

**AN OHIO WOMAN IN THE PHILIPPINES:
GIVING PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AND
DESCRIPTIONS INCLUDING INCIDENTS
OF HONOLULU, PORTS IN JAPAN AND
CHINA**

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An Ohio Woman in the Philippines: Giving Personal Experiences and Descriptions Including Incidence of Honolulu, Ports in Japan and China by Mrs. Emily Bronson Conger

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MRS. EMILY BRONSON CONGER

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SCOUT.

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IN JAPAN AND CHINA



MRS. EMILY BRONSON CONGER

*PUBLISHED
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS*

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OUT OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

CHAPTER ONE.



WITH the words ringing out over the clear waters of San Francisco Bay as the Steamer Morgan City pulled from the dock, "Now, mother, do be sure and take the very next boat and come to me," I waved a yes as best I could, and, turning to my friends, said: "I am going to the Philippines; but do not, I beg of you, come to the dock to see me off."

I did not then realize what it meant to start alone. I vowed to stay in my cabin during the entire trip, but, as we steamed out of the Golden Gate, there was an invitation to come forth, a prophesy of good, a promise to return, in the glory of the last rays of the setting sun as they traced upon the portals, "We shall be back in the morning." And so I set out with something of cheer and hope, in spite of all the remonstrances, all the woeful prognostications of friends.

If I could not find something useful to do for my boy and for other boys, I could accept the appointment of nurse from the Secretary of War, General Russell A.

Alger. But, if it proved practicable, I preferred to be under no obligations to render service, for my health was poor, my strength uncertain.

The sail from San Francisco to Honolulu was almost without incident; few of the two thousand souls on board were ill at all. They divided up into various cliques and parties, such as are usually made up on ocean voyages. When we arrived at Honolulu, I did not expect to land, but I was fortunate in having friends of my son's, Hon. J. Mott Smith, Secretary of State, and family meet me, and was taken to his more than delightful home and very generously, royally entertained.

My impressions were, as we entered the bay, that the entire population of Honolulu was in the water. There seemed to be hundreds of little brown bodies afloat just like ducks.

The passengers threw small coins into the bay, and those aquatic, human bodies would gather them before they could reach the bottom.

The city seemed like one vast tropical garden, with its waving palms, gorgeous foliage and flowers, gaily colored birds and spicy odors, but mingled with the floral fragrance were other odors that betokened a foreign population.

It was my first experience in seeing all sorts and conditions of people mingling together—Chinese, Japanese, Hawaiians, English, Germans and Americans. Then the manner of dress seemed so strange, especially for the women; they wore a garment they call halicoes like the Mother Hubbard that we so much deride.