came softly toward us. She fell into Jim's arms, sobbing as she did so.

"It was thoughtless for me to come without telling you beforehand,' he said. 'I might have known it would upset you.'

"She but sobbed the more and could not speak. Then she took Jim's hand, and I following, led us to an upstairs room and gently pushed the door ajar.

"She died but an hour ago,' the mother said, but I heard as if in a dream. Then going to a table she took up some letters, and, trembling and sobbing, handed them to me, saying as she did so: 'Lucy left these. She said there was one for you.'

"There was, but one sheet and on it but a line or two—simply: 'I did not forget, and I have waited patiently. I love you, dear.'"—Chicago News.

Oil on Dusty Railways.

From the Baltimore American: Mr. George C. Wilkins, general agent of the Pennsylvania railroad, said yesterday that the oiling of unballasted portions of the Baltimore and Potomac and Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore roads, to obliterate dust, had passed beyond the experiment stage. Last year, when it was tried for the first time, he said, it proved such a success that its utility could no longer be doubted. The process had not been extended, he said, because there was no necessity for it. There has been no occasion to sprinkle oil on those portions of the track upon which it was sprinkled last year.

Gospel.

The Gospel of Christ lies at the basis of modern civilization. The doctrine of forgiveness of sins through repentance and faith relieves humanity of that burden under which it labors in depression in those countries where forgiveness is unknown or denied. All other deliverances follow in the wake of the redemption from sin and an evil conscience.—Rev. A. V. G. Allen.