

# Sultan of Sulu-- Message to Americans

# THE RICHARDSON METHOD. A CURE FOR VARICOCELE AND NERVO-VITAL DISEASES THAT DOES ITS WORK QUICKLY AND WELL.

(Copyright, 1900, by Frank G. Carpenter.)  
JOLO, June 1, 1900.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—I beseech you to read reverently the following. It was written in Arabic characters in my note book and is signed with the hand of the sultan of Sulu, a hand that has more power in these islands than that of the czar of Russia, or that of his brother Mohammedan, the sultan of Turkey. It is a message of peace, however, rather than war. It is a message of friendship sent by his majesty, through this paper, to his brothers, the American people. If you should read it in Arabic you must begin on the opposite side of the page, for the lines were written across the page from right to left, instead of left to right, as with us.

I have had it freely translated. It reads: "By this letter I, Hadji Mohammed Jama-

lul Kiram, the sultan of Sulu, send greeting to my brothers, the people of the United States. I send them my best wishes and also the hope that their occupation of the Sulu islands will be of benefit to the people of Sulu. I hope that peace may be the result of your administration and that thereby my islands may become prosperous and rich. (Signed)  
"HADJI MOHAMMED JAMALUL KIRAM.  
"Written this 18th day of the moon, Ranaalan, in the year 1317."  
**Calling Upon the Sultan.**  
This letter was the outcome of an audience which Major Owen J. Sweet, the commander of our forces in the Sulu islands; Captain Nazaro of our gunboat, Manila; Paymaster Coffin, Mr. Bradley of the customs and one or two others, including myself, had with his majesty yesterday. Major Sweet took the little steamer Hermulina, and, with a guard of soldiers and escorted also by the gunboat, sailed around the island of Sulu to Mybun, the capital of the sultan. Here we spent some time going through the town, were received by the sultana, the sultan's mother, and had a long conference with the sultan himself. During the conference I asked the sultan if he would not, through me, send a word or so to the American people. The result was this message, the first, I venture, that was ever made in this way by a royal Mohammedan potentate.  
Our audience was held in what is here called "the palace of the sultan." It looks to me more like a cross between a barn and a haystack than any "palace" which I have yet seen. It is surrounded by a mud wall about ten feet in height, entered by gates at which Moros stand with great spears in their hands.  
We had to walk about a mile from the wharf before we got to the palace, and that over the roughest road you could imagine. Were not the Moros tottering his majesty would get many a fall in going to and from his home over this highway of rough coral rocks. He might break his neck in walking about the streets of his capital, for the town is made up of scores of thatched huts built from ten to twelve feet above the ground on piles. The most of the houses are far out in the water, so that the town seems to be afloat at high tide. When the water is low there is a wide expanse of mud flats between it and the sea.  
**Wade Ashore Through Mud.**  
It was so when we arrived, and it took us about two hours to get to the shore. We were rowed in from the ships by the sailors till we came in to a place where the water was so shallow that the row-boats stuck in the mud. Here some of the naval officials took off their shoes, rolled up their pantaloons and waded to the steps which led up to the street, built high upon piles. Some were carried in on the backs of half-naked coolies and others took dug-out canoes and were dragged by men through the mud. I first tried the back of a coolie, but the man staggered so that I feared myself and my camera would be dropped in the mud and I forsook him for a dugout.  
We walked through the town over bamboo bridges, so slippery that they are unsafe for all except the Moros, who go about in bare feet. We passed a dozen stores in which were Chinese merchants selling goods out over the water. We went through a crowd of hundreds of fierce-eyed, dark-



SULTAN DRESSED IN EUROPEAN CLOTHES HOLDING A CANE.

facéd, turbaned Moros, each of whom had a weapon of some kind strapped to his waist, and finally, after crossing a river, reached the home of the sultan.  
A guard of East Indian soldiers saluted us as we entered the gates. We passed through a low door, and, finally, on the second floor, were met by his majesty, surrounded by a cutthroat-looking gang of dattos and chiefs. The sultan led us into a long room and asked us to take our seats at a table upon which were dishes of cakes, fruit and candies. He took the seat at the head himself, and we ate, and drank coffee, and smoked a cigar or two before coming to business. After this there was a considerable discussion about the new customs duties which had been imposed at Jolo, and his majesty had several complaints to make as to the treatment of his

subjects by the American soldiers in the various islands of this archipelago. At one time during the audience there was a recess while I made a photograph of his majesty, and during the conference I had an excellent opportunity to take notes of just how he looks.  
Imagine a stocky little fellow of not over five feet four inches, with the face of a mulatto, slightly pockmarked. Let him have a high, receding forehead, large yellow ears and sensual lips, on the upper one of which is a thin, black moustache. Upon his head put a blue velvet cap about six inches high, and let this be pushed back from his dark yellow forehead. Let him seem uncomfortable in a light business European suit and a white shirt with a turnover collar, fastened by a gold collar button. Watch him as he opens his lips and notice his teeth are jet black, and see, if you can, the sly, cunning, cruel look under his apparently dignified manner. Upon his hands put rings, each set with pearls as big as marrowfat peas, and in one of them let him hold a gold-headed cane, and you have a fair idea of the sultan as he sat before me not twenty-four hours ago. He was no prepossessing, and, indeed, the dattos and servants about him looked much more imposing than he. His brother, Ralph Muda, had a great bolo at his side, and his head-dress was a turban. He was clad in the picturesque Moro costume, as were all the men in the room, except the foreigners and his majesty himself.

**How the Sultan Bluffed the Admiral.**  
Every Moro had a sword or a spear, and as I looked at our unarmed American party I thought of the danger that might arise in case of a dispute and remembered a story which I heard the other day of how the father of this sultan once intimidated an English admiral during his visit to this very island. There had been some trouble as to accounts between the English and the Moros, and the sultan proposed to settle it by giving a number of pearls. The admiral wanted hard cash. He grew insolent and said to his majesty:  
"If you don't pay what I ask I will go back to my boat, and then—"  
Here the old sultan raised his hand with a significant gesture, and every one of his 100 retainers about him drew his bolo, or kris, and raised it ready to strike. The admiral had only a small party with him and the delegation could have easily been chopped into mince meat. As the kris came out the admiral stopped in his sentence, and the sultan took up his words, saying in an interrogative, but significant, tone:  
"And then?"  
"Oh," said the admiral, "and then we'll settle it in some other way." Had he uttered the threat he intended to make England would probably have had a war on its hands from the loss of an admiral, and the Sulu nation would probably have been wiped out of existence.  
The present sultan looks to me very weak, but he is a man of great power among the Moros, and he could, if he would, cause the United States no end of trouble. He has been very diplomatically managed in the first place by General Bates, and of late by Major Owen J. Sweet. He is, you know, the greatest of our Filipino Mohammedans, being revered by them, not only because he is the heir of a royal line of sultans, but also because he has made a pilgrimage to Mecca, and is supposed to have his Moham-



(Copyright, D. D. Richardson, M. D.)

The efforts of scientists to discover a permanent cure for the disease of Varicocele, which is making such alarming inroads upon the health and vital power of our male population, met with little or no success until within the last decade, when Dr. D. D. Richardson, the eminent Pelvic specialist of Chicago, originated his famous Richardson Method.

Dr. Richardson was at one time the leading exponent of Pelvic Surgery, but with the zeal of the true scientist, he sought to formulate a new and perfect system of cure that should be free from the many serious objections to radical surgery—and the treatment which bears his name is the result of his conscientious and faithful professional work.

Dr. Richardson's treatment for Varicocele serves a perpetual injunction against this great enemy of man's peace and happiness. It goes to the very seat of the disease and removes every vestige of it, leaving the patient again the master of himself and possessor of a man's pleasure and a man's powers.

**Every Sufferer Knows.**

It is not necessary to mention here the causes of Varicocele. The man who has the disease knows only too well, in most cases, that he alone is to blame, and he knows that Varicocele is the penalty for violation of certain physical laws that were established by the Creator himself.

The chief concern of Dr. Richardson when he formulated his treatment for the disease was to prevent the grave Nervous disorders which are the inseparable accompaniment of neglected Varicocele. Other scientists might debate the cause of Varicocele, but to his mind the question of paramount importance was the cure of the disease.

Neglected Varicocele breeds all manner of physical ailments, and it is of vital interest to every sufferer to be cured at the earliest possible moment.

**Don't Waste Time and Money.**

Suspensories, electric belts, tonics, tablets and lotions, simply nurse the disease along, but never effect a cure, and it is folly to waste time and squander money in trying all these ineffectual measures.

The Richardson Method is the only scientific and absolutely reliable cure for Varicocele, and many thousands of men throughout the entire country have experienced its great benefits.

The sanitarium which Dr. Richardson maintains in Chicago is the largest and finest in the world devoted to the cure of Pelvic and Nervous Diseases, and it is the only place where the Richardson Method is employed.

**Cures Varicocele in Five Days.**

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of Dr. Richardson's success is the fact that he has so perfected his treatment that he is able to cure any case of uncomplicated Vari-

cocele, either single or double, in five days at his Sanitarium.

There is no more favorable time for one to visit the Richardson Sanitarium and be cured than during the summer months, as even the busiest people usually take a brief summer vacation.

**Location and Facilities Unexcelled.**

The Sanitarium is located on Michigan Boulevard, near the Lake Front Park, and but a block removed from Lake Michigan. It affords excellent hotel accommodations and is equipped with every modern facility and requisite for effecting speedy cures.

For nervous invalids, who suffer from the effects of overwork or worry, the various forms of electrical treatment, baths, physical culture, etc., exert a wonderful curative influence and bring about the rapid restoration of Vital Power.

Dr. Richardson cures Physical Decline and Weakness, Nervous Debility, Neurasthenia and all derangements of the Genito-Urinary System.

If you will refer to a full history of your case he will render a professional opinion without charge and send you books on any of the following subjects: Varicocele, Rupture, Stricture, Nervous and Mental Diseases, Paralysis and Vital Power. Send ten cents for postage if books are to be sent sealed.

Special appointments may be made by long distance telephone, 8, uth 1029.

**D. D. RICHARDSON, M. D., 1266-74 Michigan Ave., Long Distance Phone South 1029, CHICAGO.**

mechanism direct from the fountain source. He is the ruler in the Sulu islands alone of about 110,000 Moros, and is also the head of the Moros of North Borneo. He has some kind of authority over the Moros of Mindanao, but it is more nominal than real, and such dattos as Mandi and others hardly acknowledge him.

Here in Sulu he is supposed to have the power of life and death over his subjects. His power is limited, however, somewhat like that of the kings in the days of feudalism. Some of the dattos refuse to obey him and make war upon him in case his demands do not suit their ideas and plans. He has always more or less trouble with his people, oppressing them as far as he can without causing rebellion.

**The Income of the Sultan.**

A large part of the income of the sultan comes from fines. He has his men watch to see which of his subjects are making money, and as soon as a man gets something ahead he is charged with some crime, and the

result is a fine. If a man has amassed \$500, for instance, he will have him accused of some crime and sentence him to pay at once into the royal treasury \$1,000. The failure to pay means death in most cases, and the man's friends have to make up the balance. The safest thing in case of trouble is to settle such matters yourself. The other day a Moro in Sissal had a cow stolen. He accused the thief to the sultan, and his majesty's officers caught him. The thief was sentenced to pay \$195 into the royal treasury, while the sultan confiscated the cow.

The other day the sultan learned that one of his subjects had about \$2,000. He charged him with fishing for pearls without license and fined him \$2,000 straightaway. He sent his bodyguard and the crown prince to the village to collect the fine and the people rather than be attacked joined together and paid it.

According to the laws here every pearl which is found of a value of about \$100 goes

to the sultan, and I am told that he has a great fortune in pearls stored away in his barn of a palace. Just before he went to Mecca he sold pearls to the amount of \$10,000. He carried a lot of pearls with him, and during his stay at Singapore he was robbed of about \$20,000 worth of jewelry. Some one broke open his box one night and stole his crown rings, some pearls and other jewels.

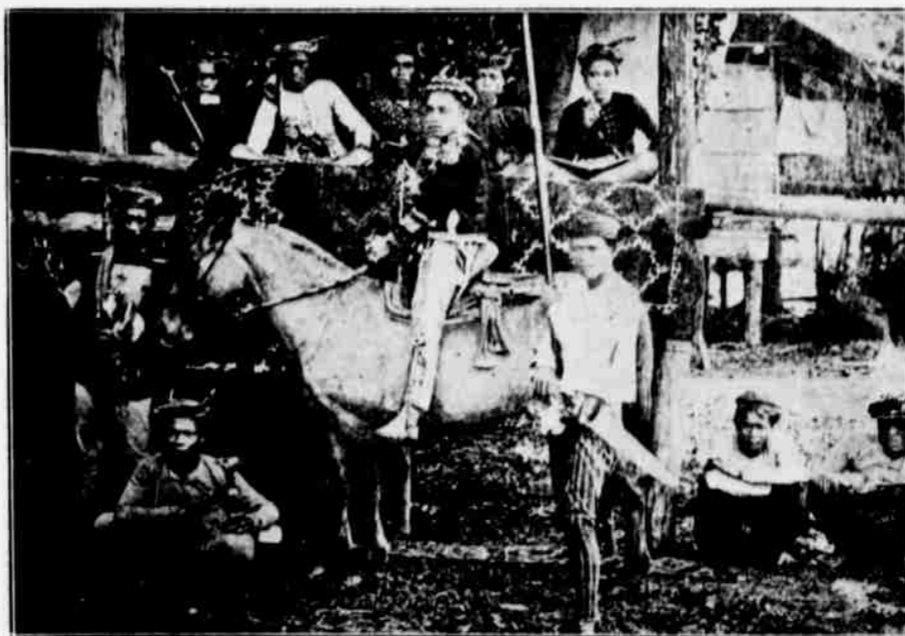
Another source of the royal income is the tribute which the sultan receives from the North Borneo company for the lease of the lands above Sandakan. This pays him \$5,000 a year, but am not sure whether it is in silver or gold. We pay him an annual tribute of \$3,000 in silver.

The sultan is like Solomon, in that he has numerous wives. I am told that he has in the neighborhood of a dozen, in addition to the many females of his royal harem. His first wife, who is a princess, has left him on account of a multiplicity of his loves. She did not object to the four wives provided for by the koran, but when his majesty demanded a score she began to get jealous and got a divorce. She now lives on the opposite side of the island in a big white house at Mabu, a Moro village, some distance east of Jolo. The divorced sultana is said to be a very bright woman and she is the only wife that his majesty has had who is of royal blood. On this account, provided he does not marry the daughter of a datto and have children by a princess, he will be succeeded by his brother, for the laws are that the succession can only go to the offspring of a sultan and a princess. I am told that his majesty has proposed to the daughter of Datto Kalbi, but that the datto refuses his consent. At present his brother, Ralah Muda, is in the direct line of succession.

**First Audience with Americans.**

The sultan's first audience with our people was some time before General Bates came. It was with Captain Hagadorn, who had taken possession at Jolo. The sultan came across the island on horseback. Captain Hagadorn has told me the circumstances of the meeting. Said he:

The sultan appeared before the wall of



THE SULTAN ON A WHITE HORSE.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)