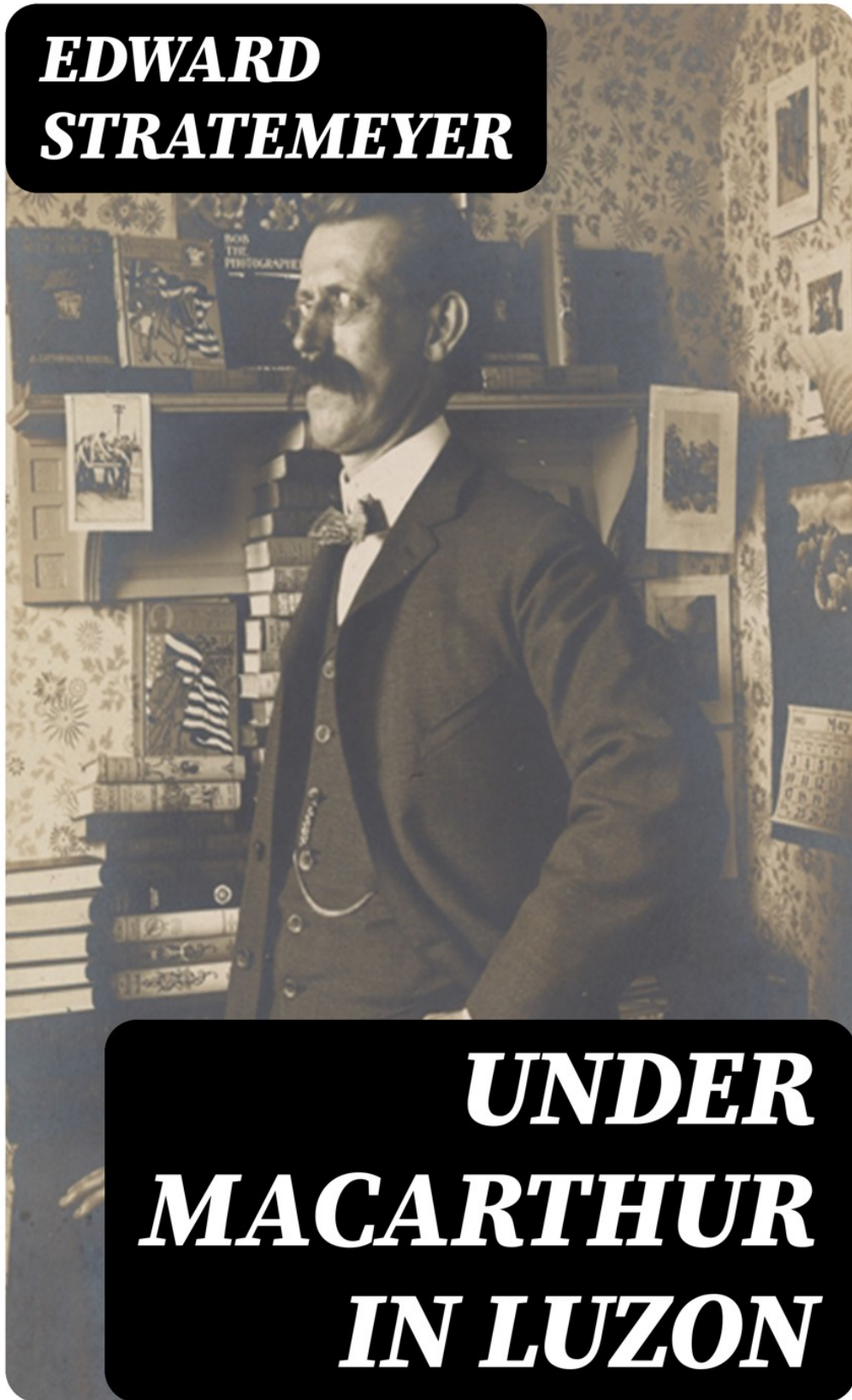


***EDWARD  
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***UNDER  
MACARTHUR  
IN LUZON***

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***UNDER  
MACARTHUR  
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**Edward Stratemeyer**

# **Under MacArthur in Luzon**

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## **PREFACE**

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"UNDER MACARTHUR IN LUZON" is a complete story in itself, but forms the sixth and last volume of the "Old Glory Series," a line of tales depicting adventures in our army and navy during the war with Spain and the rebellion in the Philippine Islands.

The principal characters of these stories are the Russell brothers, Larry, Walter, and Ben. In the first volume were related the adventures of Larry while serving "Under Dewey at Manila," in the second Ben came forward as "A Young Volunteer in Cuba," while in the third Walter showed what true American pluck could accomplish while "Fighting in Cuban Waters." The scene then shifted back to Manila, and in the fourth and fifth volumes of the series we followed both Larry and Ben while serving "Under Otis in the Philippines" and during General Lawton's daring "Campaign of the Jungle."

In the present tale the reader is asked to follow the further fortunes of all the brothers, first, during another campaign under General Lawton in the vicinity of the Laguna de Bay, and then during a hard and well-fought campaign under General Arthur MacArthur in the northern territory of Luzon, during which, by the efforts of the general named, acting in concert with Generals Lawton and Wheaton, Aguinaldo and his army were driven far into the mountain region and all but hopelessly scattered. This was at a time when Walter had unexpectedly become a prisoner of the savage Negritos of northern Luzon, and what the young sailor saw and heard will, it is hoped, prove of

interest to those who wish to learn more concerning the Filipino view of the present sad state of affairs in the islands.

It may be that some, in reading the pages which follow, will feel inclined to think that Ben Russell was altogether too smart for his age, and that his promotion, first to the rank of a captain of volunteers and lastly to that of a major, was altogether too rapid. If so, let them remember that the very general he served under became, during the Civil War, a lieutenant at seventeen, and commanded a leading fighting regiment at nineteen years of age. Young America is full of pluck and daring, and never comes to the front more conspicuously than when fighting for the honor of Old Glory.

In bringing this Series to a close the author cannot refrain from thanking the many critics who have commended his former works. They have been more than kind, and for this he is profoundly grateful. He has tried to make the present volume as interesting as possible, and trusts that the boys and young men for whom it was written will find its perusal full of combined pleasure and profit.

EDWARD STRATEMEYER.

NEWARK, N. J.,

Washington's Birthday, 1901.



# Something about the Russell Boys

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## UNDER MACARTHUR IN LUZON

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## CHAPTER I

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SOMETHING ABOUT THE RUSSELL BOYS

"CAPTAIN RUSSELL, if I know anything about it, this is dangerous ground upon which we are treading."

"I fully agree with you, Lieutenant Gilmore. But to capture Aguinaldo, or any of his staff, is no easy task, and we have got to take some risks."

"I don't believe we shall ever capture Aguinaldo, captain. Our boys have tried it a hundred times, and he's like the flea in the old story,—when you put your hand on him he wasn't there."

"Well, if we can't capture him, we'll capture all we can of his staff and his so-called cabinet, and likewise his soldiers, and then he'll be very much like a king without a crown or a kingdom, lieutenant."

"I don't believe in pushing too far into the mountains after these fellows," went on Lieutenant Gilmore, earnestly. "Our force isn't large enough for the work."

"Are you growing afraid?"

"Not exactly, but I don't want to see the first battalion, and especially Company D, pounced upon and wiped out by Filipino sharpshooters. Major Morris told me he had heard the rebels had a fine body of good shots in this vicinity—got the news direct from General Lawton."

"Doubtless Aguinaldo believes in keeping the very best of his soldiers close by him. If he would only listen to reason and throw down his arms—" Captain Ben Russell broke off short and came to a sudden halt. "What's that?"

"What's what?"

"Didn't you see that movement among the bushes on the right of the trail? It looked—there it goes again. Get behind the trees, quick!"

As he spoke Captain Russell dropped down, dragging his fellow-officer with him, and then both crawled to the shelter of the nearest trees lining the road upon which they had been travelling. The movement came none too soon; for while they were yet seeking shelter a report rang out on the misty morning air, and a bullet clipped through the brushwood close beside them.

"Wasn't that a close shave?" gasped Lieutenant Gilmore, when he felt safe to speak. "What did I tell you, captain?"

Captain Ben Russell did not reply immediately, for the reason that his whole attention was directed to the turn in the road from whence the shot had proceeded. He half

expected more shots to follow, but in this he was disappointed.

"I believe I saw the glint of that rascal's rifle barrel," he observed slowly. "But I can't locate the exact spot now."

"What had we best do—fall back and report?"

"That depends. I should like to know if that fellow is alone."

"It's not likely—they always travel in batches of half a dozen or more—you know that as well as I."

"Our command could easily round up half a dozen." The young captain of Company D paused in thought. "I have half a mind to scout around a little and size up the situation before we go back."

"But the danger—"

"You can remain behind, lieutenant, if you wish."

"No; if you go ahead, I'll go too. But we have got to be careful. What do you propose?"

"Do you see that line of brushwood on our left, running up among the rocks?"

"Yes."

"I propose we crawl along the bushes on the other side until we get to the first of the rocks. Then, if we don't see anything, we can leap over the rocks and continue our scouting by coming up behind the spot from which the shot was sent."

"All right, captain."

"Don't make any noise, and don't speak unless it is absolutely necessary," concluded Captain Russell, and then the pair moved off as silently as shadows through the semi-gloom of the wet June morning.

It was a dangerous task which had been undertaken, and Captain Ben Russell of Company D, Colonel Darcy's regiment of volunteers, stationed in the island of Luzon, was well aware of that fact. The Filipino insurgents were growing more desperate every day, and their sharpshooters were taking greater risks than ever, in their endeavors to bring down the *Americanos* at long range, especially the officers.

It was the middle of the year 1899, and Captain Ben Russell's command had returned to Manila, accompanied by a number of their wounded, after taking active part in an expedition under General Lawton to San Isidro, a perilous advance of a hundred and fifty miles through a hostile country, which lasted twenty days and brought on twenty-two battles. How gallantly the young captain conducted himself through this expedition, and through others, has already been related in previous volumes of this series entitled respectively, "Under Otis in the Philippines" and "The Campaign of the Jungle."

The captain was one of three brothers, he being the eldest, with Walter coming next, and lighthearted Larry the youngest. The home of the three was in Buffalo, New York, where they lived with their uncle, Job Dowling, who was now nominally their guardian. At one time Job Dowling had been very dictatorial and mean, and this had caused the three brothers to run away from home, Ben trying his fortunes in New York City, Walter making his way to Boston, and Larry drifting to San Francisco. At San Francisco Larry had shipped as a foremast hand, first for Honolulu and then for Hong Kong, and on this latter voyage he had been wrecked with his intimate Yankee friend, Luke Striker, only to be picked up

later by the Asiatic Squadron under Commodore (later Admiral) Dewey, just as the latter was sailing for the Philippines to engage the Spanish fleet under Admiral Montojo. How the greatest naval battle of modern times was successfully fought by Uncle Sam's jackies, and what part Larry and his friend Luke played in the drama, will be found set down in all its glorious details in "Under Dewey at Manila." After this battle Larry returned home, thinking the war in Philippine waters at an end, but when fresh troubles came in the shape of the Filipino rebellion he hastened to rejoin his ship the *Olympia*, and, later on, left that vessel to join the volunteer army, along with Luke Striker. But both had been wounded, and they were among those taken to the hospital at Manila.

Walter Russell was not naturally a sailor like Larry, but in Boston he had fallen in with a naval veteran of the Civil War, and this old gunner had so fired the youth's patriotic ambition that Walter had enlisted in the navy at the Charlestown Navy Yard, to serve, later on, under Commodore Schley on the *Brooklyn*, at the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet in Santiago harbor, the particulars of which I have given in "Fighting in Cuban Waters." After this thrilling contest Walter had returned home to rejoin his brothers, and had aided them in bringing Job Dowling "to terms," as the three expressed it. Later still Walter had rejoined his ship for a cruise to Jamaica and other points, but this was now over, and at present he was on his way to the Philippines, with his chum, Si Doring, to join one of the ships stationed at Luzon. His remarkable cruise, with its

queer ending, will be related in some of the chapters which follow.

It can truly be said that Ben Russell was a born soldier. Immediately upon the breaking out of the war he had joined the volunteers, and after being in camp on Long Island and at Tampa, Florida, he had been transported to Cuba, there to participate in the various engagements leading up to that of San Juan Hill, and to the downfall of Santiago. With him went his warm-hearted Southern chum, Gilbert Pennington, and the various adventures of the pair are set forth in detail in "A Young Volunteer in Cuba." Gilbert belonged to Roosevelt's Rough Riders, but at the conclusion of the war with Spain, he left that organization now so famous in history and reënlisted with Ben for service in the island of Luzon. Gilbert had become first lieutenant of Company B of Colonel Darcy's regiment, and had also served under General Lawton. While advancing to answer a flag of truce shown by the Filipinos some treacherous rebel had shot him in the shoulder, inflicting a painful although not a dangerous wound; and he was now in the hospital with Larry, although he hoped to be out again in a few days.

Although Ben Russell had come to the Philippines solely to do his duty as a soldier, his adventures had not all been of a warlike nature. The Russell fortune, amounting to between fifteen thousand and twenty thousand dollars, had been invested by Job Dowling in the Hearthstone Saving Institution of Buffalo, of which one Braxton Bogg had been cashier. This Bogg had absconded, taking with him over a hundred thousand dollars belonging to the bank, which action practically wrecked the institution. By accident Ben



had fallen in with Braxton Bogg at Manila, and after missing his man several times, had succeeded in having him arrested. When in prison Bogg had confessed that he had turned the stolen funds over to a Spaniard named Benedicto Lupez, who had recently joined the insurgent army. It was no light task to follow up this Lupez, but it was finally accomplished at the fall of San Isidro, and from him was taken a leather bag containing fifty thousand dollars in gold. At first Lupez refused to talk, but at last confessed that just previous to the fall of the city he had divided the booty with his brother José, who had immediately left for parts unknown. It was afterward learned by Ben that this José Lupez was a very eccentric old Spaniard, and that he had paid Aguinaldo five thousand dollars for a general's commission in the Filipino army. What he had done with the remaining forty-five thousand dollars was known only to the newly titled General Lupez himself.

"We ought to try to get hold of that General Lupez," Larry was wont to say, as he lay sick in the hospital at Manila. "Unless the money is recovered, the Hearthstone Saving Institution won't be able to pay more than fifty cents on the dollar, and that will mean a loss to us of eight or ten thousand dollars."

"I'll certainly do what I can," had been Ben Russell's reply. "But you know how the rebels are scattered now, and this Lupez will probably take warning by his brother's fate and give us a wide berth." Nevertheless, although he thought the chances of meeting this rascal slim, the young captain was on the constant lookout for him, and ready to bring him in, dead or alive, at the first opportunity that offered.

# Lieutenant Gilmore has a Fall

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## CHAPTER II

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LIEUTENANT GILMORE HAS A FALL.

As said before, the morning was a misty one, and there was every indication that a heavy downfall of rain was not far distant. The rainy season of the islands was at hand, and already the streams were much swollen and the trails "soppy" with the downfall of several days past. The bushes hung low with pearls of dew, and the young captain and his companion had not crawled far before they found their outer garments soaked with moisture. But to this they paid scant attention, for both had been wet many times before and their various campaigns had thoroughly toughened them.

On returning to Manila the members of Colonel Darcy's regiment had expected to remain there for some time. But in less than forty-eight hours the first battalion, under the command of Ben Russell's old friend, Major Morris, had been again ordered to the front, this time in the direction of the waterworks on the east of the city. Only a few months before, General Lawton had marched as far east as Santa Cruz on the Laguna de Bay and scattered the insurgents in all directions; but there had not been enough American

troops at hand to garrison the towns taken, and now the rebels were coming back in greater numbers than ever, so that they threatened not alone the city's waterworks, but the very outskirts of Manila itself. The rebels in this territory were now under General Pio del Pilar, one of the shrewdest of Aguinaldo's followers and one who was as brave as any in the rebel ranks.

The advance of the first battalion had been ordered for four o'clock that morning, and by five the four companies found themselves about half a mile beyond the regular American outposts which General Otis had established. More troops were following, and presently Major Morris had called a halt on the road at a point where several trails led up from the lake. Then the major had come to Ben and asked him to go forward and reconnoitre, and the young captain had done so, taking his lieutenant with him, upon Gilmore's earnest request. Gilmore had recently been appointed first lieutenant, and was anxious to distinguish himself, although equally anxious, as can be surmised from his conversation, to keep himself from being shot.

Without a word, and with as little noise as possible, the young captain and his companion continued to crawl through the bushes until the rocks Ben had mentioned loomed up before them. Their ears were on the alert, but not a sound reached them.

Looking toward the rocks, Ben made out a narrow opening and pointed thither with his hand. Both approached it with caution, each with his pistol cocked and held out for instant use. But, so far as they could see, there was no enemy near the opening, and they passed through without

molestation. Beyond the rocks was more brushwood, leading to a typical Philippine jungle.

The young captain had managed to retain his coolness, but it was plain to be seen that his lieutenant was growing more uneasy every minute. The silence was oppressive, if not suggestive, and Gilmore drew a long breath.

"Do you really think it's advisable to go ahead, captain?" he could not help but whisper.

"As I said before, you can go back if you wish," was the low answer. "I am going ahead and find out what I can for the major."

"But those rascals may be surrounding us on the quiet."

"Possibly, but, as I said before, we must take some risks. War isn't all fun and glory, and you ought to know it by this time."

"Do you see anything at all suspicious?"

"I do not."

"What do you suppose has become of that sharpshooter?"

"I hardly think he was a sharpshooter, his aim was so bad. More than likely he was some common soldier, who took to his heels as soon as he pulled trigger."

At these words the lieutenant breathed a bit easier, and the forward movement of the pair continued. Crossing a small stream, they gained the edge of the jungle and then moved in a semicircle to the left. A hundred feet were thus covered when Gilmore suddenly clutched Ben's arm.

"Stop! I saw somebody moving along the trees!" he whispered excitedly.

"Where?"

"Over yonder." And the lieutenant pointed with his pistol.

"Was it a rebel?"

"I couldn't make out exactly, it's so dark. But it was a man, and he had either a gun or a long club in his hands."

"Which way was he moving? "

"The same way that we are."

No more was said, but both dropped down, so that the bush growing under the tall trees might conceal them. It was dark in the jungle, but as they were nearest to the light, the young captain felt that so far as seeing was concerned, the enemy had the advantage of them.

More rocks had to be crossed, and Gilmore was stepping on these when one foot slipped and he came down heavily on his back. He uttered a sharp cry of pain, then rolled over on his side and slid into some tall grass at the foot of the rocks.

"Are you much hurt?" demanded Ben, anxiously.

"Oh, my back!" was the answer, with a long-drawn groan.

"I struck my spine right on a sharp edge."

"Can you walk?"

"I—I'm afraid not, captain. "What a fool I was to let myself slip! I wish we were out of this!" And Gilmore gave another groan.

"Try standing up," whispered the young captain, sympathetically, and took hold of his companion's hand to assist him. Gilmore did try, but his pain was evidently intense, for with a shiver from head to foot he sank down again.

"I—can't make it, captain! Oh, what shall we do now?" and the speaker's face grew white.

"We'll do the best we can," returned Ben, trying to be cheerful, although he realized the gravity of the situation. It was hard enough for a man to take care of himself, let alone taking care of an injured comrade.

While speaking Ben had his eyes trained on the jungle behind him, and now, at a great distance, he saw a Filipino soldier sneaking along under the trees. The soldier was followed by three others, and the four disappeared almost as swiftly as they had appeared.

"You saw something?" queried Gilmore, watching Ben's face closely.

"Yes, four rebels, moving to the left."

"And armed?"

"Yes. They—there go some more! Six, seven, eight, nine!"

"It's just as I guessed—the jungle is full of them. Captain, we'll never get back alive!"

"Oh, don't give up yet, Gilmore."

"But I can't walk. What am I to do?"

"I'll carry you."

The lieutenant shook his head slowly. Then he essayed again to rise, only to fall back once more with a cry of pain.

Ben gazed around them, and at a short distance made out a hollow in the brushwood. "Come, you can hide there for the present," he said, "while I move around and try to find some safe way of getting back with you." Going ahead and leaving his companion to his fate was, to him, out of the question.

With as much care as a mother would use in handling her babe, the young captain bent over his lieutenant and raised him up. The motion gave Gilmore more pain, and the beads



of perspiration stood out on the fellow's forehead. "It's awful! Oh!" he gasped. And he continued to groan as Ben advanced to the hollow.

"Now keep as quiet as you can," said Ben, as he laid the hurt one on the grass. "I am pretty sure we can get back all right if we watch our chances. It's going to rain, and a heavy shower will help us a good deal."

"Don't—don't leave me, captain!"

"I won't go far. I just want to reconnoitre a bit."

Ben felt that he had now a double responsibility upon his shoulders, and he did not leave the brushwood until he was certain none of the enemy were close at hand. Then, with pistol still drawn, he advanced toward the rocks over which they had made their way but a short while before.

On the other side of the rocks was a clump of three trees, with wide-spreading branches, some of which had bent down and reëntered the ground at a distance of several yards from the trunks. The trees were thickly interlaced with tropical vines, forming an ideal hiding-place for man or beast.

As the young captain stood near the rocks, he detected a movement in one of the trees. Then a low voice spoke up, in the Tagalog dialect.

"Do you see anything of the *Americanos*, now, Bambo?"

"I can see nothing—the mist is so thick," was the growling answer, in the same tongue.

"I feel sure the unclean ones came this way."

"Then where are they, Riva?"

"That we must find out. I will descend, while you can remain here on guard."

"As you will," grumbled he called Bambo. "But take heed that the unclean ones do not shoot you in the back."

The talking came to an end, and presently Ben saw the native named Riva letting himself down to the ground by means of the rope-like vines. He had a rifle slung over his shoulder and looked exactly what he was, a Filipino sharpshooter.

The young captain during his campaigns in Luzon had picked up a smattering of the Tagalog tongue, and while he did not comprehend all that was said, he understood enough to realize that the pair in the tree had been on guard and that they had seen both himself and Gilmore. Neither could be the man who had fired at them from the brush, and why they had not tried to bring down the Americans on sight was a mystery.

"They must be wanting to capture us alive," thought the young captain. "Perhaps their general is hungry for military {SIC|information|information}}. Well, they shan't get anything out of me, dead or alive."

It would have been an easy matter for the young officer to have killed the Tagal on the spot, but Ben was averse to taking the life of even an enemy in cold blood; and besides, he was afraid that a shot might cause a general alarm, to his own disadvantage and that of his helpless companion. He resolved to await developments, and with this end in view, crouched down behind the rocks out of sight.

He had not long to wait; for in a few minutes the Tagal came over the rocks slowly, gazing sharply to the right and the left and then ahead. Passing Ben, he kept straight on,

moving in the direction where Lieutenant Gilmore lay concealed.

# Caught by Sharpshooters

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## CHAPTER III

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CAUGHT BY SHARPSHOOTERS

"He'll stumble on the lieutenant—he can't help it!"

Such was the thought which surged through Ben Russell's mind as he saw the rebel sharpshooter move swiftly and silently in the direction of the hollow in the brush.

Exactly what to do he did not know, yet instinctively he followed the Tagal, keeping the sharpshooter covered with his revolver. He felt that a struggle was at hand and nerved himself to meet it.

The hollow was almost gained when the sharpshooter came to a sudden pause, with his eyes bent to the ground. He had discovered Ben's footprints in the wet grass, and was wondering if they were those of friend or foe.

Fearing the fellow would look around, the young captain wisely withdrew to the shelter of a near-by tree. A moment later the sharpshooter turned back and began to follow the footprints he had discovered. He passed within ten paces of Ben, whose heart almost stopped beating for the moment, and then moved on toward the rocks.

"He's on my trail, and he'll soon catch up to me," reasoned the young officer. Then he thought of an old trick, frequently used by the Indians and the hunters of the West, as well as by certain wild animals, and walked in a semicircle toward the trail and overlapped it for a dozen steps. This done, he leaped to a near-by rock, and from this to another rock, and then into a tiny stream of water, thus breaking the trail.

Still the young officer was not satisfied, and reaching some more brushwood, he waited impatiently to see what the sharpshooter would do next. It had now begun to rain, but the downpour was not as heavy as he had expected.

Ten minutes passed, and to the young captain the time seemed an age. He knew Gilmore would become alarmed over his absence, and was on the point of returning to the hollow, when he saw the Tagal again, now following the trail back from the rocks.

The sharpshooter reached the point where the trail overlapped itself, and moved on for a hundred feet further. Then he halted in perplexity and scratched his head. Ben watched every movement as a cat watches a mouse.

The sharpshooter had been fooled and he knew it, and at last he retraced his steps to where the trail overlapped itself. Then he hunted for the back trail, leading to the hollow, and finding it, passed on, with his rifle clutched tightly in both hands and his eyes peering ahead like those of a hawk.

"Captain, is that you?" It was Gilmore who spoke, not loudly, but still strong enough to be heard by the sharpshooter, who instantly came to a halt.