

Features of Manila

(Continued from Page Seven.)

we dash through the streets. We skirt one of the canals, cross a bridge and enter the church. A black-gowned priest with a shaven tonsure opens the door, and we climb round and round up the hundreds of steps of a slim spiral staircase till we come to the top. We are now far above the city on the outermost edge of Manila. The city lies on a plain backed by blue mountains. It covers miles of land running about the bay, beyond which are other mountains and rolling hills. It is a town of 350,000 inhabitants, all of whom live in one and two-story houses. There are no tall buildings, except the churches and cathedrals, which have domes and towers rising high above the rest of the city. There are green trees here and there showing out above the house roofs.

Almost in front of us is the walled part of the town. This is but small in compar-

a shirt and pantaloons, and the shirt is in all cases outside the trousers. The majority of the men and boys, in fact, remind one of the hero of Mother Goose, "Little Dickey Doot, who had his shirt tail out." The shirt tails of the Filipinos, however, are intentionally out for the sake of coolness. The air is thus admitted to the bare skin, the white linen flapping merrily in the breeze as they walk. The effect is, on the whole, rather striking and you look for them to rush around the corner and tuck their shirts in. Some of the shirts are imported, with well-laundersed bosoms, in which are gold studs. The native shirts are of the thinnest gauze, a sort of cross between halcloth and mosquito netting. They are all colors—white, yellow, black and pink—being often embroidered and stamped. The stuff is like that which the women here wear for their dresses—stuff which is so delicate and so beautiful that the American women buy it for party or evening gowns. Further down in the business streets of the

through the bristles. They have, I am told, few pores in their skin, and they wallow in the water and mud just like hogs. They are worse in this respect than hogs, for they must wallow several times a day in the hot weather or they will go crazy, and a mad caribou is a dangerous beast. For this reason their drivers stop them every now and then at the river or a canal as they go through the streets and let them take a ten-minute bath. The great beasts walk down steps into the water and lie there with nothing but their heads showing out. You may see scores of them so bathing during a half hour's walk along the waterways of Manila. The most of the hauling is done by these caribou on drays and carts. They form a part of the street cleaning brigade which General Otis has organized, and thousands of them are employed in transporting the supplies for the troops. They usually work single in shafts which are joined at the end by a hoop-like yoke, which rests on the neck just in front of the shoulders. They are led or driven by means of a ring through the nose, to which lines are fastened. They are very strong and, as a rule, very gentle if they have their regular baths of water and mud. I am told that they are used generally throughout the Philippines. Even the children ride them, and out in the country it is not an uncommon sight to see a 4-year-old boy astride of a caribou as it feeds in the pasture. They furnish much of the milk of Manila, and the poorer classes use their meat for roasts and stews.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.



MANILA—THE FILIPINOS ARE CLEANLY.

son with the rest, which spreads for a long distance up and down and back from the sea. At the right, running through the midst of the city, is the River Pasig, a dirty stream perhaps a thousand feet wide, which at times of the year is so deep that small steamers can come up it and anchor at the wharves, but now so low that the boat in which we came from Hong Kong must remain out in the bay.

The walled city is old Manila. It is largely taken up with government buildings. There is the palace where General Otis and his officials do their business, and there also are a large number of churches and monasteries, the church owning, I should say, at least one-third of the old city.

That part of Manila at the right outside the walls is where the most of the people live and where nearly all of the business is done. Away off at the edges you can see fashionable suburbs, such as Malate, where the finest residences of the Filipinos are, and there down on the bay is the Luneta, the park where all swell Manila goes to drive at 5 o'clock every afternoon. Back of the city, as you can see if you will but turn about on the church tower, is a great green plain as fresh now as Ohio in June, with clumps of green trees spotting the fields. That is the country, the rice fields and the vegetable gardens which aid in supplying the markets of the town.

As we look the sun comes near to its setting. The roads in the plain are filled with people, who make white lines through the green fields. Those are the suburbanites of this Filipino capital, the poor who work in the stores and factories and are now returning to their homes. Many of them are women, who have bright red skirts, above which are draped black shawls. The red catches the rays of the sun and we have a band of vermilion between the green and the black.

But let us go down and walk through the streets back to our hotel. We are moving along with the strange characters of this strange city. Hundreds of brown-skinned, black-eyed men, women and children go by us. They have eyes almost slanting and they are of all shades from yellow to black. They are not so tall as our people at home and most of them are lean rather than fat.

How queerly they dress. Many of the men and women are clad in stiff gauze as thin as mosquito netting, through which the air has free passage and through which the skin shows. They have clothes of the different Philippine cloths made of the fiber of the pineapple and other plants, which is as stiff as hair, but which in some cases is as fine as spun silk. The women are without hats or bonnets and their luxuriant black hair is done up in a knot on the crown of the head. They wear jackets of gauze cut very low in the neck, with great bell-like sleeves reaching only to the elbow, but so full and so stiff that the arm is bare to the shoulder. Under this, or rather below it, is a tight skirt, which consists of a wide bag of calico or other light cloth wrapped around the waist and legs. It falls to the ankles and is fastened by a twist at the waist. Over this waist cloth or skirt there is usually a black shawl, which extends from the waist to the knees and which seems to be intended to hold on the skirt.

The workingmen have on little more than

city, and especially on the Escolta, you meet many men in suits of white duck, Filipinos of the higher classes, who dress much as we do.

Good-Natured and Clean.

We hear in America much about the dirt and savagery of the people of Manila. So far I have seen none of it. The people are far more cleanly than the Chinese. Even the poorest of them wear clean clothes and the most of the costumes are white. In many respects the Filipinos are like the Japanese, or, rather, more like the Burmese, both of whom are noted for their cleanliness and frequent bathing. Among the women on the streets you see many who wear their hair down their backs, their rich black manes falling usually from their necks to their waists. My guide, "Thomas a Becket," he says his name is Becket, tells me this is because they are fresh from the bath and that they go about so to let their hair dry. He says there are swimming baths for women in the city and that he himself takes a plunge in the canal near his home every morning.

As to savageness, the people seem to me more civilized than any of the Malay races I have yet seen. They are far more good-natured and friendly than the natives of the Straits Settlements. They appear to be fond of one another, and I see men and boys going along with joined hands. The women go in pairs as a rule, and all laugh and chat as they move along together. There is no scowling at the foreigner as in China, and if they really hate the Americans they do not show it in their faces.

But to return to the streets through which we are moving. The crowd has grown as we approached the business section, and we are often forced to step out in the road. The sidewalks of Manila are seldom more than three feet in width, and more than three people cannot well walk abreast upon them. They are flagged with rough stones, the roadway being unpaved as a rule. The houses are everywhere close to the streets, and in many cases there are blocks of buildings which have these overhanging balconies so that as you walk you are shaded by them from the rays of the sun. Many of the balconies have their shell windows pushed back, and we frequently get a glance from a Filipino maiden as she sits in them and looks down on the street.

Rats and Hogs as Draught Animals.
The scenes in the middle of the street are even more strange than those on the sidewalks. What would you think of having rats and hogs to pull your drays and your carriages? Well, the Filipino draught animals are not much unlike these. The carriages are drawn by little ponies not bigger than 3-months-old calves, who are as ratty looking as the team of mice which appeared before Cinderella, to be turned by the wand of the fairy into the magnificent steeds which took her to the ball of the prince. They form the riding and driving animals of the people, who flog them without mercy as they go through the streets.

The heavy work is all done by caribou, or water buffaloes, which can best be described by calling them immense black hogs, with horns. They are as big as the average Durham cow, and are of the same genus, but no respectable American cow would acknowledge that it had any relation to them. The caribou has a skin like a pig, with black bristling hair standing out upon it, so that you can see everywhere the hide

Old Noll

Detroit Journal: The spirit of the great Oliver Cromwell, attracted by the clash of arms, thereupon betook itself to South Africa.

"What?" cried Old Noll. "These are the Britons? And not those? I' faith, thou stringest me, or else the English soldiery have changed mightily since my day!"

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