

# THE FILIPINOS ARE BEING TORTURED

An Omaha Boy Relates How Uncle Sam Is Extending the Policy of Benevolent Assimilation to Natives of the Philippines--Civilization and Self-Government.



THE following interesting letter was written by Al Miller, an Omaha boy, to J. W. Cox of Port Byron, Ill., and is reproduced by permission of Mr. Miller's mother:

Philippine Islands, March 8, 1900.—Dear Friend: As it has been a long time since I have written you I will now take time to write.

We are now at Orani. We left Angeles the 25th of January, arriving at this place on the 27th, just before noon. The afternoon was given us to rest, and the next day we were put on outpost duty.

The detachment that has been in General Grant's advance over the mountain arrived here the 25th. They were a tired and worn-out gang and awfully dirty, as they had not had a change of clothing for over a month. Some of them were bare-footed, while others did not have more than half a shirt. I would like to have had a photo of them.

They had seen some fighting, though not much. The morning they went into Subig the battleships Oregon and Delaware were in the bay, getting ready to shell the town, when our boys came over the hill, firing a volley or two, gave a rush into the town and ran up the American flag. The following day they received a note from General Emmanuel a negro general, saying he was upon a mountain just outside of town, and if they wanted him to come up and set him. They did not go after him until about two weeks ago, when General Bell went up with the Thirty-sixth United States

volunteers and put him off there rather suddenly. Bell is driving them in toward Boracay.

Detachments of our regiment went this morning to head them off in a pass over the mountains and make them fight or give up the ghost. Everyone they catch now they take to the penitentiary, give him a trial the same as they give a horse-thief in the west and sentence him. Six of our men out of company G were killed here February 5. They were here at Orani to draw rations and when they were returning to Demaphlan they were fired on from an ambush along the side of a road. There were ten of them in all, four got away while six stayed and gave them a fight, and all of them were killed before reinforcements arrived. They had telegraphed to company G, but they got there only in time to see them lying around dead. The men just went wild, and scattering in every direction they killed every negro they ran across. Then they burned their shacks and killed all their stock and chickens. They tied one negro to a rice stack and then set fire to it. I'll tell you he hollered some. The officers could not do anything with their men.

I was detailed to go with a detachment of company G for a week to a regiment force Company G, as they thought the negroes would attack the town that night. The boys were not in the town two minutes before they were shooting in every old shack which they thought might contain a negro. It was terrible, and as soon as the officers got the shooting stopped someone set fire to the town and all the north side was burned. One of the boys killed enlisted the same day I did at Ft. Crook. His name was Murphy and he was a fine boy. He was from east of Omaha and was a friend of mine. Another one, you have read of him, Kid Welch, the noted St. Louis jockey, he had just got out of the hospital at Manila, where he had been sick with fever and was not very well when

he left to join his company. There were twenty-five empty shells around him when he was picked up; after killing him they had shot him full of holes blowing half of his head off. I tell you this was a terrible sight when we arrived, but ever since then we have been putting them on the hummer proper. We go out on a bike, catch a negro and ask him if he has a gun; he will give us a polka bow and say no sabby, and then we take hold of him and give him the "water cure." After which he can get us two or three guns. I'll tell you the rest after dinner. Now this is the way we give them the water cure: Lay them on their backs, a man standing on each hand and each foot, then put a round stick in the mouth, and pour a pail of water in the mouth and nose, and if they don't give up pour in another pail. They swell like toads. I'll tell you it is a terrible torture.

We went up the bay the other day to get some robbers and secured three. They would not tell where they had their guns. So we gave them the water cure, salt water, and two of them gave us their guns. We gave the other one so much water we nearly killed him yet he would not tell. Guess he was an old head; they have lots of grip. They will stand and we you half kill one of their friends and won't tell a thing. When it comes to their time to take the cure they will take their clothes off and we will take two or three pails of water before they will say a word. One of them said you can kill me, but you cannot make me tell.

The girls here are frights. They run around half naked all the time. Simply can't see some awful sites here and it makes a person feel disgusted. I class them with a hog or a dog. Talk about these people being able to govern themselves, why the people in the states are fools when we give a piece in some paper saying the troops ought to be withdrawn. Those people do not know what they are talking about when they have never been here before. I believe the Anglo-Saxon race will rule the world in time and that they are the only people who can civilize such people as these. I will now have to close, as I have no more paper. From your friend,

A. F. MILLER,  
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Philippine Islands.