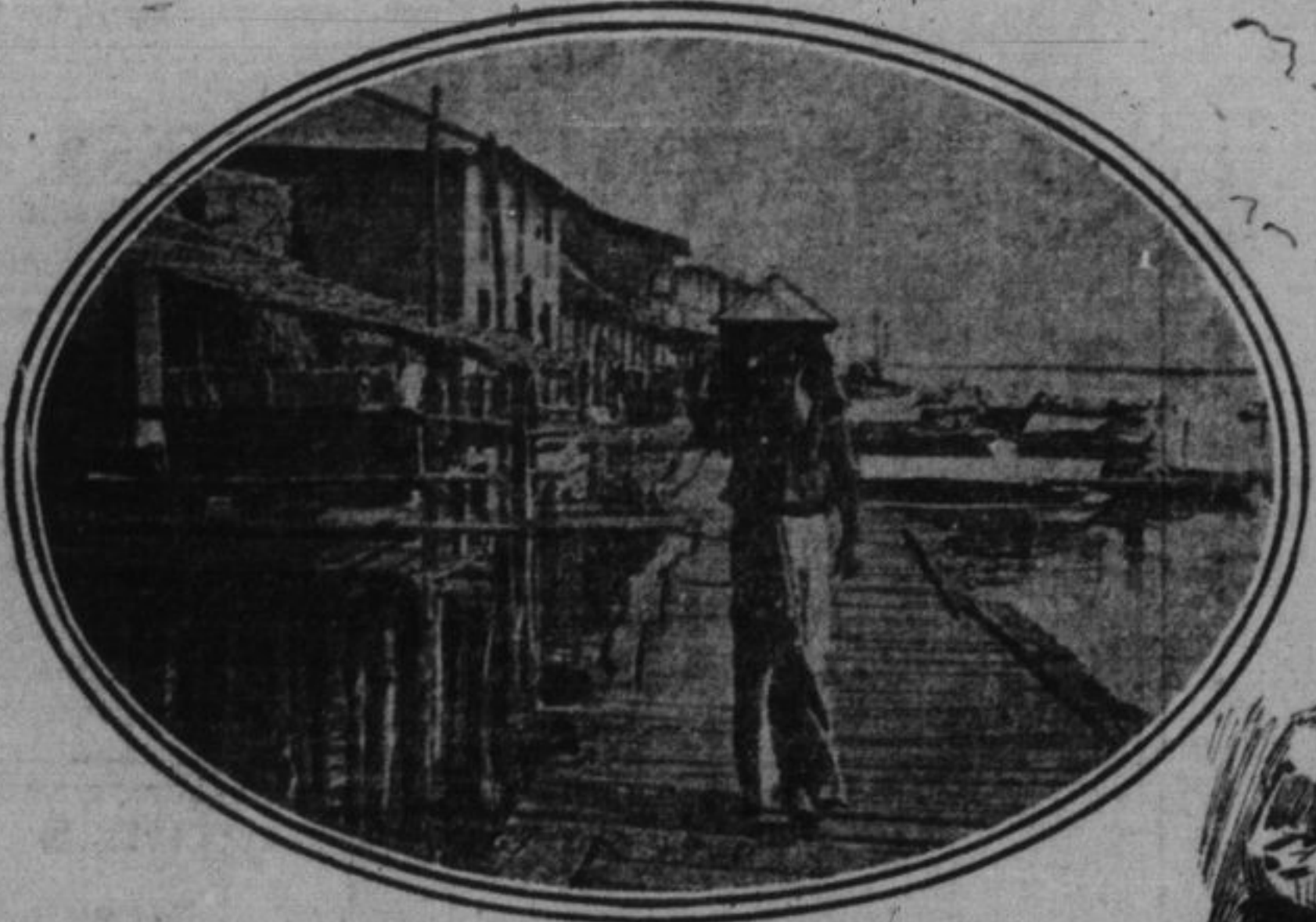




# THE OUTLAWRY OF JIKIRI

## His Revenge on His Sister's Husband, His Transition from Moro Laborer to Bandit Leader with a Price Upon His Head, and His Dramatic Death



Chino Pier at Jolo Jolo, Where Murder Took Place

PERILOUS ADVENTURES  
TOLD BY AND OF  
LIVING PERSONS

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THIS is the story of how Jikiri, untutored Moro laborer in the Quartermaster's Department of the United States Army, Department of Mindanao, became an outlaw with a price upon his head, a leader of bandits dreaded throughout the Island of Sulu, a strategist who baffled and eluded United States troops for two years.

Jikiri was clean cut physically, large for a Moro and intelligent. That his connection with government entailed the blistering of hands and the blunting of the shiny edge of a steel spade in the construction of a ditch at Jolo Jolo detracted no whit from Jikiri's pleasant consciousness that a share of the responsibilities of the great Republic across the seas rested upon his shoulders.

If Jikiri was ever thought of at all, it was merely as a good laborer. The sergeant who inspected his work every day and ordered him about like a dog would never have dreamed that the bullet headed, flat savage cared Moro would one day make for himself a name to frighten peaceful natives with, a name known throughout the islands, a name which meant blood and war and carnage.

In a little *ulpa* hut at Jolo Jolo lived Jikiri's wife with his year old baby girl and his sister. Jikiri was fond of his family and went to his home whenever he had the leave. In front of the door to his little hut he used to sit and smoke, gazing with a mingled pity and contempt on the children, gaunt and short shirred, playing in the dust. He was sorry for them, brats of ordinary Moros. Happily he dreamed of the future of his own little girl, who enjoyed the distinction of having a father in the great American army.

Then, in the fulness of all his pride, Jikiri's sister married a Chinese. It was a cruel stroke and Jikiri bowed under it. For his sister to marry a Chinese brought disgrace to his entire family. The very children playing in the muddy *camulo* would shun his girl. Fingers of scorn would be pointed at him and his. He went about his work listlessly, unable to hold up his head among men.

He had felt a pride in his position, in his work, humble as it was, but now this was all as nothing beside the awful shame of his sister's marriage. And greater even than these was sorrow for the woman. It was his sister who had brought down dishonor on him and his, but he pitied her, sorrowed for the companion with whom he had played in childhood and who had been always dear to him with a love greater than is usual between brother and sister.

In the old days the matter would have been simple enough. He would have gone to the Chino Pier, where his sister lived in a tumble-down shack with her husband, and he would have cut his throat. But the tenets of the new civilization forbade that. He rebelled against the new order of things, and yet there was the pride in his work and the new feeling that he was a man with a purpose. The Americans were great and powerful and he was proud of his connection with them.

It was a struggle within the Moro between the East and the West, and the breeding of centuries was in the balance on the side of the Orient. At last there leaked into his mind a feeling of rebellion, a questioning of the right of these foreigners to settle down in his own country and tell him what and how he should do and forbid him to respect and live up to the traditions of his fathers.

The brown khaki suit which had before been a mark of honor and distinction became to Jikiri a galling sign of oppression and submission to servitude. He longed to revenge his sister, but he knew what it would mean, and he waited.

He did not now entertain a condescending sympathy for the children of his neighbors, but rather pitied his own little girl, whose whole life would be blighted by the fact that her father's sister had been married to a Chinese. Patiently, unobtrusively, eating his wrath, he waited, brooding always over his own dishonor and sorrowing for his sister.

Shame for himself, shame for his family, anger at the restraint of a hateful civilization—all these things bowed him down and bended his spirit almost to the point of breaking, but, most of all, he pitied and was sad for his sister, whom he really loved with all the savagery of his nature. Bitterly as he felt, he never suffered others to mention her with disrespect.

One night, while Jikiri was sitting before his *ulpa* hut, brooding and poisoning his mind with the vilest of Manila weeds, an acquaintance who lived near the Chino Pier ambled along the *camulo* and spoke to him.

"Your sister is very unhappy," he said.  
"Let us not speak of her," replied Jikiri.  
"But her husband abuses her," continued the other.  
"It is the gossip of all the quarter and it is shameful," Jikiri's very blood felt as though it were boiling, and he could hardly believe the man who brought the news.

merely for the sake of wreaking vengeance on some one, something. This seemed too much to bear, that his sister should be abused, and that by a casteless Chino. Jikiri swore and raved and was like a madman, so that his acquaintance removed to a safe distance and prepared for flight. Not until Jikiri's wife came from the hut and pacified him did the friend return.

"Can you see this Chino?" asked Jikiri.

"Yes," said his friend. "I will go to him if you wish me to."

"Tell him," said the Moro, "that I know of his abuses and that if I hear again that he has injured my sister I, Jikiri, will pay him a respectful call, and I will cut off his queue."

Then began again the unending, tedious waiting. Heartily, way down in his inner consciousness, Jikiri wished that the Chino would attempt some act of violence against his wife. He knew what it would mean if he left his command at Jolo Jolo to go to the Chino Pier. He was aware that it meant desertion from the United States Army and that he would be considered a renegade and a murderer. He would be hunted through the hills from one end of the land to the other, and the very thought of it sent his mind crashing back through the ages until he became as a wild beast eager to fight, to tear and to kill, even if the inevitable end was death.

Hungry he lusted for the opportunity to slay the man who had brought all the disgrace to him and his family and misery to his sister. He had never visited her since the marriage, but he kept himself informed and knew that her life was wretched. Nightly he polished and cared for his deadly bolo, cherishing it like a thing alive and loving it for the knowledge that one day it would do its work. If only his brother-in-law would once more overstep the bounds!

Slowly, slowly, the tradition and heritage of centuries was asserting itself in Jikiri's mind. Some way he felt that if only he could cast aside the *khaki* suit he would be free again.

It was with a positive feeling of relief that he heard at last that his sister's husband had beaten her again. She was kept a prisoner in the Chino's miserable little hut, he was told.

### Murder of the Chino.

Like hounds released on a warm scent, the barbarous passions of hate and revenge and blood lust swarmed into Jikiri's soul and his semi-civilization crumbled into nothingness. With all the fanaticism of his Mohammedan nature he hated the one man who had caused all his tribulation, and because he knew that the hands of all men would be against him he hated all men.

In the quiet of dusk he crept from his quarters. For hours he lay hidden in the woods and thickets until it was dark and he was able to evade the guards. Armed with a bolo which had done service in the Jikiri family from times shadowed in myth, he slunk and scurried through the darkness toward the Chino Pier in Jolo Jolo.

Sometimes he ran, bent over close to the ground. Sometimes he lay hidden for countless seconds while a police officer or a passerby crossed his path. He was not afraid of any of them. He would as soon kill one as another, but it was the Chino he wanted first. After that it did not matter. He would fight, fight to the end, but first of all he must accomplish his revenge and wipe the stain of dishonor from his name.

Once on the pier he redoubled his cautiousness. Like a thousand tongues whispering in the blackness of the night the little wavelets lapped against the spiles of the old ramshackle pier where it jutted out into the Sulu Sea. Jikiri heard them with gladness. To his ears they were softly slinging praises of his prowess, rejoicing that he had cast aside the scruples imposed upon him by the gringo government and become a man again. After all, the old way, the way of the East, was the better. The Americans were great men and powerful, but after all they were old women and knew not how to use their might. Did not all real men seize everything which was in their power, and here the gringos with their great armies and their wonderful, death dealing machinery sat calmly down to work and sweat while the fat of the land went to the native and the foreigners, and even to the Spaniards who were permitted to remain in the land. Even the detested "frades" were permitted to live in pomp and splendor while the real heroes...

For two years cursing, sweating, dying troopers hunted Jikiri and his little band, and for two years Jikiri continued to engage servants for the life to come, according to his religion, which teaches that in paradise a man is served by his enemies killed in battle.

Through all Jikiri's wife and daughter had shared his fortunes and the men of the fast dwindling camp became devoted to the child. Many times Jikiri pleaded with his wife to seek safety with the Americans, but she steadfastly refused to abandon him. Sometimes going for days with little to drink and next to nothing to eat, Jikiri fought his grim battle against man and nature. He had reverted to the savage man of the jungle, but his sister was revered. His honor was restored and he could face



Then the Wicked Knife Descended



Cave from Which Jikiri Fought Troopers

So thought Jikiri as he crawled past the filth and squalor of the Chino settlement almost to the end of the pier where his sister lived.

It is not pretty, the story of how Jikiri achieved revenge. He kept his promise to his brother-in-law. He cut off his queue below the ears. There was never a chance for an outcry. While the Chino slept the bolo did its work in a single mighty stroke.

That for a moment he stood, silent, unrepentant. He was a murderer, a deserter, a renegade, but he could hold up his head among men, his own men of the jungle. For him death lurked in every corner, always ready to snatch him. Troops would pursue him relentlessly, he knew that, but the gringos should learn to dread him. And so, for that matter, should all men, for his heart was turned against all of them. Nowhere could he be safe. A price would be put upon his head and all men would be ready to sell him.

He reasoned quickly. There was but one course open to him. Such news as he had created travels like wildfire and Jikiri had no time to spare. With cunning stealthiness he entered the hut where the body of his dead brother-in-law lay, and liberated his sister. Then leaving her, for he knew that women would be a hindrance in the life he was to lead, he hurried to his hut and with his wife and baby daughter fled into the mountains. Even his wife would be a burden in the wild forest night marches that would be necessary, but Jikiri could not bear to abandon her.

Days they lay close, hiding, and during the night Jikiri scouted, gathering about him a few of his faithful friends. From them he learned that news of the murder had travelled fast and that a price was on his head.

When he gathered some twenty followers about him he learned that their hiding place had been discovered, and then began a man chase which endured for two agonizing years.

The troopers tracked him into places where a snake could not live and Jikiri eluded them. Whole companies were sent into the high mountains and the malarial swamps to exterminate the little score of Moros. From time to time after a blind dash in a forest, the very risk of which spelled death, the body of a Moro would be found, but it was never that of Jikiri. His companions believed him immune to gringo bullets. Many a gallant brown clad trooper and many a gallant officer was wrapped in a flag and left in the jungle beneath a simple wood headpiece while Jikiri still ran free. In the swamps many died of fever.

And this because a Moro's sister had married a Chino.

For two years cursing, sweating, dying troopers hunted Jikiri and his little band, and for two years Jikiri continued to engage servants for the life to come, according to his religion, which teaches that in paradise a man is served by his enemies killed in battle.

Arrived at the stronghold, which the Schuck boys knew, they found Jikiri had outmaneuvered them again, and only scattered ashes, trampled ground and broken brush showed that the little Moro party had been there.

Jikiri had escaped again, but the government was aroused. American lives enough had been sacrificed in the fruitless guerrilla warfare. The commandant at Jolo Jolo fumed and swore when he received the news. Telegraph wires buzzed and some one higher up issued orders that the detachment was to proceed and kill or capture the dreaded Moro warrior and his men.

### Facing the Machine Guns.

It was learned from natives that Jikiri had fled to the island of Patia with his followers in bancas, or canoes. On July 3 the guns were transported on barges and the wearying chase was continued. On the following day mile after mile of fetid forest was traversed, until at last the troops were drawn up in crescent formation before the mouth of a cave where Jikiri was making his last stand.

The machine guns were trained on the entrance to the grotto. Scores of soldiers were in readiness for the five tiger headed men of the jungle, but Jikiri did not quail.

One of the Schuck boys who, was with the soldiers was sent to offer Jikiri and his men an opportunity to surrender. That was once when Jikiri was on the point of breaking down. Not because of his own plight, not because he was afraid, but because the faithful few refused to leave him.

"Go tell the damned gringos," he roared at the Schuck boy, "that if my *bagas* holds out long enough I will exterminate them. Tell them that if they send you back I will cut your throat like I would a pig's."

As the messenger turned to leave, Jikiri called him back. He stopped, but eyed the troops longingly.

"They do not war on women and children, which is good. Take my wife and daughter back with you."

men with no trace of shame in his heart, and he poured over the face of the cliff like spray, but the Moros, hidden behind a bend in the tunnel, were unharned. Before the vibrations of the first volley of awful steelad death had subsided a clanking of shots from the cave had the troopers lying flat in the tall grass, and Gouneaud, who had been sighting a machine gun, rolled sprawling on his back, arms stretched out, a horrid red trickle wetting his chin and disappearing under the collar of his flannel shirt.

Lieutenant Miller ordered Sergeant Collier, one of the coolest, bravest men in his command, to take Gouneaud's place. Collier had been chasing Jikiri for months and had grown to know the courage and the tenacity with which he fought. There was more than one man in the force who admired the plucky Moro and who had cursed at having to hunt him out like a rat.

Collier stepped to the gun, tried the breech, then turned to the lieutenant and, smashing discipline into atoms, reported—

"The breech is blocked, sir, and it would be folly to attempt repairs under the withering fire."

"Put that man under arrest!" thundered Lieutenant Miller, and himself sprang to the gun, but while he was in the act Captain Ryan ordered a charge.

As the men leaped from the grass, McConnell, a trooper, plunged forward, arms dragging on the ground for three steps, then buried his face in the dusty grass, lying still. Hauser, a corporal of the Sixth cavalry, stumbled over his body and lay, grinning in pain, while his comrades swept over him in the charge. Sergeant Johnson, of the artillery, flung his arms backward and, crying "I've got it," crumpled up. The two men died three days later in the military hospital at Jolo.

The distance to the cave was short, but half of it was not traversed when five wild, brown figures catapulted from the mouth of the cavern and rushed at the troopers. Swinging their bolos with identical precision, as though they were but part of the same machine, they rushed to death with a cry that sounded glad on their lips. Jikiri singled out the first pair of leather puttees which he saw and rushed upon Lieutenant Kennedy, who wore them. It was the only way he could tell the officer from the enlisted men, whose wear regulation canvas leggings.

Kennedy was not quick enough and the Moro had him by the hair, the deadly bolo raised ready to strike. The soldier's eyes bulged and he struggled to catch the savage's wrist, but the awful wrench on his hair made him powerless. From the corner of his eye he saw Lieutenant Wilson, in an agony of hurry, coming to his aid. Then the wicked bolo descended, and as Jikiri freed his grasp on his victim Kennedy toppled limp and senseless to the ground, with a great ragged slash across his cheek and his neck cut dangerously near the jugular. Jikiri had been too hard.

With almost a continued motion of his bolo, completing the circle of the first stroke, he turned and gashed Lieutenant Wilson in the neck and shoulder, reducing the number of his antagonists by one more. Martin, a trooper, had freed himself from two Moros, who were both shot, and attacked Jikiri with the savagery of a bear. The Moro was expecting him and the bolo sang hungrily as it sought its human food. Martin was sprightly and ducked his head, missing death by inches, but the keen blade almost severed his left wrist.

His teeth closed cruelly on his under lip. Without a cry he grappled the Moro, holding his body frantically with the almost hairless arm and managing to clutch the wrist that held the bolo. He swung forth the two men swung in a struggle which meant death for the first to loosen his hold, and the troopers, for seconds which seemed eternity, could not shoot.

### The Death Struggle.

Like two active lightweight wrestlers, the men rolled over and over, changing grips frantically, wildly jabbing with knees and elbows, and the Moro, with his head and arms, pressed his chin close in and downward. Two or three of the troopers crowded around, watching for an opportunity to end the struggle, but in the midst of the seething mass of animalism Jikiri miraculously evaded knives and revolver bullets. Finally, with a last heart-breaking yank, Martin freed his good hand and his revolver barrel flashed through the air, the butt crashing onto the Moro's close cropped skull. The clinch was broken, Jikiri staggered, tumbling with his bolo, which his fingers scarcely held.

Flung into the midst of the little group, Lieutenant Baer, who had just despatched the last of Jikiri's little brown men, took lightning aim with his Colt. Jikiri spun round on his heels and dropped, stone cold, dead.

From the mouth of the cave sounded a yell, brain splitting, demoralizing, and the woman, Jikiri's wife, standing with a bolo, was upon the whole company of soldiers. A hurrying spirit of possibly misplaced chivalry made the men rather dodge her blows than return them and in a few seconds she had two of them stretched on the ground. They closed with her, but, wriggling like a python and with the strength of a panther, she broke away, and two more men were carried aside by comrades.

Officers and men pressed close about the woman and finally, by sheer force of numbers, she was captured, disarmed and bound. Later she was sent to Manila. Ferrier, Van Vliet, Czarnecki and McClellan, of the artillery, had been killed in the last onslaught.

The work of caring for the wounded and removing the dead from the field was begun, and it was a sad little company which prepared the bodies of seven comrades for the last military honors. In the midst of the work, Lieutenant Baer, who had killed Jikiri, happened to glance toward the scene of the fight. A score of natives, who had watched from a safe distance, were hacking and hewing the bodies of their countrymen who had fallen.

With an oath Baer ordered his men to drive the Moros away. Their respect for the power of the American was absolute, and they fled into the woods. Lieutenant Baer with difficulty restraining his men from pursuing them to inflict punishment for their dastardly act.

Last of all, the bodies of the Moros were tended. Before they were lifted from the ground one of the culled men approached Lieutenant Baer and, saluting respectfully, spoke to him in an undertone. The lieutenant smiled and nodded, then he made a request to Captain Ryan. Some hearts were as the men were at the loss of their comrades, they respected the giant heroism of the Moro, and as his body was borne past the shining, relentless machine guns the men, under orders which had been issued at their own request, stood at attention and saluted the poor remains of their fallen warriors, revenge and red.