

AROUND THE WORLD WITH WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

Visit to the Wild Moro Country and the Sultan of Sulu Indicates Something of the Task the United States Government Has Before It in Civilizing the Natives of Mindanao.

SINGAPORE, Jan. 23.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—The term Moro is used to describe the Mohammedan Filipino and includes a number of tribes, occupying the large island of Mindanao and the smaller islands adjacent to it and those of the Sulu archipelago.

The northeast corner of Mindanao is separated from the island of Leyte by the Surigao strait, and that part of Mindanao has a considerable sprinkling of Christian Filipinos, but both that island and the Sulu are considered Moro country. The Americans recognize the difference between the two groups of islands and administer government according to different plans. Civil government has been established in the northern islands, and except where ladronism prevails, law and order reign. There are in some places, as in northern Luzon, wild tribes in the mountains, but these are so few in number and so different from the civilized Filipinos that they do not enter into the solution of the Philippine problem.

In Mindanao, however, and the other Moro provinces, warlike tribes have been in control. They have furnished a large number of pirates and have frequently invaded the northern island, carrying back Filipino slaves. They never acknowledged the authority of Spain, and succeeded in keeping most of the islands in the southern group free from Spanish control. Our country probably exercises authority over more Moro territory than Spain ever did, and yet our authority is limited and we employ the military form of government rather than the civil.

In our tour of the islands we crossed over the narrow part of Mindanao, went up the Cotabato valley and called upon the sultan of Sulu at his home near Maibun, on the island of Sulu.

Immense Water Power Possible

We landed at Camp Overton, a military post on Iligan bay, on the north coast of Mindanao, and immediately began the ascent to Camp Kiehlley, eighteen miles in the interior. A military road has been constructed between these two camps, following for the greater part of the way the Spanish trail. Owing to the heavy rainfall and the luxuriant growth of vegetation it is difficult to keep a road in repair, and not far from the coast we passed a large number of prisoners who were engaged in straightening and improving it. About three miles from the coast we made a short detour in order to see the famous Argus falls, and they are well worth seeing. The Argus river, which at this point is a large stream, falls 220 feet and rushes by a tortuous route through the narrow walls of a gorge. The falls are not only picturesque, but they suggest the possibility of future use. It has been calculated that 100,000-horse power is here going to waste which might be put to use. The military authorities have been trying to secure an appropriation for an electric railroad from Camp Overton to Camp Kiehlley, with the intention of obtaining power from the falls, but this would utilize only a small fraction of the energy which the Argus possesses.

Personal Habits of the Moro

Two miles farther up the road we turned aside to see the rapids of the same river, and here made our first acquaintance with the Moros. We found a dozen of them under a rude shed of palm leaves, preparing the evening meal. The most conspicuous dish, at least the dish that attracted our attention, was a skillet full of grasshoppers being done to a neat brown over a slow fire. While we were watching them two half-bare children returned from the chase with a large supply of fresh grasshoppers strung upon grass. The Moros have a most repulsive habit of dying the teeth black, the enamel being first scraped off. Add to this the red tinge left on the lips by the chewing of the betel nut and the mouth is anything but beautiful.

The clothing of the Moro is scanty and of a cheap quality. The men when at work often wear nothing but a breech cloth. When dressed up they wear very tight-fitting trousers of gay color; a tight-fitting waist and a turban completes their company dress. A garment much worn by men and women is the sarong, which is a piece of cloth sewed together like a roller towel and folded about the body. The men, no matter what else they wear or fall to wear, have a scarf wound around the waist, in which they carry a knife, of which there are several varieties, the bolo, the barong and the kris being the most popular. The Moros above mentioned consented to having a snapshot taken, and their spokesman informed us in broken English that he had visited the St. Louis exposition. Captain McCoy, one of General Woods' staff, who accompanied us as far as Zamboanga, explained to us that a number of Moros were sent to St. Louis as an experiment and that they had returned very much impressed by what they saw in the United States.

Penalty for Carrying a Gun

As we proceeded on the road to Kiehlley we passed the spot where a sergeant was cut to pieces by the Moros three weeks before. While all the Moros carry knives and are expert in their use, they set a high estimate upon a gun, and the hapless traveler who carries one of these envied weapons is apt to be waylaid, if alone, and lose his life as a penalty for his rashness. With this incident fresh in his memory, Colonel Steever of Camp Overton furnished us with a mounted guard. During the first part of the ride we passed through a forest in which there were many large trees, some of them with fantastic trunks, others festooned with vines and all surrounded by a thick undergrowth which furnishes an admirable cover for reptiles, beasts or hostile natives. (A boa constrictor thirty-six feet long was recently killed not far from the road on which we traveled.)

I have referred to the killing of the sergeant and mentioned the reason sometimes given. It is to be regretted that we occasionally lose men for reasons that reflect upon us. Governor Devoro, whose jurisdiction extends over a part of Mindanao, officially reports the killing of one soldier in a quarrel which grew out of an attempt by the soldier to secure native wine without paying for it.

The latter part of the ride was through a series of small hills covered with cogon grass. The soil looks as though it might be very fertile, and we passed one little ranch where an American had set out some hemp plants, but there was little evidence of cultivation along the line.

Model Camps Occupied by Americans

Camp Kiehlley is about 2,300 feet above the sea, on a hill which bears the same name, and commands a beautiful view of the surrounding country. The ocean can be seen to the north, and to the south a magnificent mountain lake stretches away for twenty miles. A regiment under the command of Colonel Williams is stationed here, and this is considered one of the most healthful situations in the Philippine islands. The American officers insist that Mindanao has a better climate than Luzon, and some of them are enthusiastic about the possibility of drawing American settlers to the island. General Wood has given much attention to the products and climatic conditions, and has encouraged the coming of Americans to Mindanao. Some 200 of these have settled about Davao bay in the southeastern part of the island and are cultivating hemp. I found, however, that most of the members of the military circle were counting the months intervening before the time of their return to the states.

The ride across Lake Lanao took us in sight of some hostile country, whose inhabitants still refuse to acknowledge allegiance to the United States. Some of the cottas, or forts, from which Moros had been driven within a few months were pointed out to us. Governor Devoro is building a model town on the shore of the lake and hopes to convince the natives of the friendly intentions of our country.

Camp Vickars is only a few miles south of the lake and near the summit of the divide. The elevation here is 2,900 feet and the site for the camp is well chosen. It is about twenty-two miles from this point down to Malabang, the seaport on Liana bay, and Captain Foster, who is in command at Camp Vickars, furnished us with a mounted escort. The ride down to the sea was even more enjoyable than the trip to Camp Kiehlley, the road leading through forests more dense and foliage more varied. The journey was enlivened by the sight of a number of monkeys sporting in the trees and by the discordant notes of the hornbill. There is a waterfall on the

Fourteenth of This Series of Letters---Fifteenth Letter Will Appear in The Bee Next Sunday



CARABAA OR WATER BUFFALO—THE PRIMITIVE TRANSPORTATION OF THE ISLANDS.



PIPE LINE CARRYING WATER SUPPLY TO MANILA AT THE POINT WHERE IT CROSSES THE SAN JUAN RIVER.

south side of the range also, nearly half way down from the summit, which, while it does not compare with the Argus falls, could be used for the development of several thousand horse power.

The camp at Malabang, now under command of Colonel Varum, has a splendid water supply derived from several large springs, but the harbor is so poor that the government is preparing to remove the camp to Parang, about ninety miles farther south, where there is an excellent harbor.

Reception by Datu Piang is Royal

At Malabang we took our boat again, it having gone around the island while we crossed over, and proceeded to Cotabata, near the mouth of the Rio Grande river. Acting Governor Boyd met us here with a river steamer and took us to his headquarters, about thirty-five miles farther up the river. We had a double purpose in making this trip, first, to see one of the most fertile valleys on the island, and, second, to pay our respects to Datu Piang, a friendly Moro of considerable influence among the natives. The Rio Grande is a crooked stream, winding its way peacefully through the high grass, the monotonous being broken now and then by cocconut groves, rice fields, mango trees, banana plants and hemp. While there was no such systematic cultivation here as in the northern islands, there was enough to show the possibilities of the soil.

The moon was shining brightly when we approached Governor Boyd's camp, and we were greeted by a salute of lantakas (small brass cannons) so numerous that we all lost count. Datu Piang had inquired of the governor how many guns should be fired and was told that as I held no official position he could use his own discretion

Some Thrilling Experiences on Mount Vesuvius

Incidents at the Observatory That Has Now Been Destroyed by the Outflow of Lava

DISPATCHES of the 8th inst., announcing the destruction of the Royal observatory on the slope or ridge of Mount Vesuvius prove to have been unfounded. Three days later Prof. Matteucci reported from the observatory that while the situation was critical he and his staff were on duty and well. The gradual subsidence of the eruption encourages the belief that this famous signal tower of science has escaped as miraculously as in 1872.

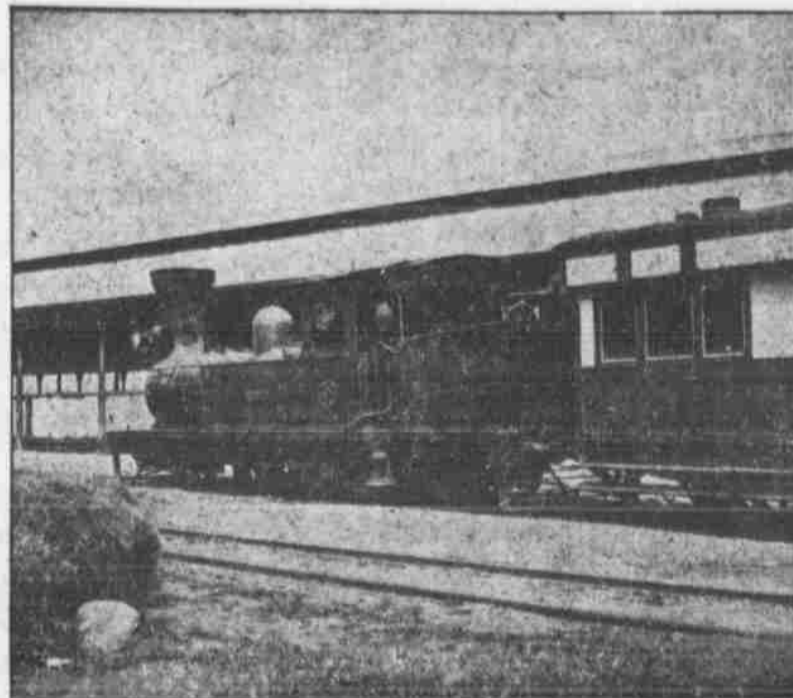
The romance of science surrounded the famous old observatory and with it are linked the names of two scientists, Palmieri and Matteucci. Palmieri came first, and for a score of years, and until death claimed him at the age of 91 years, in 1898, he remained in the watch tower. Without a break he predicted each recurring eruption of the volcano for a period of more than forty years, the instrument that he had invented for noting the subterranean movements of the mountain being of so delicate a nature that the slightest disturbance of the crater, the slightest trembling of the ground or change in the air was instantly registered.

During the frightful eruption of 1872 he had an experience in the watch tower calculated to shatter the mind of the strongest devotee of science, but which he passed through with but added veneration for his "mistress," as he termed the roaring volcano.

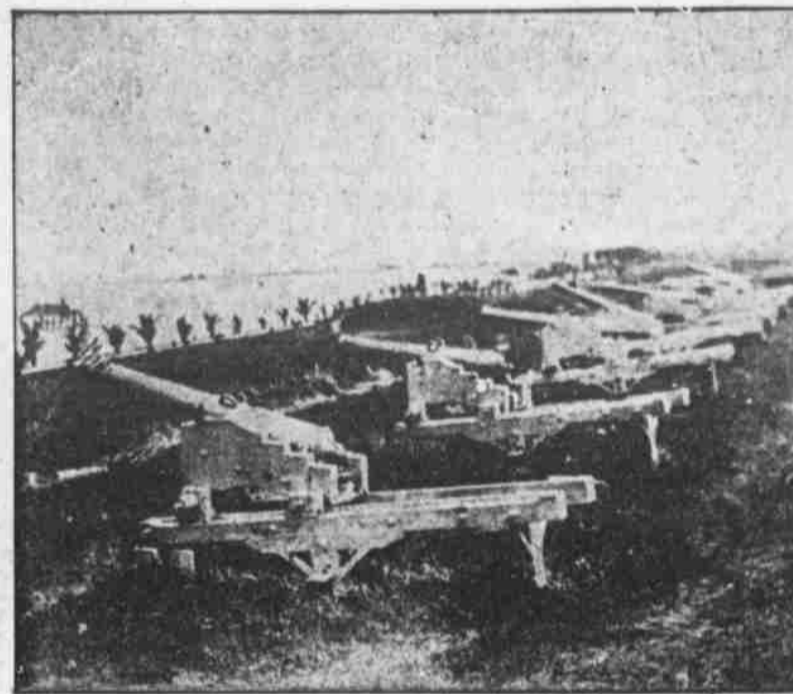
On the night of April 26 of that year the eruption reached its utmost terrifying heights. Prof. Garrett P. Serviss, who visited Palmieri in the observatory later, has written about the events of that night.

"I could see him," writes the professor, "on that awful night of April 26, when his observatory, shaken and rocked by the convulsions of the mountain, on whose very shoulder it is perched, was surrounded by two vast streams of molten lava, while blinding clouds of smoke and ashes, intermingled with burning fragments, swept down upon it, blasting bombs from the crater dropped by the volcano, and terrific lightning strokes fell thick and fast amid the roar and bellow of the volcano, audible fifty miles away.

"The heat of the observatory rose to 130 degrees—an oven temperature—yet Palmieri never dreamed of deserting his post. He was a captain of science, and this was his battlefield, whether it should prove a Roccavalcos or a Tours. Nor was there danger



INSIDE THE RAILROAD YARDS AT MANILA, SHOWING PART OF THE EQUIPMENT TAKEN FROM THE SPANISH.



BATTERY OF OLD GUNS FOUND ON THE WALL OF MANILA, FACING THE BAY—THESE GUNS HAVE BEEN MADE INTO BREECHLOADERS.

as to the number. In order that he might not err on the side of too few, he fired between fifty and 100. We had scarcely disembarked before he came in state to make an official call, seated on the roof of his vinta, or ceremonial barge, manned by forty oarsmen. He was accompanied by his leading datus, his Mohammedan Arab adviser and his East Indian interpreter. He brought with him also his two sons and two of the sons of the late Datu Ali, who met a violent death last fall at the hands of the American troops.

I regret that we were not able to secure a photograph of him as he approached, for it was a sight of royalty such as we had not before witnessed. No language can convey the impression that he made upon us as he approached the shore, smoking a cigar and flanked on either side by a brown-skinned urchin bearing an open umbrella of red silk trimmed with wide yellow fringe. He stayed long enough to compliment the American officials and to commend Judge Powell, who happened to be with us, for treating the rich and the poor alike. Piang's sons and the younger son of Datu Ali have been learning English under the instruction of Governor Boyd's wife, and they showed creditable progress in arithmetic as well as in the use of the language. Piang said that he wanted the boys to finish their education in the United States.

Early History of Datu Piang

Datu Piang is not of royal blood; in fact, he is part Chinese, but he showed himself so able a financier that he became indispensable to Ali, the reigning Datu, and gave his daughter, Minka, to him in marriage. When the Americans entered the valley Piang counseled surrender, but Ali went on the war path and he and his father-in-law became such bitter enemies that the latter refused to

receive his daughter into his house after Ali's death, until urged to do so by the American officers.

We returned with Piang in his barge and spent a half hour at his house. In that dimly lighted upper room there gathered a dusky, half-bare crowd of men, women and children, in the center of which sat Minka, the child-widow, just recovering from the wounds she received at the time of her husband's death. I never felt more deeply than when I looked upon them, the responsibility of our nation, or more anxious that our country should so act as to bring to those people the largest possible amount of good. One would be hard-hearted, indeed, who could see in them and in their habitation nothing but the possibility of exploitation.

When we left Piang gave a lantaka to each of the men in our party, and to some of us spears and knives in addition, while the women were remembered with vessels of brass of native manufacture and sarongs. If our visit had been a hostile one the cannons and weapons carried away would have made it memorable, for many expeditions have returned with less of the spoils of war.

Work of Schoolmaster at Zamboanga

Our next stop was Zamboanga, the most important port on the island and the headquarters of Governor Wood. The harbor at the city is not very well protected, but there is a little bay about eight miles away which affords both deep water and shelter. We found more Americans at Zamboanga than at any point outside of Manila, nearly all of them being in the service of the government. We visited two Moro schools here and listened to an address of welcome in English delivered by one of the students. Dr. Saleeby, an Armenian, is the superintendent of schools in Zamboanga, and has furnished a great deal of information in regard to the tradition, history and customs of the Moros. He has also prepared primers in Arabic for the Moros of Mindanao and the Sulu islands.

Our tour of the islands ended at Jolo, or rather, at Malbun on the other side of the island. Jolo is the chief seaport of Sulus, and the Spanish alternated with the natives in occupying the space within the walled city. A guard is still kept at the gate and the Moros are not allowed to remain within the walls at night. They enter freely during the day, but are required to leave their weapons outside the gate. There are only five Americans in Jolo, besides the government officials; two of these keep restaurants, two have saloons and the fifth has recently opened a photograph gallery.

Just outside of the city walls there is a Chinese village (as there is also at Zamboanga), the mercantile business being largely in the hands of the Chinese in both of these towns. There are a number of Christian Filipinos at both Zamboanga and Jolo.

Visit From the Sultan of Sulu

The sultan of Sulu used to live in Jolo when the Spanish were not there, but during their occupancy of the town, and since, he has lived at Malbun, on the opposite shore, some ten miles distant. Major Stafford, who is in command of the post there, in the absence of Colonel Scott, invited the sultan to come to Jolo on the day of our arrival, and he appeared promptly on time. So much has been written of him in the United States that the readers of these articles may be interested in a description from life. He came on a pony, accompanied by a servant, who held over him a large red umbrella, and followed by a retinue of Datus, head men and small boys. A native band beat drums and tom-toms as the procession moved along. The sultan himself was dressed in modern clothes, but all the rest wore the native dress. His single-breasted, long-tailed blue broadcloth coat was buttoned to the throat with gold buttons, and his trousers were of the same material. He wore tan shoes and a fez of black and red, and carried a gold-headed ivory cane given him by the Philippine commission upon his last visit to Manila. He is small of stature, but compact in build, and carries himself with dignity and reserve. His teeth are black and he shares with his countrymen a fondness for the betel nut and tobacco. His prime minister, Haji Butu, who accompanied him, speaks more English than the sultan, though the latter is able to use a few words. After a short call we all repaired to a hall near by, where a spear dance had been arranged, and we saw the natives, men and women, go through native dances which in some respects resemble those of the American Indian.

Call at the Sultan's Home

The next morning we crossed the island under the protection of a troop of cavalry and returned the sultan's call. (A few miles from the trail stands a mountain where about eighty Moros still refuse allegiance to our government.) He lives in a nipa house, but has a frame building covered with galvanized iron (still unfinished) in which he receives his guests. He sent for one of his wives (of whom he has four); he has three or four concubines, he does not know which, but these are not included in the list of wives. The prime minister has four wives and two concubines, and one of the head men at whose house we stopped on the way had several wives. The sultan said that the wives were usually kept in separate houses, but that his lived together in one house.

The sultana whom we saw was dressed in silk, with trousers of red and white striped satin and wore high-heeled shoes. She has a strong face, one of the most intelligent that we saw in Sulu. Both the sultan and his wife wore diamond and pearl rings. At our request the sultan brought forth his ornaments of diamonds and pearls and exhibited his uniforms, heavy with gold braid and buttons. He is now drawing a salary of about \$5,000 a year from the American government for exerting his influence in our behalf, and as a matter of economy it might be cheaper to put the datus on the pay roll than to suppress them by force of arms. His salary, however, is probably due as much to his being the head of the church as to his fighting qualities.

We sailed from Malbun to the Bornean coast in order to take a steamer for Singapore, and as we are studying colonialism it was probably fortunate that we did, for we found a few foreigners developing North Borneo with Chinese coolies, the natives being lost sight of entirely.

At Sandakan there are thirty-eight English, two Germans and 2,000 Chinese, but we searched in vain for a native. In and about Kudat, another Bornean port, there are twenty-two Europeans and 10,000 Chinese, and here we found only a few of the original inhabitants. At Labuan there are about twenty-five foreigners, and the local business is in the hands of the Chinese and East Indians.

I refer to the plan of development adopted in those parts of Borneo at which our steamer stopped because they throw light upon the colonial question with which we have to deal. Having described briefly but as fully as space permits the conditions as I found them in the Philippines, I shall devote the next article to a discussion of the policy which should be pursued by the United States in regard to them. (Copyright, 1906.) W. J. BRYAN.

Virgins' Garlands

There are seven "virgins' garlands" still in existence in Minsterley church, Salop, England, the first of them bearing the date 1554 and the last 1751.

They consist of silk ribbon and paper, ball shaped, and are covered with rosettes, the inside center of the cane or wire frame supporting a pair of paper gloves. They represent a romantic custom of very ancient origin, and are sacred to the memory of girls who, while betrothed in their youth, lost their intended husbands by death, yet remained true to their first loves.

Each maiden designed her own garland, and at her death this simple emblem was borne before her by the village ladies, the white gloves being afterward added. After the obsequies these garlands were suspended in the village church on a rod bearing at its extremity a heart in the shape of an escutcheon, upon which the initials and date were inscribed. These were originally fixed above the maiden's pew.

Some of the earliest and forgotten garlands were composed of real flowers, but later the covered hoops described were substituted.

There is a passing allusion to this "simple memorial of the early dead" in "Hamlet." "Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants," "crants" signifying garlands.—London Graphic.